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NOT TO BE TAKEN AWAY







# YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Published Weekly, by WILLIS & RAND, at the Office of the Boston Recorder, No. 22, Congress-Street... Price One Dollar a year in advance, or \$1, 50, if not paid in advance.

No. 1.

BOSTON, MAY 28, 1829.

VOL. III.

## NARRATIVE.

Revised for the Philadelphia Recorder, by the Rev. G. T. Bedell.

### A SKETCH OF MISS NEVILLE'S CHARACTER.

"From half thy sex's follies free."—Barton.

Miss Neville had just passed her twentieth year; but a stranger would have guessed that she was a few years older. She was not what the gay world would call a perfect beauty; but there was an elegance in her form and manners, and a bewitching expression in her countenance, which rendered her peculiarly interesting. Her eyes were a dark blue, and rather piercing in their look; her nose somewhat aquiline; her lips thin, and well formed; and though her complexion had received a tinge, from her exposure to the heat of the sun, yet it improved, rather than detracted from the general loveliness of her appearance. But it was the superior qualities of her mind that invested her with her most commanding attractions; and yet she seemed unconscious of her own endowments or acquirements. In conversation she avoided the extremes into which some females run, of ceaseless loquacity, or sullen taciturnity—no less willing to take her part in the interchange of sentiment and opinion, than to remain silent, when others wished to engage in debate, or prolong an exhausted discussion. She could sing, and play, and paint, and work "in rich embroidery," but she had *no passion* for these fashionable accomplishments; and though she did not condemn them, yet she often expressed her regret, that they were too frequently allowed to form the principal, rather than the subordinate parts of female education. "They are very well," she would sometimes say, "as ornaments, but they are not the essentials: they may qualify a female to shine in a drawing-room, but will never fit her to act her part well on the stage of domestic life."

"But," I remarked, when the question became one of debate, "do you not consider them essential to an accomplished education?"

"I prefer, Sir," she replied, "a useful to an ornamental education; and though I would not denounce them, yet, when they interfere with the moral and intellectual improvement of the mind, I think them *essentially* injurious. They often tend to feed female vanity, by exciting the commendations of the opposite sex, who, after all, if men of sense, give the preference to more substantial qualities."

"Yes; for wives."

She blushed; yet added, with a simplicity of look that bespoke the ingenuousness of her heart, "And are not women made to become wives? and ought they not, if they wish to maintain the dignity of their rank, to bend their attention to those qualifications which your sex deem essential to domestic happiness?"

"I must confess," I replied, "that I should prefer a wife who layeth her hands to the spindle, to one who could do nothing more than paint it; though the union of the ornamental, with the industrious qualifications, would be an additional recommendation."

"I am, Sir, an advocate for the union; but still I would have the more useful qualities preponderate. Indeed, Sir, when I reflect on the rank which women hold in society, on the extent and power of their influence, on the duties which devolve on them as wives, mothers, and sisters, and on the power which they possess to direct the current of public opinion in reference to all the great questions which involve the interests of mankind,—I feel astonished, nay, mortified, that they do not devote more of their attention to the cultivation of

their intellectual powers, and the enlargement of the sphere of their knowledge, that they may become better qualified to serve their generation according to the will of God, and thus maintain, with dignity, the high ascendancy which the opposite sex so courteously acknowledge we have gained over them."

The enthusiastic attachment which Miss Neville felt for her own sex, and her anxiety to see them acting worthy of their high vocation, often led her to speak with great warmth and energy on the subject I have briefly noticed, yet, from the tones of her voice, and her unobtrusive manners, I was convinced that her observations were advanced, not for display, but to correct, if possible, an evil which she conscientiously deplored. Indeed, I have never associated with a female who appeared to think less of herself; and though she gave occasional proofs that she was not indifferent to the favorable opinion of others, yet her instinctive good sense led her to perceive the folly of courting it. She avoided all those common-place expedients which the superficial employ, to raise themselves into notice and admiration,—being more anxious to please, by the kindness of her disposition and the courtesy of her manners, than ambitious to shine by the playfulness of her wit, or the decoration of her person.

An ancient philosopher defined woman to be "an animal fond of dress;" but when in the presence of Miss Neville, I had an illustration of the trite observation, that "there is no rule without an exception." Her appearance reminded me of a remark which Dr. Johnson once made on a lady who was celebrated for dressing well;—"The best evidence that I can give you of her perfection in this respect is, that one can never remember what she had on." Her dress was neither neglected, nor studied. She stood at an equal distance from the extremes of the reigning, and the obsolete fashion—more solicitous to obey the apostolic precept, than to excite attention by superficial embellishments. "Whose adorning let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel; but let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price."

If any of my fair readers suppose, from these passing remarks, that I am an enemy to an elegant attire, they are mistaken. My aversions are in an opposite direction, as I always turn away in disgust from a slovenly woman: but when I see a profusion of ornaments, I immediately conclude that they are worn more by necessity than choice—the individual, possessing no personal charms, condescends to borrow artificial ones, that she may not appear entirely destitute.

The admiration which is excited on our first introduction to an elegant and accomplished female, instead of being sustained by a more perfect intimacy, not infrequently sinks into apathy or comparative indifference, and when we endeavour to ascertain the cause of this phenomenon, we find that it is because she does not disclose a corresponding fascination of moral character. Her personal charms may still retain their power of attraction, yet, being unadorned by the *superior attractions* of a moral excellence, they lose their force of impression; and though we may still continue to admire the beauty of the countenance, and the symmetry of the graceful form, yet it is to the intelligence of the mind, and the amiability of the temper, that the homage of adoration is most generally paid. And if our females would uniformly act on the be-

lief of this indisputable fact, they would be induced to set a higher value on mental endowments, than on those accomplishments which, like gathered flowers, wither and decay; and thus they would become no less captivating by their moral, than by their personal loveliness,—retaining that ascendancy over the other sex, which, when not founded on substantial worth, is always precarious, and rarely permanent.

From the slight sketch which I have already given of the character of Miss Neville, the reader will perceive that she united an elegance of manners with those other accomplishments which may be expected from one who had enjoyed the advantages of a superior education, and who had uniformly associated with the more genteel and intelligent parts of society; "yet she had not learned to substitute the gloss of politeness for the reality of feeling," nor yet to sacrifice her social habits for the gratification of a roving passion. There were a few families with whom she lived on terms of intimacy; but the interchange of visits was not suffered to derange the established order of her own family. She would often say, that though unmarried women might very justly lay claim to more unrestricted liberty than those who were under the controul of husbands, yet they sustained no loss of dignity, nor of enjoyment, by being "keepers at home."

Her remarks on the manner in which young ladies often spend a very interesting and valuable portion of their time, struck me as very judicious, and which I will now transcribe for the benefit of my readers. "When, Sir, your sex is removed from under the *surveillance* of tutors, they are usually devoted to some trade or profession, and thus their education goes on, and they prepare themselves for the stations which they are to occupy in future life; but when *we* are released from the yag and toil of scholastic discipline, our education is considered as *finished*, and we are left in a great measure to ourselves, without any important object of pursuit to fix our attention. We may read, or we may leave it alone; we may amuse ourselves by sketching and by music, or we may give ourselves up to positive indolence, just as caprice may dictate; and though we may sometimes be tempted to look into the mysteries of housewifery, yet fancy suggests that it is not necessary that we should understand them, till the time comes when they are to be reduced to practical application. Thus, having nothing of importance to do, we become idle; home is deserted for the momentary gratification of the lounging visit; and that interesting and valuable portion of time which elapses between the finishing of our education, and our final settlement in life, instead of being employed under a judicious course of mental discipline, is too often wasted in unprofitable, if not pernicious engagements. It is to this cause, more than to any constitutional propensity, we are to attribute that *vagrancy* of disposition for which we have been censured in every age—a disposition which is not only the bane of intellectual, but moral improvement, and which, when formed into a regular habit, becomes the prolific cause of many domestic calamities."

The evils which Miss Neville saw springing out of the modern practice of leaving the female mind disengaged from any important object of pursuit, she effectually guarded against, by a judicious division of her time, which she devoted to reading, to works of mercy, to recreative amusements, and to those interchanges of visits with her friends, which yielded her gratification, while it contributed, at the same time, to her mental improvement.



Her library, though not large, was select; containing works on theology, history, botany, poetry, and the belles lettres, and which were arranged with great taste. The early hours of the morning were generally spent in reading; but she was as decided an enemy to the vanity of display, as to the inactivity of indolence; and though she would engage in the general discussion, or lead off a conversation, yet even on these occasions her modesty was no less conspicuous than her intelligence. She never appeared anxious to carry a point in debate, though she would not easily surrender it when assailed by sophistry; and if she ever descended from the gravity of argumentation to the pleasantness of repartee, yet she never betrayed any consciousness of her own powers.

Amidst the various sources of amusement which engaged her attention, no one afforded her more gratification than her poultry-yard and her garden. Her live stock included all the varieties of the domestic feathered tribe, which at stated seasons gathered around her to receive their daily food; while some, more tame than the rest, would perch on her extended arm to enjoy her caresses, and the more delicate repasts of her bounty.

She was rather a practical than a scientific botanist, yet her knowledge of the science was both accurate and extensive. The flower compartments were laid out and arranged with great judgment, and though she seldom used the spade or the rake, yet she generally superintended the setting and training of her choicest plants. But it was in the formation of a grotto that she discovered the greatest taste, and on which she bestowed the most of her attention; and to this she usually retired in the cool of the day, to enjoy the luxury of holy meditation.

On returning from a country excursion earlier than I was expected, after taking my cup of coffee, I strolled into the garden in quest of my interesting companion; and when approaching her retreat, I heard her singing the following hymn:—

"Return, my roving heart! return,  
And life's vain shadows close no more;  
Seek out some solitude to mourn,  
And thy forsaken God implore.  
O thou great God! whose piercing eye  
Distinctly marks each deep retreat,  
To these sequestered hours draw nigh,  
And let me here thy presence meet.  
Through all the windings of my heart,  
My search let heavenly wisdom guide;  
And oft its beams unerring dart,  
Till all be known and purified.  
Then let the visits of thy love,  
My inmost soul be called to share,  
Till every grace combine to prove  
That God has fixed his dwelling there."

I had once heard her sing before, when accompanying the harp, and then thought that her tones were more full and exquisite than any I had ever heard; but now, her voice being assisted by the echoes of the place, fell with a softened melody on my ear that was overpowering.

"Surrounded by such sights and sounds I stood,  
Delighted auditor, spectator here;  
And gave full scope, in meditative mood,  
To thoughts excited by a scene so fair."

I felt as though I was under an influence which I could neither resist nor endure, and longed to withdraw to some retreat where I might reduce my agitated feelings to a tranquil state; yet I had no power to move till the harmony died off in the stillness of reigning solitude. "Yes," I said to myself, "she has sung her evening hymn, and now she is rising on the wing of contemplation! Who can describe her bliss! or take a sketch of that bright vision on which her faith is now looking with joy unspeakable! I will not interrupt her. No! It would be an act of profanity to obtrude within the most holy place of her retired devotions! It would break off her spiritual intercourse with Him whom unseen she loves, and thus compel her to fall back on earth at a moment when she may be wrapped up in the heaven of enraptured delight!"

The whole scene was invested with an air of romantic sublimity. An awe came over me similar to that which was felt by the shepherd of Horeb, when, on turning round to see the mystic sight, he

heard a strange voice saying, "Draw not nigh hither, put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground;"—and though neither celestial sights nor celestial voices oppressed my senses, yet I caught, as by inspiration, the spirit of devotion, and enjoyed emotions of bliss which may be equalled, but which I think will never be surpassed, till I am permitted to gaze on the uncreated glories of the divine nature.

I walked away, and seated myself in an alcove, where I remained absorbed in thought, watching the setting sun, till the following lines, which were neatly written in pencil on one of the pannels, caught my eye, and which, being so much in unison with my feelings, gave a fresh and a glowing impulse to their excitement:—

"There is a Spirit o'er creation spread,  
Though darkness draws its curtains round our head,  
And sorrow's streams flow at our mortal feet,—  
There is a Spirit, sanctified and sweet,  
That breathes of other scenes and holier things,  
Broods o'er the earth with healing on its wings,  
And is a gracious messenger from heaven:  
There is a Spirit to our spirits given,  
Which holds communion with our nobler part,  
That sheds a hallowed influence on our heart;  
Gives pinions to our thoughts and to our prayers,  
And harmonizes all our doubts and cares  
To meek submission;—an intelligence  
That gladdens with its living influence  
All space, all time,—and trains our earthly eye  
To bear the blaze of immortality!"

But though Miss Neville cultivated this spirit of devotion, and often conversed with great animation on the wondrous scheme of human redemption, yet she very rarely made any allusion to her own personal piety. This was partly owing to her native modesty, which never allowed her to make herself the heroine of her own story; but, on a more intimate acquaintance with her, I found other causes in operation to induce a cautious reserve. The circle in which she moved, though select, included within it some who had more zeal than prudence—who were ever ready not only to give an answer to every one that asked a reason of the hope that was in them, but to disclose all the secret workings of their heart; and while her amiability led her to tolerate what she deemed their infirmities, yet her good sense revolted against an imitation of their example. On such occasions, she either remained silent, or availed herself of the first opportunity that occurred to turn the conversation, from feelings to principles,—yet she would strenuously maintain that the principles of religion must be felt, before their value can be appreciated; but even then, she would reason abstractedly, without referring to any definite feelings that had been excited in her own mind.

Her habit of reserve, on this very delicate point, was partly owing to the gradual and imperceptible manner in which her heart was opened to receive the purifying and consoling influence of divine truth. This I gathered from a casual observation she made, when alluding to a sermon which the Rev. Mr. Montague had delivered on the conversion of Saul of Tarsus. "It must have been," she remarked, "gratifying to the apostle, to have been able, in the more advanced stages of his experience, to recal to his remembrance the time when, and the place where, his conversion to the faith of Christ was effected;—a privilege which I believe some of our Lord's disciples still enjoy; but not all. When these circumstances are known, they are too remarkable ever to be forgotten; and, like a monument erected on the site of the sanguinary conflict, and by the surviving conquerors, immediately after the victory has been obtained, they bring before the imagination the whole scene, and thus strengthen the faith in the reality of the fact, if any doubts of it should ever arise. If I envy any one, it is such an one; as he has evidences in confirmation of his piety, which amount to the certainty of demonstration."

These observations were expressed with so much animation, yet with so much pathos, that I wanted no other proof of the imperceptible manner of her conversion—which admitting, from the gradual way in which it was effected, of occasional doubts and

misgivings, very naturally combined with the other causes already mentioned, to induce that profound silence which she always maintained on the subject of her own personal religion.

## BENEVOLENCE.

*From the Juvenile Miscellany.*

### RALPH EDWARD.

In a pleasant part of Connecticut, was the residence of a widow, an excellent woman, and the mother of several children. She instructed them to be industrious, to do good according to their ability, and to pray to their Father in Heaven. One of her precepts was, to ask strength of *Him*, when they had any difficult duty to perform. The name of her youngest, was Ralph Edward. He was an intelligent and active boy of eight years old. Habits of exercise had confirmed his health, and obedience to his mother made him happy. He was diligent in his studies, and beloved by his teachers.

One Saturday afternoon, when as usual, there was no school, he was walking on the banks of a river which beautified the scenery of his native place. It was fine weather in summer, and he admired the sparkling waters, and the verdure that clothed their margin.—Presently, he observed a large boy plunge in for the purpose of bathing. He wondered that he should select a spot where the water was very deep—and also, that he freed himself from no part of his clothing. Soon he observed him to struggle as if in distress, and saw that he appeared to be sinking.

Ralph Edward knew well how to swim; and throwing off his boots, and his little jacket, hastened to the relief of the stranger. He found the drowning boy nearly senseless—but by great exertions, gained the shore with him, though he was much larger than himself, and nearly twice his age. He supported him against the bank, until he had thrown a quantity of water from his mouth, nose and ears, and was able to thank his preserver. He owned that he did not know how to swim, and promised not to venture again in so dangerous and deep waters, until he had learned. When he was in a place of safety, Ralph Edward returned home. His heart throbbed, and his head was giddy, with the violent efforts he had made. He went to his little bed, and wept bitterly.—His mother heard him mourning, and came to inquire the cause of his grief. He told her he could not forget the pale and distorted features of the half-drowned boy, when he gasped for breath upon the shore. After she had succeeded in drying his tears, he related, at her request, all the circumstances.

"My son, she said, you have been in great danger—perhaps without knowing it. Did you ever hear how fatal is the grasp of drowning persons?"

"Mother, what could I do? I could not stand and see him die. If I had waited to call a man to help, he would have sunk to rise no more."

"Was he a friend of yours?"

"I only know that he is a servant in some family not far distant. I have seen him driving cows; but never spoke to him until to-day."

"But how were you able to swim with, and support a boy, so much larger than yourself?"

"Mother, I remembered what you told us to do, when we had any difficult duty to perform, and I asked strength from our Father in Heaven."

The good mother comforted her little boy, and blessed him—and afterwards he slept sweetly. Though she trembled at the risk he had run, she was cheered to find him anxious to do good to a stranger, and mindful of that Great Being, who is ever ready to help those who call upon him. As she was a judicious woman, she reflected with particular pleasure upon his humility. He did not come home boasting—"I have saved the life of a drowning person. He was twice as large and old as myself, yet could not swim—and I swim as boldly as a man." No. He came home without mentioning any of these circumstances—without complaining of fatigue, though every nerve was strained by the labour and agitation he had endured. He went quietly to his own little chamber, and shed



tears of pity, as he recollected the painful struggles of the sufferer. He assumed no merit himself, he only remembered that he had performed a duty, and that his God had given him strength.

My young friends, boys of eight years old, who may happen to read this *true story*—in what should you prefer to resemble Ralph Edward—in his *courage*, his *piety*, or his *humility*? I know you will join me in the wish that he may "lead the remainder of his life, according to this beginning;" and that his widowed mother may reap the fruit of her instructions and example, in the obedience and happiness of all her children.

L. H. S.

Hartford.

## MORALITY.

From the Christian Mirror.

### APPEAL OF A YOUTH TO HIS COMPANIONS.

The spirited and successful efforts, which have of late been made against the destructive evils of intemperance, call for devout feelings of gratitude from the breast of every friend of Zion.—Belching forth his unmerciful ravages like a torrent, and with the subtilty of a serpent, in almost every situation in life, Intemperance has achieved many a heart-rending conquest, throughout our otherwise happy country. But of late, many have been aroused with just indignation to take up arms against this unrelenting foe of our country, which they have wielded with success in dislodging him from his strong hold; and have inspired many others to join them in this illustrious warfare. Although much has been done to expel him from our country, he holds many otherwise valuable citizens in his soul-ruining slavery, and not only threatens with utter destruction the liberties of our country; but even our churches with irreparable injury. Many, viewing the danger of their friends and neighbors, have sounded the alarm; but till recently, I have heard none directed to the *youth*, on whom this momentous conflict must soon depend. To this interesting class of the community, I would address myself at this time. To you, generous youth, it will soon be left to say, whether this cruel enemy shall carry on his destructive conquests, and thus, not only haffle the hopes of those who have been active in this undertaking; but what is more appalling, must soon involve in utter ruin many of our most valuable citizens, and consequently bring disgrace and ruin upon our once happy nation. In view of such ruinous consequences, I fondly cherish the hope that you will not, you cannot be inactive. Doubtless many of you, ere this time, while walking the streets, have been struck with horror at the sight of some of the victims of this soul-destroying enemy, and have resolved, not only to banish him from your own embrace; but have likewise joined the valiant band in opposing his bold career in the destruction of our countrymen. But observation teaches, that there are others who still continue to parley with this enemy of their souls, and who, there is much reason to fear, will be captivated before they are aware of danger. O, be awakened, before it be forever too late. If you would avoid the iron grasp of this tyrant, you must not suffer him to have one inch of ground. O, then, for your soul's sake, reject this cruel parleying when offered you in whatever form, and, for your honor, for your neighbor's sake, and the dearest bought rights of our country, use your influence in every situation of life to expel him from our land. Then we may see industry, virtue, and happiness, taking the places of idleness, vice, and degradation; then we may soon see the wilderness bud and blossom as the rose, and our country flourishing in the progress of the arts and sciences, and in honor and respect with foreign nations, under the happy independence handed down to us by our ancestors.

P.

## NATURAL HISTORY.

### ANECDOTES OF ANTS.

The mischief that the Ants in general occasion, by eating books, papers, silks, or clothes, is nothing when compared with their penetrating the beams

of a house or destroying the timbers of a ship; on one occasion they attacked the Albion, a British ship of the line, and in spite of the efforts of the commander and crew, after having boarded, they got possession of her, and handled her so roughly, that had she not been tightly lashed together, it was thought she would have foundered on the way home; as it was, when she was brought into port, she was totally unfit for service, and was obliged to be broken up.

It was stated in a London paper of 1814, that the superb residence of the Governor General at Calcutta, the erection of which cost the East India Company immense sums of money, was rapidly going to decay, owing to the attack of Ants. Though the mischiefs of the Ants are so great, they are probably counterbalanced by the good they produce, in quickly destroying dead trees, &c. Such is their celerity in this particular, that in a few weeks, they will carry off and destroy the trunks of large trees. The total destruction of deserted towns is accomplished in three or four years, not the least vestige of a house remaining.

Some persons like the taste of these insects so much, that after nipping off their heads and wings they will eat them with the greatest voracity.—They say that they are of an extremely agreeable acidity.

Dr. Franklin once put a pot of treacle into a closet, to which several ants got. He shook all out but one, and then tied the pot with a thin string to a nail, fastened in the ceiling, so that it hung down by it. As soon as the ant was satisfied, it wanted to get out, but for some time could not discover the way. At last it found, after many attempts, the way to the ceiling by going along the string. Then it ran to the wall, and from thence to the ground. It had scarcely been away half an hour, when a great swarm of ants came out, got up to the ceiling, crept along the string to the pot, and began to eat again. This was done till the treacle was gone; one swarm running down the string, the other up it.

I will conclude with giving you a short account of their buildings. "With regard to man, (says Mr. Smeathman,) his greatest works, and boasted pyramids, fall comparatively short, in size alone, of the structures raised by these insects.—They are not above a quarter of an inch in length; but the structures they raise are frequently 10 or 12 feet or upwards, above the surface of the earth." If the height of a mau was 6 feet, Mr. S. calculates that the buildings of these insects may be considered, relatively to their size and that of a man, as raised nearly *five times* as high as the greatest Egyptian pyramid. Their tunnels would expand to a magnificent cylinder of more than 300 feet in diameter. It may be added, that with respect to the interior construction, and the various members and dispositions of the parts of the buildings, they appear greatly to exceed any and every work of human construction.—*Liverpool paper.*

*Anecdote of an Eagle.*—A boatman, while engaged in conveying salt on the Onandaga Lake, a few years since, saw a large grey Eagle cutting his gyrations in the air, apparently noticing some prey in the lake beneath. In a moment he poised, and darted from his altitude into the water, from which he was unable to rise. A continued flapping with his broad and extended pinions kept him from being drawn under and proved that his diamond eyes had not mistaken their object. He approached the land slowly, the unknown creature below acting as propellant and helmsman. The boatman grew interested in the affair and landed. The Eagle, on touching terra firma, showed himself fastened to a fine salmon. Our hero, thinking it time to take a share of the plunder, cut himself a stout cudgel, and approached the imperial bird of Jove; which, having his talons fast, was unable to rise, advance, or recede. Three times was the club raised to strike, but the noble bearing of the regal bird, and his undaunted front, made even the boatman quail. He could not assault imprisoned majesty. The Ea-

gle exhibited no signs of fear, but occasionally nibbled the gills of his prize, and indignantly glanced at the intrusive boatman. At length the talons of one leg became released, and by a dexterous turn, those of the other, when he soared away to his thunder clouds on high, leaving the much coveted salmon to the boatman, who, on weighing it, found it to balance twenty-six pounds.—*N. Y. M. Courier.*

## DIALOGUE.

For the Youth's Companion.

### LOUISA AND CAROLINE, ON MISSIONS.

[Louisa is reading a Pamphlet, and little Caroline is busily employed in arranging her doll's house.]

*Caroline.*—What have you found there, so very interesting, Louisa? I have asked you three questions without getting any answer.

*Louisa.*—Have you, indeed? I beg your pardon. I did not hear one of them. I am reading the *Missionary Herald*.

*Caroline.*—The *Missionary Herald*! Why I didn't suppose there was anything interesting in that,—I thought it was only for grown people.

*Louisa.*—I used to think so too. But one Sabbath I was not well, and was obliged to stay at home from meeting. I read all my little story-books, that mother said were proper to read Sabbath-day, and was quite at a loss what to do with myself. I went to the book-case, and happened to see the last number of the *Missionary Herald*. I began to read, and found it very interesting indeed. So I have always read them ever since.

*Caroline.*—What do they tell about? Are there any stories in them?

*Louisa.*—O yes, a great many. They give accounts of poor little heathen children, who live a great way off, where there are no Bibles, and no Sabbath Schools, and no meeting-houses. Don't you remember finding Hindoostan on the map of Asia, this morning?

*Caroline.*—O yes; and a long hunt I had, before I found it.

*Louisa.*—Well, that is a heathen country. There, the people, instead of going to meeting on the Sabbath, as we do, worship a frightful image, called Juggernaut.

*Caroline.*—What sort of a creature is it?

*Louisa.*—Why it is a great wooden image, carved out, something like a man. At certain times, he is drawn out on a car with sixteen wheels, and the people come and worship him. Multitudes travel on foot two thousand miles to get a sight of him. Many throw themselves down, and suffer the wheels to go over them, and crush them to death; thinking it will please their god.

*Caroline.*—O dear, how dreadful! Is this all the god these poor people have?

*Louisa.*—No; they worship a great many animals—particularly the cow.

*Caroline.*—Worship a cow! what silly creatures!

*Louisa.*—Yes, so it seems to us, but if we had never been taught better, don't you suppose we should be just as silly?

*Caroline.*—Why I don't know—but it seems to me, if I had to guess out my religion, I should get a little nearer than that. Well, do these strange people worship any thing else?

*Louisa.*—Yes, they have a great number of rivers which they consider sacred. The water of these rivers, they imagine can wash away their sins. Don't you recollect the Ganges, that you traced out, the other day, on your map?

*Caroline.*—Yes. It rises in the Himalah mountains, runs 2000 miles, and empties into the Bay of Bengal.

*Louisa.*—This river is esteemed more sacred than the rest. When people are very sick, their friends carry them to this river, that they may die on its banks, supposing that will give them a sure passage to heaven. But what is most dreadful, the mothers very often throw their little babies into this river.

*Caroline.*—O dear, what for?

*Louisa.*—Because they think it will please the



god, and the little infants will go from this holy water right to heaven.

*Caroline.*—O how glad I am, that we were not born in Hindostan!

*Louisa.*—We ought to be very grateful to God, for it is He, who has made us to differ from the poor heathen children. You know that beautiful hymn, we so often say to mother, that begins;

"I thank the goodness and the grace,  
That on my birth has smiled."

*Caroline.*—O yes, I have said it a thousand times, but I never thought what it meant before. I think the next time, I shall say it with all my heart.

*Louisa.*—But while we thank God for his goodness to us, is there nothing we can do for these poor creatures?

*Caroline.*—I don't know—what can little girls like you and I do, for children on the other side of the world; so many thousand miles from us?

*Louisa.*—I have found, in reading the Missionary Herald, that a number of good men and women have gone to these distant countries, on purpose to teach them about the true God. They have meetings for the grown people and schools for the children.

*Caroline.*—Yes, I know it. I have not forgotten Mr. Green, who went to the Sandwich Islands, more than a year ago. But I want to know what we can do for the poor heathen. We cannot go out with the missionaries and teach them.

*Louisa.*—No, but we can send money to buy their books and other things.

*Caroline.*—Well, so we might. I know that when father and mother go to the monthly concert, they put money into the box for the heathen; but it never came into my mind, that I might put in some too.

The little girl then ran to her money box, to see how much she had. It was a little mahogany box, with her name written in yellow letters on the lid. There was only a little hole in the top, large enough to drop in a cent. She took it to her father, and asked him to unscrew the lid for her. He did so, and emptied the money into her lap. There was twenty cents. She had been saving this money a long time, to spend for toys, when she went to Boston. She now thought of a very good plan; it was, to divide and send half to the monthly concert.

The smile of pleasure which she saw on her mother's face, when she carried it to her, to put in to the missionary box, gave little Caroline more delight, than to have had all the pretty things in Boston.

That night she and her sister resolved that they would divide their money with the poor heathen children, on every monthly concert.

## EDITORIAL.

### TO OUR READERS.

"One dear child among your readers," says a respected correspondent, "has gone to her eternal rest." [See "New Testimonies," Vol. II, p. 192.] How many other readers of the Companion have died the year past, we know not. But there must have been some more, and there may have been many. In this dying world, out of five or six thousand persons of any age, several must die every year and every month. If each number of our little paper is read by only three persons, then the whole number of weekly readers is more than five thousand and five hundred. Perhaps it is probable, therefore, that forty or fifty of our late readers will read our pages no more forever, having been called to give their accounts to God. If they had improved this and their other privileges and believed in Christ with all their heart, it is well. If they were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and were "dear children" in the estimation of pious and good men, they have "gone to their eternal rest" in the bosom of their Saviour, which is far better than to remain in this world of sin and sorrow. Though their friends mourn the loss of them, they cannot regret that Christ has taken them to himself, to behold his glory and be ever with the Lord. It is too a mel-

ancholy reflection to us, that those who read our productions and prize them, are numbered with the dead. But if they sleep in Jesus, and if our humble labors have been blessed to the good of their souls in preparing them for heaven, we shall not wish them to return. We will feel that we are writing and publishing for dying persons to read, although they are young; and remember, more solemnly that whatever we do to make an impression on their minds, affects their everlasting destiny, and prepares them for endless bliss or woe.

There are many ways in which the contents of the Companion may influence the minds of its readers, and affect the moral state of their souls. It reminds them of the precious truths of the Bible, and imprints them more deeply. It warns them of the various sins and injurious habits to which they are liable, and of the awful consequences of doing wickedly and joining with the ungodly. It shows them many lovely examples of piety, even in children like themselves; and tells them how such believing and penitent children can die in peace and hope and joy. It tells them of the great anxiety of Christian parents, ministers, Sabbath school teachers, and other pious friends, for their conversion and salvation; and thus they learn to think of the value of their own souls, and to care for them, and to seek an interest in Christ. They learn their need of a Saviour, and where he may be found. They are taught how to pray for the blessings of grace in a time accepted; and we must indulge the hope, that many of them do believe and pray, and so mourn for sin as to find mercy of the Lord. In various ways God is saying to them, "Seek ye my face;" we trust they reply from their very hearts, "Thy face, Lord, will we seek." We would gladly learn that this is the spirit of all our living readers, and of those that are gone. How joyfully and thankfully should we meet them all at the right hand of the final Judge, as those who have been washed from their sins in his blood.

For two years we have been spared in great mercy to continue our paper; and this week we commence another volume. But we know not what another year, or even another day, shall bring forth. Whether the editors will cease from their labors, before this volume is closed, or continue it to the end, is known only to Him who made us and in whose hands our breath is. And if we live to send out a weekly Monitor and Companion for our young friends, none but God can tell who of them will live to read it. Let us all therefore commence the year with genuine repentance, making our calling and election sure; so that "whether we live we may live unto the Lord, or whether we die we may die unto the Lord," and "whether living or dying be the Lord's." May death find neither writer or reader unprepared; and when they meet before the tribunal of Christ, may it be with mutual and everlasting joy.

## MISCELLANY.

*Oriental Illustration of Psalm xxii. 5.*—"I confess," said Captain Wilson, "that, since my return from India, I have been forcibly struck with several things, which prove the Scriptures to be an Eastern book. For instance, the language of one of the Psalms, where David says, 'Thou anointest my head with oil, my cup runneth over,' most likely alludes to a custom which continues to this day. I once had this ceremony performed on myself in the house of a rich Indian, in the presence of a large company. The gentleman of the house poured upon my hands and arms a delightfully odoriferous perfume, put a golden cup into my hand, and poured wine into it till it had run over, assuring me, at the time, that it was a great pleasure to him to receive me, and that I should find a rich supply in his house. I think the inspired poet expressed his sense of the divine goodness by this allusion.—*Chr. Obs.*

*Emphasis.*—Such a simple question as this, "Do you ride to town to-day?" is capable of no fewer than four different acceptations, according as the emphasis is differently placed on the words,

If it be pronounced thus: Do you ride to town to-day? the answer may naturally be, No: I send my servant in my stead. If thus: Do you ride to town to-day? Answer,—No: I intend to walk. Do you ride to town to-day? No: I ride out into the fields. Do you ride to town to-day? No: but I shall to-morrow.

*Juvenile Philosophy.*—Walking the other day in the streets, we saw a little fellow fall on his face on the pavements, on which he roared most lustily. Running to pick him up, we wisely applied ourselves to cheer him with the comfortable consideration that he would be well to-morrow. "Poh, poh, my little man, don't cry, you'll not mind it to-morrow." Upon which the young sufferer, surely unconscious of the sense and wit of his reply, said, with a tear in his eye, and the cry of pain hardly for a moment repressed, "Then I won't cry to-morrow." A discourse of an hour long, could not better elucidate the subject.—*Liverpool Adv.*

## USEFUL REMARKS.

Industrious wisdom often prevents what lazy folly thinks inevitable. He that will have the kernel must crack the shell. Without mounting by degrees a man cannot obtain to high things. A mind well trained and long exercised in virtue, does not easily change any course it once undertakes.

## POETRY.

### THE IDIOT BOY.

The following melancholy story is said to be founded on fact.

A stranger's eye this poor child ever caught;  
But there was something which they always sought,  
Beyond his blue eye and his pensive smile,  
His snowy cheek, and lip that knew no guile.  
A father's pride he was,—a mother's joy,  
Now he is naught but a poor idiot boy!

It was not always so—for once, they say,  
He was unrivalled at his books and play;  
And few could see the sunlit happy one,  
'Ere four bright summers of his life were run,  
Without deep love toward the curly head,  
That shone in sport and every pastime led.  
He was a tiny fellow—and some older one,  
In careless gaiety, or heedless fun,  
When they were playing "hide-and-then-go-seek,"  
Placed him within a clock,—and not to speak  
They charged him.—The clock door then was closed,  
And the scared child in silence there reposed.

Between the tickings he could plainly hear  
Voices, that seemed to him, oh very, very near—  
And yet he would not call—that clock struck four!  
They took the poor boy out—he knew no more.  
From that hour after, he did naught but mock  
The solemn music of that ticking clock;  
And as the sad hours struck in slow review,  
He with a little wand would strike them too.

With artful fondness they would try to wean  
His childish mien from that fatal scene;  
But all their care and kindness were in vain—  
He had forgotten all things,—e'en his name!  
All save the clock—to that his mind would cling  
As if it were the only precious thing.

He's like a young vine torn from parent stem,  
Scorched by the sun and ne'er to bloom again;  
And his fond parents find no other joy,  
Than love and pity for their idiot boy.

[*Juvenile Miscellany.*]

### STANZAS,—BY JOSIAH CONFER.

Why are springs enthroned so high,  
Where the mountains kiss the sky?  
'Tis that thence their streams may flow,  
Fertilizing all below.

Why have clouds such lofty flight,  
Basking in the golden light?  
'Tis to send down gentle showers  
On this lower world of ours.

Why does God exalt the great?  
'Tis that they may prop the state;  
So that toil its sweets may yield,  
And the sower reap the field.

Riches, why doth he confer?  
'That the rich may minister,  
In the hour of their distress,  
To the poor and fatherless.

Does he light a Newton's mind?  
'Tis to shine on all mankind.  
Does he give to virtue birth?  
'Tis the salt of this poor earth.

Render! whoso'er thou art,  
What thy God has given impart,  
Hide it not within the ground;  
Pass the cup of blessing round.

Hast thou power?—the weak defend;  
Light!—give light—thy knowledge lend;  
Rich?—remember him who gave;  
Free?—be brother to the slave.



# YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Published Weekly, by WILLIS & RAND, at the Office of the Boston Recorder, No. 22, Congress-Street....Price One Dollar a year in advance, or \$1, 50, if not paid in advance.

No. 2.

BOSTON, JUNE 4, 1829.

VOL. III.

## NARRATIVE.

### REFORMED EDWARD. OR, THE HOUSE OF REFORMATION. A TRUE STORY.

"There is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth."

In that part of Boston, called Hatter's Square, lived a very poor and wretched family, consisting of a father, mother, and several children. It was not poverty that made them wretched; for we often see much happiness in the poorest families: no; it was *sin*, in all its disgusting forms.

They lived in a very small room, which was cold, as most of the glass was broken. The fire-place was so constructed as to give but little heat, when they had wood, which was not always the case. The room was likewise very dirty, and every thing in disorder. They who do not know how some poor families live, cannot easily judge of the appearance of this miserable family.

The father and mother were both intemperate, and often sent their children to the shop to buy rum, and taught them to drink it, instead of giving them bread. The children were allowed to spend their precious time in the streets, when they should have been at the primary school, where so many good children are daily to be seen with clean faces and hands, and with neat and warm, though coarse clothes. They all look happy, because they love to go to school, every day, and learn to read their books. Oh! it is a lovely sight, to see children hastening along the street, brothers and sisters, hand in hand, that they may be in time.

In this family lived little Edward, aged nine, and his brother George, aged seven years. Neither of them went to a Sunday or primary school; and had you seen them in the streets, barefooted, ragged, dirty, and often without hats, if you have tender hearts, you would have pitied them, and, I am sure, you would have wished to do them good.

These two boys would sometimes go away in the morning, and not return home till night, and with other wicked children, waste day after day in idleness. All days were alike to them: they were not taught to remember the fourth commandment, and keep holy the Sabbath-day; and probably, seldom if ever went to meeting or church. Their wretched parents never told these boys who made them, and who takes care of them by day and by night, and gives us all our clothes, food, houses and friends, as the beautiful hymn says:—

"Our health, our friends, and parents dear,  
All by our God are given:  
We have not any blessing here,  
But what is sent from heaven."

For many years, little Edward and George lived this wicked life, and were growing up in vice and ignorance; they were, as the Bible says, in "the broad road," and what else could be expected! The poor children were not so much to blame as their parents. Let all children who read this, remember and thank their heavenly Father, if they have parents who try to "train them up in the way they should go," and endeavour to make them useful in this life, and happy in a better world when they die.

The parents of these boys were urged to send them to school, and were told how wicked it was to let their children run wild in the streets, looking and behaving as they did. They promised to do better; but, alas! they were too long accustomed to do ill, to learn to do well. They were intemperate, profane, and as well might you expect "the Ethiopian to change his skin, or the leopard his spots," as to alter their bad habits, while indulging in strong drink.

All hope was in vain of saving these boys from certain ruin, while they lived at home. It became a solemn duty, to take them from their parents, and send them to what is called, the House of Reformation at South Boston; this was accordingly done, Aug. 18th, 1827.

How changed their situation and prospects! here they have plain but wholesome food, a comfortable room, and bed to sleep on. But above all other mercies these children are daily taught to love God, and keep his commandments; to pray to Him, and read his word. When they sit down with their companions to breakfast, dinner and supper, their kind instructor, or father, as he may be called, thanks our Heavenly Parent for the food he gives. When little Edward and George entered this new home, their dirty, ragged clothes were exchanged for clean and comfortable ones; their hair cut to look neat, face and hands nicely washed, so that one who had seen them running wild like little Indians in the streets of Boston, and again at the House of Reformation, said, "Is it possible they are the same little boys?" Here they soon became contented and quite happy, as they had some time to play, though they were each day at school several hours.

So wild and ungovernable had these lads become, that it was with some difficulty, they were taken over to their new home. Their cries drew together many persons, mostly boys, who were anxious to know what such youth could have done.

As some who read this may not know any thing about the House of Reformation, we will tell them: it is a place where girls and boys are sent, who do not obey their parents, or are obstinate and ungovernable at home: play truant, or break the eighth commandment: "Thou shalt not steal." More than one hundred boys and girls, from eight to sixteen years old, are now there, learning to be good, and we are happy to say, that of many who have been there, and are now put to trades, such as shoe-maker's, carpenter's, blacksmith's, &c., the greater part are behaving well, and we hope will grow up to be good men and women.

In this institution the boys are taught basket-making, and to manufacture palm-leaf hats, as well as other things; the girls are taught to sew, knit, and make the boys' clothes, all of which are made in the House. Here all is order, "Heaven's first law." All are taught to love each other, to be industrious, and like the little bee,

"Improve each shining hour."

They dwell together like a band of brothers:—

"Birds in their little nests agree,  
And 'tis a shameful sight,  
If children of one family  
Fall out and chide and fight."

On the Sabbath, that happy day, which all good children love the best of all the seven, the scholars meet together, twice a day, in what is called the chapel, and, on bended knees, offer their united prayers to God, and join in singing his praise. These ceremonies are performed in a very solemn manner, as the scholars are taught not to be looking idly about, as we often see children in our places of worship. The gentleman who is at the head of this House, is a clergyman, and preaches plain and easy sermons, so that the children may readily understand him. He tells them to be sorry for all their sins, to *believe in*, and *love* their Saviour: he tells them of *him* who took up little children in his arms, and said, "of such is the kingdom of heaven."

As enough has been said concerning little Edward and George's new home, we inform our readers, that a sister of these boys, aged fifteen, became one of this favoured family. The same bad example and awful neglect of the parents, came near

ruining Sarah, for that was her name. Here she was placed under the care of a worthy, pious female, who has charge of the female department, and soon began to improve.

All who read this narrative, will, we hope, be glad to hear that these children improved so much, as to have the privilege of visiting the city. Their parents and friends were so well pleased to see them, as to feel quite resigned in being separated from them.

In the course of the last summer, their mother died, and it is not known where their father lives. Sarah improved rapidly: she became industrious, kind, and steady; so much so, that she had in December last, a good place procured for her in a respectable family in the country, and is now (1829) doing well.

The remainder of our story is principally of Edward. In his new situation, poor Edward felt, more than ever, the trouble and difficulty of having been taught nothing good, and of learning only what is bad. It was now necessary for him to behave well; to be kind and good natured; to speak the truth; and to be obedient and regular. But, though he had lived nine years, he had not learned these things, but to act and feel entirely different. Having so long indulged in a vicious course, he often got himself into difficulty, and was punished for his bad behaviour.\* His evil temper, his wicked words, and bad actions, had become so natural to him, that he often chose the wrong rather than the right. Sometimes, when he felt how much trouble his bad conduct brought upon him, and saw how much more happy and pleasant good boys were than bad, he *would try a little* to be good; but it was *new* work for him, and he would become discouraged. Poor boy! how I pity him, and all such unfortunate and wicked boys! How necessary it is, for parents, and all who are trying to improve children, to advise them often, to encourage and help them.

Edward's instructor often advised and helped him in this way. He frequently told the boys, that though it was so hard for them to correct their wrong feelings, and wicked habits, yet their heavenly Father would help them; that he loved to help them; and that his spirit would put good thoughts into their minds, and good dispositions into their hearts; for he loves to see youth come, like little children, and say, my father help me; forgive me; save me. He used to go to their rooms, in the evening, kneel down by their beds with them, and teach them to pray.

At last, these things began to affect more than Edward's ears, they reached and softened his heart. He began to pray, to think of his heavenly Father, and his goodness; of his Saviour, and his kindness; of heaven, and its happiness; of hell, and its pains; of death, and eternity. Of these he thought, till they seemed real to him, till he loved to think of them, and till he *determined*, by the help of God, to live as if they were true. Then, it was easy. Such thoughts run through dear Edward's mind, like a pure brook, till his bad habits were broken up, and swept away; till his guilty passions were washed out, and he felt as if he were in a new world. He was calm, peaceful and happy. To do good, which was before so hard, was now easy; it was his choice, and it made him happy. All who knew him were astonished

\* There is a book kept in the House, in which the names of the boys are written, and bad marks are put against them, when they do wrong, and, at night, a good one if they have done well all day, and two on Sundays. These are added every Saturday afternoon, and those who have more good than bad marks, can, if they have enough, buy books, handkerchiefs, or a permission to go to the city with them. Edward got none of these; and on Saturday afternoon, when his companions were at play, he often had twenty or thirty bad marks, to be punished for.



and delighted, for he seemed in word and feeling to be another boy. He was—for he was A REFORMED BOY.

The time of which we now speak was the autumn of 1828. It was now as easy for him to do right, as it had been for him to do wrong; and oh, how much more pleasant! He acted as if his heart spoke the words of ancient Hagar:—"Thou God seest me." Now he loved to have God see him.

He said to his sister one day: "Formerly I did not care about getting bad marks, but now, I would not get one for *all the world*." Edward continued in this happy and virtuous course of life, three or four months. During this time the greatest fault that he committed was, whispering, a few words, to a boy on Sunday in the chapel. Most boys would deem this a *little fault*, but Edward did not think so; for when he thought of this trifling with, and neglecting the worship of his God and Father, he was so grieved that he hid his face, which was already covered with expressions of painful sorrow, and he wept tears of true repentance.

Poor Edward did not live to go to the chapel again, for the next Sunday, January 11th, he was taken sick with a fever. On Monday his fever increased, and he began to lose his reason. He did not always know where he was, nor what he said, but when the subject of religion was introduced, it seemed to revive his spirits, and restore his reason. The following account will illustrate this, and show what a strong interest he had in religion.

On Monday morning, he was sitting up to have his feet bathed in warm water, because they were very lame and tender. As a very slight touch hurt him, his instructor washed them, and, while down upon the floor, looked up to Edward and asked: "Does my washing your feet, remind you of any thing in the Bible?" He immediately answered, & with great clearness; "Yes sir, of Jesus Christ."

In the evening his mind was yet more deranged, and when the usual time for prayer had come, Edward was asked: "Have you continued your prayers regularly of late?" "Yes sir." "But I suppose your mind is so weak now that it is difficult for you to pray your prayers?" "Yes sir, I cannot think much." "Should you like to have me say your prayers with you?" "Yes sir." His instructor knelt down by his bed and repeated several short and simple prayers, at the end of which Edward distinctly and calmly said amen. He also repeated the Lord's prayer with more than his usual propriety and feeling. In the night, the gentleman who watched with him, saw him throw off the clothes, and try to get out of bed. When he was asked why he did so, he said, "I want to go to prayers." Now, not a word had been said to him about his being very sick; for it was not until the next morning, that it was thought he would not recover, and then he could not understand what was said to him. All the forenoon he grew worse very fast. When it seemed that he could not live but a little while, (for he could not speak, and he breathed very short,) his instructor, who was very much affected, knelt down by his bed to pray to God for him. There was no other person allowed to be in the room, and he did not suppose that any one but God knew what he said; but, when he arose, he saw a large tear rolling down from his eye, which showed that in all his weakness he understood, felt, and enjoyed prayer. In a quarter of an hour after, he slowly stopped breathing, and died without a groan, or any sign of pain; and we believe that the angels took his spirit and carried it up to heaven, to that Father, that Saviour whom he had learned and loved to serve and please. When all became still, there was a beautiful look settled upon his countenance; it was calm and peaceful—it was the look of

#### A REFORMED BOY.

His death was very sudden; and it made his companions very sad to think how suddenly death had deprived them of their friend. When his brother George came in to see him, it was a very affecting sight. He put his hands round his neck, and said, "wake up brother, wake up," and then kissing him, he burst into tears.

The next day was Edward's funeral. His companions were dressed in their Sabbath clothes, and assembled in two ranks, and Edward's coffin was placed in the midst. The solemn and beautiful funeral service was read by the chaplain and the boys. The hymn, "Hark from the tombs," was sung, and a plain simple discourse preached. The text was, Job 14th chap. 10th verse; "Man dieth and wasteth away; yea, man giveth up the ghost, [yieldeth up his soul,] and where is he?" The boys then walked round the coffin to take a farewell look of their companion, and as they went, they repeated together the beautiful chapter: "Remember now thy Creator." Four of the boys then took up his coffin to carry it to the tomb; his companions walked before, two and two, and his instructor led his little brother directly after his coffin; and several of the Directors of the House, with some other persons, very kindly walked with them to see the body of Edward placed in the tomb. When the cold and heavy iron door closed upon him, it seemed to shut us out from any more intercourse with him; and when the key turned the sullen bolt into its fastening, its solemn sound seemed to say: "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return." Farewell, Edward, the holy joy of heaven be thine.

[The above story, neatly printed in the book form, is for sale by N. S. Simpkins & Co. No. 79, Court Street, Boston.]

### MORALITY.

#### AGAINST THE ABUSE OF CATTLE.

It was wisely said, by the wisest of kings, that a righteous man regardeth the life of his beast; but that the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel. Proverbs, xii. 10. And yet it may be doubted whether there is any species of cruelty, or any kind of wickedness whatever, more common than that which is here reproved by Solomon. We see man, on all sides of us, and at all periods of his life, from childhood to old age, practically forgetting, or showing that he has never learned, that a part of righteousness consists in doing his duty to the brute beasts, which the Maker of all things has subjected to his power.

That boy, whom, in the mind's eye, we see in the morning, exercising himself in throwing clubs and stones, is throwing them at the cow that he is driving forth to pasture. And why does he treat her thus unmercifully? Does he feel that his time is valuable, or that it is short when compared with his other duties, and that he, therefore, must hasten her? O no!—it is a trial of his skill; he would see how often he can hit her. It is a trial of his strength; he would see with how large a stone he can reach her. And now, having opened the gate, or the bars, he stands by, with a stone or a club, to give her a proof of his strength, in a blow under which she must pass.

Stop, my boy! have you forgotten that this meek and gentle creature has feeling!—that these stones must give her pain!—that they may be her death? What has she done to provoke this barbarous treatment? Has she not done you good, and not evil, always? Has she not fed you, from the day that you were withdrawn from your mother's bosom? The custards and the cream that have so delighted your appetite,—were they not her gift to you? Your teeth are, even now, like those of Judah, "white with milk." She gave it. It is, at this moment, running sweetly through your veins, and giving you arm the very strength that you are putting forth to bruise and torment her. Consider, my boy, had she been provoked to madness by your cruelty, as a boy, like yourself, would have been, how easily might she have run upon you in her wrath, and trampled you under her feet, or tossed you into the air, and left you a gored and mangled corpse; and this she would have done, had she been subject to like passions and infirmities with yourself. But her Maker, and yours, has given her a kinder nature than to avenge her every wrong, and you are spared. But let me entreat you to beware, for the future, that you be no more so cruel and ungrateful, lest, if you pro-

voke not her, you provoke that Being who formed her; that great Being, who, at the same time that he caused her to grow up for your sustenance and comfort, has caused the grass to grow up for

[National

### THE NURSE

#### THE LITTLE 1

"I think poor children mu. -ppy," said little Octavia, as she sat c. her doll in silver muslin. "If I were poor. -ose little ch" dren who came here begging, yesterday, I she not take the least comfort in the world."

"My little daughter is mistaken," said her. "Poor children are just as happy as r' except when they are suffering from cold. and that very seldom happens in Am. Father, who lives in Heaven, takes care c. as well as of you. God has given them beaur. and minds; and it is good feelings and good thoughts, that make both great and little folks happy; it is no matter what clothes they wear, what food they eat, or what toys they play with. When you have been a naughty girl, your waxen doll, and your glass bird, and your gold musical box, do not make you feel happy: and when you have been a good girl, you can be very happy without them. So you see it depends upon your thoughts and feelings, whether you are happy or not; and poor children have as good and as kind feelings, as rich ones. That little boy who came here to beg, yesterday, who was so small he could hardly reach the latch of the door, is a very good boy; and therefore I know he is a very bappy boy. A piece of cake, or candy, would be a great rarity to him, and he would love them very much; yet when I offered him a few cents the other day, for going of an errand, he said, "No ma'am, I had rather not take it; you have been too kind to my mother."

Octavia thought a little boy, who loved his mother better than himself, must be happy; and she asked to walk with her mother the next time she went to see the beggar children.

When they went, Octavia found one little girl five years old, building a house with some dirty blocks, she had picked up, in the street; while her little sister, about three years old, knocked it down and laughed so loud she made the room ring again. Presently the little boy, her mother had spoken of, came in, with a saucer half full of boiled rice.

"Where have you been, John?" asked his older sister.

"I have been in to give Bob Rowley some of my dinner," answered the boy; "he has been out begging all the day, without getting any thing to eat; so I have given him half my rice."

Then John sat down on a cricket, and ate up his morsel of rice with great relish. He scraped the saucer very clean, and looked at the spoon, as if he wished there had been more. But he put it away with a cheerful look and said to his mother, "Is there any thing I can do for you, this afternoon, mother?" and in obedience to her, he ran off to pick up chips, whistling and singing as he went.

"Well, my dear Octavia, do not these children seem happy?" asked her mother as they walked homewards.

"Yes, mamma," replied the little girl; "their dirty blocks seemed to amuse them as much as my doll does me; and John was as glad to go and pick up chips, as I am to ride my rocking horse on the piazza."

"From this, my dangbter, learn that God is good to the poor, as well as to the rich," said her mother. "God has ordained that every body shall be happy, who is good; and he helps every one to be good, who earnestly wishes to be so. Little John, wanted all his dinner, sadly; but he gave it to a boy who needed it more than he did. He put down a selfish feeling, and he encouraged a kind feeling; and that is the reason little John, with his basket of chips, is happier than a selfish little prince could be in a marble palace, under cloth of gold."

\* This interesting incident actually occurred in Boston this winter. [Juvenile Miscellany.



## BENEVOLENCE.

## "POOR SARAH."

A Lady, who is engaged as a teacher in a coloured Sabbath School in this city, some months since, as was her custom, distributed among the children her usual supply of tracts. One of these, "*Poor Sarah*," was conveyed, by the Providence of God, to a poor, aged black woman; and, as she could not read, it was read to her by the child. The moving contents of this precious tract affected her heart; and such was her eagerness to treasure up its interesting incidents in her memory and to appropriate its divine consolations, that she was wont to crave, often, of such as were instructed, the favour of reading it to her. It became her constant companion; and, once in particular, while journeying in one of the Delaware steam boats, she was known to beg a similar favour of the Captain, which was readily granted. On her return to the city her little book, the Herald of the mercy and grace which she then enjoyed, was still with her.—A short time ago, she was visited by sickness, which soon proved to be a "sickness unto death;" but she had received the good seed in her heart, and it had sprung up, bearing its native fruits, faith, hope, patience and charity, for her support in the hour when flesh and heart were failing her. For this seed and these good fruits, she declared herself to be, instrumentally, indebted to the story of the poor Indian Sarah. She descended into the dark valley with songs of triumph, asking no other favour than that her much loved tract might be deposited in the narrow house with her then dying body. This was done; she now rests from her labours and her sufferings; and her released, redeemed spirit is, doubtless, rejoicing in the realms of light, with the glorious assembly and church of the first born, whose names are written in heaven;—singing.

"Hail matchless, free, eternal grace,

"That found my soul a hiding place. [*Philadelphian*].

## NATURAL HISTORY.

From the Medical and Physical Journal.

## ANECDOTES OF AN AMERICAN CROW.

BY WILLIAM BARTRAM.

It is a difficult task to give a history of our crow. And I hesitate not to aver, that it would require the pen of a very able biographer to do justice to his talents.

Before I enter on this subject minutely, it may be necessary to remark, that we do not here speak of the crow, collectively, as giving an account of the whole race, (since I am convinced, that these birds differ as widely as men do from each other, in point of talents and acquirements,) but of a particular bird of that species, which I reared from the nest.

He was, for a long time, comparatively a helpless, dependent creature, having a very small degree of activity or vivacity, every sense seeming to be asleep, or in embryo, until he had nearly attained his finished dimensions, and figure, and the use of all his members. Then, we were surprised and daily amused with the progressive development of his senses, expanding and maturing as the wings of the youthful phoenix, when disengaged from its nympha-shell.

These senses, however, seemed, as in man, to be only the organs or instruments of his intellectual powers, and of their effects, as directed towards the accomplishment of various designs, and the gratification of the passions.

This was a bird of a happy temper, and good disposition. He was tractable and benevolent, docile and humble, whilst his genius demonstrated extraordinary acuteness, and lively sensations. All these good qualities were greatly in his favor, for they procured him friends and patrons even among men, whose society and regard contributed to illustrate the powers of his understanding. But what appeared most extraordinary, he seemed to have the wit to select and treasure up in his mind, and the

sagacity to practise, that kind of knowledge which procured him the most advantage and profit.

He had great talents and a strong propensity to imitation. When I was engaged in weeding my garden, he would often fly to me, and after very attentively observing me in pulling up the small weeds and grass he would fall to work, and with his strong beak, pluck up the grass: and the more so when I complimented him with encouraging expressions. He enjoyed great pleasure and amusement in seeing me write, and would attempt to take the pen out of my hand, and the spectacles from my nose. The latter article he was so pleased with, that I found it necessary to put them out of his reach, when I had done using them. But, one time in particular, having left them for a moment, the crow being then out of my sight, recollecting the bird's mischievous tricks, I returned quickly, and found him upon the table, rifling my inkstand, books, and papers. When he saw me coming, he took up my spectacles and flew off with them. I found it vain to pretend to overtake him, but standing to observe his operations with my spectacles, I saw him settle down at the foot of an apple tree, where, after amusing himself for a while, I observed that he was hiding them in the grass, and covering them with chips and sticks, often looking round about, to see whether I was watching him. When he thought he had sufficiently secreted them, he turned about, advancing towards me, at my call. When he had come near me, I ran towards the tree to regain my property. But he, judging of my intentions by my actions, flew, and arriving there before me, picked them up again, and flew off with them, into another apple tree. I now almost despaired of getting them again. However, I returned back to a house, a little distance off, and there secreting myself, I had a full view of him and waited to see the event. After some time had elapsed, during which I heard a great noise and talk from him, of which I understood not a word, he left the tree with my spectacles dangling in his mouth, and alighted with them, on the ground. After some time, and a great deal of caution and contrivance in choosing and rejecting different places, he hid them again, as he thought very effectually in the grass, carrying and placing over them chips, dry leaves, &c., and often pushing them down with his bill. After he had finished this work, he flew up into a tree, hard by, and there continued a long time, talking to himself, and making much noise; bragging as I supposed of his achievements. At last, he returned to the house, where not finding me, he betook himself to other amusements. Having noted the place, where he had hid my spectacles, I hastened thither, and after some time recovered them.

This bird had an excellent memory. He soon learned the name which we had given him, which was Tom; and would commonly come when he was called, unless engaged in some favorite amusement, or soon after correction; for when he had run to great lengths in mischief, I was under the necessity of whipping him; which I did with a little switch. He would, in general, bear correction with wonderful patience and humility, supplicating with piteous and penitent cries and actions. But sometimes, when chastisement became intolerable, he would suddenly start off, and take refuge in the next tree. Here he would console himself with chattering, and adjusting his feathers, if he was not lucky enough to carry off with him some of my property, such as a penknife, or a piece of paper; in this case he would boast and brag very loudly. At other times he would soon return, and with every token of penitence and submission, approach me for forgiveness and reconciliation. On these occasions, he would sometimes return and settle on the ground, near my feet, and diffidently advance, with soft soothing expressions, and a sort of circumlocution; and sit silently by me, for a considerable time. At other times, he would confidently come and settle upon my shoulder, and there solicit my favor and pardon, with soothing expressions, and caressing gesticulations; not omitting to tickle me about the neck, ears, &c.

Tom appeared to be influenced by a lively sense

of domination (an attribute prevalent in the animal creation,) but, nevertheless, his ambition in this respect, seemed to be moderated by a degree of reason, or reflection. He was, certainly, by no means tyrannical, or cruel. It must be confessed, however, that he aimed to be master of every animal around him, in order to secure his independence and his self-preservation, and for the acquisition and defence of his natural rights. Yet, in general he was peaceable and social with all the animals about him.

He was the most troublesome and teasing to a large dog whom he could never conquer. This old dog, from natural fidelity, and a particular attachment, commonly lay down near me, when I was at rest, reading or writing under the shade of a pear tree, in the garden, near the house. Tom (I believe from a passion of jealousy) would approach me, with his usual caresses, and flattery, and after securing my notice and regard, he would address the dog in some degree of complaisance, and by words and actions, and if he could attain access to him, would tickle him with his bill, jump upon him, and compose himself, for a little while. It was evident, however, that this seeming sociability was mere artifice to gain an opportunity to practice some mischievous trick; for no sooner did he observe the old dog to be dozing, than he would be sure to pinch his lips, and pluck his beard. At length, however, these bold and hazardous achievements had nearly cost him his life; for, on one time, the dog being highly provoked, he made so sudden and fierce a snap, that the crow narrowly escaped with his head. After this, Tom was wary, and used every caution and deliberation in his approaches, examining the dog's eyes and movements, to be sure that he was really asleep, and then by slow, silent, and wary steps, in a sideways, or oblique manner, spreading his legs, and reaching forward. In this position he would pluck the long hairs of the dog's tail. But he would always take care to place his feet in such a manner as to be ready to start off, when the dog was roused and snapped at him.

It would be endless (observes my ingenious friend, in the conclusion of his entertaining account of the crow) to recount instances of this bird's understanding, cunning, and operations, which, certainly, exhibited incontestible demonstrations of a regular combination of ideas, premeditation, reflection, and contrivance, which influenced his operations.

## LEARNING.

## CONVERSATION ABOUT GOVERNMENT.

*Teacher*.—Can you tell me, Philo, what is meant by an assembly.

*Philo*.—It is a large number of people, who have come together for some kind of business.

*Teacher*.—Yes; and such an assembly is sometimes called a convention. To assemble or to convene, signifies to meet together. A great crowd of people, whether they have any business or not, is a throng, or a concourse; and when they meet to do mischief, the assembly is called a mob, and what they do, is called a riot. An assembly that meets on Sunday to pray, sing, and hear the minister preach, is a congregation; and those who are baptized, and eat the Lord's Supper, are called a church. Our country is called the United States of America, and we have a Congress and a President to make laws for us. In the Congress there are two assemblies of men, that meet in different rooms in the same house. One assembly is called the House of Representatives, and the other assembly is called the Senate; and each person in the Senate is called a Senator. When any representative or any senator wishes to have a law made, he proposes or mentions it to the others, and they talk about it, and this talk is called a discussion or a debate. After the thing has been debated long enough, they vote; that is, they all express their wishes by saying yea or nay, yes or no. If the majority of the representatives and a majority of the senators say yea, and the President says yea, too,



then what is mentioned or proposed, becomes a law, and every body must obey it. By a majority is meant more than half, and the major part of any number of persons or things is the greater part. The smaller part is called the minority. If five persons were together, and three of them voted for a thing, and two of them voted against it, the three would be the majority, and the two would be the minority. In England, they have a king and two assemblies to make laws. One assembly is called the House of Commons, the other is called the House of Lords; and both together are called the Parliament. Till about a half-century, or fifty years ago, the king and Parliament of England, or Great Britain, made laws for us. At that time our people thought they made some bad laws, and determined that they would not obey them, nor have them make any more laws for them; but declared that for the time to come, they would choose men in our own country to make laws for us, and to see that they were obeyed. This was called the declaration of independence, and the fourth day of July, which was the time when this declaration was made, is called Independent Day.

I suppose I must explain to you a little more what is meant by dependent and independent. A little child depends on his father and mother, to take care of him; to see that he has victuals, and clothes enough, and to teach him what is right and good. He depends on them, because he cannot take care of himself; and as long as he is a child, he is said to be in a state of dependence, or in a dependent situation. When he grows up, and knows what is right and good, and is able to work for every thing he wants, and leaves his father's house, and goes away to some other place, where he takes care of himself, he is independent. Our nation was once very small. A few people came from England, three thousand miles over water, and settled or made their home in this country, among Indians and wild beasts. Then they were willing to have the rulers of the country, which they came from, make laws for them, and take care of them; but when they grew up into a great nation, it was best that they should be independent, just as a child when he grows up, should take care of himself.—*Improved Reader.*

## HISTORY.

### STUPENDOUS WATERFALL.

The Edinburgh Philosophical Journal mentions, on the authority of Dr. Christie, an enterprising traveller, who visited Hindostan in 1826, a waterfall, situated in the district of Darwar, in the Southern Maratta country, about latitude 18 degrees 20 minutes North, and longitude 75 East. Its name is Garsippa. "Upon approaching the falls, you emerge from a thick wood, and come suddenly upon the river, gliding gently among confused masses of rock. A few steps more, over huge blocks of granite, bring you to the brink of a fearful chasm, rock, bare, and black; down into which you look to the depth of a thousand feet! Over its sides rush the different branches of the river, the largest stretching in one huge pillar of white foam, to the bottom. The waters arc, at the bottom; by the force of their fall, projected far out in straight lines; and at some distance below the falls, form a thin cloud of white vapour, which rises high above the surrounding forest. The sides of the chasm are formed by slanting strata of rock, the regularity of which presents a striking contrast to the disorder of the tumultuous waters, the broken detached masses of stone, and the soft tint of the crowning woods.

"The effect of all these objects rushing at once upon the sight, is awfully sublime. The spectator is generally forced to retire after the first view of them, in order gradually to familiarize himself with their features; for the feeling which he experiences upon this sudden contemplation amounts almost to pain.

"The chasm is somewhat of an elliptical form. At its narrowest and deepest part is the principal fall; and over its sides, smaller branches of the river and little rills are precipitated and almost dissi-

pated in spray before they reach the bottom. The width of the river at the precipice does not much exceed fifty or sixty feet, but it contains a very large body of water.

"The falls can only be seen from above, for the precipices on both sides of the river afford no path to admit of a decent. The spectator can very easily, and with great safety, look down into the chasm to its very bottom. Some large plants of gneiss project, in an inclined position, from its edge; so that by laying himself flat upon one of these, he can stretch his head considerably beyond the brink of the precipice."

## BIOGRAPHY.

### ANECDOTES OF DR. FRANKLIN.

The following are Dr. Franklin's humorous remarks, as contained in one of his letters, concerning the bird which was chosen for the emblem of our nation:—

"Others object to the Bald Eagle," says he, "looking too much like a Dindon or Turkey. For my part, I wish the Eagle had not been chosen as the representative of our country; he is a bird of bad moral character, he does not get his living honestly: you may have seen him perched on some dead tree, where, too lazy to fish for himself, he watches the labor of the Fishing Hawk; and when that diligent bird has at length taken a fish, and is bearing it to its nest for the support of his mate and young ones, the Bald Eagle pursues and takes it from him.—With all this injustice he is never in good case: but like those among men who live by sharpening and robbing, he is generally poor, and often very lousy. Besides he is a rank coward: the little Kingbird not bigger than a sparrow, attacks him boldly, and drives him out of the district. He is, therefore, by no means a proper emblem for the brave and honest Cincinnati of America, who have driven all the Kingbirds from our country; though exactly fit for that order of Knights, which the French call Chevalier d'Industrie. I am on this account not displeased that the figure is not known as a Bald Eagle, but looks more like a Turkey.

For in truth the Turkey is a much more respectable bird, and withal a true original native of America. Eagles have been found in all countries, but the Turkey is peculiar to ours. He is besides, (though a little vain and silly 'tis true, but not the worse emblem for that,) a bird of courage, and would not hesitate to attack a grenadier of the British guards, who should presume to invade his farm yard with a red coat on."

At the conclusion of the revolutionary war, Dr. Franklin, the American ambassador, and the English and French ministers were dining together at Versailles, a toast from each was called for and agreed upon: The British minister began with, "George III. who, like the *Sun* in its meridian, spreads a lustre throughout, and enlightens the world." The French minister followed with, "The illustrious Louis XVI. who, like the *Moon*, sheds its mild and benignant rays on, and influences the globe." Franklin then gave, "George Washington, the commander of the American armies; who, like Joshua of old, commanded the *Sun* and *Moon* to stand still, and they obeyed him."

A young person once mentioned to Dr. Franklin his surprise, that the possession of great riches should ever be attended with undue solicitude; and instanced a merchant who, although in possession of immense wealth, was as busy, and much more anxious than the most assiduous clerk in his counting house. The doctor in reply, took an apple from a fruit basket, and presented it to a child in the room, who could scarcely grasp it in his hand. He then gave it a second, which filled the other hand; and choosing a third, remarkable for its size and beauty, he presented that also. The child after many ineffectual attempts to hold the three apples, dropt the last on the carpet, and burst into tears. "See there," said the Philosopher, "is a little man with more riches than he can enjoy."

## MISCELLANY.

*Sabbath school Anecdote.*—The superintendent of a Sabbath school in Bristol, discoursing lately with the children, asked, among other things, 'Where is God?' One of the elder boys immediately answered, 'In heaven.' The teacher not appearing satisfied with this reply, again repeated the inquiry, when a lad, younger than the other, answered, 'Every where.' Requiring still further explanation, the question was again put, 'Where is God?' when a third boy (thinking no doubt that he could improve on the answers already given) most cheerfully called out, 'God is here.' The views of the superintendent were now met, and he endeavored to impress on the minds of the children the important truth, that 'God is in heaven—God is every where—God is here.'

## POETRY.

From Poulson's Philadelphia Advertiser.

### A DREAM IN ANTIGUA.

The summer of 1820, I passed on the island of Antigua. The yellow fever committed its annual ravages. Among the number of its victims, was a young American, whose amiable manners had endeared him to the little circle in which I visited. To alleviate his sufferings, a few hours before his death, the physician administered a powerful opiate, and he sunk into a short, but tranquil slumber, from which he awoke to agonies that terminated only with life. During his brief repose, he had a dream of his home; and the affecting manner in which it was related, drew tears from all who heard him. I have made it the subject of the following lines:—

O tell me not 'twas all a dream,  
For though these fires consume my brain,  
I stray'd along the clear, cool stream  
That winds around my native plain.  
I breath'd the pure, reviving air  
That's horn upon the mountain high;—  
I saw health's roseate offspring there,  
And hope beam'd bright in every eye.  
I saw the home of early years—  
The scenes in childhood lov'd so well;—  
The soft-eyed maid whose melting tears,  
At parting, on my bosom fell.  
But, oh! these scenes forever o'er,  
Beneath a torrid, sickly sky,  
Upon a distant, friendless shore,  
I'm doom'd in early life to die;  
And no fond, weeping, sister's care  
Will close these dim and rayless eyes:—  
No tender mother's low-breath'd prayer  
Will mingle with my parting sighs:  
And, oh, my father ne'er will see  
The distant grave in which I sleep;  
The maid from childhood dear to me  
Will weep o'er my ashes weep.  
Deep in my heart is death's cold chill,  
The scenes of earth recede from view:  
Friends of my youth, I love you still,  
And breathe my dying prayer for you. C. W.

### ON THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

The rigors of winter are over and past;  
And Spring, all propitious, comes smiling at last:  
The blue-bird, sweet warbler, proclaims it at hand,  
The note of the red-breast, is heard in our land.  
We hail the approach of the bright source of day,  
That chases the frost and the shadows away;  
Shells life and refulgence o'er mountains and plains,  
Unhinding the earth and dissolving her chains.  
The torrent impetuous pours down from the hills,  
And swelled to a river by numerous rills,  
Winds on through the valley, and hurries away,  
As if to old ocean the news to convey.  
The animal tribes, that concealed from the light,  
Lay senseless and torpid, through winter's long night,  
Awake from their slumbers, their prison forsake,  
To welcome the Spring, and its pleasures partake.  
All creatures exulting, they haste to improve  
The joyous return of the season of love;  
Nor nay so dull but its pleasures can find,  
Except the dejected and sorrowful mind.  
Through all the gradations in nature's vast plan,  
From insects the smallest, and quite up to man,  
The impulse is common; but man can employ  
The power of reflection to heighten the joy.  
Can look at the system, examine its laws;  
And rise from effects to the primary cause:  
The proofs are abundant, that reason can find,  
That all was contrived by an Infinite Mind.  
A glorious Being,—who all things sustains,  
In whom all perfection forever remains;  
And yet, from this fountain continues to flow  
Whatever deserves our affection below.  
As rivers and brooks from the ocean are fed,  
So all moral excellence, here, has its head,—  
It emanates here,—and wherever possessed  
Leads back to its source as the ultimate rest.



# YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Published Weekly, by WILLIS & RAND, at the Office of the Boston Recorder, No. 22, Congress-Street....Price One Dollar a year in advance, or \$1, 50, if not paid in advance.

No. 3.

BOSTON, JUNE 11, 1829.

VOL. III.

## NARRATIVE.

### AGNES.

A FAITHFUL SKETCH. BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

"A little Christian humility and sober mindedness are worth all the wild and metaphysical discussion, which has unsettled the peace of vain women, and forfeited the respect of reasonable men."

HANNAH MORE.

"She must have been very beautiful!"

"No, my dear, she was not."

"Rich?"

"No."

"Accomplished?"

"What do you mean by accomplished?"

"Understanding the Italian and French languages, music, drawing, and—Oh, my dear friend!—every thing, in short."

"It is difficult, Mary, to understand 'every thing,'" I observed; "and it would, just now occupy too much time to discuss the ideas which you evidently connect with the word 'accomplished'; but I will simply tell you, that in *your* sense of the term, Agnes was not accomplished."

Mary paused. "Indeed! then, my dear madam, what was it that made you love her so dearly? Neither possessed of riches, nor beauty, nor accomplishments—what had she to recommend her?—perhaps she was amiable?"

"She was indeed!"

"Oh! then it is merely *amiability* that you value!" Something like a sarcastic smile sullied the handsome features of my young friend as she made this remark; but it disappeared, when I had for a moment looked steadily on her countenance.

"If by *amiability*, you mean a weak and fluttering *sensibility*, which drops tears with the same rapidity, and of the same weight, over a faded leaf and a dying friend, I do not value it at all; but I value that 'benevolence in trifles,' which is obliged by obliging, and which, springing from the true root—the love of the Creator—bears the fruit of abundant love to our fellow creatures. Agnes, Mary, was a CHRISTIAN; and the most unpolished worshipper of the 'one living and true God' I ever met. Nothing worldly, fantastical, or arbitrary, ever found a resting place in her bosom; even in early youth she knelt at the footstool of the Almighty, and with soft imploring accents, prayed that in all things his will might be accomplished. She felt that to be like God was the perfection of virtue, and went steadily forward, rejoicing in the Lord Jesus, even unto the end."

"Perhaps," said Mary, "she had few temptations. Neither handsome, rich, nor accomplished, the world could not have charmed her as much as those who were considered more highly gifted."

"Not so, my love. I have said she was not handsome; but her slight and delicate figure, the touching music of her voice, and her sweet calm smile, harmonized so delightfully, that the most severe critics in female beauty—persons who knew nothing of her worth—pronounced her 'pleasing.' Although possessed of no glittering stores, her rank in society was more than respectable; and the want of accomplishments was never felt, because she was ever employed in drawing forth the abilities of her friends.—Her history has nothing of romance to recommend it—it is simply the tale of one, who felt that

'Faith builds a bridge across the gulf of Death,  
To break the shack blind Nature cannot shun;'

and who acted on this belief. Ill health, at a very early period of life, prevented her from participating in, or enjoying, the usual recreations of youth; and she consequently acquired a more intimate knowledge of herself. This she improved: she felt, that

to satisfy an immortal spirit, more is wanted than the world can give; and as her faith increased, it was manifested in love and charity towards all human kind. The exertions she made to relieve the wants of others, afforded her exquisite happiness: often I have said, 'What trouble you take about such a person.' 'Trouble,' she would reply; 'Oh, no—not trouble. Is it not our greatest privilege to be employed in our Master's vineyard?' Although able and willing, when necessary, to show a reason for her faith, she never encouraged argument: experience taught her, that conviction seldom comes when the mind is heated with the anticipations of victory; and she knew that no woman can be happy, who is perpetually struggling for power. Even if Agnes had been deprived of the vantage ground of sex, partiality, and favor, still her real value, like unwrought gold, was such, that it needed no stamp to proclaim its worth;—virtue insures respect. Her father, a brave and distinguished officer in one of our finest regiments, was, of course, surrounded by many gay young aspirants for military honors; yet such a halo hovered over the footsteps of Agnes, that the most dissolute treated her with that deference which the beautiful and wealthy looked for in vain. The eldest of some eight or ten lively children, she bore, with unremitting patience, the annoyances and employments every elder sister must experience and undergo: and while she ministered to the wants and amusements of the young ones, with almost a mother's tenderness, she mingled such sweet counsel with her kindness, that I have looked, and wondered so wise, so good a spirit was permitted to linger on amongst us. I may, indeed, say linger; for her delicate hand had become almost transparent, and her pale cheek was oft-times flushed with a pinky tinge, which increased to dazzling the brightness of her clear blue eye."

"I should like to have seen her," said Mary.

"Rather, my dear, *known* her. Curiosity only is gratified by seeing; but it is the most useful and profitable of all employments to watch the Christian, awaiting with perfect faith the moment 'when this mortal shall put on immortality.'

"There were two beings in the world to whom the heart of Agnes clung with enduring affection. One, a high spirited daring brother, who is still engaged in Indian warfare: if she gloried in any thing, save the Gospel of Christ, it was in this noble youth's gallant bearing and spotless fame. But her brow overshadowed, and her eyelids bent, when she spoke of *another*, to whom she had caused much sorrow. 'I know he loved me,' she would say; 'but he loved also the gay and giddy world; what he loved, I should soon have loved, and have devoted my life to his pleasures, not to the self-denying duties of a Christian;—if I could have convinced him of sin! but no; when, even as a lover, he listened impatiently as I spoke of the hopes of eternity—when a husband, I felt he would not at all hearken. Oh, if he could only know the tranquillity of the true believer! how "sweet it is to trust in Jesus," to feel his saving power, and to look forward to the moment when the glories of heaven welcome the regenerate spirit from its unworthy abode. Oh, Father,' she would add, and lift her clasped hands in Christian fervor, 'shall I be spared to hear, although we may never meet on earth, that Alfred is indeed a Christian?'

"In common with all pure and delicate minds, she was very fond of flowers; yet she did not love the gay rose, or stately lily, so much as the timid snow drop, or the prim and yellow crocus, whose thin green leaves wave over the thawing frost in smiling mockery of its departing power—and to the last she loved to wander amongst green lanes and

tranquil meadows, there to commune with God, surrounded by his beautiful works. One evening we rambled so far, that she was much fatigued, and we sat under a wide spreading beech, whose leaves were beginning to tremble and fall in the autumn blast. She laid her bonnet on the grass, and reclining her head against the tree, pointed to the departing sun, who was casting a flood of gorgeous light over the surrounding landscape.

'All the world's bravery that delights our eyes,

Is but thy several liveries:

Thou the rich dye on them bestow'st—

Thy nimble pencil paint'st this landscape as thou goest.

A crimson garment in the rose thou wear'st,

A crown of studded gold thou bear'st;

The virgin lilies, in their white,

Are clad but with the lawn of almost naked light.'

"Very beautiful, my friend, are those lines," said she; 'very beautiful! but religion, our religion, unites all the beauty of poetry with the solidity of reason; the sun sets, but it dies not—even so the Christian.'

"I called to see her the next day, and found her a silent corpse; the same smile rested on her lip as when I bid her farewell on the preceding evening. I learnt that she retired to rest as usual; but in the morning, when her infant brother attempted to take her hand, it was cold and lifeless: a pocket Bible was found under her pillow, the leaf turned down at the 12th of Luke, and those words underlined with her pencil—'Fear not, therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows.'"

## BENEVOLENCE.

### EMMA'S SELF-DENIAL.

AN EXTRACT.

Emma having spent a day or two at her uncle's, returned home, evidently vexed and unhappy. In part, I guessed the source of her chagrin: and as well to divert her mind, and to discover the real cause of her uneasiness, I proposed taking her with me for a walk.

In our way we passed the rooms of a fashionable dress maker, when Emma, who had before remained unusually silent, stopped, and exclaimed with earnestness, "This is where my aunt purchased Maria's new pelisse, papa. You cannot think what a contrast there was in her's and mine to-day. One looks so *nicely*, and the other so *old fashioned*, and so shabby, that I did not like to walk with her." "I am very sorry for that, Emma," said I, "yet I must confess, that had you not told me it was so, I should have discovered nothing so very obsolete or mean in your pelisse. However," I added, "since it exposes you to so serious a mortification in wearing it, I will make you a present of a new pelisse like Maria's, if your mamma has no objection."

Emma thanked me with an emphasis that too plainly evinced the nature of her disquietude; and now that the cause was removed, she entertained me with her wonted good humour, until we reached the place of our destination.

The object of my walk was to seek out the residence of a little girl in our Sabbath school, who had for some time been absent on a plea of illness. With some difficulty we discovered the house, and entering, found the child who a few weeks before appeared healthy, strong, and cheerful, sitting by the side of a nearly extinguished fire, pale, emaciated, and dejected. "I inquired into the nature of her illness, and found that it had been a violent fever. She was the eldest of seven little children, who, though clean and apparently healthy, were but indifferently defended from the rigours of the season.

"And where is your mother, my good girl?" I demanded, "Surely you are not in a condition to



be left alone." "Sir," replied my Sabbath scholar, bursting into tears, "my father's wages are very small, and my poor mother has already lost so many days in nursing me, that she was obliged to go to work to-day, or we should have had no fire, and hardly any thing to eat the remainder of the week." "And how is your appetite?" I inquired of the little sufferer.—"Not very good, sir," said she, "and that makes my poor mother fret, because she cannot get the things I fancy I could eat."

While she spoke I looked at Emma, whose eyes, suffused in tears, were first fixed on the wan cheeks and sunken eyes of the child, and then on me, with an imploring earnestness.

On leaving the house I perceived that Emma, chilled with the unusual severity of the weather, shuddered as she took my arm. "O, my dear papa," said she, with a soft beseeching look, "will you not send these poor people in some coats before we return home; for I am sure I shall have no pleasure by the side of our own comfortable fire, if that poor girl has none to warm her." "I cannot afford it, Emma," I replied; "you remember that I have promised you a pelisse, like Maria's; it will therefore be necessary to refrain from giving this poor family, and perhaps, to several others, things which they greatly need."

The reproach was sufficient, and bursting into tears, she exclaimed, "Forgive me, my dear papa; and since vanity can only be gratified by such cruel selfishness as this, I hope I shall never again be ashamed if my clothes are not so expensive or fashionable as Maria's."

I then immediately complied with her request, and we ordered in the coats, and purchased several little indulgencies, which sickness converts into absolute necessities. And all these cost but a very inconsiderable part of the sum which must have been expended on a new pelisse.

She now passed the dress maker's door, with a pleasure wholly unmixed by one latent regret for the sacrifice she had made. And when we arrived at home, folding up her pelisse with a more than ordinary care, she said, with a heart-felt satisfaction glowing in her cheeks, "Mamma, I have learned this evening, by a lesson which I hope I never shall forget, the truth of which you have often told me, that 'Extravagance is selfishness, and that the economist alone is truly generous.'"

## HISTORY.

*For the Youth's Companion.*

### SANDWICH ISLANDS.

I have lately been much interested in "Stewart's Journal," and as it is probable that many of the young readers of this paper may not have the time and opportunity to read this entertaining and useful book, I have thought some account of its object, and a few extracts from it would be interesting.

If you will look on a map of the world you will find, in the North Pacific Ocean, a number of Islands, called the Sandwich Islands, and will see that they are very far from our happy Christian land, and indeed from any civilized or Christian people. The Islands are inhabited by a great many people who were once very ignorant and cruel, and used to worship idols made of wood and stone, for they had never been taught that there was but one true God, nor had they ever heard of Jesus Christ. Many vessels from America and Europe have visited these Islands within twenty years, and have carried articles of clothing and tools of various kinds, and fire arms, which they have exchanged with the natives for a valuable kind of wood called sandal wood, which grows there. I am sorry to say that most of the people who went in these vessels, were irreligious, bad men, and instead of endeavoring to instruct these poor ignorant savages, they set them bad examples, and used to drink and quarrel with them, and made them more wicked than they were before; this caused the Islanders to treat some of their visitors very cruelly, and it was natural that they should suppose the white people intended to injure them, for they had no one to teach them to be kind and hospitable to strangers. About eight

or ten years ago the Missionary Society, of which you have all heard, sent a number of missionaries to different heathen countries, and several went to the Sandwich Islands. They went to teach these people to read and write, and to carry them the Bible that they might learn all it could tell them of God, their duty to him, and of Christ who came into the world to redeem and save sinners. After they had spent several years among these Islands, preaching and keeping schools, they found there was so much to do for these savages, who had always lived without instruction, that other missionaries went from this country to assist those already engaged in this good work. Among them Mr. Stewart and his wife went, and he wrote the book before mentioned, giving an account of the habits and manners of the people, and of what the missionaries did, and how they lived.

Perhaps some of you may think it would be very pleasant to cross the ocean in a fine ship, and go among such a singular people, where you would find so many new and curious things; but if you knew how many dangers and difficulties the missionaries meet with, when they carry the gospel to the heathen, you would believe that it is not their own present happiness they are seeking, but their object is to give the gospel of Christ to those who are not blessed with it as we are, and they are willing to suffer in this life if these poor people can be taught that they have immortal souls,—and be prepared for heaven when they die, by being brought to Christ, and living in obedience to his commands.

Mr. Stewart left his pleasant and comfortable home and many kind friends, and after being many months on the water, exposed to many storms and dangers, he arrived on the Sabbath day at these Islands, and landed among a multitude of the natives, with whom he expected to pass his life. After calling at the mission house he accompanied the missionaries to the place where service was performed. Perhaps you would like to know what sort of a building this meeting-house was, so I will give you the account of it from the book. "The chapel in which we worshipped was the first ever erected on the ruins of idolatry in this land. I can never forget the excitement with which I entered its lowly roof, trod its matted floor, and looked at its unbarked posts and rafters, and coarse thatch of grass: primitive as every thing appeared, I felt that it was a house of God, and one of the happy gates of Heaven."

He gives also an account of his own house, and when we think of all the blessings and comforts to which he had been accustomed, we cannot help feeling that the change could not have been very pleasant, but we remember he was not laboring for the good things of this life, but that the poor, the unlearned, the destitute, might have "treasure in Heaven." He says "Our house is only fourteen feet long, and twelve broad, three feet high at the eaves, and nine feet at the peak of the roof. It is composed of poles and a thatch of grass, in the native manner, having no floor, but the ground spread with mats: for windows three holes cut through the thatch, without sash or glass; and a door without bolt, lock or bar. In this little cabin, H—and myself; C—and B—and, with all our personal luggage, are stowed; the trunks and boxes, containing the latter, are rather a convenience than an incumbrance; for with the exception of a bedstead and a cot, they constitute the whole of our furniture, and form our only table and chairs."

"The houses of the chiefs are large for the kind of building,—from forty to sixty feet in length and twenty to twenty-five in breadth. They are generally without windows, or any opening for light or air, except a wide door in the middle of the side or end. A great change appears to be taking place among the chiefs, in the general manner of employing time. The *palapala* and the *pele*, (letters and religion,) as presented by the missionaries, are happily beginning deeply to interest their minds; and books and slates, I doubt not, will soon universally take the place of cards and games, and every amusement of dissipation. As to their qualities of mind and heart, they in general appear to be as mild and

amiable in disposition, and as sprightly and active in intellect, as the inhabitants of our own country. Sin, ignorance and superstition, make all the difference we observe. Notwithstanding the dreadful abominations daily taking place around us, drunkenness, gambling and theft, deceit, treachery and death, all of which exist throughout the land to an almost incredible degree, such has already been the success attending the efforts at reformation, made in the very infancy of the mission, that we are encouraged, by every day's observance, to dedicate ourselves with fresh zeal to the work of rescue and salvation. No herald of the cross could desire a more privileged and delightful task, than to take this people by the outstretched and beekoning hand, and lead their bewildered feet into the paths of light and life, of purity and peace; nor a greater happiness than to be the instrument of guiding, not only the generation now living, in the right way, but of rescuing from wretchedness and spiritual death, millions of the generations yet unborn, who are here to live, and here to die, before the angel "Shall lift up his hand to heaven and swear that time shall be no longer."

How grateful ought we to be that we are born in a Christian land, with so many blessings and comforts, and above all the Bible and the privilege of hearing the word of God preached; and let us remember also how great is our sin if we neglect and pervert these blessings! "The heathen know not God"—therefore we cannot expect them to live holy and Christian lives; but let not us, who have every thing given to urge us on in a heavenly course, be even more sinful and negligent than they are, by resisting such motives and abusing such privileges.

FRANCES.

## NATURAL HISTORY.

*From the Memoirs of Shipp.*

### SAGACITY OF THE ELEPHANT.

"Having cut a good deal of the most prominent part of the hill away, and laid trees on the ascent, as a footing for the elephants, these animals were made to approach it, which the first one did, with some reluctance and fear. He looked up, and shook his head; and when forced by his driver, he roared piteously. There can be no question, in my opinion, that this sagacious animal was competent instinctively to judge of the practicability of the artificial flight of steps thus constructed—for, the moment some little alteration had been made, he seemed willing to approach. He then commenced his examination and scrutiny, by pressing with his trunk, the trees that had been thrown across—and afterwards put his fore-leg on, with great caution, raising the forepart of his body, so as to throw its weight on the tree. This done, he seemed satisfied, as to its stability. The next step for him to ascend by, was a projecting rock, which he could not move. Here the same sagacious examination took place, the elephant keeping his flat side close to the side of the bank, and leaning against it. The next step was against a tree; but this, on the first pressure of his trunk, he did not like. Here the driver made use of the most endearing epithets, such as 'Wonderful, my life!—' 'Well done, my dear!—' 'My dove!—' 'My son!—' 'My wife!—' but all these endearing appellations, of which elephants are so fond, would not induce him to try again. Force at length was resorted to, and the elephant roared terrifically, but would not move. Something was removed; he seemed satisfied as before; and he in time ascended that stupendous ghaat. On reaching the top, his delight was visible in a most eminent degree; he caressed his keeper, and threw the dirt about in a most playful manner. Another elephant, a much younger animal, was now to follow. He had watched the ascent of the other with the most intense interest, making motions all the while, as though he was assisting him, by shouldering him up the acclivity—such gestures as I have seen some men make when spectators of gymnastic exercises. When he saw his comrade up, he evinced his pleasure by giving a salute, something like the



sound of a trumpet. When called upon to act his turn, however, he seemed much alarmed, and would not act at all without force. When he was two steps up, he slipped, but recovered himself by digging his toes into the ground. With the exception of this little accident, he ascended exceedingly well. When he was near the top, the other who had performed his task, extended his trunk to the assistance of his brother in distress, round which the younger animal entwined his, and thus reached the summit of the ghaut in safety. Having both accomplished their task, their greeting was as cordial as if they had been long separated from each other, and had just escaped from some perilous achievement. They mutually embraced each other, and stood face to face for a considerable time, as if whispering congratulations. Their drivers then made their salam to the General, who ordered them five rupees each, for sweetmeats.

There was in our encampment a very large elephant, used for the purpose of carrying tents for some of the European corps. It was the season in which they become most unmanageable, and his legs were consequently loaded with huge chains, and he was constantly watched by his keepers.—By day, he was pretty passive, save when he saw one of his own species, when he roared and became violent—and during these moments of ungovernable frenzy, it was dangerous for his keepers to approach him, or to irritate his feelings by any epithets that might prove repugnant to him.—On the contrary, every endearing expression was used to soothe and appease him, which, with promises of sweetmeats, sometimes succeeded with the most turbulent to gain them to obedience, when coercive measures would have roused them to the most desperate acts of violence. By night, their extreme cunning told them that their keepers were not so watchful or vigilant. The elephant here alluded to, one dark night, broke from his chains; and ran wild through the encampments, driving men, women, children, camels, horses, cows, and indeed every thing that could move before him, and roaring, and trumpeting with his trunk, which is, with elephants, a sure sign of displeasure, and that their usual docility has deserted them. Of course no reasonable beings disputed the road he chose to take. Those who did, soon found themselves floored. To record the mischief done by this infuriated animal in his nocturnal ramble, would fill a greater space than I can afford for such matter. Suffice it, that in his flight, followed by swordsmen, and spearmen, shouting and screaming, he pulled down tents, upset every thing that impeded his progress, wounded and injured many, and ultimately killed his keeper by a blow from his trunk. He was speared in some twenty places, which only infuriated him the more, and he struck away with his trunk at every thing before him.—His roaring was terrific, and he frequently struck the ground in indication of his rage. The instant he struck his keeper, and found he did not rise, he suddenly stopped, and seemed concerned, looked at him, with an eye of pity, and stood riveted to the spot. He paused for some seconds, then ran towards the place from whence he had broken loose, and went quietly to his picket, in front of which, lay an infant, about two years old, daughter of his keeper whom he had killed. The elephant seized the child round the waist as gently as its mother would, lifted it from the ground, and caressed, and fondled it for some time; every beholder trembled for its safety, and expected every moment it would share the fate of its unfortunate father.—but the sagacious animal, having turned the child round three times, quietly laid it down again, and drew some clothes over it, that had fallen off. After this, it stood over the child, with his eyes fixed on it—and if I did not see the penitential tear steal from his eye, I have never seen it in my life. He then submitted to be retrained, by some other keepers—stood motionless and dejected, and seemed sensible he had done a wrong he could not repair. His dejection became more and more visible, as he stood and gazed on the fatherless babe, who, from constant familiarities with the elephant,

seemed unintimidated, and played with his trunk. From that moment he became passive and quiet, and always seemed most delighted when the little orphan was in his sight.

Often have I gone with others of the camp, to see him fondling his little adopted.—But there was a visible alteration in his health, after his keeper's death, and he fell away and died at Cawnpore, six months afterwards."

## THE NURSERY.

*From the Juvenile Miscellany.*

### THE HUMMING TOP.

George was a little lad who loved play very much; but though he liked play better than any thing beside, he was very willing to learn his lessons, and go regularly and cheerfully to school. He always was glad to please his papa and mamma; and no wonder, for they were very kind to him, and loved him very much. But they did not like that their little son should know only how to play; so they bought for him many books; and they taught him to read; and spell, and write; and every day when his lessons had been well said, you cannot tell how gaily he ran to join his companions at play. George was gay and happy, because he tried to be good.

He was a kind, generous boy, as you will learn after I have told you the story of his humming top.

One pleasant day, George went with his father to walk. They saw a great many interesting things; and George, as he bounded along, clapped his hands for joy; and looked so pleased, that every body who saw him, said, "what a happy little fellow goes there! He looks so gay that I am sure he must have been good at home."

By and by, George saw a great many fine toys displayed in a shop window; and he asked his father to go in with him and see the beautiful playthings, that were so nicely ranged on the shelves, and in the windows. For a long time, the little boy was so much pleased with all, that he knew not which to desire most. His papa gave him permission to select any one from a number, which the shopman handed down. George had before fixed his eye on a drum, very gaily painted; but he recollected that his mamma would not like the noise of such a plaything.

Just then, while he was still deliberating, a little boy came in, and purchased a humming top, which he began immediately to spin on the floor: round, round flew the top, to George's great amusement; and he joined heartily in the glee of its owner. George begged his father to give him one like it. The top was bought, and the nice long whip-cord, and George hurried to prove the worth of his new plaything. He asked and gained his mother's permission to spin his prize in the large hall; and there he pursued his new amusement for a whole hour. But the clock struck, and reminded the little boy that it was time to go to school; and accordingly the famous top was deposited in safety, and away ran George to school, with his cousin Arthur.

Arthur was a good child, and lived in the country; he was now on a visit to George, and shared his amusements, as well as his lessons. When the time came, for Arthur to return home, he was lamenting that he had no money to buy a humming top, like that which his uncle had given George.

"You shall have mine," said his cousin; and he ran for the favorite top.—"There, take it, Arthur," said he, "papa will buy me another."

"No," said his father, "I cannot buy you another top, George:—you are free to give yours away; but you must not expect its place to be supplied to you."

George thought for a moment; he liked spinning his top better than any other play; but then, said he, "Arthur has fewer playthings than I;—he will enjoy it very much; he must have the top." So he gave it to his cousin saying that he had a ball, and would play with that instead; "and father," continued he, "I shall have more pleasure, in giving this top to Arthur, than in spinning it myself the whole day long."

"That you will, my son," replied his father; "so

good-bye, Arthur;—the chaise is ready at the door to take you home. You must come and make George another visit very soon; and may you enjoy your plaything as much as he did while it was his."

The chaise drove away with pleasant little Arthur. At first, George felt very lonely without his cousin; but his mamma called him to go with her into the garden; and he ran there up one walk and down another, taking care all the time not to tread on the industrious little ants, which were busily working all along the paths.

Happy George was as merry as the birds which sang in the trees above him. As he was running about, he found a small nest in one of the low trees: and in it three young birds; the mother bird was sadly frightened, when George stooped down to look more closely into her snug habitation; and her notes seemed to ask him to go away, and not to injure her little ones. But he was so much pleased with what he had found, that he did not notice the trouble of the old bird, till his mamma gently called him to come away. So he left the nest; and presently he heard the glad notes of the pretty songster, which now seemed, to say, "thank you little boy for not hurting my little ones."

It was now nearly time for dinner, and George was to be cleanly washed and dressed; so we must bid him good-bye for the present; though we love dearly to tell about such good, obedient children.

## THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

*For the Youth's Companion.*

### ADDRESS to SABBATH SCHOOL CHILDREN.

One, who feels desirous to promote the welfare of the young, and who has been actively employed in Sabbath schools for ten years past, would tenderly address you.

You, dear young friends, are highly favored. You enjoy privileges to which your fathers and mothers were total strangers. You are coming forward soon to take the place of your parents: and it is of great importance that you duly appreciate your privileges, and prepare to act a distinguished part. Your parents and Sabbath school teachers will shortly finish their earthly course, and be laid in the grave; and if you do not early in life, devote yourselves to the service of God, what, in a short time, will become of the Church of Christ? She will be extinct, and you will go, with guilt aggravated by your privileges, to eternal ruin. Shall the Church diminish, faint away and die, at the departure of her present members? Or will you become the disciples of Jesus, espouse his cause, and build up the walls of Zion?

Both your consciences and the Bible tell you that religion is the "One thing needful;" that this alone can give you peace on earth, and fit you for the enjoyment of heaven. Will you then silence the voice of conscience, disregard the word of God, degrade your intellectual powers, and fight your way to hell, notwithstanding your privileges? Will you despise all that is lovely and of "good report," and pursue that course which is hateful, and leads to ruin?—Dear children and youth, we hope better things of you. We hope that God is about to make you truly religious, to sanctify your hearts, and prepare you for a useful station in this world, and for glory eternal in that which is to come. We hope and pray that God will incline you to confess and forsake your sins, to ask mercy and forgiveness of Him, to honor his laws and institutions contained in the Bible, and to do much for his cause and interest in this fallen world.

You live in an age memorable for benevolent exertion. Good men and women in every enlightened country, are arousing from their slumbers, and uniting their energies for the good of mankind, and especially for the good of the rising and risen generations. They are beginning to feel the force of their obligations, not only to be personally holy, but to labor and toil for the good of others. God is showing the present generation the signs of the times, and teaching us that the benign influence of the Gospel must enter the degraded habitations of



ignorance, idolatry and wo. God is teaching us that the wretched in every country, town and village, must be sought out, and their condition meliorated, by the fostering hand of Christianity. The Providence of God is teaching us what is meant by Rom. 11. 13. "Even so have these also now not believed, that through your mercy they also may obtain mercy."

We hope and believe the time is not far distant when "Hosannas to the Son of David" will be warbled by infant voices, and God will "perfect praise from the mouth of babes and sucklings;" when Sabbath schools will become fruitful nurseries in every land, and everywhere the voice of praise will ascend to God.

In view of the bright prospects along the vale of futurity, can you, dear friends, withhold your hearts or your hands from the service of God? Has the gospel no charms for you? Are not the joys of heaven and the miseries of hell, subjects momentous enough for your serious reflection? Shall God and Christ, and the Holy Spirit, and angels, and saints on earth, take a *deep* interest in the affairs of salvation, and *you* have no part nor lot in the matter?—Oh, remember your privileges, and the force of your obligations to devote your time, your talents and all that you have to the service of God! You enjoy, in the Sabbath school, those privileges, which those more advanced in life never enjoyed: and if you misimprove them, they will greatly increase your misery in hell. If you go to that dismal place, you will sink far beneath the inhabitants of Sodom and Gomorrah, Tyre and Sidon, Capernaum and Bethsaida, in the day of judgment.

When the writer reflects on these things, he rejoices with trembling. Casting a look around on a group of Sabbath school children, he exclaims to himself, what a lovely sight! Precious young immortals are here taught the way to heaven! Angels in heaven must look down from their blissful seats with intense feeling and interest on such a group! And must any of these privileged youth and children perish? Without repentance, a new heart, and faith in Christ, they must all perish. O God, "Sanctify them through thy truth: thy word is truth." "Now, if any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his." If any person, young or old, imbibes not the temper and disposition of Christ, he is not a Christian, and, consequently, is unfit for heaven. To imitate Christ you must be meek and humble, forgiving to enemies, submissive to the will of God, of a devotional temper, and charitable and benevolent to men.

Remember, dear youth, that, to whom much is given, of them much will be required: that every pious exhortation you receive, every branch of education to which you attend, all the knowledge you acquire, especially religious knowledge, will increase your guilt and misery, if you finally lose your souls. Improve, then, your privileges and turn to God without delay.

You, probably, expect long life, and much pleasure in the things of this world; but be assured, should your lives be prolonged you will be sadly disappointed. Anticipated enjoyments, like a meteor, will elude your grasp; or if overtaken, will vanish, like the "morning cloud and early dew." You will find all earthly things to be what the wise man pronounces them to be, "Vanity of vanities; all is vanity." Where, then, will you find happiness? Jesus Christ, and he alone, can fill the enlarged capacities of an immortal soul with substantial and imperishable bliss. Go then to Christ, while you are young. Remember the promise; They that seek me early shall find me. "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth." "Wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." AMICUS.

## EDITORIAL.

### HOW TO SAY NO.

As we were reading, the other day, we met with the following expression of Miss Edgeworth, "Learn betimes to say No." It was a counsel she gave to the young; and it is well known that she was an

ardent friend to young people, and that she wrote and published many excellent things for their instruction. This direction appeared to us so valuable and impressive, that we immediately determined to make it the theme of our remarks for the next Companion.

"Learn to say No, *betimes*." That is, begin a suitable practice *early*; in due season; in the days of your childhood, when all good habits should be formed, and all bad ones strenuously resisted. By beginning early to do right, you will save the painful and difficult task of repentance and reformation, or the far more painful and wicked consequence of doing a bad thing all your days.

"Learn to say No." But is not this strange advice? Are not children sufficiently disposed to do so, especially when they are cross and peevish, without being required to do it by their parents and teachers? Miss Edgeworth does not mean to encourage petulance and disobedience. When parents command their children, or express their wishes and desires, it is wicked for the children to say No. It is then no more nor less than disobeying the fifth commandment, and despising the authority of their parents. They should not use the word No freely, among their brothers and sisters and other associates. The law of kindness should be upon their lips, in all their intercourse with them, and the law of love in their hearts. It is very unpleasant to hear a child saying often to his companions, "No I won't," "I will," "you shall" or "you shall not." This proceeds from a spirit of contradiction and the want of kindness and brotherly love. Children who love one another, are kind in their spirit and yielding in their manners to each other; they imitate him whose "soul was gentle as a lamb."

It is always wrong to say No when God speaks to you. He does speak to you, in the Bible, and by the ministers of his gospel, and if you refuse to hear what he says, or to do what he commands, you are guilty of rejecting his counsel and despising his authority. And remember, that you can speak to God in your heart, even when your lips are silent; and he knows whether your mind is subject to his law, or whether it rebels against it. In all these instances it is sinful to say No.

But Miss Edgeworth meant you should resist every wicked or improper demand. "If sinners entice thee, consent thou not." "Go not in the way of wicked men." "Go not with the multitude to do evil." If even your father or mother should command you to do what you know is wicked, you may refuse to obey even then, provided you can do in a humble and respectful manner. If a parent should command you to lie or steal, you should say I cannot "do this great wickedness and sin against God;" I must "obey God rather than man." So if your brothers or sisters, or any of your playmates or associates, should tempt you to do any thing wrong, you may and ought firmly to say No. You should say it kindly, and tell them your reason for refusing; but you should never yield to their solicitations nor hearken to their entreaties. Always draw a line between the things which God requires, and those which he forbids; and let your feet turn neither to the right hand nor to the left. Follow not the multitude to do evil, and keep yourself free from every transgression. So will you be established on the Rock of Ages, and your soul shall never be removed.

## MISCELLANY.

From the N. Hampshire Observer.

"Tuck in your ruffle, Thomas,—we have a few nails to make," said a blacksmith to his son, as he came from school at 12 o'clock. Thomas tucked in his ruffle, and took off his coat, and was a blacksmith till he had earned his dinner, and then he ate it with a good relish—"Pull out your ruffle, Thomas, it is school time now," said the father. This is the picture of one day; but it would answer just as well for a good many others. Thomas expected it; and felt as happy at the anvil with his ruffle tucked in, as his mates at their play.

It would be no bad notion, "in these hard times,"

for many a young man to *tuck in his ruffle*, and swing an axe, or hold a plough, or make a nail,—for many a young man, whose expectations of riches from the gains of trade are sadly disappointed, to earn a living in some calling which the world honors less, but *pays better*,—some humble occupation, which while it holds out no *delusive* hope of immense wealth by a single speculation, assures him of competent food and raiment.

We would here recommend Agriculture, in a special manner. Not such farming as consists, in, first running in debt for lands and mortgaging them back for payment, then borrowing money to put up fine buildings, and then hiring men to carry on the farm. No! This is not the way. But lay your own shoulder to the wheel—tuck in your ruffle, and earn your bread by the sweat of your brow. It will be the sweetest you ever ate. *Old Experience.*

## POETRY.

### MAJESTY AND CONDESCENSION OF CHRIST.

BY THE LATE BISHOP HEBER.

O blest were the accents of early creation,  
When the Word of Jehovah came down from above,  
In the clouds of the earth to infuse animation,  
And wake the cold atoms to life and to love!  
And mighty the tones which the firmaments rendered,  
When on wheels of the thunder and wings of the wind,  
By lightning, and hail, and thick darkness attended,  
He utter'd, on Sinai, his laws to mankind.  
And sweet was the voice of the First-born of Heaven,  
(Though poor his apparel, though earthly his form.)  
Who said to the mourner, "Thy sins are forgiven!"  
"Be whole!" to the sick, and "Be still!" to the storm.  
O Judge of the world! when array'd in thy glory  
Thy summons again shall be heard from on high,  
While Nature stands trembling and naked before thee,  
And waits on thy sentence to live or to die:  
When the heaven shall fly from the sound of thy thunder,  
And the sun, in thy lightnings, grow languid and pale,  
And the sea yield her dead, and the tomb cleave asunder,  
In the hour of thy terrors let mercy prevail!

From the Baltimore Emerald.

### BOYHOOD.

When I was young—when I was young,  
I laugh'd at what the world call'd young;  
My lips were always dress'd in smiles,  
And every thing was bright and fair.  
With lazy pace I went to school,  
Or fleetly chased the butterfly;  
There was no sorrow in my heart,  
Joy, sunny joy laugh'd in my eye.  
When I was young—when I was young,  
I used to join the striding band,  
And bravely storm the snow-rendoubt,  
By twenty hostile urchins man'd.  
I call'd myself "Montgomery,"  
And when I fell—I was no fool,  
I'd die just like a "demi-god,"  
And then get up and run to school.  
When I was young—when I was young,  
Love's language darted from my eyes,  
I loved to feast on Ellen's lips,  
For they were stored with luxuries.  
I kiss'd the book she used to read,  
I thought of music when she spoke;  
I worshipp'd all her tresses bright,  
And read my fate in every look.  
I'm getting old—I'm getting old,  
I cannot, as in boyhood's hour,  
Climb proudly up the mountain steep,  
Or count the leaves of summer flowers.  
I cannot look upon the world  
As if 'twere made for me alone;  
I cannot claim a single friend,  
For those I lov'd in youth are gone.  
I'm getting old—I'm getting old,  
The sun-bright days of youth are gone,  
Care's leaden hand is on my heart,  
And I am in the world—alone!  
Life's winter is advancing fast,  
Ah! where is Ellen? where are they  
Who join'd me in my youthful sports?  
Just like a dream, they've pass'd away!



# YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Published Weekly, by WILLIS & RAND, at the Office of the Boston Recorder, No. 22, Congress-Street....Price One Dollar a year in advance, or \$1, 50, if not paid in advance.

No. 4.

BOSTON, JUNE 18, 1829.

VOL. III.

## NARRATIVE.

From the New York Observer.

### THE CONVERSION OF MARY LA FLEUR, A ROMAN CATHOLIC GIRL.

[An authentic narrative furnished by a Clergyman.]

It is natural, when overcome with the toil of mounting the steep ascents of life, we scat ourselves down by the way-side to breathe a little, that we cast our eyes backwards, and review the winding path which we have travelled, the deep ravines that we have crossed, and survey with more fixed attention, the beauties of the valley, which spreads far and wide beneath. Few men take such a retrospect with more solemn feelings than the ministers of the reconciliation, every step of whose past is unalterably associated with the everlasting future of very many fellow immortals.

Among those persons with whom my own history has been mercifully connected, and to whom memory therefore, *pleasurably* reverts, is a young female residing in the city of M—, named, according to the French mode of spelling, *Marie La Fleur*, a passage in whose history I will briefly narrate. Mary had in early childhood lost her mother, and her father being a man of dissolute habits, the principal charge of her education devolved upon a surviving grandmother in indigent circumstances. It is sufficient proof of the fidelity with which the old lady discharged her duty to her orphan grand-child, that she had taught her to read: an accomplishment quite rare among the lower classes in Roman Catholic countries. At about the age of thirteen, Mary was engaged as a servant in a Protestant family, which, though not regularly constituting a part of my congregation, by occasional attendance at our place of worship, came considerably under the influence of my ministry. The grandmother with that zeal which so distinguishes the members of what she deemed the only Catholic, apostolic church, expressly stipulated, that no efforts should be used to change the religious predilections of the girl; and with that indifference, which equally characterizes nominal Protestants, the stipulation was as faithfully observed, as it had been cheerfully acceded to. A few months after this arrangement, the God of all grace, at whose footstool the pious people of our congregation had been pleading for the very mercy which followed, was pleased in a most signal and sudden manner, to display his power over the hearts of men. The moral phenomena, which resulted from the presence of an Almighty agent operating upon so many minds at once, were such as have been uniformly presented since an ascended Redeemer began to dispense the promised Spirit, on the day of Pentecost, until the present hour; whether the scene of his operation has been laid among the rigors of a Siberian winter, or the burning heats of an Indian climate; whether the subjects of his influence, have been the roaming barbarians of the wilderness, or the polished inhabitants of the crowded city. Mary had now an opportunity of witnessing how great a change was wrought, wherever the transforming efficacy of the revival reached. She had seen her mistress, a gay and worldly woman, subdued by forgiving mercy, sitting a humble learner, at those feet, where she of Bethany once sat. She had observed the brother of her mistress, a thoughtless young man, become an anxious enquirer, and then a joyful disciple of our Lord. She had seen a servant in the same family, in the various stages of irreligious stupidity, sorrowing anxiety, and believing hope; and soon after, a female friend of that servant, uniting with her in a new song of praise unto their God. These were events,

which at once surprised and disturbed Mary, whose naturally sagacious mind was ready to appreciate a change, so joyful and divine. She became desirous to possess a religion, so different from any thing she had ever herself experienced, or observed, among her Catholic acquaintance, or heard inculcated by her priestly instructors. She did not even dream that it was necessary to seek for it without the pale of her own communion, nor had she before suspected, that the tree of life grew any where, but within the enclosure of her own inherited church. She now redoubled her diligence, which had always been exemplary; and was more than ever indefatigable in the performance of those acts of devotion which characterize the Romish religion. But it was not in the mortifying endurance of penance, in the mere repetition of prayers, nor in the regularity with which each morning long before day-light she repaired in the depth of winter to the matin service in the church, that the awakened conscience of Mary could find relief. Her case began to resemble that of the female described in the Gospel, who "had suffered many things of many physicians, and had spent all that she had, and was nothing bettered, but rather grew worse." With a stricken heart, she went on the forenoon of a Sabbath memorable to her, to attend mass in the great French church. Every thing in stately architecture, profuse gilding, rich tapestry, tasteful statuary, and splendid paintings; every thing in the deep tones of the organ, the solemn chaunting of the nissal, the imposing appearance of the priesthood, in their gorgeous sacerdotal robes, together with the attendance of a vast multitude of worshippers, was there, to strike the senses, inspire veneration, and overawe unbelief; but Mary was seeking something, which no sublimity of ritual, no "pomp of circumstance," could supply; and to her, it seemed, as she afterwards expressed it, "as though there was no God there." She had been seeking for "the living among the dead;" and no wonder she returned disappointed and dispirited. She now besought her mistress to permit her to attend our afternoon service, with an importunity which could not be denied, notwithstanding the stipulation on which the grandmother had so explicitly insisted. It is proper to state, that throughout, the family had in consequence of this understanding, never once conversed with her on the subject of religion, but had left her entirely to the course of her own thoughts and observations. Nor had I, though accustomed to speak with every member of the household, in the course of my pastoral visitation, which was almost constant at that time, any knowledge that there was such a person in the family. Upon her return from our place of worship, where she had for the first time in her life listened to a Protestant sermon, she expressed great satisfaction, that she had heard a man that could "tell about wicked hearts that refused to love God." That evening, a meeting of inquiry for those who felt a particular solicitude respecting their salvation, was appointed at my house. On this occasion also, she begged permission to attend.

Never shall I forget the many solemn circumstances attending those meetings—the anxiety with which I watched every opening of the door, which brought another and another subject of conviction to the place, until the room was lined with persons oftentimes writhing under the pain of their own reflections—and the impression with which the singing of professing Christians assembled in my study immediately above, was heard by those below. It seemed like the song of the redeemed, when, finally separated from the impenitent, a strain of their melody shall fall upon the ear of outcast despair.

There I could read at one glance of the eye, by the numbers and solemnity of those present, the increasing or diminished seriousness through the whole congregation. There were persons, whose eternal well-being, depending upon the issue of their present awakening, might be decided that very evening. There too were persons, for whose conversion the heeding hearts of relatives, and the ardent supplications of Christians, were struggling as though in their last importunate and desperate effort, in the presence of the Hearer of prayer. There too, invisibly present in many a bosom, was the Holy Ghost who had more than once made that very room the birth-place of souls, and brought it "quite on the verge of heaven." My own responsibility, when every movement seemed in that critical hour to be, under God, dealing death, or life to the soul; viewed in the magnitude of its eternal consequences, appeared too much for a creature to sustain. Mary that Sabbath evening was one of the company, to each of whom I addressed some peculiar exhortation, and to all of whom, I endeavored to state their just condemnation, their desperate depravity, the pollution of all their impenitent devotions, their dependence on sovereign grace, their continual danger of provoking the Holy Spirit to a final abandonment of their souls, the Gospel plan of redemption through the blood of the Lamb, the freeness and sincerity of the offer of pardon, and their ability, obligation, and warrant immediately to accept that offer. Of the mental exercises of Mary, I remember nothing in particular, excepting that she was one among others who expressed the hope that she had that evening given her heart to the Saviour. Her mind appeared calm and placid, and I saw nothing of her till the next day, when she called on me, and gave a very pleasing and intelligent account of the change in her feelings. It was interesting to observe the manner in which a sensible mind, taught by the Spirit of God, and yet ignorant of all the modes in which Christians are wont to express themselves, communicated its feelings and views. When asked the reason of her previous distress of mind, she replied, "Because my heart would not love God."

"And why are you now so glad?"

"Because I have a new heart."

"How do you know you have a new heart?"

"Because I now love Jesus Christ, and hate sin."

She had called on me, to request my advice upon the propriety of her going to converse with her poor old grandmother, to whom she seemed tenderly attached, and whose spiritual state, she deplored with sobbing and tears. I advised her to go: though perhaps, it was a hazardous undertaking for so young a Christian. She went, and found her aunt and grandmother together. When she began in the simplicity and ardor of her soul, to disclose her new views, and urge upon their acceptance the Gospel of Christ, they at first ridiculed her for so novel a procedure, but quickly perceiving her steady to her purpose, and actuated by a real and deep-seated feeling, they were roused to a storm of alternate rage and grief, that burst on the poor girl, who had so suddenly become infected with what they deemed soul-destroying heresy. She was immediately taken to the priest, and required to make confession. To her confessor, she said that she thought it needless to recount her sins to him, as she had already confessed them to Jesus Christ, and believed herself forgiven, but that she was ready to give a reason of the hope that was in her, which she did, much to the amazement of the priest, who had probably never before heard such views and feelings expressed in the confessional. The whole mystery was by him explained to her friends,



with the aid of two or three such significant, and convenient words, as *Protestantism*, *heresy*, *enthusiasm*; and it was strictly enjoined as a circumstance of prime importance, that the Scriptures should be entirely removed from her reach. Mary, however, remained firm throughout this severe trial, which only served to convince her of the total ignorance of true piety in that sacerdotal guide whom she had been accustomed to revere as the repository of wisdom and holiness, and as a favorite of God, the grand means of procuring favor for her. After this unsuccessful attempt to recover her to the faith of her friends, she was at once removed from the family, where she had been at service, and threatened with an entire exclusion from all Protestant society and books. This had such an overwhelming influence upon her spirits, that, at the conclusion of a few days, it was thought best by her relatives, whose feelings were somewhat softened, and I have been told strangely altered, that this young and firm confessor of the truth, should be restored to her former situation. In that situation she has lived since her conversion, now more than eighteen months, exemplifying the consistency and loveliness of the Christian character. Immediately after the bondage of popish prejudice had been broken in her mind, and her heart prepared to see the beauty of holiness in the sacred page, her attachment to the New Testament led her to devote to its study every spare moment, she could possibly redeem. One remark, which she made shortly after her conversion, to the lady with whom she lives, forcibly struck my mind. She was adverting to the circumstance of her extreme cowardice, when in the dark, and her former unwillingness to go alone to the garret.—“Now,” said she, “I feel no fear—I feel that God is all around me, and that he is within me.”

Thus did the sovereign grace of God choose to ordain strength, and perfect praise in the experience of this young disciple, and thus does it seem good to the Lord of heaven and earth to reveal unto babes, the things, which he hides from the wise and prudent.

J. S. C.

New York, November, 1828.

## RELIGION.

### SIMON AND ANDREW CALLED.

“And Jesus walking by the sea of Galilee, saw two brethren, Simon called Peter, and Andrew his brother, casting a net into the sea; for they were fishers. And he saith unto them, follow me, and I will make you fishers of men. And they straightway left their nets, and followed him.”

And has the Lord Jesus never called to us? Oh! yes, by his providences, by his ministers, by his word, and by his spirit. The Lord Jesus is continually calling to us, “Follow me, and I will give you everlasting life.” His providences speak to us, his kind and tender care over us, the blessings with which we are loaded, the health we enjoy, the friends we love, and even the afflictions which he sometimes sends us. His ministers speak to us, as they lift up their voice and cry aloud repent, believe and live. His holy word speaks to us, “turn ye, turn ye, why will ye die?” there is a voice in every page and every line of God’s everlasting word. And by his Spirit the Lord Jesus is striving with us, is daily beseeching us, to look unto him and be saved.

Thus Jesus speaks, and thus we may hear his voice: “I have loved you, I have given myself for you, follow me, and I will never leave you, nor forsake you.”

Dear young reader, have you left all and followed Jesus? Has your heart never melted within you at the sound of his gracious call? Do you not love Jesus? Ask yourself these questions. The humble fisherman who heard his voice while yet upon the earth, as he walked by the sea of Galilee, are an example to you whose privileges are so much greater than theirs had been. If you obey not, how great will be your condemnation!

The time is short; remember the Saviour said, “He that is not for me, is against me.” If you

love not the Saviour, you are the children of the wicked one. Choose ye this day, whom ye will serve; if the Lord be God, serve him; but if Satan, then serve him: but forget not that you choose for eternity!

[Youth's Friend.]

## MORALITY.

### BAD TRICKS.

When Charles Bruce was at home for a short time from school, he went to see his aunt. This aunt had no boys or girls of her own to play with him, so she told him she would take him to play with the son of a friend of her's.

Charles Bruce was a good boy, and his aunt thought that George Smith, the boy to whose house she took him, was the same; she had not yet heard of his bad tricks.

George Smith had carts, and whips, and bats, and balls, and kites, and tops. He had more toys and play-things than he could use, and so he did not care for them at all.

He took Charles out to see a nice swing they had. George was but a ruddy boy, he did not love to go to school, nor yet to read books.

Charles Bruce knew much more than he did, though he was not so old by two years. George would throw stones at the dogs and pigs, and call it good fun when he made them howl and cry. If he was at play at trap-ball, he would, if he lost the game, say bad words, so that few boys would play with him.

Charles did not know all this, but he soon found some of it out; for the cat was laid on the mat by the door, and George gave her a kick as he went by; he next met the dog, and cut him with a whip he had in his hand; then he threw stones at a poor ass, and hit it so hard on the leg that it was lame.

“Oh fie, fie!” said Charles to him, “how can you do such things as these?”

“Why, do you not like to throw stones?” said George.

“No,” said Charles, “I do not; and pray what harm had that poor ass done, that you should choose to make him lame? when did your dog try to hurt you? and what good could it do you to make his back smart with the lash of your whip, or to give puss such a great bruise on the side with the toe of your shoe?”

“Why, it does me no good that I know of,” said George Smith; “but I like to do it. It inakes them run, as if they would break their necks with haste, when they see me, and that makes me laugh.—I love to laugh, and your dogs and cats, and such things, do not feel much, and they are of no use but to make fun with.”

“Well!” said Charles, “you may do as you please, but I cannot laugh; but at the pain of such things as dogs and cats, I would choose to cry all the days of my life; and give me leave to tell you, that you are quite in the wrong, both when you say they do not feel, and that they are of no use but to make fun with. Dogs guard the house at night from thieves, while you sleep safe, in your warm bed.

“Dogs can save the lives of men, and we ought not to treat them ill.

“Cats are not of quite so much use, for they do not guard us from thieves; but they keep mice and rats from the house, who would gnaw and spoil the meat, the bread, and the cheese.

“My aunt has a cat, who comes to the door to meet her, when she has been out; and when my aunt sits down to work, puss sits down too, and purrs to show how glad she is to be near some one that is good to her.

“How can you think that they do not feel pain? They have flesh and bones, as well as we have; if you pinch or beat them, they cry out, and run to hide in some place, where they think they shall not be found by those who use them ill. If they did not feel pain, they would not cry out, but lie still like logs of wood.

“I have been told by my friends, and have read in books, that a worm, a fly, or a mite, and all

things that have life, can feel pain; and that if we learn to be hard of heart while boys, we shall not grow up to be good men.”

[Infantine Stories, by E. Fenwick.]

*Honesty about little things.*—“Matilda,” said little Thomas, “do you know that one of the boughs of Mr. C.’s apple tree hangs over our garden wall, and when the fruit gets ripe, and the high winds blow, we shall have some of the apples?” “Indeed you will not,” replied his sister, “for they are not ours, and you must be honest even in little things.” “Oh, then,” said Thomas, his eyes brightening while he expressed his thoughts, “we will throw them over the wall again, and he will be sure to find them.” Admirable intention! all through life may principles of true rectitude direct the little boy. My dear readers, let me now impress upon your minds the absolute need of the most scrupulous honesty on all occasions. You cannot tell how pilfering an apple, or stealing a pear, or a book, may stamp your character for life. Should your friends ever see any thing like duplicity in your conduct, they could not help being suspicious, which would make you feel very uncomfortable; therefore, say indignantly to the tempter, when he would incline you to that which is wrong, “how can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God?” and let the holy Psalmist’s prayer be continually your prayer, both morning and evening too; “let integrity and uprightness preserve me;” and ever remember the two following lines, which, though old are valuable:

“It is a sin to steal a pin,  
And ’tis much more a greater thing.”

## DIALOGUE.

### MATERNAL SOCIETIES.

*Child.* Mother, there are so many Societies. I looked for you this afternoon, when I came home from school, and they told me you were gone to the Maternal Society:—you go very often, mother. What is a Maternal Society?

*Mother.* It is a meeting of mothers to pray for their children, and to read good books which tell them how they are to be brought up, and to talk to each other about the best ways of teaching them.

*Child.* That is very good. Do all mothers every where meet and do so?

*Mother.* No, my dear; Maternal Societies are not very common I believe. I wish they were more so. But many mothers pray for their children, who do not belong to such Societies.

*Child.* Why don’t they belong to them?

*Mother.* Some do not know perhaps that there are such Societies, and some think that it is enough to pray for their children by themselves, and others have reasons that I do not know of.

*Child.* Why is it not enough for mothers to pray separately by themselves?

*Mother.* They meet together for the same reasons that people meet together to pray in church or other meetings, and this does not hinder their praying in private, but rather puts them in mind of it—and then you know they can talk together and one mother can tell the rest what she has found the best way with her children, and if any one is in difficulty she can ask the rest for advice. Then besides, when I go I not only pray myself for you and your brothers and sisters, but I have the prayers of all who meet with me, for you, and I offer up mine for their children. Surely the Lord will listen to the cry of mothers for the souls he has given them to train up for him.

*Child.* Mother, what do you ask God to do for us?

*Mother.* We pray that He would give you new hearts and make you good and holy children, who shall serve him faithfully here on earth and sing his praises for ever in heaven, after death.

*Child.* Don’t you pray that we may be rich and happy?

*Mother.* No, no, my child; the Bible teaches us in many places that riches often bring great trouble and draw away the heart from God:—when our Lord Jesus Christ was upon earth, he appeared as a poor man, and he said “How hardly shall a



rich man enter the kingdom of God!" And riches could not save you from sickness and death;—the rich man who was clothed in purple and fine linen and fared sumptuously every day, died at last, and became so poor that he could not get even a drop of water to cool his tongue. And as for happiness, we pray that you may be truly happy in serving God, for that is the only true happiness.

Our Maternal Society is governed by some good rules and I should like very much that all mothers should know of such Societies, and that many more might be formed.

*Child.* Mother, do you think God has ever answered the prayers of your Society?

*Mother.* We have reason to think he has—several of the children whose mothers belong to it, have begun to serve God. Remember my child that your conversion is prayed for—that little, never-dying soul of yours is carried before the throne of grace, "with strong crying and tears," to the Lord, that he would save it for Jesus' sake.

### THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

#### ADVANTAGES OF GOING TO A SABBATH SCHOOL.

Some months ago I was called to visit the death-bed of a young man, who had been brought up in a Sabbath school. He was a very upright, industrious, and conscientious young man; he had been admitted a member of the church of Christ, and walked consistently with his profession. The God whom he served in life did not forsake him when he came to die. His death was calm, peaceful, and happy. A few days before he died, I put to him some questions relating to the Sabbath school which he had attended; and after having related the circumstances connected with his admission into the school, he said that he had reason to bless God that he ever went to the Sabbath school, for all he knew of the Saviour he had learned there. He had indeed great reason to acknowledge this blessing, for while he lived he enjoyed the pleasures of religion, and now he is dead, he is, I doubt not, enjoying the reward of the righteous in the upper and better world.

You, my dear young reader, are perhaps a scholar in a Sabbath school; suffer me then to ask whether you have got any good by attending there? The design of your being sent to the Sabbath school is that you may become *wise* and *good*. First, have you become *wise* by what you have been taught in the school? Do you know more of the Holy Scriptures, more of God, of Jesus Christ, and of yourself, than when you first attended the school? What have you learned about heaven, and the way to get there? of hell, and the way to escape from it?—Secondly, have you become *better* by what you have heard in the Sabbath school? It will profit you very little to obtain the knowledge of the word of God, unless you practise what you know. You have been taught that your heart is very wicked, and that unless it be made new, you never will go to heaven. Now has this led you to pray to God to give you a new heart and a right spirit? You have been told that the Son of God came into the world to save poor sinners, and that whosoever believes in him will be saved. Has this made you love him for being so kind, and have you given up your heart to him that he may save you? You have also been instructed that repentance is necessary to salvation. Have you repented of your sins, and cried to God to have mercy upon you, a poor sinful child? My dear child, I ask you, What good have you got by going to the Sabbath school? What are you the better for all the instruction you have received? I wish you to ask yourself these questions; and what makes me wish it is this, that if you are not the better for going to Sabbath school in this world, your punishment will be much greater in the world to come, than if you had never enjoyed that privilege.

If you have never done it yet, it is now high time that you should repent of your sins, believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and seek the salvation of your precious soul. What happened to this young man must happen to you; for it is appointed unto all men once to die; and since there is no salvation without

repentance, and no space for repentance in the grave, let it be your immediate and anxious concern to attend to the interests of your soul now, for death stands at the door, and in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh. [*Youth's Friend.*]

For the Youth's Companion.

### A FAITHFUL SABBATH SCHOLAR.

MESSRS. EDITORS.—The following interesting fact occurred in New-York, and its authenticity may be relied on.

A little girl of 8 or 9 years of age, a Sabbath school scholar, hearing her father use very profane language, while engaged in conversation, ran up to him, and with tears in her eyes, said "Father if you use such wicked words, God won't love you," very earnestly begging him not to profane the name of God. The father seemed stunned by the reproof of his child and walked immediately away, it is hoped with an arrow of conviction in his heart. We hope that all our little readers, who may be tempted to indulge in profaneness will remember that if they continue to disobey the commands of God, he will not love them—and that for every *idle* (as well as wicked) word, they must give an account in the day of judgment. S. F. A.

### THE NURSERY.

#### "THAT'S A LITTLE BABY'S GRAVE."

Walking the other day across a church-yard in the town of B—, my attention was drawn to two very little boys, who were skipping nimbly from one grave to another, full of childish playfulness, when one of them made a sudden pause, and pointing at a very short and narrow grave, he said to his companion, "That's a little baby's grave." I saw them both look attentively at the spot, wondering, perhaps, how it happened that a "little baby" should die! And have not some of you, my little readers, wondered too? You have walked, I dare say, thro' many church-yards, and have you not been struck, as this little boy was, at the many *little* graves? And if little children die, why may not you? Perhaps you may, for "we know not what shall be on the morrow." (James 4: 14.) What will become of you, if you *should* die while you are young? If you are good, and pray to God, love your father and mother and brothers and sisters and every body else besides; if you love to mind Jesus Christ who died even for little children, and who has said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not," (Matt. 19: 14.) then you will go to heaven where all good people go. But if you are wicked, and do not mind your father and mother, do not love your brothers and sisters, are cruel or unkind to any one; if you tell lies and say wicked words, you will not go to heaven, but to hell.

[*London Child's Companion.*]

"Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips." Psalm 141: 3.

Ann and her brother William were playing together and William wanted Ann to give him a string she had. She said, "I will this afternoon." "Ah! no, you won't," said William, "give it to me now." "But I will," said Ann. "Say 'upon your word and sacred honor,'" said William, "and then I'll believe you." Their mother overheard this conversation and called to them. "My children! do you know what you are saying?" "What mother?" said they. "Do you know William that you are telling Ann to swear to you upon her word and honor, or else you will not believe her?" "I did not say swear, mother," said the little boy. "But," said his mother, "if Ann says what you told her to, she will swear. Go both of you and get your Testaments and come and read to me Matthew 5: 33—37. And when you pray night and morning do not forget to ask the Lord to 'set a watch before your mouth and to keep the door of your lips.'" How much anger and quarrelling and misery come from the tongue! The Bible says "the tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity, an unruly evil, full of deadly poison." I heard a little boy, the other day call his sister a *thief* because she took without,

knowing it was his, something he had been playing with. Children commit a great deal of sin too, by telling tales of each other when they are angry. For they always say a great deal that is not true and they do it in spite, not because they are sorry and wish those who have offended them to be taught better.—Oh! how can such children think to go to Heaven where the blessed Jesus is, who was so patient and meek and quiet, when wicked men spit on him and mocked him and struck him!

"Let love through all your actions run  
And all your words be mild,  
Live like the blessed virgin's son,  
That sweet and holy child.  
Now Lord of all he reigns above,  
And from his heavenly throne,  
He sees what children dwell in love,  
And marks them for his own."

### NATURAL HISTORY.

#### THE CARNATION.

"It is well known that the examination of flowers and vegetables of every description by the microscope, opens a new and interesting field of wonders to the inquiring naturalist. Sir John Hill has given the following interesting account of what appeared on his examining a carnation:—"The principal flower was a carnation. The fragrance of this led me to enjoy it frequently. The sense of smelling was not the only one affected on these occasions: while that was satiated with the powerful sweet, the ear was constantly attacked by an extremely soft, but agreeable murmuring sound. It was easy to know, that some animal within the covert must be the musician, and that the little noise must come from some little creature, suited to produce it. I instantly distended the lower part of the flower, and placing it in a full light, could discover troops of little insects frisking, with wild jollity, among the narrow pedestals that supported its leaves, and the little threads that occupied its centre. What a fragrant world for their habitation! What a perfect security from all annoyance in the dark green husk that surrounded the scene of action? Adapting a microscope to take in, at one view, the whole base of the flower, I gave myself an opportunity of contemplating what they were about, and this for many days together, without giving them the least disturbance.—Thus I could discover their economy, their passions, and their enjoyments. The microscope, on this occasion, had given what nature seemed to have denied to the objects of contemplation. The base of the flower extended itself under its influence to a vast plain, the slender stems of the leaves became as it were trunks of so many stately cedars; the threads in the middle seemed columns of massy structure, supporting at the top their several ornaments; and the narrow spaces between were enlarged in walks, parterres, and terraces. On the polished bottoms of these, brighter than Parian marble, walked in pairs, alone, or in companies, the winged inhabitants: these, from little dusky flies, for such only the naked eye could have shown them, were raised to glorious glittering animals, stained with living purple, and with a glossy gold, that would have made all the labours of the loom contemptible in the comparison. I could, at leisure, as they walked together, admire their elegant limbs, their velvet shoulders, and their silken wing; their backs vying with the empyrean in its blue; and their eyes, each formed of a thousand others, out glittering the little planes on a brilliant. I could observe them singling out their favourite females; courting them with the music of their buzzing wings, with little songs, formed for their little organs, leading them from walk to walk, among the perfumed shades, & pointing out to their taste the drop of liquid nectar, just bursting from some vein within the living trunk. Here, were the perfumed groves, the more than mystic shades of the poet's fancy realized. Here the happy lovers spent their days in joyful dalliance, or in the triumph of their little hearts, skipped after one another, from stem to stem, among the painted trees, or winged their short flight, to the close shadow of some broader leaf, to revel undisturbed in the height of all felicity." [*Dick's Christian Philosopher.*]



## EDITORIAL.

## INFANT SCHOOL EXHIBITION.

We often form and indulge wishes concerning our readers; for our habit of writing for their perusal gives them a special interest in our thoughts and feelings, more than other children. Seldom have we thought of them so much, as when we were witnessing a scene from which we have now just retired; and our ardent wish was, that they could all have been present with us, to see what we saw, and to share in the pleasure which we enjoyed. And what was the scene that we witnessed? It was the *public exhibition of an Infant School*. The school in Bedford Street, under the instruction of Miss Blood, was taken into the church in Essex Street, and set upon a stage in front of the pulpit. The teacher, with her assistants and monitors, occupied the level part of the stage next to the audience; the children sat back toward the pulpit, on four long seats raised one above another like stairs, and facing the people. The house was filled with ladies and gentlemen, and the members of the Legislature occupied the pews on each side of the centre aisle. The people had generally taken their seats before the school came in, and the house had become still. Suddenly a sound of infant voices was heard in front of the house; every eye was turned toward the door, and almost the whole audience were instantly on their feet to catch a better view of the approaching group. They proceeded up the broad aisle and ascended to their seats, marching to their own measure as they counted together "one—two—three—four—five—six—&c.," and as they cried "one hundred," they were all seated. Miss Blood gave them a signal, and immediately all were still.

At the commencement of the exercises, they lifted up their infant voices and sung their morning hymn; after which they answered several questions concerning God and his blessed book, and the Rev. Mr. Malcom prayed with them and all the congregation. Their teacher then led them through about the usual order of the school. They would read, spell, enumerate, add, subtract, repeat the multiplication table, recite in grammar, and answer questions about colors, and animals, and countries, and a great variety of subjects. Then they would sing a hymn, or be questioned from the Bible, and about moral duties in their own simple language. Then they would respond to signs or gestures in imitation of a teacher or monitor, sometimes accompanied with a song or a recitation. The exercise of the arms and hands, was abundant, and once in a while they were permitted to make the floor shake by a general drumming with their feet. This gave variety to their employments, and also served the purpose of exercise for their bodies. This practice is pursued much farther in the school room, than it was proper to do in the church; and a large number of the very youngest scholars were left at home at this time, because they would not probably have kept themselves still enough for the occasion. The number present, however, was over fifty, and the eldest among them we suppose was not over six years of age.

One of the most pleasing parts of the exhibition was that, where Miss Blood took a little monitor from the school to stand before the rest and lead them in the recitation. In one instance it was a little boy; in another, a pleasant little girl in a white dress; and neither of them was four years old. The little girl gave off the words and the gestures with perfect ease and regularity; and all the children repeated them after her as they would after their teacher. Miss Blood also taught them a few things about grammar in a manner very simple and pleasing. She took three of the small boys and placed them by her side. One of them was *short*, the second *shorter*, and the third the *shortest* of them all. Thus she compared the adjective. "What," said she, "is the name of this boy?" putting her hand upon his head. "Thomas," said the children, "What part of speech is Thomas?" "A noun." "Is it common or prop-

er?" "Proper." "Why?" "Because it is the name of *one*, and not of all the boys." "Is Thomas a good boy?" "Yes."—Then she inquired what makes a good boy, and went upon other subjects. It is one excellence of this school, that the attention of the little things is not confined hour after hour to one study, till they become weary and disgusted. They change very often and almost make their studies a mere diverting play; and yet they are taught to *understand* things so well, that they learn faster than they could in any other school.

We venture to say that the whole congregation, both old and young, were edified and delighted with what they saw and heard; and that parents and legislators were ready to hless the day when Infant Schools were invented and introduced into our happy country. This school is maintained by benevolent people, for the children of poor people; and the managers have been obliged to turn away many children for want of room. A collection was taken up at this meeting, to assist them in hiring a larger room or in establishing other schools: it amounted to \$128.

Mr. Malcom made a few remarks at the close. He said that some of the parents of these children are in the State Prison; others are living in a state of great wretchedness and vice; while others are probably reputable in character, but too poor to afford their children any advantages of education. Some instances that had come to the knowledge of the Managers were truly distressing. One of them lately entered a house where an infant was lying deserted by its mother, and without clothes except a single rag, exposed to the weather at an open window. On leaving the house, the lady observed two older children sitting upon a shed, and singing together a hymn they had learned at the Infant School. Such are some of the dark and desolate places, from which this institution is collecting the poor outcasts, to bring them under the influence of instruction and gospel light. The good effects begin to be apparent already; of which some happy and affecting instances were mentioned.

We trust the time is near, when these excellent schools shall be established in every considerable village, and be accessible to the children of all classes. For they are not confined to the children of the poor. They are far better fitted for the young children of any family, than any other schools; and one or more are already established in Boston, in which parents pay for the tuition of their children.

The following lines were sung by the children to the tune of "I won't be a Nun."

O, is it not a pity,  
Such a little child as I,  
Who loves to go to Infant School  
Should stay at home and cry?  
O I can't stay away—O I can't stay away,  
I am so fond of Infant School, I cannot stay away.  
O Mother, please to let me go  
And see how good I'll be;  
I will make haste home from school  
And tell you all I see.  
O I can't stay away—O I can't stay away,  
I am so fond of Infant School, I cannot stay away.

## MISCELLANY.

*A Greek Boy's Love of Learning.*—Mr. King in his journal while in Greece, says:—"Several persons called to-day for the Gospel, and I am obliged to send them empty away. In the afternoon a little boy came and asked me for a small school book, printed at Malta. I asked for it fifteen paras, (about three cents.) He said he had no money, and stood waiting, till the spot where he stood was so wet with perspiration, that the print of his feet was visible on the floor for a long time after he went away. Seeing him wait so long, I told him again, that he must give me fifteen paras for the book. "I am poor," said he, "and cannot pay it. Father I have not; he was killed by the Turks, or I know not by whom. He is gone—my mother is left with myself and two sisters—and I cannot pay!" While he thus spoke and plead for a book, his eyes filled with tears and I could no longer resist. So I gave him his request. He is thirteen years old, and has already advanced so far in learning as to begin to

write. I mention this simply to let you know how much desire is manifested here for books."

*Indian Sagacity.*—It would be a pity not to preserve the following anecdote, which displays so much of that accuracy of observation which is known to be one of the characteristics of our red brethren of the West:—An Indian upon his return home to his hut one day, discovered that his venison which had been hung up to dry, had been stolen. After taking observations upon the spot, he set off in pursuit of the thief, whom he tracked through the woods. After going some distance he met some persons of whom he inquired, if they had not seen a *little, old white man*, with a *short gun*, and accompanied by a *small dog*, with a *bob tail*? They replied in the affirmative, and upon the Indian assuring them that the man thus described had stolen his venison, they desired to be informed how he was able to give such a minute description of a person whom he had not seen. The Indian answered thus:—"The thief I know is a *little man*, by his having made a pile of stones to stand upon in order to reach the venison from the height I hung it, standing on the ground;—that he is an *old man*, I know by his short steps, which I have traced over the dead leaves in the woods;—and that he is a *white man* I know by his turning out his toes when he walks which an Indian never does. His gun I know to be short, by the mark which the muzzle made by rubbing the bark of the tree on which it leaned;—that his dog is *small*, I know by his tracks; and that he has a *bob tail*, I discovered by the mark it made in the dust where he was sitting at the time his master was taking down the meat."

## POETRY.

From the Religious Intelligencer.

"I have no greater joy than to hear that my children walk in the truth."—St. John.

WRITTEN ON MEETING SEVERAL FORMER PUPILS, AT THE COMMUNION TABLE.

When gathering round a Saviour's board,  
Those youthful forms below'd I see,  
Who once the happy paths explor'd  
Of learning, and of peace with me.

Who from my side with pain would part,  
My entering step with gladness greet,  
And pour incessant o'er my heart  
A tide of love, so pure, so sweet,

While now, from each expressive face,  
Beams tranquil faith, and hope benign,  
While in each eye Heaven's smile I trace,  
The tear of joy suffuses mine.—

Father! I thank thy guardian care,  
Which thus its holiest gift hath shed,—  
Guide thou their steps through every snare,  
From every danger shield their head.—

From poisonous error's dire controul,  
From pride, from change, from darkness free,  
Preserve each limorous, trusting soul,  
That like the Ark-Dove turns to Thee.—

And may the wreath which happy days  
Around our hearts so fondly wove,  
Still bind us, till we speak thy praise,  
As sister spirits, one in love.—

One, where no lingering ill ean harm,—  
One, where no baneful fate can sever,  
Where nought but holiness doth charm,  
And all that charms shall live forever.

Hartford, Feb. 1st, 1829.

## HYMN FOR CHILDREN.

By J. CLARKE.

Almighty Sovereign of the skies,  
Thou only good, thou only wise;  
Our youthful hymns to thee we bring,  
And hail thee UNIVERSAL KING.

The heavenly choirs around thy throne  
Attune their harps to thee alone;  
And shall we, children here below,  
No praises on thy name bestow?

Send down, O Lord, thy power and grace,  
And fill our hearts with prayer and praise;  
Then, ceaseless, shall our songs ascend,  
In anthems to the children's Friend.

Oh as at Sabbath School we meet,  
Our Scripture lessons to repeat,  
May Jesus in our midst appear,  
To give us knowledge, love, and fear.

And when our Sabbath's here are o'er,  
When up to heaven our spirits soar,  
May golden harps to us be given,  
To sing thy endless praise in heaven.



# YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Published Weekly, by WILLIS & RAND, at the Office of the Boston Recorder, No. 22, Congress-Street... Price One Dollar a year in advance, or \$1, 50, if not paid in advance.

No. 5.

BOSTON, JUNE 25, 1829.

VOL. III.

## NARRATIVE.

From the London Cottage Magazine.

### INTERESTING NARRATIVE OF THE LIBERATION OF AN ENGLISHMAN FROM THE PORTUGUESE INQUISITION BY MEANS OF A SAILOR.

[Communicated by the Secretary of the Edinburgh and Leith Seaman's Friend Society.]

About the year 1789 or 1790, the Peggy, Captain Smith, was laying in the Tagus, off Lisbon, when John Henderson and another seaman requested permission one Sunday morning to go ashore. Neither of them wanted the curiosity characteristic of their profession, and in a foreign Catholic city there was ample field for observation. After wandering from street to street, they found themselves in a very narrow part of the town, and surrounded by a crowd which continued to increase; from some of whom they learned that a procession of the Church was shortly to pass. By and by, the two seamen found themselves cooped up in a corner, where they remained conversing with one another in English on the folly and imposition which they witnessed. While thus situated, Henderson, the boatswain, (such had been his rank in the Navy,) felt a gentle but unaccountable interference with his ankle, and on examining, found a card stuck within his shoe, addressed in English to the British Ambassador. Not a little astonished, he stooped down, and inquired, in a low voice, "Who is there?" and was replied to by the question, "Whether he were not an Englishman?" "No," said Jack, "but I'm a Scotchman." "That's enough," was the answer. "I'm a countryman, confined here in the cells of the Inquisition; present that card to the British Ambassador, whoever he may be, and I beseech you, procure me liberty." As soon as the procession allowed, Henderson and his companion repaired to the Consul, at whose house he found Captain Smith dining, and who bore witness to this seaman's general veracity. As nothing could be done on that day, he ordered the party to be on shore next morning, when he would accompany them to the Ambassador's, whose name I have now forgotten\*. His Excellency carried the whole party to the Queen's Palace, where he found the Archbishop, then in audience of her Majesty. After the ceremony of introduction, and statement of the business, "My Lord Bishop," said her Majesty, "here is a matter which concerns you," handing him, at the same moment, the card of his captive. The Ecclesiastic perused it, and in a rage demanded, "How any heretic dared to interfere with the Holy Roman Inquisition, to which even the King and Queen of Portugal were subjected?" Our Representative, with becoming firmness, replied, that "if the Inquisition, or any other son of the Romish Church, attempted, or persisted in, such treatment of a *British subject*, his Holiness, and his Grace himself, could not fail to know, that the *Sovereign* whom he represented, possessed ample means to enforce their liberation, and that every Englishman there confined must be released forthwith." The Archbishop promised acquiescence in the course of a few days. "Nay," said the Ambassador, "that I shall see carried into instant execution, or the refusal of immediate compliance shall be at the peril of your Grace." After various attempts at delay on the part of the Archbishop, the necessary order was at last obtained, and the Consul was despatched in the Ambassador's carriage, while his Lordship (who remained at the Palace)

waited the result. Our wretched countryman was found covered with rags, filth, and vermin, his beard hung down to his middle, his nails were an inch long, and his appearance was sickly and emaciated. In this condition he was brought before the Queen, who, shocked at the sight, left the audience-hall, secretly pleased, however, at the dilemma in which her confessor (for whom she entertained little regard) was so unexpectedly placed. The scene which afterwards ensued was accordant with our national character: our Ambassador, indignantly turning to the Priest, "You and your Church," said he, "assume to be the only men commissioned by the Prince of Peace; your deeds prove you, in reality, the devilish agents of the prince of darkness."

It now remains to narrate the history of the unfortunate captive. He was born in Yorkshire, of respectable parents, but having an unconquerable predilection to a maritime life, his friends sent him on a trial voyage to Lisbon, with instructions to the master to cure him, if possible, of his wandering propensities. This object was effected before the voyage was completed. After his arrival, he one day landed at Lisbon, and took a Bible with him, which his friends had placed in his sea-chest. On an aqueduct bridge, which then connected a mountain with the Portuguese capital, he by and by seated himself, and was unsuspectingly reading this inestimable Book, when two priests passing, (one of whom appeared by his voice of Irish extraction,) inquired what he was reading; they looked at his book, and returned it to him. In a few minutes afterwards he was accosted by some officers, who, either by artifice or authority, got the young man into their power; and from that day forward he had been confined by order of the Inquisition, without an opportunity, during fifteen years, of ever communicating with his friends, although they advertised a reward for his discovery shortly after his disappearance. During this long incarceration, the door of his cell began to fall down, and grating much on the pavement, it became necessary to renew it; the hinges being rusted into the wood, a large forge-hammer was used to detach them; in course of the operation the door was thrown over, the light was extinguished, and the large clinch-nails were scattered about the floor; unobserved, he groped about, and collected several of these, and afterwards employed them in working a hole through the wall sufficiently large to admit his arm, the small end tapering to the joint of a stone on the outer side, which he filled up with stones or wood from the inside. Meantime a young Irish Catholic, about to take Holy orders, visited, by special leave, the dungeons of the Papal Office; with him he hazarded conversation, begged he would interest himself for his release, or, that at all events, he would supply him with paper, pen, and ink: the former being impossible, the latter was accomplished by smuggling these materials at two future visits into his dreary abode. These were the means by which he wrote the letter, conveyed it through the hole, and slipped it into the boatswain's shoe. The pen was found concealed in the seam of his prison-robe, the ink-glass in his trowsers, and part of the paper he then retained. Such is the seaman's account of our countryman's confinement and liberation.

It is about ten years since the writer received the above account from Henderson, who was a man of character in his station and profession, and was employed as a ship-rigger at Leith, till accidentally drowned about two years ago; his widow is a respectable and pious woman, who bears testimony to her husband's narrative.

The facts detailed in this paper I have inquired into, and find them to be correctly stated.

JAMES HALDON, Secretary,  
Edinburgh and Leith Seaman's Friend Society.  
28, Gunfild Square, Edinburgh, Nov. 12, 1823.

## THE NURSERY.

From the Juvenile Miscellany.

### LITTLE TYRANTS.

"Mary, Mary, if you do behave so rude and don't mind me, when I tell you to stop, I shall not let you go with me to-morrow, to pick currants in that beautiful garden," said Ellen Wilson to her sister, a little romping girl four years younger than herself.

Mary stopped her play of jumping from the table and looking at her sister half laughing, and a little saucily replied, "I guess, Miss Ellen, I shall go; because mother has promised me, and you know she always performs her promises."

"Yes, I know she does; but did she not add, if you were a good girl?"

"Well you know I have been a good girl, Ellen."

"No, I don't, Mary; for I have been trying this long time to make you stop jumping from the table, and you wouldn't mind me until now; and if you won't mind me here at home, I shall not dare to take you where there are so many things you can injure by touching."

"Well Ellen, I will mind you; I won't jump there any more, ever."

Ellen was a gentle, and very amiable child; though like all children, sometimes fond of a little authority.

Mary was ardent and impetuous; her eye sparkled with intelligence, and her little smiling mouth was ever ready to open, with childhood's happy laugh.

She played sometimes very prettily with her doll; but spying a new book on the table, she took it, and delighted with the pictures, refused to resign it to her sister, who said, "Give it to me Mary; 'tis a borrowed book; and you know mother does not allow you to have them in your hands."

"Well Ellen, only let me see this one picture; 'tis so pretty! Oh! here is another, prettier yet."

But Ellen, fearing the book would not be resigned until she had seen all it contained, said, "Very well, Mary, I must go to mother."

The eager little girl was so much engaged looking at the picture of a colored butterfly on the back of a mouse, she did not notice immediately that her sister had gone. As soon as she missed her, she put up the book and running to the door called, "Ellen, Ellen, I have put it up." But Ellen did not hear, she was in the room with her mother.

Mary followed, quite ashamed of herself; for she knew that her mother wished her to mind her sister, who was usually very gentle and kind to her.

"Mother," said Ellen, "Mary has the book William borrowed yesterday; and will not let me have it."

Mary entered the room, while Ellen was speaking, saying, "I have put it up, mother; but Ellen hurried me so."

"My dear," said Mrs. Wilson, "you did very wrong not to mind your sister. She is older than you are, and knows better than you do what is proper and right; and as you did not choose to resign the book when she asked you for it, I shall not take the trouble of showing you all the pretty pictures it contains, and explaining them to you. Now you may go to your play. I trust you will not be so rude again."

"Mother," said Ellen, "Mary had better not go

\* On reference to the Almanacks for 1789 and 1790, our Ambassador at the Court of Lisbon appears to have been the Hon. Robert Walpole; Sir John Hart, Consul, and afterwards Mr. J. Charles Leicena.



to that beautiful garden with me, to-morrow. I know she won't mind me; and she may step on the flowers, and do something wrong."

"I should be sorry to deprive her of so much innocent enjoyment, Ellen; but if you think you cannot agree together, I shall certainly keep her at home; though if you are kind, and don't attempt to tyrannize over her, my dear, I think she would be a good, obedient little girl."

"Tyrannize! Mother, I don't know what that means."

"Tyranny means an unjust, unkind, or cruel use of power. You know what power means, Ellen."

"Yes mother, the President has power; and you and father have power; and can reward or punish us. But I heard William reading something to you about a king, who was a tyrant; can little girls and kings be alike?"

"If a little girl abuses all the power she has, she will be as tyrannical as a king, who abuses all the power he has. A little girl has but little power; so she can do but little harm. 'Tis probable if her power were increased it would increase her desire to tyrannize."

"But, Mother, I never tyrannized over Mary in my life."

"Are you sure of that, Ellen? perhaps you do not yet clearly comprehend the word; I will tell you of two little girls, though they are young ladies now, the eldest of whom I think tyrannized over her sister. I was on a visit to their mother. One afternoon I was writing in a room, next to the one in which the children generally sat. Mrs. Norton left me, and went up stairs for something, leaving the door open. I was perfectly still, and the little girls were quite unconscious of my being near."

"Caroline," said the eldest, "bring me that book on the secretary."

"Oh, Julia, I can't get up," said the little Caroline. "Don't you see my lap is full?"

I could see them both in the large mirror that hung opposite. The dear little chubby girl was seated on her cricket in the corner; her white apron spread over her small lap; her dimpled hands, placing her many colored squares for patch-work.

"See Julia," said she in a beseeching tone, "all my pretty patch-work that I have been so long laying out to baste together, will be tumbled on the floor, if I get up."

"Nonsense," said her sister, "make baste; I have done this volume, and want the other immediately."

"How can you be so cross, Julia? you are doing nothing at all. I am sure I would not plague you so, for any thing."

"You know, Caroline, mamma tells you to mind me."

"But I am sure she would not, Miss Julia, if she knew how cross you are to me sometimes."

"There comes mother," said Julia, hearing her footsteps on the stairs, "we'll see, Miss Caroline, if you won't mind."

The little girl jumped up and got the book. I saw many of her pretty squares fall on the carpet; and the rest were tumbled in a heap in her lap. Julia took the book and resumed her reading. Mrs. Norton came through the room in haste, without noticing the big tears that dimmed the bright blue eyes of her little girl; who, wiping them away with the corner of her apron, began her work anew with a patient sweetness, that quite won my love.

"Oh! mother, what a cross sister," said Ellen. "Yes, my dear, she was tyrannical. I think, my daughter, you understand the meaning of tyranny now. You feel that Julia tyrannized over her sister."

"Yes, mother."

"Mrs. Norton, thinking Julia, as she was so much older, capable of guiding her sister and of being useful to her in many ways, had given her power, which she abused; and though her mother found it out in time to prevent its injuring the gentle Caroline, Julia grew up with a desire to tyrannize,

and her manners are far less winning than her sister, who is now the mother of just such a little lively romp as Mary."

"Did I ever see her, mother? Does she live in this town?"

"No, my dear, she lives a great way off. I wish she was near us; for I love her very much."

"Ellen, I will tell you how you can always have almost absolute power over your sister; (absolute power means power to make her do just what you wish her to do,) and such power you can have over Mary, without tyranny, and without harshness."

"How, mother?"

"By being perfectly good."

"Oh, mother," said Ellen, with a look and voice that implied doubt.

"You think I am mistaken, I dare say; but if you will reflect a moment, you will remember many times when your manner of asking her has been improper, your look impatient, and your voice too loud and imperious. To-day, my daughter."

"Indeed, mother! I was not impatient to-day; but waited until she had seen four pictures."

"I suppose you waited a moment, my dear; but had you been perfectly amiable, you would have thought how much little folks loved pictures, and what a temptation such a beautiful book was; and instead of saying, 'you must not have it Mary,' you should have said, 'it is a beautiful book, I know; and I will show you all the pictures as soon as I have done my work; but, you know mother will be displeased if you disobey her, and take a borrowed book in your hand.' Don't you think if you had spoken thus, she would have resigned the book to you willingly?"

"Yes, mother."

"But now, my dear, you have entirely deprived her of the pleasure of seeing its contents. Remember, my dear child, I give you some power over your sister, not merely because you are older, but because I think you her superior; because I think you capable of guiding her right, often when her frolicsome disposition would lead her into mischief. Is it not important then, that you should always show yourself capable of guiding her by the patient gentleness of your manners, and by your implicit obedience to the commands and wishes of your parents?"

"Oh yes mother, and I do try to be good."

"I think you do, Ellen, and I am certain, my child, that you know how to apply for aid and strength, to the fountain of all goodness, when you feel your weakness. And remember, you are never fit to command, until you know how to obey."

Ellen threw her arms round her mother's neck. Her mild eyes were full of tears, and her young heart full of kind and generous feelings. She said, "I will take Mary with me to-morrow, mother; for I shall be so gentle and affectionate to her, that she will love to mind me."

"Keep that resolution, my dear, and you will be certain of her ready obedience, and an agreeable visit."

L.

## RELIGION.

### From an English Tract. NARRATIVES OF SOLDIERS.

C. was well known to me as an excellent non-commissioned officer and soldier, and a most reputable man; but he felt not the power of the Gospel of the Son of God for some years after our first acquaintance. Being visited with a severe family affliction, he found the insufficiency of the world to administer peace and comfort to a wounded spirit; in his distress he sought the Lord, and for a season found rest to his soul.

For about two years his Christian course was most becoming, but soon afterwards there was a painful declension from the ways of God, and a want of that consistency of conduct which he had previously manifested.

He was spoken to on the subject; he admitted the fact, and seemed to regret it, but still there

were painful apprehensions excited on his account; not that there was any gross or open sin, but a want of that consistent Christian deportment which ought at all times to be displayed by the disciples of Jesus. He was taken dangerously ill, and from the first he said that he felt his illness was sent in judgment. I believe it was his intention to have gone to a place of vain amusement the very night he was attacked with that indisposition, which at length terminated in death.

The state of his mind was really dreadful; his sins and backslidings rose up against him in judgment; it was not a theoretical head knowledge of the way of salvation that he wanted; that he professed already, but an experimental heart acquaintance with the power and blessedness of the Gospel of Christ, that he panted after; he was made to feel that "the way of transgressors is hard," and that the ways of backsliders will reprove them.

For some weeks he was reduced to a state of mental agony. He suffered much pain of body, but that was quite absorbed in his concern about his soul; "he walked in thick darkness, and had no light."

It pleased God, at length to speak peace to his wounded spirit, and to turn his mourning into joy and gladness.

He was led afresh to "that fountain opened for sin and uncleanness," and there felt that there was an all-sufficiency in the precious blood of Christ to wash the vilest sinner clean, and to soothe the most troubled mind. He died some weeks afterwards in hope of a blessed immortality. He found with the Psalmist that it was good to be afflicted, and repeatedly, amid excruciating sufferings, blessed God, that he had in mercy, and in loving kindness, laid his chastening hand upon him.

He repeatedly cautioned several acquaintances who visited him, of the danger to which they would expose themselves, by persisting in vain efforts to "serve both God and Mammon;" and assured them by his own experience, that a believer's happiness depended upon living close to God, and that bitter sorrows flowed from a declension in the ways of righteousness.

Father, I bless thy gentle hand;

How kind was thy chastising rod!

That forced my conscience to a stand,

And brought my wandering soul to God!

Foolish and vain, I went astray,

Ere I had felt thy scourges, Lord;

I left my guide, and lost my way,

But now I love and keep thy word.

William — was the son of pious parents; he also had the advantage of a pious master, who took him to hear the Gospel faithfully preached. He was, however, drawn into sin, forgot all that he had seen and heard, and eventually enlisted into the army.

He was but three months with his regiment, before he met with a very severe accident, by falling against his bed, which fractured his breast-bone.

His sufferings were indescribable; in this state it pleased God to bless to poor William some instructions of a religious nature addressed to another soldier in the same ward of the hospital: early impressions were recalled to mind; he felt that "it was an evil thing, and bitter, to sin against God." Never did I witness such agonies; but the anguish of his mind far exceeded his bodily sufferings, great as they were. "He was made to possess the iniquities of his youth." "When he remembered his ways, he was confounded." He wept day and night; he cried unto the Lord for mercy, and besought him to have compassion for his dear Son's sake. His heart seemed ready to break, when he remembered the transgressions which he had committed against a God of infinite love and goodness.

But that God, who delighteth in mercy, at length whispered peace; for, about a fortnight previous to his decease, he was enabled to testify of Jesus, and to speak of his ability to save even the chief of sinners. One remarkable and delightful feature in



his history, was the abhorrence with which he regarded sin; it was not merely from the consequences of transgression that he desired to be delivered, but from its indwelling and power. He panted after holiness; and while he regarded himself as "a brand plucked from the burning," (Zec. iii. 2.) "he rejoiced with joy unspeakable, and full of glory." (1 Peter, i. 8.)

The advantages of early religious instruction were remarkably obvious in William; when his heart was touched by divine grace, and his eyes enlightened by the Holy Spirit, the things he had slighted and despised in early life, were powerfully and sweetly brought to his remembrance; this enabled him, under the divine blessing, to make great progress in spiritual experience during the last fortnight of his earthly pilgrimage.

This narrative teaches us that the Lord will visit with rods, yea, with scorpions, those who sin against him. Should these pages fall into the hands of any one who is acting a similar part to William, let him tremble lest the judgments of God in like manner overtake him.

## MORALITY.

For the Youth's Companion.

### HONESTY IN KEEPING ACCOUNTS.

Henry was not yet 12 years old, when he was sent away from home, to school. He was generally, a very good boy, and loved to please his teacher, by doing what was right. There was a little school-mate of his, of about the same age, with whom he was always fond of playing. They loved each other very much. George was younger than Henry, though they were very nearly of the same size.

One day their teacher, Mr. C——, called George and Henry, and said "Boys, it is some time now since I have seen any thing in your conduct to displease me. And now, instead of giving you the exact sum, for spending money, which you receive, when you do as you ought, I shall entrust you both with a little money, to keep safely in your pocket-books, and to spend as I give you permission.

Now, I wish you both to put down in your account book, the sum I shall give you, and also what you spend, whenever you have leave to use it.

George and Henry seemed very much pleased that their teacher placed so much confidence in them, and for a few weeks were very regular & correct in keeping their accounts.

One afternoon, Mr. C—— said to them, "Well, boys, how do you get along in book-keeping? where are your books?"

George. Mine is in my trunk, Sir.

Henry. And mine is in my draw, Sir.

Mr. C. Does the account come out right, so that the money you have left agrees with what the book says you have spent.

George and Henry. Yes, Sir, exactly.

So the boys ran for their books, and shew them to Mr. C——, and they appeared to be perfectly correct. The account of one stood thus:

Jan. 1st. 1829.	\$	cts.	Jan. 1st		\$	cts.
Rec'd. of Mr. C.		25		Paid for pencil,		2
			3	India Rubber		3
			5	My share in		
				Y. Companion,		12
			9	Gave a poor		
				sick woman		6
						23

Mr. C. And how many cents have you on hand, George? George. 2 Sir.

Mr. C. And is that right? George. Yes, Sir.

Mr. C. How do you prove it?

George. Because if I add 2 to the number I have spent, it makes up the 25 cents.

Henry's book was kept as well as George's, and there was no mistake.

It was a few weeks afterwards, that Mr. C—— again called Henry and George to examine their books. But the account book kept by one of them looked very badly. The charge made January 1st, was altered from 2 cents to 3, and on January 3d from 3 cents to 4.

Now the case was this. The one who had al-

tered his book had taken 2 cents, and spent them to buy apples, without asking Mr. C——'s permission, and he had tried in this way to deceive his instructor. But Mr. C. knew what was done. He said nothing, however, at the time, but took the books himself and put them away. Soon after he took George, whose book was altered, and went with him into a private room. He sat down, took George by the hand, and in a kind tone of voice said, Now George, you know that I am your friend, and have always tried to make you happy, and I believe you have never known me to deceive you. I have taken you with me alone, because I wish to ask you a few questions, and before you answer them, think of what I have always said to you and to the other boys, "that honesty is always the best policy." Why have you altered the figures in your account book?

George stood with his head on his arm, and seemed afraid to look up, but after hesitating a minute, answered, I made a mistake the first time.

George, said Mr. C—— (in as mild a tone as he first used,) remember what I have sometimes said of the consequences of speaking falsehood. And remember that our Maker sees us both, although no one else does, and He knows whether I am angry with you, and whether you are telling a lie. I hope I am not angry and I wish I could believe, that you were speaking the truth. George burst into tears, but made no answer.

George (said Mr. C. again) have you spent any of the money without my knowledge? George stood silent a moment and then said in a low voice, No, Sir.

Mr. C. Well, George, I can only tell you, what you ought to do. You can do as you please. You can obey God or disobey him as you choose, but do think a moment of Ananias and Sapphira. Do you recollect what they did, and what became of them?

George. Yes, Sir, we read the story, a few mornings since.

Mr. C. Well, God may not punish you here, but he has heard what you have said, and he will remember it.

Mr. C. did not say much more to George than simply to state his situation, and to impress affectionately, that he was disobeying God, and ruining himself. Not long after, George with tears in his eyes confessed his dishonesty and his falsehood, and asked forgiveness of his teacher, and seemed to desire mostly the forgiveness of his Heavenly Father.

Mr. C. then talked to his little scholar of the danger of committing one sin, for it leads on to another. George looked up to him with a tearful eye, "I hope I shall never do so again. I know I should be a great deal happier, if I did always what I know to be right. I am always unhappy when I do wrong."

GEDEA.

## THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

From the Connecticut Observer.

### THE BIBLE CLASS.

On a late journey, at the close of the day, I reached a large country village in New-England. Being considerably fatigued, I was looking out for the inn, as I supposed there was one in the village. On looking around me, I discovered many persons on the road, all shaping their course in the same direction. Concluding there was to be some kind of religious meeting, I inquired of a young man, what it was to be. He told me that the minister of the parish had appointed a meeting that evening, for the purpose of organizing a Bible Class, and that such as were favorable to the object, especially the youth, were requested to attend. He likewise mentioned that a minister from a neighboring place, was expected to be present.—Not having further opportunity to make inquiries, I only asked if strangers would be admitted? O yes, he replied, with pleasure. I thanked him for his information, and he went on. Feeling a strong desire to attend this meeting, after a slight refreshment, I set out for the place to which I had been directed by the young man. It was a school house, but a short distance

from the church. Without hesitation I went in, and found the house pretty well filled, chiefly with youth. They were engaged in singing the hymn,

"How shall the young secure their hearts," &c.

They then looked up to heaven for a blessing on their undertaking, after which the pastor proceeded to state the object of their meeting, the plan he intended to pursue, and the course he wished them to take, if they would receive benefit. He told them he was induced to form a Bible Class out of love to their best interests—and that they could not expect to be profited, without exertions on their part. After some other appropriate remarks, he turned to the neighboring minister and said, he should be pleased to hear some remarks from him, to the Class. The venerable old man, whose locks were whitened with age, rose, while every youthful eye was fixed on him, and addressed them as follows:

"Beloved youth, it is with no ordinary degree of satisfaction I witness measures going forward, so decidedly for your advantage. Remember that it is for your welfare that your pastor makes these efforts and this sacrifice of time. It is not to promote any selfish scheme of his own—but to promote the welfare of your immortal souls. This is his greatest care. And if you would receive spiritual benefit, his endeavors must be seconded by efforts on your part. I can tell of no such advantages which I enjoyed when I was at your age. Sabbath Schools and Bible Classes have had their origin in a late age of the Christian church. Your eyes see and your ears hear many things which your predecessors were not permitted. And bow should your hearts overflow with gratitude and love to God, that your lot is cast in a happier day. I fear you are not all aware of the many distinguished privileges you enjoy. Consider for a moment what is the great subject of investigation in these institutions. It is the sacred word of God,—his revealed will—made known to be our guide to peace of mind, to happiness here and everlasting joy beyond the grave. You come not here to attend to the ablest productions of human wisdom; these you will regard as far inferior to that Book which will here be the subject of your investigation and study. The Scriptures are emphatically the best book to which you can have access, to improve your minds and mend your hearts. Come forward, then, with activity and energy in this animating employment. Come with earnest desires that your hearts as well as your intellects may be improved. In establishing these meetings, your pastor remembers, and you ought to remember, that Bible Classes have been blessed, peculiarly, with the influences of the Holy Spirit. Many a gay and sportive youth, has, in a Bible Class, been brought to see his sinfulness, and has been pointed to the cross of Christ. Many have been awakened to new and spiritual life. The song of redeeming love has been sung by many a youth, who, when he joined a Bible Class, was in spiritual ignorance of the Saviour. And my heart's desire and prayer to God is, that all who this evening join this Class, may find that unspeakable blessedness which many have found before them, in attending upon Bible Classes."—He then closed the meeting by invoking the blessing of Heaven upon them—and I returned to my lodgings abundantly repaid for my attendance, and wishing that a Bible Class might be established in every village in the land.

## HISTORY.

From the Youth's Friend.

### MOUNT SINAI.

It was on Mount Sinai, that God made known to Moses the laws which the children of Israel were to obey, and which are written in the latter chapters of the book of Exodus, & in the book of Leviticus. The principal of these were the TEN COMMANDMENTS, and the other rules or ordinances, having a reference to them.

The children of Israel came to the desert of Sinai, in the third month after they left Egypt; and the law was given to Moses, it is supposed, just fifty days after they came out from Egypt. In re-



membrane of this the feast of Pentecost was observed on the fiftieth day after the passover, at which time the Holy Spirit was poured out upon the Apostles. (Acts ii.)

We will first speak of Mount Sinai as it appears at the present day. The part of the country where the Israelites received the law of God, is a mountainous district at the north part of the Red Sea. It is called by the Arabs to this day *Jibbel Mousa*, or the Mountain of Moses, and *El Tor*, or the Mount. It includes several peaks, or separate mountains, the chief of which are called *Oreb* and *Tor Sinai*. At the foot of this mountain, in a narrow valley, is a convent of Romish monks, called the convent of St. Catherine. It is enclosed by high walls to keep off the Arabs, and whoever wishes to enter is drawn up by a rope to a window, between thirty and forty feet above the ground. About fifty monks still live there, and, formerly, vast numbers of pilgrims used to visit the convent. At present there are few visitors, except the Bedouin Arabs, who are not admitted, but always receive a portion of bread, enough for breakfast and supper; sometimes the chiefs of these Arabs oblige the monks to pay large sums of money. This convent, and most of the other buildings about Mount Sinai, were first built by Helena, the mother of Constantine, in the fourth century. She erected churches or other buildings on most of the places particularly mentioned in the Bible.

The monks conduct the pilgrims or visitors to several places which they point out as remarkable. The first is to climb to the top of what they call "the Mountain of Moses." Formerly there were regular steps, 15,000 in number, but they have been mostly destroyed or much damaged. In different parts of the mountain are some churches or chapels, and a mosque, to which the Mahometans go on pilgrimage.

Another lofty peak near to the Mountain of Moses, is pointed out as Mount Horeb; it is now called Mount St. Catherine.

The prospect from the top of these mountains is very grand. The upper part of "the Sinai," as it is called, consists of a rocky wilderness, about thirty miles across. Among the lofty mountains are many narrow fertile valleys, in which water is always found. This appears to have been the Desert of Sinai.

Now this country was the place where God openly revealed himself to Moses and the Israelites. He chose not a magnificent city, or a noble palace, for that purpose; but a waste and barren desert: showing that his word and his truth do not depend upon what the world calls comforts and advantages. In this place it was that God entered into covenant with his chosen people, and gave them a law, which is indeed holy, just, and true; and although the ceremonies commanded by it, have been done away by the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, yet the moral precepts it contains are still the rule of life which all are called upon to follow. Our blessed Saviour said, "Think not that I am come to destroy the law, or the prophets (that is, the prophetic books of scripture:) I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil. For verily I say unto you, Till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law, till all be fulfilled. Whosoever therefore shall break one of these least commandments, and shall teach men (to do) so, he shall be called the least in the kingdom of heaven; but whosoever shall do and teach them, the same shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven." (Matt. v. 17—19.)

## DIALOGUE.

For the Youth's Companion.

### LOUISA AND CAROLINE,—ON ANGER.

*Louisa.*—Why, what's the matter, Caroline, you have been crying?

*Caroline.*—Little Ellen has spoiled my beautiful doll.

*Louisa.*—Do not cry, sister, it is a pity to be sure, that such a nice doll should be spoiled, but I would not cry about it. I dare say mother will

buy you another, if you tell her how it happened.

*Caroline.*—I don't mind so much about the doll, but I feel angry with Ellen, for she is always going to my doll's house and doing mischief.

*Louisa.*—O that is very wrong indeed, to be angry with your little sister—she is not old enough yet to know any better.

*Caroline.*—She does know better, for mother has told her a great many times not to do so.

*Louisa.*—If she does, still you ought not to be angry with her. Do you remember the sixth commandment?

*Caroline.*—"Thou shalt not kill."

*Louisa.*—When my Sabbath school teacher explained this commandment to me, she said, it was anger which made people commit murder, and that when we indulged this temper, we broke the sixth commandment. I have felt afraid to be angry since.

*Caroline.*—Indeed, I did not know that anger was the beginning of murder.

Just then, little Ellen came running into the room, with her apron full of flowers, which she had been gathering in the garden. Caroline stooped down, and throwing her arms round the little girl's neck, said, "I did not know I was beginning to murder you, little Ellen—I will never feel so again."

Ellen looked up in her sister's face inquiringly, for she did not understand her. I thought, as she held up some of the prettiest flowers for Caroline, that her smiling blue eyes seemed to promise she would not be mischievous any more.

I would just say to the little girl who is reading this, Remember, whenever you are tempted to be angry with your little brother, or sister, or any body else, that you are *beginning to murder them*. Then I think you will be able to

"Put down the wicked thought,  
And feel exactly as you ought."

## MISCELLANY.

*Female Heroism.*—By a letter from a friend in Warwarsink, Ulster county, we learn that a Mrs. Donnelly, of that town, caught a bear, on the 8th of the present month, and carried it home in triumph. She had been about three quarters of a mile from home, where her husband was at work, to carry him his dinner. On her return, through a bye road, leading through the woods, she discovered the young bear, pursued and caught it without much difficulty. With a wonderful presence of mind, she grasped him by the neck, to prevent biting, and muffled him so that his cries should not alarm the old one, and bore him off a prisoner of war. There might have been a disagreeable rescue, had the cries of the ursine youngster roused one or two of his sylvan ancestors. Few women would hazard such an encounter, even were there no danger of a recapture. This is true old fashioned female courage; such as our female ancestors knew, when they stood in daily expectation of meeting bears, catamounts, and hostile Indians. Thank Heaven, it is not entirely extinct; though every appearance among modern fashionables speaks much for doubt on that point.

Cutskill Recorder.

*Go to Church.*—If you are a young man just entering on business, it will establish your credit—what capitalist would not sooner trust a new beginner, who, instead of dissipating his time, his character, and his money, in dissolute company, attended to business on business days, and on the Sabbath appeared in the house of God. Go to church with a contrite heart, and bending a knee at the throne of your Maker, pour out a sincere thank-offering for the mercies of the past week.

Go to Church, Ladies; and when you are there remember the time and place. Let the vanities of the world be forgotten, and remember that religion most adorns the female character; that, if Christianity were compelled to flee the halls of legislators, the academies of philosophers and the haunts of busy men, her last altar would be the female breast, her last audience the cherub child kneeling at the feet of its mother.

*Strength and Beauty.*—"The glory of young men," says Solomon, "is their strength; and the beauty of old men is the gray head." But the strength of young men is not glorious, unless it be exerted in honest industry, or the pursuit of fair and honorable fame: Nor is the gray head of the old man beautiful, unless virtue and wisdom become its tenants, and its possessor has walked, and is walking, so far as age and infirmities will permit, in the paths of duty to his God and his fellow-creatures.

*Do as you are told.*—A little girl had been often told not to go into the parlor to play, but to stay in the nursery, while her mamma went out. However, one day she took her playthings and went there. As she was tossing her doll about, she did not think of the fire; but, running against the grate, her muslin frock caught fire, and she was dreadfully burnt. She carries the marks on her face and neck to the present day—the mark of her disobedience to her parent, and her carelessness. Question for the reader. Am not I sometimes disobedient and careless? Let conscience answer; and when you feel you are thus wicked, seek the forgiving grace of Christ, and be watchful over your own hearts.

Sir William Temple says, "a man has but these four things to choose out of—to exercise much; to be very temperate; to take physic; or be sick."

## POETRY.

### YOUTH AND AGE.

Can years of suffering be repaid  
By after years of bliss?  
When youth has fled, and health decayed,  
Can man taste happiness?  
When love's bright visions are no more,  
Nor high ambition's dream,  
Has heaven no kindred joy in store  
To gild life's parting beam?

Oh! bright, is youth's propitious hour,  
And manhood's joyous prime,  
When pleasure's sun and beauty's flower  
Adorn the march of time.  
But age has ripen, richer joy,  
When hearts prepared for heaven,  
Thrice tried, and pure of all alloy  
Rejoice in sins forgiven.

When long tried love still twines her wreath,  
Around the brow of age;  
And virtue the stern arm of death  
Disarms of all his rage;  
When friends, long cherished, still are true,  
When virtuous offspring bloom;  
Then man's enjoyment purest flows,  
Though ripening for the tomb.

West. Souv.

### A MOTHER'S LAMENT OVER HER DEAD INFANT.

How can I weep! the tear of pain  
Thy placid beauty would profane,  
Darken thy cheeks' unsullied snow,  
And wet the white rose on thy brow.

How can I sigh! the breathing deep,  
My baby, might disturb thy sleep;  
And thou, with that unclouded smile,  
Wouldest seem rebuking me the while.

How can I grieve! when all around  
I hear a sweet unearthly sound!  
The waving of my cherub's wings,  
The hymn my infant-angel sings.

Yet, lovely, tranquil as thou art,  
It was so cruel to depart,  
To close on me thy laughing eye,  
Unclasp thy little arms, and die!

But one hath whisper'd, Love! to thee,  
"Suffer my child to come to me."  
Then, Saviour! meekly I resign  
My baby, now for ever thine.

Bijou.

### DAWN.

Throw up the window, 'tis a morn for life;  
In its most subtle luxury. The air  
Is like a breathing from a rarer world;  
And the south wind seems liquid—it o'er steals  
My bosom and my brow so bathingly,  
It has come over gardens, and the flowers  
Thou kissed it are betrayed; for as it parts  
With its invisible fingers my loose hair,  
I know it has been trifling with the rose,  
And stooping to the violet. There is joy  
For all God's creatures in it. The wet leaves  
Are stirring at its touch, and birds are singing  
As if to breathe were music, and the grass  
Sends up its modest odour with the dew,  
Like the small tribute of humility.  
Lovely indeed is morning. I have drunk  
Its fragrance and its freshness, and have felt  
Its delicate touch, and 'tis a kindlier thing  
Than music, or a feast, or medicine.

Rot.



# YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Published Weekly, by WILLIS & RAND, at the Office of the Boston Recorder, No. 22, Congress-Street....Price One Dollar a year in advance, or \$1, 50, if not paid in advance.

No. 6.

BOSTON, JULY 2, 1829.

VOL. III.

## NARRATIVE.

### From the United States' Gazette. MATERNAL RESIGNATION. A SKETCH.

Enjoying the prime of the day in September last, about two miles from the city, I chanced to meet the "good morning" of a man, with a cordiality that evidently gained me a favorable estimation with him; and as his occupation was before him, and mine was unknown, I put ceremony aside at once, by asking information upon subjects connected with a farm which it seemed he was cultivating. While he was enlarging upon a topic that was evidently pleasing to him, though I must confess, it had little interest for me, beyond the pleasure of witnessing his animation, his wife came to the door with an infant in her arms.—I may have done her wrong in neglect; but the child possessed attractions superior to its parents at that moment; and, as if conscious of my feelings, the nursing stretched out his hands, and evinced a desire to approach me. I learned that it was an only son—the last of five; affection that had expanded over all others, had settled with intensity upon this—it was worth all a parent's love: I gazed long upon its perfect features, the soft blue eyes, and full dark lashes; and as I pressed my lips upon its face, the balmy fragrance of its breath was redolent of health. I had won upon the mother's esteem, by my attention to her boy; but a tear that fell from my eye, warm upon the infant's breast, showed her that while I joyed with her in the living, I could in deep affliction sympathise with her for the dead.

I know not how it was, but for some time there was scarcely a morning that I did not pass the house in my ride, and the boy, though not a year old, had learned to expect me. Let those who have not a fondness for children, pass on the other side of the way—there is enough in life with which to amuse themselves; I neither envy them their capacities for other enjoyments, nor would give one of that infant's smiles of recognition, for all their fancied pleasure.

The equinoctial rains made sad work with my calculations of riding, and it was not until the weather became settled, that I was enabled to renew my wonted excursions. It was about 3 o'clock, P. M. that I approached the dwelling of my new acquaintance: and as its low roof met my sight, the thought occurred, whether my little blue eyed friend would, after a lapse of two weeks, recognise his former acquaintance. I confess that as I moved towards him, some little anxiety was experienced that he should give evidence of pleasure at my return. I had furnished my pockets with some trifles for him, and anticipated his pleasure at the reception—the delight with which he would reach forward to catch them, and the pleasure that would dance in his eye or play round his mouth, as he received the tokens of my affection. His mother, too, had ever shown so much gratification at my fondness for her boy, that I promised myself pleasure in her delight.

Pursuing these anticipations, I arrived, by a short turn in the road, directly in front of the dwelling, without discovering a single member of the family. The stopping of the horse, in front of the house, I thought would soon bring some one to the door. I waited several minutes—no one appeared. The family might be absent, or perhaps sick; the last thought determined me; so dismounting, I opened the wicket gate, and proceeded under an arbor of grape vines, to the house.—The front door was open, and I entered. The parlor

was vacant; as I was crossing it, I saw the door of a side room opened; I turned towards it—and the cause of the unwonted silence of the habitation, was before me. On a table against the wall of the room, rested a COFFIN, with a single step I was at its side; I looked in; it contained the inanimate form of my little favorite. For a moment I turned away in the agony of disappointment; I looked again—it was too true; and my hopes, childish almost as those I had excited in him, lay blighted. As I gazed upon the cold remains before me, my feelings subsided, and I recovered that tone which the well regulated mind never loses. It was but to divest myself of those acquired feelings concerning death, and the child that lay before me, was as lovely and as deserving admiration as when alive. The beautiful glossiness of his prominent forehead, was set off by the fine silky hair that stretched in a semicircle towards the temples; there was a transparency in the skin, through which the blue veins showed with wonderful distinctness; and the budding whiteness of the teeth was discernable between the slightly opened lips; his little hands were crossed below its breast—their beauty had not departed:—But the eyes, as I gazed upwards, gleamed glassy between the lids, through their long dark lashes; and as the light flickered through the vines near the window, I sometimes thought that life was returning to animate the lovely features on which I gazed. I stooped to press a kiss upon the face—it was cold, and the tears that I dropped upon it, trickled off as if they had fallen upon polished marble. As I raised my head from the coffin, my eyes met those of the mother.—We gaze upon the dead with regret for their loss; we look upon the inanimate corpse of an infant, and mourn that it is so soon snatched away; we dwell with fondness upon its features, treasure the memory of its beauties, and sigh that we cannot longer enjoy them. But when we see those whom the bereavement has left childless, standing by us in the dignity of grief, the silent cause of sorrow yet stretched before them, we shrink almost with awe from their presence. Such for a moment were my feelings. I wished myself absent from the scene that was about to ensue; but the extended hand of the afflicted parent, satisfied me that retreat would have been cruelty or cowardice. I pressed the hand of the mother in the ardor of sympathy, and our tears fell fast upon the snowy shroud of the out-stretched infant. She leaned forward and buried her face with *his* in the narrow coffin. Fearing the effects of this paroxysm of grief upon the mother, I would have withdrawn her. "Let me alone," said she; "I know by whom I have been afflicted, and in my sorrow I will not sin; neither will I charge God foolishly. But in my darling's sickness, he lay night and day upon my knees, until he died; and the kind officiousness of neighbors has kept me from a solitary indulgence of grief until now. Let me then, ere they shut him out of my sight forever—let me once more feel his face imprinting its features on my neck, though it be as cold as death. I came to yield up, in silence and solitude, my child to Him who gave it—but not without the feelings and grief of a mother. I have bowed to the chastisement—I have even kissed the rod that smote me; but I have not mistaken stoicism for resignation, nor offered the Lord an *unfeeling* for a *submissive* mind. Four times has the hand of heaven visited me in affliction, and I have not murmured: and now when the last lamb of the flock is taken, I have in the hour of prayer and solitude exclaimed—"the Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away,"—and when the passion of grief shall have subsided; when the cords of affection, now torn asunder, shall have ceased to bleed, and mourning shall have become

woven into the tissue of life, instead of being, as now, its whole web, then, perhaps, I may add,—*"blessed be the name of the Lord."* But, oh! so lovely, so bright in promise of all that a parent's heart can ask, and to lie now so cold!"

Again the mother threw herself upon the coffin, and nestled her face with that of her infant.

I saw that it was no time to offer consolation. She had restrained her grief during the presence of her neighbors; and now that she thought herself alone, she had come forth from her chamber, to indulge a mother's grief.

In a short time, the people of the vicinity were seen gathering towards the house, with a view of attending the funeral. The mother impressed a new kiss upon the lips of her dead child; she uttered one more burst of grief and shrunk to her chamber.

In a little while they screwed down the coffin lid, and a slight bustle denoted preparations for a procession to the grave. I followed among the very few whom the occasion had called together; and as we entered the city of the dead, I saw, by the little heap of fresh turned earth, where the tenement of my little favorite was prepared.

The line of followers assembled round the little grave, and the coffin lay at its mouth. At length the hoarse rumbling of the cords, and the suppressed sounds of clods falling far down upon the coffin, told that dust had been committed to dust. I looked for the officiating clergyman, and others appeared to await his service—there was none. It was now that I feared for the firmness of the mother; she had been almost distracted by grief when her child lay before her, in her own house—what could sustain her when she looked down into the deep pit, and see it there girt in with the dampness of the grave, lying cold and stretched out, forever to be separated from her gaze; and to become the companion and the prey of worms.

The father stepped forward, and looked down upon his child; he withdrew with clamorous grief. The mother advanced, and standing upon a little eminence of fresh earth, she gazed silently down. I could not see her face; but when she raised her head to retire, an expression of agony was passing from her features; her lips remained firmly closed, and her eyes were inflamed. As she stepped from the grave, she uttered, in scarcely an audible voice, "I shall go unto him, but he shall return no more unto me."

If there is one who reads this sketch, and feels that it is sometimes good to share in the sorrows of others, let him go forth as I have done, and he will find abundant food for sympathy, and numberless scenes in nature that will move and instruct, more than the wildest bodings forth of fancy.

## RELIGION.

From the Bap. Juv. Magazine, (Eng.)

### THE WEAVER BOY AND HIS MOTHER.

About twenty years ago, a lady near Dundee was going to visit a poor woman in the town, when she was directed by mistake to the house of another person. On knocking at the door, she was desired, by a low female voice, to come in.

She found a poor helpless woman in a bed, worn down by illness, and in a sad state, owing to a paralytic stroke she had had five years before, during which time she had been confined to her bed quite helpless. The lady began to pity her, but was surprised to hear her say that "she thought herself one of the happiest of mortals." The lady begged her to explain, on which the poor woman gave, in her simple language, the following account.—When very young, she had been left a widow with



an only son, who was twelve years old when she was seized with the stroke. Till that time, she had been able to maintain herself and son by spinning and other work, and also to pay a trifle for his learning. Since that heavy affliction, confined to her bed and deprived of the use of her limbs, she could do nothing for herself, and had no money to pay a nurse to wait upon her. Her little son, however, at this early age, trusting to the divine blessing, resolved to provide for her wants by the labor of his own hands, and thus lessen the distress of his poor mother. A neighbor now and then looked in upon her, to do her a kind turn; but her chief comfort and support were from the great affection and care of her son. He contrived to get such work in the factory as was suitable for one so young; and after cleaning and sweeping the room in which they lived, getting ready the breakfast, and making his mother comfortable for the day, he left her every morning with a smiling face, to attend to his work, and came back at night with his well-earned pittance, to enjoy a cheerful meal with his beloved parent; and thus for the space of five years had maintained himself and mother. But this is not all. The widow could not read. She had, however, taken care that her child should be taught when he was very young. He had read the Holy Scriptures, and not only read them, but had been led by the Spirit of God to delight in them; for he knew the truth as it is in Jesus. He wished very much that his dear mother should have the same pleasure and advantage which he enjoyed, and he resolved to teach her to read. She became his willing and his humble scholar, and in due time could read the Bible very well. By this means she had found a stream of comfort which she confessed had made her the happiest of women. It pleased the Almighty to open her heart by his Spirit, that, like Lydia, she might attend to the things which are spoken; and, with Mary, to sit at her Saviour's feet to hear his word. She added, that during her son's absence, it was her delight to meditate on the sacred volume, whose divine truths had filled her soul with humble hope and holy joy, and afforded her that peace which the world can neither give nor take away; and the thought that this blessing had been conveyed to her by the means of her own son, excited those feelings which a parent's heart can only know.

"Happy, ye poor, who know the Bible true,  
And in that charter read with sparkling eyes  
Your title to a treasure in the skies.  
With pure delight and humble love you know  
That Scripture is the only cure of woe.  
That field of promise, how it flings abroad  
Its odors o'er the Christian's thorny road!  
The soul, reposing on assured relief,  
Feels herself happy amidst all her grief,  
Forgets her labor as she toils along,  
Weeps tears of joy, and bursts into a song."

### LEARNING.

*From the Journal of Education.*

#### ACCOUNT OF A VISIT TO AN INFANT SCHOOL.

When we entered the school room, the children were eating their luncheon, and the teacher was standing in the midst.

'Have you any apples to divide?' he was asking; upon which three or four little hands were extended with an apple in each. He took them, and while he was cutting them, asked if there was any other word which they could think of besides 'dividing,' that meant the same thing. Some said 'separating,' some 'distributing,' and some 'giving away.' After he had dispensed all the apples but one, he asked them how many were willing he should have all that one himself. Every voice shouted 'I,' simultaneously. Then he went up to one of the children, and asked him whether he wanted all the apple he held in his hand, or had rather it should be divided among the rest. 'I want it all,' replied the little boy. 'Why?' 'Because I do.' 'But this is no reason at all. Are you generous when you want it all?' 'No—stingy! selfish!' exclaimed several. 'Well,' said the little boy, seeing the tide against him, 'give me half, and divide the other half among the rest.' 'Oh, but why

should you have so much more than the rest?' asked the teacher. 'Because he is selfish,' said one of the others.

The little claimant at last consented that all, and he among the rest, should have an equal share. After they had finished eating, the teacher told them he would read them a story, if they would like to hear one. They all held up their hands in token of assent, and entreated him to read about Peter Parley. So he took up the book and began, first telling them what the name, Parley, meant, and asking the meaning of the difficult words as he went on. He asked them, in one instance, what 'miserable' meant. One said, 'not comfortable'; another, 'poor'; and another pointed to the fire, (which was quite out,) and said, 'That is a miserable fire.' The teacher asked what 'violently' meant. 'Hard,' 'quick,' 'strong,' were some of their answers. But one of the children got down off his seat, and stamping with his foot, shouted in a loud voice, '*That is violently!*' After a while, the teacher shut up the book, and they all exclaimed, 'Oh, do finish the story.' 'If you don't, you are a naughty man,' said one. 'Am I?' said the teacher, looking at him with a smile. 'O, no; but do read some more.' By this time they had all got into confusion; and the teacher put the book upon his knee and said, 'Why don't I go on?' 'Because we are all making such a noise,' they replied. He did not bid them be still, but waited patiently until they had brought themselves to order, and then read on. When he had finished, he told them he was very glad they had *governed themselves*. When he sent them to their seats, he bid each one remember not to talk: then he gave them their slates, and wrote on the black board: 'Day' 'this' 'is' 'cloudy' 'a'—and told them he was going to make a sentence out of these words. One or two of them read it off directly; he told the rest, and they all wrote it upon their slates.

Then, for a variety of exercise, he drew a double circle with chalk upon the floor, and some of the children began to hop round it, while the teacher kept time with a little bell. After this, he went behind a table to hear them read, and they all stood round him. He found their places for them all, excepting one, who snatched the book out of his hand and exclaimed that he could find the place himself. The teacher immediately gave it up. But after looking in vain, the child pushed the book towards the teacher, who returned it to him, reminding him that he had said he *knew* he could find it. The little fellow looked again, and again offered the book to the teacher. 'No,' said the teacher; 'you said you could find it yourself.' At last, the child who stood next him showed him the place; and, with the heavy cloud lifted from his face, he looked up and exclaimed, 'I've found it, Sir.' 'I told him,' said the other. 'You should not have told him,' was all the teacher said, and the reading proceeded. I was struck very much with the teacher's judgment, in letting a fault punish itself so completely as it would have done, had not the help of the other child interfered.

When he sent them back to their seats, he supplied them all with picture books, telling them that if they asked for any more, what he had given them should be taken away. And I was struck too with the order and silence they kept, without any rule or command. He asked them 'why he wished them all to be still?' None replied; and so he answered himself: 'Because, if you all made a noise, we could not do any thing.' 'Oh, no, indeed!' they all responded. He asked them which was best, to govern themselves, or to be governed. They all said, 'To govern ourselves.' While some were reading to him, he bid the others paraphrase a sentence in their primers. When he called them up, one said that he did not paraphrase because he did not hear him say that he must. The teacher asked the rest if they heard, and they said 'Yes.' He then said to the boy, 'Did you not really hear me say you must write this?' 'No, Sir.' 'Tell me exactly; for there is One who knows whether you heard.' The boy still persisted that he did not. The teacher then turned to the rest

and said that if this boy did not say what was true once, they would never be able to believe him afterwards: 'What if I should tell you to-day, to be sure and come here to-morrow at nine o'clock, and that I should certainly be here; and then you should come and find the door locked, and me not here, and so on a great many times? What would you begin to think I was?' 'A very wicked man,' said one. 'Certainly, so I should be; and you would never know what to do; and if every body told falsehoods, what a world it would be; we should not be able to do any thing.' He said no more; but I suspect the lesson was understood by the offender.

### THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

*From the Youth's Herald.*

#### BARE-HEADED SABBATH SCHOLARS.

A Sabbath School Missionary, laboring in Vermont, spent a little time in a village among the mountains. It was in a pleasant vale; and to him an interesting spot: for its inhabitants were just awaking to the importance of Sabbath School instruction. Many of the people had *ears to hear*, and were disposed to *act*; but there were others who did not care about Sabbath Schools. The Missionary visited a family of these careless ones, and found a number of children, who very much needed Sabbath School instruction. He talked with them, and their mother; and urged upon them the importance of studying the Bible, and going to Sabbath School. The mother made many excuses:—The children's clothes were poor, and they had neither hats nor shoes at all. The Missionary felt that those excuses were better than many others; but still, could not bear the thought of having those poor children grow up ignorant of the Bible. He told them and their mother, that the object of Sabbath Schools was not to see who could *dress* best, but *learn* best:—That the children could go, even if their clothes were badly worn, and they were barefooted, and bareheaded:—That if they were washed clean, and behaved well, the teachers would like them as much as if they were richly dressed; and they could get all the good just as well. The mother said that the rich children would laugh at them; but the Missionary told her that their teachers would not let them. So she consented, and the children promised to go.

The next morning, (which was Sabbath,) these bareheaded and barefooted children, called on the Missionary, to learn where the lesson was. He told them—gave them some Tracts—spoke kindly to them,—and sent them away to learn their lessons.

When the bell rung, he went to the Sabbath School; and soon, to his joy, came in his barefooted and bareheaded Sabbath scholars. They were clean—behaved well—and were more worthy of their teacher's love, than many who dressed richly.

Now, dear children, when you think you can't go to Sabbath School, because your clothes are poor; think of those *bareheaded* and *barefooted* children—be ashamed of your vanity—and go to school without making any excuses; always remembering, that it is more important to clothe the mind with useful knowledge, and the heart with good feelings, than the body with a fine dress.

### THE NURSERY.

*From the Youth's Friend.*

#### THE GOOD-TEMPERED CHILD.

"What a good-tempered little boy Arthur is," said Mr. Brown to his children, when they were all sitting by a blazing fire at tea, one evening. "I never see him but with a smile upon his countenance; and his mamma tells me, that she never to her recollection knew him to be in a passion yet."

"What is it to be good-tempered, papa?" asked Olivia.

"To be good-tempered, my love, is to be obliging to all around; to be satisfied with the goodness



of an indulgent God; prompt to please; slow to take offence; quick to forgive; easy to be amused; and affectionately attached to your friends: these are some of the fruits of a good temper, and you cannot be said to be really good-tempered without excelling in these things."

"But we are not all like that, papa," whispered Ann, in a low voice.

No, my dear, I wish you were: some of you, I am sorry to say, are very far from it; some of you are proud, passionate, and peevish; and all this must be subdued before you will be good-tempered. You must become more humble, meek children, before you will be like Arthur."

"But how can we become more like our little fellow, papa?"

"Why, my dear, in the first place, you must seek for the grace of God to subdue the natural depravity of your hearts, to bring down your perverse wills to his will, and to make you gentle and mild. But Arthur has his faults; and I would rather hear you ask how you may become like the blessed Jesus. You know 'he has left us an example, that we should follow in his steps;' and, we should set his adorable example constantly before us, and daily copy after him. He has said, that his yoke is easy, and his burden is light; and the closer we cleave to him, the more shall we partake of his spirit, and the more shall we become like unto him. We must ever watch the first risings of wicked tempers, and endeavour, in humble dependence on divine assistance, to overcome them; we must never give way to unkind and evil intentions; we must seek to smother all wrathful and revengeful feelings; we must cover with forgiving love, the failings of others; we must have an humble opinion of ourselves; and, in a few words, we must 'be pitiful—be courteous.'"

"We will all study the history of Jesus more; and we will observe Arthur more closely."

"That will be well, certainly, and no one will rejoice more over your improvement in temper than your affectionate father. It is my continual object to train you up as the children of God; and I would that all bitterness, and wrath, and clamour, were put away far from you, with all malice and guile. 'Love as brethren;' bear and forbear; pity and pardon; and may you, each of you, be the children of your Father who is in heaven; and, as you hope to be forgiven by the merciful Redeemer, so be always kind and forgiving in your temper."

## OBITUARY.

From the Youth's Journal.

### ACCOUNT OF THE HAPPY DEATH OF CATHARINE T—, AGED EIGHT YEARS.

Catharine T—, was early admitted as a member of a Sunday School; and the instruction which she received, proved, through the divine blessing, of great benefit to her. She made considerable progress in her learning, and soon got into the Bible class. Her love to the school was great, and she would not be kept from it, if it were possible for her to attend. On Sunday morning, as she was going to school, her mother observed a rent in her clothes; she called her back, and desired her to let her mend it; but she said, 'No mother, if my clothes were full of holes, I would not have them mended on the Sabbath: my teachers tell me it is wrong, and it is my duty to mind them.' She took great pleasure in learning Dr. Watts' hymns, and other pieces of poetry.—The following verses, in which she delighted, she had wrought in needlework, to keep by her:

Still toss'd, I, tempestuous, on the sea of life,  
My little bark is driven to and fro;  
With winds and waves I hold unequal strife,  
Nor can decide the doubtful course I go.  
Contenting passions are the storms that rise,  
And error's darkness clouds the mental ray:  
The lamp of reason seldom guides the skies  
With equal lustre to direct my way.  
But there's an hour when all these storms shall cease,  
And darkness fly, and rising suns appear;  
My bark be shelter'd in the port of peace,  
And ride eternal at an anchor there.

She often seemed to be concerned about her precious soul; and would say to her mother, 'I trust my little bark will reach the port of peace.' About a fortnight before she was taken ill, she asked her mother what sort of a place heaven was: her mother said, it was a place where all good people went, and that Jesus Christ had died that she might go there. She said her teachers often told her, about Jesus Christ, and what he had done and suffered for sinners: and she hoped that she should go and be with him. She then repeated the following verse, which she was very fond of:

Grant me, O Lord, thy early grace;  
Nor let my soul complain  
That the young morning of my days  
Has all been spent in vain.

The evening before she was taken ill, she was at school, and as well as usual; but the next day she was taken with a putrid fever. As she was desirous that some of the teachers should come and pray by her, I visited her, and found her in a very weak condition; but her mind was very happy. She said, she did not wish to live, but she wanted to be with Jesus, for he had pardoned her sins. I then spent a few minutes in prayer with her, in which she seemed earnestly engaged. After I was gone, she called her mother and said, 'O how I love the teachers of the school, for they have taught me that which is good;' she then gave out, and endeavored to sing the following verses, which shows how deeply she saw herself a sinner:

Lord, at thy feet, ashamed I lie,  
Upward I dare not look;  
Pardon my sins before I die,  
And blot them from thy book.  
Remember all the dying pains  
That my Redeemer felt;  
And let his blood wash out my stains,  
And answer for my guilt.

The day following she was taken with convulsive fits, which deprived her at times of her senses, her sufferings were now very great, but the Lord, who has said, "As thy days thy strength shall be," supported her under them. Two days after, she told her mother how she should wish to be buried, and said, 'O mother, I am almost dead, but I shall soon be with God.' The next day but one I called, and found her near death. She was unable to speak, but lifted up her eyes to heaven, while her countenance expressed the happiness she felt. She continued in this state two days longer, when, after a severe and distressing night of suffering, in the morning her bark reached the port of peace, in the 9th year of her age. May our last end be like hers. W. N.

## MORALITY.

### EARLY RISING.

My dear young friends, permit a mother who is anxious for the spiritual and temporal interests of her own dear children, and the rising generation in general, to suggest a few motives to enforce upon your minds the vast importance of redeeming time, by a constant practice of early rising. The first persuasive, and that which should ever have a powerful effect on the youthful mind, is, that it is the command of God.—Yes, that gracious God, who has given you being and time, has commanded you to improve it. My young friends, if you seriously read your Bibles, (and I hope not one who reads this paper, neglects that blessed book,) you will find abundant proof of this.—2d. The best and most useful characters that have lived, have been improvers of time; and to attain this important end, they have been early risers.—3d. Bad men have been in general, wasters of time. I have been informed by a friend of mine, who knew the character of a very rich, but a very wicked man, who died some years ago in the city, who with his last agonizing breath, exclaimed, "twenty thousand pounds for a week, sixty thousand pounds for a day, an hundred thousand pounds for an hour." With these awful but unavailing expressions on his quivering lips, he expired, leaving behind him a solemn admonition to redeem time.—A 4th reason for early rising, is the old saying—one hour in

the morning is always worth two in the evening; the animal spirits being, after a composed night's rest, so lively and vigorous, that we rise not only refreshed, but with new life.

And here let us pause for a moment and say, How little, how very little, our minds are affected, and our hearts grateful for the inestimable blessing of sweet and quiet sleep.—5th. Early rising is strongly enforced upon the young, by the consideration that this is the only period, in the short space allowed them here below. If in youth, when the mind is free from those many anxieties that are ever connected with the names of husband, wife, parent, master, and servant; if then we do not improve the golden hours, they are gone forever. 6th. We may learn from the feathered tribe, to rise early in the morning; the birds leave their nests at the first appearance of dawning day; while we are slumbering, they are singing, and, by their activity, rebuke our slothfulness. 7th. The early part of the morning, is the very best time to behold the beauties of creation: what is lost by slumbering away the most important period of our existence, is not easy to say. Who, that has beheld that glorious light, a rising sun, (which, while we gaze on with astonishment and delight, we scarce wonder the heathens worshipped it,) but has been richly repaid for rising early. The beauties of creation are beyond language to describe, and like their Almighty Former, they are wonderful, sought out of them that have pleasure in them.—8th. Poverty and want, are frequently the attendants on sloth and indolence; thus speaks the word of eternal truth, Prov. xxiv. 33. 34. "Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep; so shall thy poverty come as one that travelleth, and thy want as an armed man." My young friends, are you by a kind indulgent Providence, placed in the more easy station of life? Every thing speaks loudly to you to improve that time and leisure, a gracious God has given, before it is too late. Are you in the more humble path? Equally loud do all those motives speak to you to improve time, and to you in particular, by early rising. If God gives you a heart, my dear young friends, to attend to these hints, from one who has experienced the blessedness of early rising, my design will be accomplished, and you will be benefited. A MOTHER.

## EDITORIAL.

### "WHAT A HOST OF MINISTERS."

So said little Charlotte, as she looked from her father's window, and beheld some fifty or sixty preachers of the gospel going up together to the house of God. "Why, Ma," continued she, "I never saw so many ministers before; and I did not know there were so many in the whole country; what are they all coming here for, and where do they come from?" "The Lord Jesus has a great many servants, my dear," said her mother, "who delight to preach his word, and tell poor sinners of their Saviour's love. There are hundreds of them in this happy land, and even two or three thousand, whom you never saw; but this great company as you think it is, is only a small number, a mere handful, compared with the whole. And yet there is need of a great many more: for great multitudes of our fellow countrymen are as sheep scattered upon the mountains having no shepherd: and then the millions of the heathen world, you know, sit in darkness and the shadow of death, and none proclaims among them the unsearchable riches of Christ." "But Ma," said Charlotte, "what are these ministers going to do in our meeting house? They will not all preach to-day, I suppose. Why do they not go into as many towns as there are ministers, and then they can all preach, and a great many more people will hear." "It is," said her mother, "the meeting of the General Association of Massachusetts. There are one or two ministers from each of the smaller associations, one or more of which exist in each county. These all come together, to transact business; to converse and pray together as brethren and fellow servants of the same Lord; to tell each other of their labors and



trials, and the success of their preaching; and to help each other to plan what they may further do to promote the kingdom of Christ." "I think," said the little girl, "I should like to hear what they say, and see what they do." "You may go, my dear," said her mother; "do you not see that the people are coming together? This is a public meeting, and if you should like it, I will take you with me, for I am going myself."

The mother and daughter, with other members of the family, were soon on their way to the meeting-house, and made there a part of a large assembly. The Association had had their business meeting before this time, though Charlotte had not seen them, because she was absent from home. At this meeting, one of the gray-headed fathers preached a solemn sermon; and then followed what is usually called the *Narratives of the state of religion*. The exercise was confined to these; though there were other public meetings, where ministers addressed the people about giving the Bible to the poor; about sending Missionaries to the people who sit in darkness; about persuading men to avoid strong drink; and about several other ways of doing good. But the meeting to which Charlotte first went, was one where she heard the Narratives concerning the state of religion. And if our readers could have been there too, they would probably have been as attentive and pleased as Charlotte was. Let us describe it to them as well as we can.

First, a minister from the county of Berkshire went up into the desk; and children know that that county is in the western part of the State, beyond Connecticut river, bounding on the State of New-York, and part of it lying west of the highlands or ridge of mountains. It was therefore a great distance from the place of meeting, which was near the eastern or atlantic shore of the state; and the minister had come a great way to tell and hear what the Lord is doing for Zion. He proceeded to tell the number of churches in the Berkshire Association; the number of settled pastors; the number of churches that have no ministers; the whole number of members in the churches, and the number of persons added to them during the past year. He told also about Sabbath Schools and Bible classes in the several towns; what efforts are made to instruct and save the precious youth; and whether any of them had repented and turned unto the Lord. He spoke also about the churches and their members; whether they were united and peaceful; whether they continue instant in prayer, aiding benevolent societies, and attempting to save sinners; and whether the Lord is adding to them frequently those that shall be saved. He told where there have been revivals of religion, and how many persons appeared to be converted and brought out of darkness into light. But he was obliged to say at this time, that the Spirit of God had departed, and that for months past no place in the whole Association had been blessed with a general revival.

This minister was followed by another from the county of Franklin, who gave an account of the churches in that Association in the same manner. Then came others from the counties of Hampden, Hampshire, Worcester, and so on through the Commonwealth. They did not repeat the same things, of course; because the state of the churches was not precisely the same in any two counties. But all aimed to give a true account of the churches and the people as they really are, and to show what God had done among them for their salvation and the glory of his name. When the ministers of this State had concluded, there was one come forward from each of the States of Connecticut, Vermont, New-Hampshire and Maine, who described the condition of religion in those States. Two ministers of Christ were also present, one of whom spoke, who were sent by the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church; whose congregations and ministers are spread over almost all the United States, and whose representatives at this time came from beyond the Alleghany mountains. Charlotte's little mind could not grasp the great countries which were presented before her; and was almost

lost and confounded by hearing of so many churches, and ministers, and congregations, and Sabbath Schools. Yet she was delighted, and often affected to tears by the solemn narrations which she heard.

Charlotte learned that afternoon, to correct some erroneous apprehensions which she had before indulged; and became much more interested than she had ever before been, in the ministers of Christ, in the people of God, and in all that belongs to the cause of truth and salvation. We hope she will feel the influence of the meeting all her days; and that many other children and youth, who attend the religious meetings of the present times, will be interested and instructed by them, and even made wise unto salvation.

#### MISCELLANY.

##### WONDERFUL SAGACITY OF THE DOG.

*Montreal, June 9.*—A few days back as the child of Mr. John Rot, merchant, of this city, was leaning over the bannister of the stairs in the upper part of the house, he lost his balance, tumbled over, and in the act of falling down a considerable height, was fortunate enough to lay hold of a rail, by means of which he was upheld, suspended in a manner in the air. A dog belonging to the same gentleman, seeing the danger the child was in, sprang instantaneously to his relief, and extending himself over the bannister from the stairs above, laid hold of him in this dangerous and alarming situation, and raising him up, drew him back over the bannister, depositing him on the stairs in safety. Instances of the wisdom and benevolence of this excellent animal in preserving human life are numerous; and, to the credit of the species, are frequently recorded. We witnessed an instance ourselves of a child preserved in a similar way, from drowning in the river Liffey; the infant sprang out of the nurse's arms off the parapet, and would have perished but for the dog of a gentleman accidentally passing, which plunging in saved him. The father of the child, a wealthy merchant, offered £300 for the animal, but could not prevail on the owner to part with him. [*Irish Investigator.*]

*A Simple Story.*—About one hundred years ago, there lived in Massachusetts, a clergyman who had a respectable neighbor, belonging to his parish, who was notoriously addicted to lying—not from any malicious or pecuniary purpose, but from a perverse habit.—The parson was every day grieved by the evil example of his neighbor. The person was *Captain Clark*, a friend of the parson's, in all temporal matters, and a man useful in the parish. But his evil example, was a source of much inquietude to the parson.—He was determined to preach a sermon, especially for the occasion.—Accordingly he took his text,—“Lie not one to another.” He expatiated on the folly, the wickedness, and evil example of lying, in such a pointed manner, that nearly every person present, thought that the parson was aiming at the Captain. Meeting being done, some one said to the Captain, what did you think of the sermon?—Excellent, excellent, he replied, but I could not, for my life, keep my eyes off old *Mother Syminton*, thinking how she must feel, for the parson certainly meant her. This story was told the writer, by his mother, who was a daughter of the clergyman, and heard the sermon—to which she added, my son, when you hear any folly, or vice, exhibited from the pulpit, before you look out for a *Mother Syminton*, look within yourself, and see if *Captain Clark*, is not there. Her advice has had some effect, and perhaps may have again. [*Philadelphia Daily Advertiser.*]

*Unexpected Speech.*—“A drinking club that had a negro boy attending them, who used to mimic people for their diversion, ordered the boy to mimic Mr. Whitefield, which he was very unwilling to do—but they insisting upon it, he stood up and said, “I speak the truth in Christ; I lie not: unless you repent you will all be damned.” This unexpected speech broke up the club, which have not met since.—*Memoirs of Rev. Mr. Whitefield.*

*Morning Walks in Boston.*—The last number of the *Ladies' Magazine* has an article on the Country, from which we make the following extract relative to the Common:—“If you cannot take a trip to the country, at least take a walk around the Common. What a tyrant is fashion! Fashion has proscribed the Common,—and our young and lovely ladies endure a stroll through the heated, dusty air of Washington-street, threading their way among the crowds collected around stage-houses, and beneath shop-awnings, rather than dare enjoy a promenade in one of the most beautiful places to be found in our country; perhaps in the world. Will Boston folks always keep their Mall and Common for strangers to admire, without enjoying either themselves?”

#### POETRY.

##### THE BLIGHTED FLOWER.

“*The Spoiler Came.*”

There bloomed a lovely little flower,  
And in the wild it grew;  
'Twas born in summer's sweetest hour,  
And round its rude, secluded bower,  
A blessed fragrance threw.  
Chill autumn came with frown severe,  
And swept the verdant spot;  
The tree was stript, the leaf was sear,  
Yet 'midst the waste so sad and drear,  
The floweret perish'd not.  
Stern winter now his mantle white  
O'er autumn's ravage threw;  
Cold was the day, a drear the night,  
And yet the floweret left no blight,  
But beautiful still it grew.  
A being of angelic form,  
All heavenly to behold,  
Espied—and from the wintry storm,  
The floweret in his mansion warm,  
He shielded from the cold.  
A while it shed a fragrance round,  
Till all its sweets were fled,  
Then like a weed, 'twas drooping found,  
Neglected—trdden to the ground—  
Pale—wither'd—blighted—dead!  
Oh, would'st thou know that being's name—  
The mansion, and its guest?  
MAN, MAN!—to thy eternal shame,  
Thou, and that being are the same—  
WOMAN, the floweret doom'd to shame,  
The mansion curs'd, thy breast!

##### TO MY BOY.

Frederic, 'tis Sabbath day, my love,  
Hang up thy little drum;  
Lay by thy sword and rocking-horse,  
And to thy mother come.  
Nay, put aside that pretty whip,  
For so unwilling he;  
But come, and let thy playthings rest,  
And sit a while with me.  
See'st thou the church on yonder green?  
And people gathering there?  
They do not now diversion seek—  
They meet for holy prayer.  
And God, who dwells beyond the sky,  
Sends from his throne above  
Blessings upon those humble souls  
Who worship him in love.  
He gives thee every thing thou hast,  
Life, health, and friends, and food;  
Wilt thou not love his holy day?  
And love a God so good?  
Now look abroad on yonder scene  
The air is still and sweet;  
There is the green and waving grass  
So soft beneath thy feet.  
And here's the tree above thy head;  
And here thou oft hast played,  
And heard the pretty birds sing out  
Their morning serenade.  
And is not this a lovely world,  
So sweet, so fair, so bright?  
The sun, how glorious in the morn—  
The moon, how mild at night—  
The twinkling stars, that glisten down  
Upon yon streamlet clear,  
And shine upon the awful deep,  
That rolls its billows near.  
And Frederic—God did unke it all—  
And yonder little bird,  
And glorious sun, and earth, and sea,  
Exist but by his word.  
Then come and fold thy willing hands,  
Let no wild thoughts intrude,  
But thank thy God for all his good,  
In cheerful gratitude.  
And ne'er again, my darling boy,  
Indulge in foolish play,  
And break upon the sacred calm  
Of God's own Sabbath day. [*Ladies' Magazine.*]



# YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Published Weekly, by WILLIS & RAND, at the Office of the Boston Recorder, No. 22, Congress-Street....Price One Dollar a year in advance, or \$1, 50, if not paid in advance.

No. 7.

BOSTON, JULY 9, 1829.

VOL. III.

## NARRATIVE.

### AFFECTING DEATH OF A YOUNG OFFICER.

One of the recent English publications furnishes us with the touching narrative annexed. Its simple language gives one of the most striking representations of the horrors of *Hydrophobia* that we have any where met with; and if the impression on any mind, shall be an inducement to avoid exposure, in most cases needless, to one of the direst maladies that afflict humanity, the tale will not have been told in vain.—*Atlas*.

About three months ago, a large French dog, belonging to one of the officers, was observed to grow uncommonly surly, and attempted to bite at every dog he met in the streets: this change of temper in the animal was attributed by his master (who was very fond of him) to his having eaten a quantity of meat which had been given to him highly seasoned with pepper, &c. However, towards the evening of the day on which the change in the animal was perceived, he became at intervals quite outrageous, and bit his master and two more officers who happened to be in the room: notwithstanding, his master was inclined to think it was done more in rude play than any thing else; consequently, no measure was taken to secure him. That evening I saw the dog, and thought him uncommonly ruffled; when I attempted to caress him, and was patting him on the back, he turned at me, and savagely growled, although he used to know me well. The next day he was more violent, and furiously bit at several dogs who crossed his way; still, unfortunately, no measure was taken to secure him, his master supposing nothing was the matter with him. On the evening of the second day, the dog was lying in his master's room perfectly tranquil, when this unfortunate young man, (who has fallen the victim) entered; he remained in it some time before the dog took any notice of him; however, he suddenly made a spring at him, seized him by the shoulder, and pulled him to the ground, and tore the arm down to the shoulder, and was with difficulty taken off him. A sergeant of the regiment happened to enter the room on duty, about this time, the dog seized him by the leg, and tore away a considerable portion of the flesh; he bit also two soldiers, one by the nose and the other on the hand. Still the animal was suffered to be at large, and even slept in his master's room by his bed-side, and licked his face repeatedly. The following morning the master of the dog began to feel some alarm, and asked me to go with him to look at him. I advised him to have him shot; he agreed. As we were going to the spot where he lay, he bolted up, snapping at every thing which came in his way. He passed close by me; I called him, but he did not notice me. He ran through the streets of Dublin; bit a number of dogs, and a child; he attempted to seize a man, who fortunately had a hammer in his hand, with which he struck him on the head and killed him.—The tongue of the dog was immediately cut out on the spot by a physician, who on examination pronounced the animal to have been in an advanced state of hydrophobia. None of the officers or soldiers who had been bitten knew the decision of the physician; nor did they know of any ill effects having arisen to those who had been bitten. However, the child died; and three dogs which had been bitten died in about six weeks, exhibiting symptoms of hydrophobia. All this was kept secret, therefore no cause of alarm from report could have excited hydrophobic feelings in the unfortunate young man who has fallen a sacrifice; on the contrary, he was in high spirits, and applied for leave of absence to go and see his friends in Worcestershire, as he had some intentions of

being married. He obtained leave, thinking it might divert his attention, and he left us with the same flow of spirits. During his absence, all was forgotten; and those remaining who had suffered, (though not quite so severely,) recovered their cheerful habits. The period of leave granted to my poor friend having expired, he set out from his father's house a few days ago, in perfect health to join his regiment. (This he told me a few hours before he died.) When he got to Birmingham, he said he had a curious taste in his mouth, which made him not relish his breakfast as usual. However, it gave him no alarm, nor did he again think of it till he got to Shrewsbury, when he found he had a great disrelish to both eatables and drinkables when put before him, although he felt an inclination to eat and drink when not before him. He could not account for this, but observed he felt no alarm, until he called for porter, feeling thirsty. When it was brought, he put it to his mouth, but the moment he took a mouthful, he dashed the glass from his lips, and spit the porter over the table, and I believe the passengers rose up and said he was mad.—This extraordinary feeling, of not being able to eat and drink, though he wished to do so, caused him some uneasiness, though he was willing to believe it was the effect of a sore throat, and comforted himself under this idea. He proceeded by the coach to Holy-head, ruminating what could be the cause of this sensation, when the coach passed a small lake of water, the surface of which being ruffled by the wind, he immediately shuddered at the sight, and with a kind of horror he could not describe, hid his face with his hands:—for the first time, the dreadful idea of hydrophobia struck him.—When he arrived at Holy-head, he wished to wash before dinner, and called for water; when it was brought to him, and in the act of putting it towards his face, he screamed violently, threw the water about the room, and was convulsed for some time: the servant left the room alarmed. He then tried to clean his teeth, but could not get the brush into his mouth, on account of the water remaining upon it. The packet by this time was ready to sail, and he embarked. Poor fellow! while he was relating his sad tale to me, we were sitting together by the fire-side, he having just landed from Holy-head, which place he sailed from the night before; consequently, this was the third day only since his attack at Shrewsbury. He had then been on shore about two hours, and had ordered a coach, and drove up to the royal barracks. Before he began to tell me, on his arrival, of the symptoms he had experienced on his journey, he greeted me on our first meeting with, "How are you, my dear fellow? Here I am at last, returned, but I fear with hydrophobia!" I affected to laugh at it, but was much shocked, and replied, it could only be imaginary: he said, it could not be so, for he thought he should have died coming on shore, in the boat; he was so much affected at the sight of the water, that they were obliged to cover him, in order that he might not see it. He also observed, that if he had remained on board one day longer, he felt convinced that he should have died mad. I was still inclined to think there might be a good deal of imagination in my friend, and endeavored to persuade him to believe so; although I cannot describe the poignancy of my feelings, at hearing him relate what he suffered at intervals since he left Shrewsbury. In the course of our conversation, some dogs began to bark in the barrack-yard: he sprang up suddenly from his chair, looking over my shoulder, and said in a hurried manner, "Dogs!" If I were to live a thousand years, I should never forget that moment; something struck me so forcibly that the poor suf-

ferer would die, that I was afraid to meet his eyes, fearing he might discern signs of alarm in me from emotion. He was in the act of peeling an orange, which we had persuaded him to try to eat, as he had taken nothing since he rejected the porter at Shrewsbury. When he had taken off the rind, he put a small piece into his mouth; but as soon as he felt the liquid, he became greatly convulsed, spit out the orange, and gave an inward scream. When he recovered himself, he burst into a fit of laughter, and said, "There! was not that like the bark of a dog?" A physician arrived soon after, who is eminent in Dublin. As soon as he entered the room, the poor fellow apologised to him for having given him the trouble to come, as he thought he had symptoms of hydrophobia, but believed it was only the effect of a sore throat, therefore would give him no further trouble. He appeared to catch at any thing which might give hopes of life. We were very anxious to learn the decision of the physician, on his leaving the room: upon inquiry, he pronounced his death to be inevitable. It is unnecessary to describe the state of our minds on receiving this melancholy news:—to know that our brother officer, with whom we were conversing, to all external appearance in perfect health and apparent spirits, was to be numbered with the dead in a few hours, was deeply distressing. The doctor added, that he was in an advanced stage of hydrophobia, that bleeding him copiously, in order that he might die easy, was the only thing that could now be done for him. I remained with him some time, conversing about various things, (though completely forced on my part,) as his spirits remained good. On leaving him, I asked him when he intended to dine at the mess; he replied, he could not dine with us that day, but he thought he should be able to do so in a day or two, when his sore throat was better. After he was bled he felt relieved, thought he should sleep well, and hoped to be able to drink water by the next morning. Some time after, in the course of the evening, he appeared at intervals rather wild and confused, and told an officer to get out of his way, or he would bite him. Afterwards, he became more tranquil, and sent his compliments to one of the married ladies of the regiment for a prayer-book. About midnight he became very violent, so that three men could scarcely hold him: he afterwards recovered a little, and fell into a kind of slumber, which was disturbed by his springing up now and then, crying out, "Do you hear the dogs?" in a quick and hurried voice: he also imagined at times that he barked like a dog. He requested he might be left alone, about one o'clock in the morning, his servant only remaining in the room, when, in about ten minutes, he looked up to the man, quite calm and collected, and said, "he regretted that his mother and sisters were not with him." He then prayed a short time, turned himself round, burying his face in the pillow, and expired without a groan.—Such was the melancholy end of one of the finest young men in his majesty's service.

## THE NURSERY.

From the Juvenile Miscellany.

### SELFISH SPORTS.

Emily Charlton was between nine and ten years of age. She was a very good child, but it must not be supposed that she was entirely free from faults; though she often did what was foolish rather than wrong. She was very timid, and we shall see how silly this made her appear. Among other things, she was exceedingly afraid in the dark. Many children may think this almost im-



possible, and wonder that any one should be so foolish as to be afraid of *nothing*; for what is the dark but the absence of light? There are others, however, as unwise as Emily, and they perhaps will learn a lesson from this story.

Emily's cousin, Louisa Vernon, was making her a visit; she was two years older than Emily, and ought consequently to have been much wiser; but this was not the case. Without intending wrong, she was often betrayed into it by thoughtlessness. From this cause, she would sometimes tease Emily merely for her own amusement; at others she treated her with kindness; and Emily, who was sweet tempered, never mentioned to her mother any of her little difficulties with her cousin.

Children may suppose that teasing does little harm. It, however, often produces evils of which they are not aware. It is extremely hurtful to the temper, by occasioning a constant fretfulness. Boys, especially, consider this one of their chief privileges, much to the annoyance of their poor sisters; but they would do well, not to indulge themselves in that which renders them quite as disagreeable, as faults which result from decidedly bad feelings.

Whenever Emily's mother perceived any difference between the two girls, and asked the occasion of it, Louisa would answer, "I was only teasing her a little, ma'am." Her aunt not suspecting the extent to which she carried it, contented herself with simply requesting her to desist from a foolish habit. Now although Louisa was fond of her aunt, and liked to please, she could not always command herself sufficiently to refrain from her favorite sports, of which, in various ways, Emily was the victim. Sometimes she would adroitly hide an interesting book, or when Emily was reading intently, would suddenly obscure the page; at others, she would oppose her passage down the stairs, or prevent the opening of a door, or drawer, with a hundred similar little devices. By degrees, she ventured on bolder flights of mischief, to which she was excited upon observing the effect she had produced on Emily, by the relation of a frightful story.

"Do," said the poor child, "do Louisa, go up to bed with me, to-night."

"Why, you always go alone," replied Louisa, "on other nights; why not now?"

"So I do," answered Emily, "but I cannot help thinking of that dreadful story you have just told me."

Louisa complied with her request, but it was only to inflict new terrors.

"Ah, now," thought she, "I can play her some fine tricks!"

She resolved to give her a fright, therefore, that very night. "For surely," said she, "there can be no harm in it; it is only for a little play." So after the candle was extinguished, Louisa crept softly under Emily's bed, and gently raised it up and down. At first the motion was hardly perceived by the little girl; but after a short time she observed it, thought it very strange, and immediately concluding there must be some one concealed there for bad purposes, was sadly terrified. She did not dare to move; still the motion continued; till at length no longer able to bear it, she began to cry. Louisa upon hearing her, came from her hiding place.

"It is only I, Emily," said she.

"Oh dear!" exclaimed Emily, "how could you frighten me so? Don't ever do so again. I'm sure you wouldn't, if you knew how it made me feel."

Louisa was sorry for what she had done, and half determined not to err again in a similar manner. But her good resolutions gave way to every opportunity, which occurred for the indulgence of her "fun." If Emily was going upstairs in the dark, Louisa was at her post to rush suddenly out upon her; and by a repetition of terrifying stories, she so wrought on her, that at length the poor child scarcely dared to step out of the parlour in the evening.

One night she was told to go up stairs for a book.

"You will want no lamp, my dear," said her mother, "there is a fire in the room, which will afford you sufficient light." Emily obeyed; she did not like to object, knowing how silly she should appear. She went trembling, however, and so frightened that she could scarcely breathe. No sooner had she entered the room, than she beheld a strange and frightful figure spring at the foot of the bed. She flew down stairs, not daring to look behind her, lest she should see the apparition following. When she reached the parlour, her mother inquired if she had found the book.

"Oh mamma," exclaimed she, "I was so frightened that I could not stay to look for it; there is certainly something in your room; do come and see for yourself."

Her mother and Louisa both rose, and Emily followed them.

"Well, Emily," asked Mrs. Charlton, on reaching the door, "what do you mean? I see nothing here."

"There! there! mamma," replied she, standing at some distance from them, and pointing to the bed, at which she had before merely glanced. But as she had by this time partly recovered from her fright, being no longer alone, she approached nearer, and the outline of the figure gradually vanishing, she found that the object of her fears was no more than some clothes and a hat carelessly thrown over the bed-post, which to her terrified imagination, had assumed a vague and frightful form.

Louisa at this discovery bursting into a laugh, exclaimed, "I am sure you must have taken great pains, Emily, to conjure any thing dreadful out of these; I should not have thought even *you* could have been so foolish."

Her aunt, however, did not join in her mirth; but telling Louisa to return to the parlour, she inquired more particularly into the cause of Emily's alarm.

Ashamed at having so exposed herself, she only answered, "I could not help it, mamma."

"Could not help it! why surely you are not a coward; I never should have suspected such folly in you!"

Emily hung her head in silence, which her mother well knew how to interpret.

"Have you not become so lately?"

"Yes, mamma."

"And what has occasioned your fears? do you feel afraid now? we are now in a dark room."

"No mamma, I am not afraid now, because you are with me."

"But I can afford you no protection; whatever could harm you, might do the same to me. You have not yet told me, Emily, what has created your fears. If any one can have purposely alarmed you, I shall certainly permit it no longer; you have only to tell me who this is, and I shall take proper measures to put an end to it."

"Why mamma," replied Emily, "I believe I should not have told you about it, if you had not said this to me; for I know you would be displeased with Louisa. She is always doing something to frighten me; and it is this which has made me so timid, for I was not so before she came here."

"I am very glad," replied her mother, "that you have given me this explanation. Now I shall know how to prevent the recurrence of these things. But listen to me, and I am sure you will be willing to try to conquer your foolish feelings. You are exposed to no greater danger in the night, than in the day, except that of hurting yourself. You should always walk slowly, and carefully, in a dark room, lest you should stumble. The best way to prevent injury, is to place your arm horizontally at a little distance before your forehead. In that way, your head, on which a blow is most dangerous, is guarded. It is very proper to take precautions of this kind, but those fears from which you have suffered, have no foundation. As to ghosts, I am sure you cannot believe in them!"

"No mamma," replied Emily, "I do not believe in them, when I think; though I am foolish enough to feel afraid of these sometimes."

Believe me, Emily, these feelings can never be

conquered, but by your own resolution, and by the reflection, that the eye of God beholds you, and that his protection is extended over you at all times. Think too, how ridiculous your timidity would appear to your brother Charles. He is soon coming home, and do not let him perceive any thing of this kind."

"Oh mamma," exclaimed Emily, "I would not have him know it, for the world! he would do nothing but laugh at me."

"Then, my dear, you must endeavor immediately to effect your cure."

"Mamma," said she, "I know that I have been very silly; and I wish that you would let me go to bed to-night, without any lamp. When I am up stairs, I will try to think of something pleasant."

Her mother kissed her, and thanked her for this effort. Nor did her resolution end with a single exertion. She persevered in so good a beginning.

Mrs. Charlton one evening, entering a dark room, was surprised to find Emily seated there, apparently much at her ease.

"What fancy can this be?" exclaimed her mother.

"I thought, mamma," replied she, "that this was the best way to overcome my fears."

"That's a brave girl!" said her mother; "now come out, my dear, and trust your resolution."

Mrs. Charlton having exposed to Louisa the danger of her conduct, concluded by telling her that if she observed a continuance of it, she should be obliged to treat her with severity. Louisa was ingenious; she frankly confessed her regret for the mischief she had occasioned, and promised amendment.

A short time after this, Emily's brother Charles, two or three years older than herself, returned home to pass the holidays, and Emily and her mother did every thing in their power to make him happy. He was very fond of Emily, and his vacations were always his jubilee.

One evening, several of his young friends were assembled to welcome him. After having amused themselves with a variety of games until a late hour, as Charles was eagerly engaged in conversation with his friend Frank Rey, he turned suddenly round to his sister.

"Emily," said he, "Won't you run up stairs quickly, and bring me my new microscope, that I may convince Frank about the fly's wing?"

"Where is it?" asked Emily.

"I left it in the front room, in the third story."

At the thought of going to so remote a part of the house, Emily's former fears were somewhat renewed.

"Candle light will not show it well, Charles," said she hesitatingly, "but—never mind—I'll go."

When she had found the microscope, and was with a hurried step returning, glad that her task was nearly at an end, she was startled by a moaning sound in an adjoining apartment. The loneliness of the place added to her fears, and her first impulse was to retreat as fast as possible; "but no!" thought she, summoning all her resolution, "I will find out what this means; it will be a good lesson for me."

Placing the microscope in safety, she advanced and listened. The noise increased, but determined not to be overcome, she pushed open the door. Upon entering, she perceived Hannah, a little servant girl, lying on the bed. Her face was distorted, and it was evident that the groans proceeded from her. Emily approached, but the child seemed insensible. Unable to relieve her, she hastened to her mother.

"Ah," thought she, as she passed swiftly down stairs, "how glad I am that I went in! Hannah might have suffered there all night without being heard."

Her mother immediately ascended, followed by Emily and Louisa, whose embarrassed countenance, excited her aunt's suspicions. When they entered the room, they found the child in strong convulsions, at the sight of which, Louisa, in great dismay, exclaimed, "It is my fault! It is my fault!"



Having been restrained by her aunt's commands, she had forbore to harrass Emily; but unwilling to deny herself her favorite amusement, had substituted Hannah, a little colored girl, as the butt of her wit. Her usual devices had been played off upon her without much effect, but on this occasion, she had as she imagined, exercised great originality. The preceding evening, Charles had been exhibiting his recently acquired knowledge of the effects of phosphorus. She soon perceived to what good account she could turn it; and having secretly possessed herself of a piece, had drawn on the wall of the room in which Hannah slept, a hideous face. As soon as the child's light was extinguished, this object presented itself to her eyes; and the terror thus excited, reduced her to the condition in which Emily had found her.

"Oh, do not let me see her, aunt," continued Louisa, after having explained the circumstance, "but pray try to cure her."

This they were already endeavoring to do, by all the usual restoratives, but their success was for a long time doubtful; while Louisa, her face covered, sobbed aloud at the consequences of her folly. At last they succeeded in opening Hannah's closely pressed teeth; her hands relapsed their gripe, her rigid muscles softened, and she fell into tranquil sleep. Mrs. Charlton then bringing Louisa to the bed-side, endeavored to impress on her mind a sense of her misconduct. Her repentant tears fell fast, and she solemnly pledged herself to renounce these absurd and pernicious habits.

"But do not you suppose, aunt," asked she anxiously, "that Hannah will be just as well as ever tomorrow?"

"I hope so indeed," replied Mrs. Charlton, "but there is one reflection which does not occur to you: she may be liable to returns of these dreadful fits. This is often the case after great excitement from terror or distress; and not unfrequently the habit is so fixed, that the slightest agitation will cause a recurrence of them, until the subject is reduced to imbecility."

"Oh," said Louisa, "I cannot bear this terrible thought, that I am perhaps to be the cause of such a misfortune; I cannot, indeed I cannot!" said she, her tears again bursting forth.

"But you must," said her aunt emphatically; "that is your punishment, from which you cannot escape. It is the necessary consequence of your fault, and you must own its justice. Should such be the case, Hannah, much as she would deserve pity, would be scarcely more a sufferer than yourself. Selfish sport does, and should recoil on its deviser."

C. D.

## LEARNING.

### DEAF AND DUMB.

[From the 13th Report of the Asylum for the instruction of Deaf and Dumb Persons at Hartford, Ct. just published, we copy the following specimens of composition:—]

By a young Lady 18 years old; under instruction 3 1-2 years.

#### ABOUT THE DEAF AND DUMB.

About twelve years ago, there was no school for the Deaf and Dumb in the United States. There were many ignorant pupils, they have not learned anything about the creation of the world. By and by Rev. Mr. G. visited Dr. C. who had a deaf and dumb daughter. He was much interested with her. He wished to teach her, but he did not know how to instruct her. Some of the gentlemen in Hartford proposed to Mr. G. to go into England, to learn signs. So they gave much money to him for his voyage and board. Therefore he determined to go there. When he landed in England he entered into the Asylum for the deaf and dumb. The teachers there were unwilling to teach him signs. He left England for France. Mr. Sicard was well pleased to receive him into the Asylum. He was permitted to learn signs. He staid in France about one year. He wished to return with Mr. C. He obtained permission of Mr. Sicard to let Mr. C. go with him to this country, to instruct the unfortunate persons here. Some time after, they departed from their friends and landed in the Country.

They took a great deal of pains to beg money for the ignorant persons throughout the cities of the United States. Many of the people generously gave much money to them. But some doubted whether they could teach the deaf and dumb. There was now a new Asylum for them which had been built. Some of the poor deaf and dumb were allowed in it and learned to write. Now there are many pupils in the Asylum at Hartford. Indeed how happy are they to learn to understand and know God! How should they be grateful to Him for his cbarity and lovingkindness.

By a Lad 16 years old; under instruction 5 years.

#### AN ACCOUNT OF MY JOURNEY TO BOSTON.

The secretary of Massachusetts wished to see the exhibition of the Deaf and Dumb, because he probably believed the good and rapid improvement of the deaf and dumb. With such views he communicated to Mr. G. the principal of the American Asylum. So Mr. G. conversed with the Directors about the exhibition, and they concluded to permit two pupils to make a journey to Boston.

One deaf and dumb man, the teacher of the deaf and dumb, and myself left here at 2 o'clock on the afternoon on the 12th of January, 1829. I was very happy to talk about the stories in the stage, and we arrived in the village of Coventry in Connecticut. I lodged in the tavern; I comfortably warmed myself by fire, because it was very cold, and then I went to bed and slept for night. The stage-driver awoke me at 4 o'clock in the morning; I immediately dressed myself, and then I entered into the stage. The sun rose in the morning, but the cloud was scarcely covered over the sky. I stopped in the inn; and afterwards I travelled through the villages, and I was much pleased with the appearance of the country, which was filled of many pine trees, stones and a few large rocks. The trees were filled of frost and icicles, which attacked the stage. I arrived at Dedham, Mass. which was very romantic and beautiful, and I was much pleased with the appearance of this town, where Fisher Ames was born. I arrived in Boston at 8 o'clock in the evening; I entered Mr. Earl's Hotel, where many members of the Legislature of Massachusetts lodged. I met Mr. Calhoun, the speaker of the House of Representatives, and he was kind to me, and often shook my hand with great pleasure.

My mother was ignorant of my coming to this city, but she was suddenly surprised to see me. I told her that I wished her to attend the exhibition, and she said she would attend it if possible.

Mr. G. Mr. S. and myself went to visit the Governor of Mass. and the Secretary of Mass.

On the 14th of January the Legislature assembled in the House of Representatives, to attend the exhibition, and Mr. G. posted me and Mr. S. on the stage near the black board in the front of the Legislature. Mr. G. first delivered an address, and then he made signs, and then I wrote on the black board. At these circumstances the Legislature was highly gratified to attend the exhibition, and they conversed about the good improvement of the deaf and dumb.

Under these circumstances the citizens of Boston had the strongest desire to attend the exhibition, because they have never seen it. There was a great people in Mr. Malcom's church in Federal street. I attended Mr. G's. signs, while he made them, and then I wrote on the black board. The exhibition was exceedingly attractive to the people.

I visited my friends, who talked about the exhibition, and they believed that the Deaf and Dumb are very remarkable for their improvement.

I was much delighted to talk with the members of the Legislature every evening, when they were in Earl's Hotel. They often asked me many questions.

## RELIGION.

### HOW OLD ARE YOU.

Some children of my acquaintance are very fond of asking people their age; and you often hear

them, when in the company of other children, or even of grown up persons, inquiring, "How old are you?" Now I will tell such curious little boys and girls a tale. "A Persian Emperor, it is said, when bunting one day, saw an old man planting a walnut-tree; and, going up to him, asked him his age. The peasant replied, 'I am four years old.' The Emperor reproved him for returning such an answer; but what defence did the old man make? 'You condemn me,' said, 'without cause: I consider what I say; for wise people do not reckon that to be time which has been spent in sin and folly. I therefore consider that my real age, which has been spent in serving God, and doing my duty to my fellow-creatures.' What think you of the old man's reply? Is not the end for which life is given, to prepare for eternity? And is not that time only to be reckoned as real life, which is spent in so doing?"

And now, my reader, ask yourself the question, "How old are you?" I do not mean merely how many years have you lived in the world, but how much of your time has been spent in serving God? And what have you done to promote the good of others? If you judge of your age in this way, though you have lived ten or twelve years, yet, perhaps, you may not be more than one or two years old. The opportunity, however, may still be yours. With old sinners, time is gone by, and the space left is certainly short. Yours may be short also; it may, however, be extended; and your wisdom will be to remember now your Creator in the days of your youth.

[Youth's Friend.]

## THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

For the Youth's Companion.

### THE PLEASURES OF A SABBATH SCHOOL.

How few children in this country would neglect the privilege of attending a Sabbath school, even tho' they might have to travel a considerable distance, if they knew the happiness it is the means of producing. What can look more beautiful, or be more heart cheering, than to see children, with smiling and cheerful countenances, silently collecting to recite portions from that Book, which is our most valuable treasure, and in which the road to happiness—eternal happiness is plainly marked down. And then, to see them all kneeling at the throne of grace, while the Superintendent or a teacher leads so fervently in prayer for them,—the low murmur of the recitations—and the instructions and earnest admonitions and entreaties of the Superintendent, while many eyes are glistening with tears,—O, it is a sight to move the heart of a stoic.

I have one scholar, whom I would recommend as a pattern for all Sabbath school children. He is about ten years old and lives nearly 3 miles from the meeting; yet there has not been one Sabbath this summer when he was absent. At the public service you always see him in his seat, before the minister arrives, and he is never moving or gazing about and making a noise, as I have seen some do; but he gives his whole attention to what is said by the minister, and tries to remember all that he can. At the Sabbath school likewise, he is always in his place before the school is opened. He gets his lessons always perfect—listens attentively to the remarks of his teacher and often asks the meaning of what he does not understand. He always looks me right in my face, and is not gazing about. When any question is proposed to the school, generally, he is sure to have an answer prepared. Perhaps some children may think, after all, that Charles does not enjoy so much happiness as they do, because he does not play and laugh and make a noise on the Sabbath. But that is not the case. He has learned to keep that sacred day holy, as God has commanded all to do; and as his conduct on that day is pleasing to his Saviour, he is truly bappy and every one loves and respects him. At suitable times, also, he will engage in play with his associates, for a short time; and then he tries to keep peace among them, and to have them orderly and civil. But he will not let play interfere with his work or studies, for he has learned that industry is necessary to



make a man. In short, he seems desirous, (as I would recommend all children to be) to please God in all things.

Enosville, June 22, 1829.

## EDITORIAL.

### REVIEW OF BOOKS.

*Simple Memorials of an Irish Family. A Narrative of Facts. By a Clergyman, Author of the Missionary Geography.*—This is the title of a small book of 108 pages, just published in this city by Perkins & Marvin, from the second London edition. It will be understood by this, that the work was written in England and first published in London; and that Messrs. Perkins & Marvin have obtained a copy and reprinted it in this country. And here we would remark to our readers that these gentlemen, who have lately opened a bookstore at No. 114, Washington Street, intend to keep a supply of good juvenile books, and that they can there obtain many interesting and useful publications, both English and American. We will now give them a very brief account of the contents of the "Memorials;" of which the author says in his advertisement, that "the circumstances of this little history are not only generally true, but they are so in every particular: both the occurrences and the conversations having been noted down at the time."

The "Irish Family" is one which resides in a pleasant and secluded valley of Ireland, near the river Iver, inhabiting a "beautiful and romantic cottage." The family consists of Mrs. B—, a widow about seventy-five years of age; a married daughter, whose dissipated husband is abroad in America; the three children of this daughter; and another daughter, unmarried, of the age of twenty-one. A minister of the gospel, coming to take the curacy of the parish, finds this family very retired from their neighbors; and for six months he attempts in vain to be admitted to their house as a visitor and friend. At length he is sent for, to see another married daughter who is sick in the house; and from that time makes a regular weekly visit, to read the scriptures and converse and pray. Ere long, the old lady and her married daughters begin to evince that their souls have felt the quickening power of the gospel, and its genial influence on the temporal condition of this poor and afflicted family are thus described:

"A cheerfulness began to be diffused over the whole of their social intercourse, which evinced that they had now found the pearl of great price, worth infinitely more than all they had lost; that they had gained a hiding place from the wind, a refuge from the storm, and were resting under the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. The mournful complaints of their misfortunes began to give way; and was succeeded by gladdening conversations, on the glory of the hope that was set before them, and the blessedness of the rest that remained to the people of God. The Prince of Peace seemed now to be their companion, and content reigned in their cottage. The mind of the old lady began greatly to enlarge: she was naturally frank and intelligent, and now seemed lifted far above all her sorrows, truly patient in tribulation, and joyful in hope. The cheerfulness with which she spoke on every subject, but particularly on the preciousness of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the riches of his salvation, showed that her mind was filled with the love of him, who first loved us; so that it would have cheered the saddest heart to sit with her, hear the calm yet joyful language of her hope, and see the placid serenity expressed in her countenance."

The unmarried daughter, Kate, was very reserved in conversing on religious subjects, and through a year and a half appeared not to feel very powerfully the influence of divine truth. Then she was taken sick, and was in great darkness and distress of mind, until she was enabled to "look to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world," and his love was shed abroad in her heart by the Holy Ghost. Then she was "filled with all joy and peace in believing," although she fully be-

lieved her sickness would soon terminate in death. After giving much evidence and imparting great light and consolation to her pastor and her weeping friends, she passed joyfully and triumphantly thro' the dark valley. We quote a few words from her minister's account of the closing scene. Exhausted with suffering and with conversation on divine things, she lay down, and her mind seemed absorbed for half an hour. She suddenly opened her eyes with a strong expression of suffering, and after a while she cried out, "Oh, my heart." Her pastor inquired, supposing she meant anguish of mind.

"Oh no, no," she said with a smile, and her countenance brightening up as she spoke, "It is the call of my Jesus—I am going to him. Ah, why did I complain? but the violent pain of my heart overcame me. Oh!" she cried again, "it is the call of my Jesus! Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly."

"She had hold of my hand, and attempted to raise herself up, with her eyes turned to heaven; but when half raised, she dropped back on the pillow. I looked at her; I perceived that her spirit had fled to him who loved her, and washed her from her sins in his own blood."

Triumphant in her closing eye,  
The hope of glory shone;  
Joy breathed in her expiring sigh,  
To think the fight was won.  
Gently the passing spirit fled,  
Sustained by grace divine;  
Oh may such grace on me be shed,  
And make my end like thine."

Afterwards, one of the married daughters is taken sick and dies; and the writer gives an affecting account of her anxiety for the souls of her children, her ardent prayers for them, and her humble confidence in leaving them in the hands of her covenant God. Besides the members of this family, the same minister is made the happy instrument of converting two aged men among their relatives in that neighborhood. One of them had been a drunkard for several years; the other, to the age of nearly eighty years, had lived without God and without hope in the world, caring only for the meat that he perished. And these triumphs of grace, tho' singular at that time, have been succeeded by many of the same character, through the divine blessing on the efforts which have been made to evangelize the benighted inhabitants of Ireland.

There are some repetitions in this narrative; but it is a book which can be safely placed in the hands of youthful readers.

### INFANT SCHOOL ANECDOTES.

A little boy belonging to the Infant School in Bedford Street, Boston, went into a Carpenter's Shop where a man promised him a cent if he would sing one of his Infant School hymns. After he had sung it, the man gave him a shaving instead of a cent. The little boy looked up in his face and said, "Now, you have been wicked, you have told a lie; and God is angry with you." The man immediately gave him the cent.

Another little boy belonging to the School, was playing with some blocks. He had not enough to build his house. His Mother told him to go into the Carpenter's Shop near by, and get some. He said, "No, Mother, the Carpenter is not there." "No matter," said his mother, "he won't miss a few blocks—go get them, no body will see you." "O no," said the child, "it will be stealing; and God will see me. I had rather not have them."

### MISCELLANY.

*Children encouraging a Martyr.*—When John Lawrence, the martyr, was burned at Colchester, from long suffering and hard treatment his legs were so sore and enfeebled, that the Romanists were obliged to carry him to the stake in a chair.

While he was sitting in the chair, a number of young children came round the fire, repeating, "Lord, keep thy promise and strengthen thy servant!" Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings God hath ordained praise; and, as Fox observes, "It is no small manifestation of the glory of God, which wrought this in the hearts of these little ones;

and a cause for so much commendation to their parents, who thus brought them up in the knowledge of God and his truth."—*London Child's Com.*

*Anecdote.*—"Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God." When the Danish missionaries appointed some of their Malabari converts to translate a Catechism, in which it was mentioned as the privilege of Christians that they should become the sons of God; one of the translators, startled at so bold a saying, bursting into tears, exclaimed: "It is too much; let us rather render it, They shall be permitted to kiss his feet."

## POETRY.

### MY MOTHER.

My mother! now the gladsome spring  
Is smiling o'er the earth;  
And butterflies on painted wing  
In sunny light go forth.  
Though all spring days most lovely be,  
All fair and full of mirth,  
One, one is dearest far to me,  
The day that gave thee birth;—  
It was a day with joyance fraught,  
It is a day for deepened thought.  
My mother! I remember well,  
When thou wast not as now:  
Remember when Time's shadow fell  
Less darkly on thy brow,  
I can remind me of the time,  
When in life's summer glow,  
Thy years had hardly passed their prime,  
And scarce one flower lay low;  
But clouds thy heaven have overcast,  
Since those bright days of pleasure past.  
Mother! thy step is not so firm  
As it was wont to be,  
For secret blight and open storm  
Have done their work on thee;  
Thy hair turns grey, and I can see  
Thy hand more tremulous,  
And thy dark eye hath lost its glee,  
Save when it turns on us,  
Thy children—then it hath a joy  
And light, that nothing can destroy.  
Yet weep not, mother! for the days  
Passed by we'll not regret;  
The star of Hope, with all its rays,  
Is only dimmed, not set;  
Fixed o'er thy path it shall remain,  
And never more deceive—  
And it shall sparkle out again,  
To light thy quiet eve;  
Flinging a radiance o'er past years,  
And brightening all thy fallen tears.  
Mother! perhaps the poet's wreath  
May ne'er be twined for me;  
Perhaps I was not made to breathe  
In lofty poetry;  
Yet still I know thy tender love  
Will think it melody;  
Thy partial ear will still approve,  
However weak it be;  
And thou wilt love the words that start  
Thus from the fullness of the heart.

### MY FATHER'S GRAVE.

The mound is green, the grass is growing  
O'er the newly platted grave,  
Fast the tide of Time is flowing,  
Whelming all beneath its wave.  
I joy to think that wave may bear  
Me onward to a world of bliss,  
That I may see and love him there,  
Whom I so fondly prized in this!  
My Father!—oh thy name is yet  
A treasure'd thought, and long will be,  
E'en till with parting life shall set  
The Pole-star of my memory.  
For thou to me hast been below,  
A guide to warn, a light to guide;  
To thy unceasing love I owe  
More than to all the world beside.  
Thy kindness now seems doubly dear  
Since thou art gone, and gone for ever!  
How bright affection's hues appear  
Which nought can dim, though death may sever!  
Parent Spirit! gone before me!  
Look'st thou from thy starry throne,  
Happy now thou watchest o'er me  
Sorrowing at thy grave alone!  
Here the world, its truth, its error,  
Wealth and glory, all are vain;  
Joy and sorrow—hope and terror  
Cease, where Death alone can reign!  
The grave that frail and silent dwelling,  
What is all its gloom to me?  
Is not even its silence telling  
What my end in time must be.  
And oh, when time and death shall sever  
Me from every earthly tie,  
Then to dwell with thee for ever,  
This hope will make it bliss to die. [*London Annual.*]



# YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Published Weekly, by WILLIS & RAND, at the Office of the Boston Recorder, No. 22, Congress-Street....Price One Dollar a year in advance, or \$1, 50, if not paid in advance.

No. 8.

BOSTON, JULY 16, 1829.

VOL. III.

## OBITUARY.

### ACCOUNT OF MARY GOSNER.

Who lately died in Philadelphia, aged 10 years.

We have before us, (says the Washington Theological Repertory for August,) an interesting little Tract lately published in Philadelphia, containing an account written by the Rev. Mr. Boyd, of St. John's Church, in that city, and dedicated to the children of his catechetical classes, of Mary Gosner, who lately died in his congregation, at ten years of age.

Mary Gosner is described as having been, from earliest infancy, remarkably engaging in her disposition, meek, gentle, obedient, tractable, and affectionate. As soon as capable of reading, her book was her constant amusement: and in this her parents had reason at once to rejoice: for, only make a child fond of reading, and you guard the mind and heart from a thousand evils.—Mary's Bible was her peculiar delight. Often in retired places, she was found sitting with her Bible or Prayer Book for a companion, wanting no other society. Among the Hymns which she specially loved, was that which commences—

"Holy Bible, book divine!  
Precious treasure, thou art mine:  
Mine to tell me whence I came,  
Mine to tell me what I am."

A short time before her sickness, she obtained a copy of Mrs. Sherwood's Stories on the Catechism, a book which we join with the author of this Tract in sincerely wishing were in every family of our congregations. With these stories this little girl was so delighted, that she not only read them all, but could repeat in substance a number of them. A fondness and regularity in attending upon public worship, together with an unremitted care in the maintenance of private devotion, were added to the other characteristics of this interesting child.

During her sickness, she took unusual pleasure in reading in the Bible, and other good books, as long as she was able. Miss W——, furnished her, at different times with religious Tracts.—She was particularly pleased with "Poor Sarah, or the Indian Woman," and "The account of Maria Hughes." The latter made a very deep impression upon her mind, and appears to have been the instrument in the hand of Providence, whereby her attention was more immediately fixed on death. Though she had been gradually prepared under the instruction she had received, for the approach of the "King of Terrors," yet it was not till now that she realized the thought of dying. Over and over again she would say—"Dear Miss W——, how I thank her for those Tracts. Poor Maria Hughes, she was a great sufferer; but she was happy. That Tract first led me to think seriously of eternity."

On Monday, 29th March, when her grandmother came at her request to the bedside, she said to her with great composure, "I am going to leave you. The pain is here," laying her hand upon her breast.—Her grandmother asked her, "Do you not wish to see your father and mother?" "Oh yes!" she replied, "but then they cannot relieve me, and why should I distress them?" Her grandmother went down stairs and called her parents, thinking perhaps that her end was near. When her father came to the side of the bed, looking him in the face, she said, "Father, I am going—I am going to Jesus." Her father said to her, "My dear child, you must pray to the Lord: he can do more for you than I can." She replied, looking upward,—"Come, Lord Jesus, and take me to thyself."

She conversed but little after this, until Tuesday evening at 9 o'clock, when she desired that her parents might be called. They came and sat upon the side of the bed. Looking at them with a happy expression of countenance, she said, "I am going to Heaven; Oh! pray that you may come there too."

It was near 11 o'clock at night, when she recollected that she had not seen her little brother during the day. "There is my dear little brother, (she observed,) for all he did not come to see me to-day, I love him as much as ever." Her brother was now brought to her out of bed. When he came, she threw her arms around his neck, and with many tears said, "Oh! my dear brother, I hope you won't be lost; Oh! no, no." Her grandmother said, "Mary, you forget your little sister." "No, (said she,) I have nothing to say to her: she knows no sin as yet; I can say nothing to her." Her mother, who had the child in her arms, walked away towards the window, weeping. Mary saw her, and said, "Mother, Oh! don't cry: you will make yourself sick; don't cry for me, I am going to my Saviour."

On Wednesday morning, her sister asked her if she should send for Mr. B——, to come and pray with her. "Yes, (she replied) but he cannot help these pains; he can kneel down though, and pray for my soul." Anna went down stairs, and in a few minutes returned. When she came back, addressing her with much feeling, she said, "Oh! Anna, perhaps this is the last time the Lord will suffer me to open my mouth to speak to you; my dear Anna, remember me; remember the day when I am laid in my grave. You see me here now, but on Sunday next you will see me down in the parlor, on that long board.\*" Her grandmother asked her, "How do you know that, Mary?" She answered, "My heavenly Father tells me so;" and immediately added, "They will come and say to you, 'Where is Mary?' and you will say, 'She is down in the parlor.' And when my body lies there, I shall hear these words addressed to me, 'Come ye blessed children of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.'"

A short time after this, they took her out of bed, thinking she would be easier sitting, as she had been accustomed to do a part of the day, upon her chair. She was somewhat exhausted by the exertion, and observed, "I don't think I shall be able to speak much more, my breath is almost gone." At that moment she found great difficulty in breathing, leaned back her head upon the chair, and appeared to be giving up the ghost; then fetching a long sigh, she recovered, and opening her eyes, said, "Oh! I thought I was in Heaven, but my time is not yet come. I have not yet sufficiently repented of my sins, and must yet be cleansed more perfectly in the blood of Jesus. Oh! kneel down, and pray that God will take me to himself." While they were on their knees, she said, "Tell my father to send for Mr. B——, to come and pray for me; I want to go, I want to go." Recovering herself a little, she said to her grandmother, "Oh! my aged grandmother, I thought that I should see you go first, but it will not be so, I shall go before you. Pray, my dear grandmother, that you may come to me in Heaven. I must leave you now, but do pray that we may meet again."

Mr. B——, came up to the bed at this time, and said, "Well, Mary, you will not be long with us now: have you any fears of death?" "Oh! no, (she replied,) my heavenly Father wants me."

\* Alluding to the board on which dead bodies were usually laid out.

During prayer, though she was in great pain, her countenance remained unmoved, her eyes were closed, and her hands clasped over her breast. It appeared to those who were standing over her, that her bodily sufferings were forgotten, while her soul was engaged in the exercise of devotion. After this, she talked but little during the morning, except now and then; when her pains were subsiding a little, she would say, "Oh! I thought that would have been my last pain, but my time is not yet come."

In the afternoon of the same day, she was sitting on her chair, with her head resting on a pillow before her, a posture in which she found the greatest ease. Raising her head and observing her grandmother, who was sitting by her with a book in her hand: "Grandmother, you have got the Prayer Book; I wish you would read some of those hymns to me." Her grandmother asked her which she would like to hear: she replied, "there are many pretty ones. There is, 'Come Holy Spirit;' I believe I can sing that yet, if my breath is not too short." She began to sing,

"Come Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,  
With all thy quickening powers."

Here she had to stop; saying, "grandmother, I can't finish it, my breath is gone."

On Friday morning, after a restless and painful night, she seemed to forget her pains in the desire which she had, to hear, or to say some good thing. "Grandmother, said she, now will you get my books that I used to have, and find some pretty hymns, and read them for me?" Her grandmother sat down by her side, and read for some time. When Mary appeared to be asleep, she said to her, "I am afraid I disturb you! you want rest." "Oh no, (said she,) I hear all you read." Being asked if she wished to hear any particular hymns, she said, "they are all pretty;" and then spoke again of the hymn for Whitsunday, "Come Holy Spirit." "There is also,

"When I can read my title clear,  
To mansions in the Skies."

And,

"Jesus my all, to heaven is gone,  
He wholen I fix my hopes upon."

Her grandmother read these to her, and afterwards selected such as she thought would be interesting. When she came to the following hymn, Mary said, "Oh, grandmother, is not that a beautiful hymn? Read it again for me." Her grandmother said, "Mary, I am afraid you will be too much fatigued; you want a little rest." With perfect submission, she replied, "I believe I will take a little sleep, if I can; but won't you read that hymn for me again when I awake?" Several times during the day, she wished to hear it, remarking every time, "That is my hymn; that suits me." It is as follows:

### SANCTIFIED SICKNESS.

"Stretch'd on the bed of grief,  
In silence long I lay:  
For sore disease, and wasting pain,  
Had worn my strength away."

The work, the mighty work  
Of life, so long delay'd;  
Repentance yet to be begun,  
Upon a dying bed."

Then to the Lord I pray'd  
And rais'd a feeble cry;  
Hear me, O! God, and save my soul,  
Lest I for ever die."

He heard my humble cry,  
He saved my soul from death:  
To him I'll give my heart and hands,  
And consecrate my breath."

Ye sinners, fear the Lord,  
While yet 'tis call'd to-day;  
Soon will the awful voice of death  
Command your souls away."

On Friday afternoon at 2 o'clock, she said to her



grandmother, "I wish you would get that hymn, grandmother, and read it to me for the last time." Her grandmother said, "Mary, you don't know that it will be the last time." "Yes I do, (she replied,) for to-morrow is my last day." Every little while during the afternoon, she would say, taking hold of her grandmother's hand, her eyes lifted upward, and a sweet smile on her countenance, "I am going, I am going to leave you." When her pains would come on, her grandmother wished her to take her laudanum, as she had done before. She put it away from her, saying, "Oh! no: it won't help me." Her grandmother turned away to conceal her feelings. She saw her weeping, and said, "Oh! don't cry: I don't want to see any body cry for me; I am going to Heaven, and will be happy."

From this time until about 11 o'clock at night, she gradually became weaker and weaker: when an evident change took place, and it was plain that her dissolution was drawing near. While struggling with death, in the very act of going down into the dark valley, it appeared that her heavenly Shepherd permitted her to see for a moment, those fearful enemies from whose power she had been delivered. As if she saw the evil spirits gathering round her, with an expressive motion of her hand, she said, "Go away, I don't want you: I won't go with you." And then, becoming perfectly composed, casting her eyes up to heaven, with a sweet smile, silently commending her spirit to God, she fell asleep in Christ, a few minutes after twelve o'clock.

## LEARNING.

### DEAF AND DUMB.

[From the 13th Report of the Asylum for the instruction of Deaf and Dumb Persons at Hartford, Ct. just published, we copy the following specimens of composition:—]

By a young Man 19 years old; under instruction 4 years.

#### ABOUT CATCHING THE FOX'S CUBS.

One of my friends came to my father's house, to ask him to help him in mending the fence. My father consented to his request. He took his axe and sharpened it, then he went into the woods with me and my friend. They put some shrubs upon the fence. In the meantime my father's dog pursued three cubs of a fox which we discovered entering into a burrow. I went immediately to the hole and I looked into it. When I called my father and friend to come. They dug the burrow. One of the cubs endeavored to escape out of the hole, but it was caught. It was given to me, and I held it in my hands. They dug the burrow again while our dog entered into it. Our dog fought with the two other cubs. At last we caught them all, we brought them home at dinner time. We put them into a tub which was turned upside down. Bread and milk were given to them, but they would not eat the food. In a short time they began to like the food and were fed with bread and milk. My father gave one of the cubs to our friend, who carried it home. He fed it, and it was grown up. He let it play in the yard. His son went into the woods with his fox. He made a fire for boiling sap. He attended to the boiling sap until he was called to dinner, when he took a rope and tied it round the fox's neck, to a tree. At last he left it and went home. Then he took some food which he brought to the fox, when it was lurking at some goose coming, and caught one of them and ate it. He would not give it the food. He killed the fox. He stripped its skin and cast the carcass into the woods. He put the skin on the branch of a tree.

By a young Lady 15 years old; under instruction 3 1-2 years.

#### THE HISTORY OF PRASCOVIA.

A certain Emperor resided in St. Petersburg. It was a large and beautiful city. The Emperor disliked a man. He exiled him into Siberia. He went there with his wife. They had a daughter. Her name was Prascovia. She was not pleased with Siberia. She however staid a few years there. She was fifteen years old. She was a good girl, but she was poor. She often wept much. She saw

her father was sober and that her mother wept very much. Prascovia asked them what was the matter with them; they answered that the Emperor had sent them away; the poor girl comforted them and said that they must be patient. She said to her mother that she would go to St. Petersburg. Her mother feared, because she was a little girl, who did not know the way, however permitted her to go there. Therefore the poor girl prayed Providence might bless her parents. Then she embraced and kissed her parents, and departed from them. She walked and stopped on the ground in the woods; a violent wind broke a high tree. She was fearful and ran, the tree fell on the ground. So she feared every tree would fall. Therefore she wished to be out of the forest. She slept, the next day she rose, and continued her long way. A certain man rode in a waggon. He saw her. He invited her to ride and stopped the waggon. She said that she had not eaten for some days. The people would not give some food to her. They told her that she was a thief. She was sorry to hear it, for she did not steal and was innocent. She thought of God; went to church. The door was locked. So she sat down on the stairs. The boys saw and mocked her. They told her that she was a thief. A woman told them that they should not mock her. She took the poor girl. They went to the house. They arrived there. The poor girl wished to eat some food. The woman gave some to her, and she ate, and the woman bought some clothes, and she gave them to her. She thanked her very much. Some days after the poor girl said to the woman that she felt grateful and thanked her. The poor girl went away.

## RELIGION.

### A MAN BORN WHEN HE WAS OLD.

[The following narrative is selected from "Simple Memorials of an Irish Family," a small book which was noticed in the Companion last week. It was given by a minister of the gospel, who had been the instrument of converting Mrs. B.— and several of her children, and also an intemperate brother, J. B.]

Old Mrs. B.— had another brother very near eighty years of age; who had for eight years been confined to his room, with gout, age, and infirmity, and scarcely ever left his bed. She was very anxious that I should visit this old gentleman, who lived seven miles off. I had known him many years previous, but had not seen him since he had been confined to his room.

I knew that he must be as ignorant of every thing connected with divine truth as any country farmer could be, and many of them on this point are as ignorant as the heathen. I rode to his house one day, and when I went into his room, he was pleased to see me, being naturally a cheerful, hospitable old man. After some conversation about his state of health, the country, &c. I began to speak of his sister Mrs. B.—.

"I know," he said, "you often go to see her, and that she is very happy when you go there, and I hear that old J. B.— has left the hotel, and gone to live with Mrs. D.—, and thinks of nothing but of making his soul—"

"Sir," said I, with a smile, "his soul is already made, it was a very polluted soul, but he has found a fountain opened for sin and uncleanness, the fountain of the Saviour's blood, wherein he has washed and is clean."

I perceived that he did not understand me, and therefore spoke more plainly about the nature of sin, the views that his sister, his nieces, and old Mr. B.— had received of their sin, the ground of their hope, and the joy and peace they now had in believing.

The old man listened most earnestly, and looked very thoughtful. I dwelt for some time on the riches of the love of God, and the deep ingratitude of man, and yet that it was to such a being, that this love was daily manifested, bringing him that plenteous salvation and redemption which is in Christ Jesus.

Nearly two hours of such conversation passed, in which he appeared very much interested. I then

left him, promising to come again soon, which he requested me to do.

Sometime afterwards when I called upon him, he was sitting in his arm chair away from the window, which was his usual place when he sat up; for the surrounding country was strikingly beautiful.

Seeing him removed from the window, and the day fine, I imagined that he might be ill. I asked him, if he were unwell, as he sat away from the window.

"I am not well, to be sure, Mr. S.—, for I am very old and infirm; but I am sitting here, because I was not in spirits, and I was thinking,—sir.—"

"What were you thinking about?"

"I was thinking of myself, and of what you have said to me, and I feel that I am a very ungrateful sinner, I am ungrateful indeed, Mr. S.—."

"Why, sir, we are all ungrateful miserable sinners; and if we had no other sin to condemn us but ingratitude, that would be sufficient to exclude us from the presence of our God."

"Indeed it would, I have never looked at the country since I saw you, without feeling this."

When I previously visited him, and we had been making some remarks on the beauty of the scenery before us, observing the soft, lovely, and yet grand appearance of the vale below, which in such growing colors, showed the handy work of God, and the beauty with which he dressed this globe for the delight of his creatures, I said, that while I looked on it, it produced a mixture of pleasure and melancholy in my mind. For it was melancholy to think that the being for whom that beautiful scenery was formed, was so awfully opposite to its loveliness, in all his character, disposition, feelings, corruptions, and vices: that every thing that had life in that scene enjoyed its existence but man; that man was not only insensible to this beautiful work of God, but in the midst of it, he was a wretched, miserable, complaining, suffering being, and this from the wickedness and perverseness of his heart: that every bird that sung in the woods, seemed as it were to sing the praise of Him who gave it the consciousness of existence; but man felt no gratitude, and raised no song of joy; and that this was all caused by sin. From this I took occasion to speak of the exceeding sinfulness of sin, the love of God, and the ingratitude of man. It appears that this conversation was impressed on the old gentleman's mind; and whenever he looked over the vale, he used to recollect how miserable man was, for whom it was formed. This led him to the examination of his own heart, and I found him under very strong feelings of his ingratitude to God, and it very much oppressed his mind. I followed up these remarks with an examination of the sin and corruption of man. He seemed now to understand and consent to what I said. I then spoke of the mercy of Him, who came down from heaven to seek wretched sinners, who were thus miserably wandering in the way of death, and whose defilement could only be washed away by that blood which cleanseth from all sin; that this love had induced him to submit unto death, after he had brought himself nigh to our wretchedness, by taking our nature that sinners might see one suited to them, through whom hope and salvation were restored, and offered richly and freely to all that believe.

The old gentleman listened very attentively. I then took up the Bible, and read the fourteenth chapter of St. John's gospel. As I made a short remark on each verse, I perceived his mind very much engaged. Tears were in his eyes; and he began to let fall some expressions of the comfort and peace this record brought to the soul; but common as this language sometimes is, yet I parted with him, trusting, that some discovery had been made to him of those things which were the subject of our conversation.

I now frequently visited him, and in a short time I found that he was indeed taught of God; and he began to assume the same kind of strong and expressive remarks, that used to fall with such power from his sister.

We often spoke of my lecture there, and the



happiness Mrs. B—— and her family enjoyed in the hope of the gospel of peace. He appeared to take great pleasure in hearing this; and every time I visited him, I had to tell our remarks and conversations over our chapter, and he seemed happily advancing in the most simple cheerful hope.

One day when I went as usual to lecture at his sister's cottage, as soon as I was seated, Mrs. B—— said, "Do you know, Mr. S——, who was here the other day?"

"No, ma'am."

"My brother, Jack B——."

"Your brother!"

"It is a fact."

"How did he come here," I inquired, "for he seemed unable to leave his room?"

"He came here in a litter last Wednesday. I never was more surprised than when I went to the door and saw him. I said, 'Why Jack, I never expected to see you again.' 'Indeed, Mary, I may say the same to you; but I often heard from Mr. S—— that I had a new sister; and he spoke so often about this new sister, and her hope and her joy in the Lord Jesus, that I felt a great longing to see my new sister, and last night I thought on my bed, that if the Lord gave me strength in the morning, I would at least try to see her, so I desired Thomas to get me a litter, and drive me out, for the day was fine. They all were glad at seeing me drive out, but they did not know where I was going; so when Thomas drove on a mile or so, he said, 'Had we not better turn back, sir?' 'No, no, Thomas,' I replied, 'drive on; and when we got to the cross roads, he wanted to turn, but I said, 'On, to my sister B——'s, for I want very much to see her.' Thomas, I believe, thought I was out of my mind, and I could hardly get him to proceed; but on I came, and now, Mary, I am here, to see my new sister; and I am a new brother, Mary. If I was your old brother, Mary, I should not have come here; but you see what a heart the Lord can put in his children, when he calls them to be his children. And I hear that Betsey there, and Mary, that I called my niece, and my grandniece, are likewise my sisters.' Then, in his frank cheerful way, he added, 'Is not this strange, Betsey? It is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes, as David says; and while taking each of them by the hand, as they stood at his litter, his whole countenance was full of joy.'

He remained with them, sitting in his litter, for about an hour, talking to them of their mutual hope, and then drove home.

### MORALITY.

From the Visitor and Telegraph.

NOTES FROM THE JOURNAL OF A TRAVELLER.  
MARCH 3, 1829.

We left ——, at one this morning, with eight passengers. The section of country over which our route lay, presented nothing interesting, either in the scenery, the location, or in the manner of cultivating the soil.

We passed, however, one country seat of some interest. It had the appearance of having once been extremely beautiful. It is now solitary, tenantless, and in ruins. It was the seat of a once wealthy, industrious and thriving family. We saw it only at a distance. In the selection of the site, the position of the out-buildings, the variety and arrangement of the trees and shrubbery, and in the planning and division of the lots and gardens, there were evident traces of superior taste and judgment.

As we passed the ruins of this once elegant mansion, a venerable old gentleman of our party, whose character is well known in Virginia, threw himself forward in his seat, opened the window of the coach, took a long and earnest survey of the seat of "his early and once much esteemed friend," and then sunk back in his seat with a deep sigh and an expression of countenance that spoke much on the mutability of all human affairs. He remained silent for some time, his eyes cast downwards, apparently lost in deep reflection. His reverie at last

broken by the interrogatories of a passenger at his side, he thus commenced: "This was anciently the seat of the once prosperous and happy Col. R——. He was here left by his father in possession of nearly half a million. He took possession on his father's death, when about 21 years old. He was an only child—his character then stood fair; his talents were acknowledged of the first order; his education had been liberal, in the best and truest sense of the term; and his society was courted by all who knew him. All was bright and fair; not a cloud obscured his rising sun. He married advantageously, and for a time, by his sober habits and close attention to business, he promised not only to preserve unimpaired his ample patrimony, but to make considerable additions to it.

But R—— had been raised under the influence of a habit then common, and still prevalent in many families in Virginia. It was that of a free, unrestrained use of ardent spirits. From his very infancy, he had regularly taken his "morning julep," and his "mid-day toddy." It had been the custom of his family, from time immemorial. He had thus acquired the habit and the taste, which, though restrained for a time for temporary reasons, he now began to indulge in more freely. On one occasion, he became beastly drunk—totally senseless and helpless: in this condition he was carried home, and into the presence of his wife and family. This mortified him, and cut him to the heart when restored; but he sought an oblivion of his shame, in increased and repeated draughts. That mansion, which had long been the resort of a cultivated, brilliant and refined circle of visitants, was now frequently thronged by an assemblage of profane, unprincipled tipplers and gamblers. They soon led him to the gaming table. He declined at first, but his guests removed his scruples. He tried his hand and lost; tried again and again, and lost; and thus contracted immense debts, which the code of honor among gentlemen, compelled him to pay. About this time a notice appeared, posted upon the Court-house door, reading thus: "A tract of land belonging to Col. R——, will be sold at public auction," &c. &c. He had become a liberal patron of a racing club of a low order.—In this fraternity, he improved his skill at the gaming table—but he paid dear for his tuition. Time rolled on. Among all good fellows he became the best. He was the *sine qua non* at all barbecues, gambling scrapes, faro-banks, and cock-fights; of this last refined and intellectual sport, he was excessively fond. In short, he lavished his estate upon every imaginable vice, and in every kind of dissipation. Within fifteen years from the time he received it, the whole was gone—not a farthing left. His wife, a most amiable and worthy woman, died heart-broken. His children were torn from each other, thrown upon the cold charities of the world, and almost abandoned to their fate. And poor R——, if alive, now wanders, a pitiable, and wretched mendicant."

"I knew him well when young," continued our venerable and eloquent chronicler. "I have observed his course with attention. All his misfortunes—all this misery, wretchedness and disgrace, which he brought upon himself and his family, I can clearly trace back to the bottle, to the intoxicating draught. Such is the history of the once happy occupants of yonder mansion."

### THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

From the Youth's Friend.

#### THE SCHOLAR BECOME A TEACHER.

There was a little boy whose parents were very wicked. They cared little, and perhaps, knew less, about that glorious Being who made them, and took care of them; and consequently their little son was not blessed with those religious instructions which you, my dear young readers, enjoy; yet he had a mild, amiable disposition, and his lovely deportment procured him many good friends, among which were some pious Sabbath-school teachers. These friends placed him very kindly at a Sabbath-school, hoping that he would learn those things which would be useful to him in life, and secure to him

the favor and love of Jesus in a future world. Nor in this were they disappointed. This little boy was surrounded with many vicious and wicked children; and I am sorry to say, that sometimes some of his school-fellows would wish to entice him from school for a day, or a half day, to mingle with them in wickedness: and one day he was very strongly urged to absent himself from school to pilfer a neighbor's orchard, but he refused; and when he reflected on the conduct of those wicked boys, he became very sorrowful. This the teacher observed when he came in, and asked him the cause. One of the other boys in the class, possessing more confidence than this little boy, related the circumstances of his being tempted to leave the school that morning to mingle with wicked boys. His teacher asked him why he did not go. He raised his eyes, swimming in tears, to heaven, and exclaimed, "I know that 'thou, God, seest me.'" Then turning to his teacher, he said, "Whenever I am but half inclined to sin, this text which I learned at the Sabbath-school, is in my thoughts; and how can I do that which God forbids, knowing at the time that he sees me? This text has kept me from sin many a time; and I take more pleasure in thinking about it, I know, than I could in sin."

As he grew up, the fear of the Lord was evidently before his eyes, the grace of God was shed abroad in his heart, and he felt himself to be a vile, polluted sinner, upon whom God could not look with approbation, except through Jesus Christ the Redeemer. He therefore received Him as his righteousness, his strength, and salvation. The Lord loved him, and blessed and prospered him. He at length became a Minister of the Gospel. He loved the Lord and the souls of his fellow sinners so well, that he left his home, his friends, and his all on earth, and embarked for a foreign clime, to preach what the Bible tells you is "glad tidings of great joy" to a wicked, superstitious, heathen people, who were sitting in the region and shadow of death, who were not blessed with Sabbath schools, Bibles, &c., as you are. He there preached many years, and was made the instrument of much good to the souls and the bodies of men, till, at length, his heavenly Father was pleased to try him with a long and distressing fever. After some time he died, and now, his spirit inhabits those mansions of bliss which are prepared for all those who love the Lord, and keep his commandments.

And, my dear children, may a pious mother will collect her little ones around her when the sun is fast sinking in the western horizon, and relate to them the beautiful story of this good little boy. I hope you will all follow his example, and remember, as he did, when you are enticed and half inclined to sin, "Thou, God, seest me."

### EDITORIAL.

#### WHAT "INDEPENDENCE" MEANS.

On the fourth instant, the five Sabbath Schools connected with the Baptist Churches in this city, were assembled in Federal Street Church, with their teachers, and superintendants, and parents, and a house full of people. Ministers of the gospel prayed with them; a part of the children themselves sat in the gallery, and sang two hymns of praise to God; and the Rev. Mr. Malcom, who has been much employed in promoting Sabbath schools, made an Address to the scholars. He spoke in language that children can understand, and we hope the address will do them a great deal of good. There were several hundred children to hear it; and now we wish to publish it for several thousands more to read. We can write it only from recollection; it will not therefore be in Mr. Malcom's own words precisely, and we shall not remember all he said. But the reader will get some idea of the address, which was very pleasing and useful to the children who heard it.

Dear Children: We are assembled on the fourth of July, to keep Independence; but what do we mean by independence, and what is the fourth of July more than any other day? Perhaps some of you do not know; then I will tell you.—A great



many years ago, there were no houses and farms in this country; and where these fine buildings are in Boston, there was nothing but woods. The people that lived here then were Indians, who lived in huts and hunted in the woods. The people that lived in Europe, on the other side of the Atlantic, did not know there was such a country as this, till Columbus came over the ocean and found it. He landed on one of the West India Islands; and not a great many years after, other places were discovered along the coast of South and North America. Then people from the old countries came over to live on this side. Many of them came to search for gold, because they wanted to get money and be rich. Some of these were able to stay and form settlements, where their descendants remain to this day. Others, though they came in large companies, were killed by the Indians, or died by sickness, so that the settlements came to nothing. God would not take care of them because they came here for gain; and he meant that this part of America should be inhabited by better men.

More than two hundred years ago, there were people in England called *Puritans*. They were so called, because they tried to be *pure*, or to leave off every bad thing at once, and be good men and serve God. Some others, who had about them some of the wicked things of popery, wanted to reform and become good *slowly*, and do one thing at a time. But these said, No, we will not serve sin at all, but break off every wicked practice at once. So they were called Puritans. And, children, those Puritans were your forefathers, and you must be Puritans too. If you have any bad habits, at school, or at home, or any where; you must not say I will be good by and by, or leave off bad habits *slowly*. No, you must leave them all at once, and be sorry for them, and get a new heart and lead a life all new at once. But the people of England were wicked, and did not love the Puritans, and they would not let them worship and serve God as they wished; so after they had suffered a great deal, they removed over to Holland, and said they would live among the Dutch, if they could be free to serve God. So the Dutch let them have their own way about their religion; but a great many of the Dutch did not fear God, and the Puritans said their children would be corrupted and spoiled if they grew up and lived there. So they then concluded to come over into this country and live in the wilderness, that they might serve God, and bring up their children to serve him. They did not come to get money, but to be Puritans and good men, and make their children good. It was for *you*, children, that they were willing to take all this trouble; they thought of *you* and of *me*, and of *all* of us who are now living here, when they agreed to come here over the mighty waters.

Well, our fathers set sail to come to this country, and they intended to land where New York is now and settle on the banks of the Hudson river, for the land is better there. But the Dutch wanted all that country, and they hired the captain of their ship not to carry them there, but to bring them away here to the north. And the wicked captain kept them on the ocean a great while, and at last they landed at Plymouth, in December 1620, which was 208 years ago last December. There they were, without any house, in the middle of the winter, a great part of their provisions spent, and savage Indians all around them. The number that landed was 102; but their sufferings were so great, that 48 of them died before spring; nearly half the little company died in the very first winter. How easy it would have been for the Indians to kill them all. But God turned their hearts so that they did not, for God loved the Puritans, and he meant they should live here and serve him in all generations. Some of the Indians wanted to kill them, but God raised them up a friend. Massasoit, a chief, whose name every child should remember, said No, you shall not kill the English till you first kill me; and so God preserved them alive. And God was their friend and the friend of their children; and he protected them, and others who came over and filled the land. All this people, in what is now the Uni-

ted States, were under the same government as the people of England, and the country was under the king of England. But the king and parliament wanted to tax our people, and make them pay them a good deal of money, when they would not let our people send over any body to help make the laws. That was unjust and wicked, and our people said they would not do so. They loved the king of England and would obey him, if he would do right by them; but he must not oppress them and their children, and deprive them of their rights. Then the king was angry and sent over armies to fight them and compel them to submit. It was at that time that our fathers sent their wisest and best men to Philadelphia, to meet in Congress and see what the country must do. And Congress agreed and said they would have nothing more to do with the king of England at all, but they and the whole country would make their own laws and be independent. They declared this openly to the world on the fourth day of July, 1776; that is what we mean by independence, and that is what makes the fourth of July a great and memorable day. A long and bloody war followed, for the king of England said he would not give up America and let it be free. But God was on our side and disappointed all his hopes; so that in 1783 the king at last consented, and the United States have ever since been free.

And now, children, you must not hate the king of England, or his people, because they came over here to kill our fathers and bring this people under the yoke. The king who did that is dead, and most of the people who were engaged in the war are dead; and the present king and people of that country are our friends. Besides, even if the same king and people were now alive, we should, you know, forgive our enemies, and pray for them that God would forgive them and save them.

Now you see, children, what a good land God has given you, and how many rich blessings. You can hear the gospel, and attend Sabbath Schools, and love and serve God just as he requires, and none can molest you. But what it cost our fathers, how much sorrow and suffering and blood, I cannot tell you. May you all be Puritans indeed, and grow up to do good among men; while, by walking in all his commandments, you praise and honour your God and your fathers' God.

#### MISCELLANY.

##### ON THE BEING OF A GOD.

See, here, I hold a Bible in my hand, and you see the cover, the leaves, the letters, the words; but you do not see the writers, or the printer, the letter-founder, the ink-maker, the paper-maker, or the binder. You never did see them, you never will see them, and yet not one of you will think of disputing or denying the being of these men. I go farther: I affirm that you see the very souls of these men in seeing this book, and you feel yourselves obliged to allow that they had skill, contrivance, design, memory, faculty, reason, and so on. In the same manner, if you see a picture, you judge there was a painter; if you see a house, you judge there was a builder of it; and if you see one room contrived for this purpose, and another for that, a door to enter, a window to admit light, a chimney to hold fire, you conclude the builder was a person of skill and forecast, who formed the house with a view to the accommodation of its inhabitants. In this manner examine the world, and pity the man, who, when he sees the sign of a wheat-sheaf, hath sense enough to know that there is a joiner, and somewhere a painter; but who, when he sees the wheat-sheaf itself, is so stupid as not to say to himself this had a wise and good Creator.

From the Connecticut Observer.

##### WONDERFUL BIBLE CLASS.

Mr. HOOKER:—Yesterday I visited the State-Prison at Wethersfield. On inquiring of the warden how the prisoners were instructed on the Sabbath, he told me that occasionally they had preaching in the morning, but in the afternoon he had a Bible Class; that ten weeks ago, he said to the prisoners on Monday morning, that if any of them

were disposed to commit scripture to memory and recite to him on the Sabbath, they might give him their names; that fifteen during that week gave him their names, who recited to him the next Sabbath from fifty to one hundred verses each. The next week, five more gave in their names, and the next, five more. He soon had in his Bible Class, thirty-five. Others gave in their names, whom his son hears in their cells. The prisoners study their lessons in the evening, and some now recite on an average, about eighty verses. A few have already committed to memory and recited several whole books. What an institution! The terror of the community here learn the word of God, which changes the lion into the lamb.

M. J.

*Idleness.*—If you are idle, you may depend on it, Satan will find some work for you. I love to see a child afraid of being idle. Idleness is very displeasing to God. Just consider, "for every moment that God gives me, he requires of me an account. What am I doing; how am I spending my time?" Think again; "I may have but a few days or hours to live; the longest life is short; and what have I done for God? He has done every thing for me.—Do I belong to the Lord Jesus? Is my soul safe in his love? If I do, shall I be idle and waste the time which he gives me to glorify him, to serve him? If I do not, shall I be idle? There is no idleness in heaven—there is no idleness in hell—and shall I, who have a never-dying soul to save, trifle away my time? Heavenly Father, may I be thine, now in the days of my youth, then I shall never wish to be idle!" [*Youth's Friend.*]

*The Liar's mouth sewed up.*—When Aristotle, who was a Grecian philosopher, and the tutor of Alexander the Great, was once asked, what a man could gain by uttering falsehoods, he replied, "not to be credited when he shall tell the truth." On the contrary, it is related, that when Petrarch, an Italian poet, was summoned as a witness on a certain occasion, and offered in the usual manner to take the oath before Cardinal Colonna, the Cardinal closed the book, saying, "as to you, Petrarch, your word is sufficient." From the story of Petrarch we may learn how great respect is paid to those whose character for truth is established; and from the reply of Aristotle, the folly as well as wickedness of lying. In the country of Siam, he who tells a lie is punished, according to law, by having his mouth sewed up! [*Child's Mag.*]

*A Teacher's Bequest.*—A gentleman who was a Teacher in a Sabbath school at Savannah, lately bequeathed the sum of \$300 to two children, who were members of his class in the Sabbath school: they were both orphans. His property was large, and after making liberal provision for his relatives, he bequeathed to different religious charities \$12,250.—*S. S. Magazine.*

#### POETRY.

From the Vermont Chronicle.

##### TO MY SON.

Is this new life so sweet to thee, my little darling boy,  
That thus thy minutes seem to be a constant course of joy?  
I gaze upon thy laughing face, I hear thy joyous tone,  
Till the glad feeling of thy heart oft reaches to my own.  
No titled infant for whose brow a coronet shines fair,  
Is blest with better health than thou, or nursed with tenderer care;  
And be it prince or peasant's child—the station high or low,  
Those blessings are the only ones its earliest days can know.  
I would not damp thy present joy with tales of future care,  
Or paint the ills of life, dear boy, which thou must feel and bear;  
The early dew is bright to view, although it vanish soon,  
And lovely is the morning flower that withers ere 'tis noon.  
Thy heavenly Father by whose will I'm living soul is thine,  
By his good Spirit visits still this heritage divine:  
And children who in innocence, the path of life have trod,  
Hear often in their tender minds the indwelling voice of God.  
As reason dawns, no mind expands, in childhood's opening day,  
Thou oft wilt hear his high command to shun the evil way,  
And every wayward thought resign'd to his divine control,  
Will bring a sweetness to thy mind, a blessing to thy soul.  
Dear as thy welfare is to me, I cannot form a thought,—  
I cannot breathe a wish for thee, with happiness more fraught,  
Than that this heavenly Friend may prove the guardian of thy way,  
And thy young heart incline to love, to hearken, to obey.



# YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Published Weekly, by WILLIS & RAND, at the Office of the Boston Recorder, No. 22, Congress-Street....Price One Dollar a year in advance, or \$1, 50, if not paid in advance.

No. 9.

BOSTON, JULY 23, 1829.

VOL. III.

## NARRATIVE.

### THE OFFICER'S DAUGHTER ; BEING THE HISTORY OF EMILY NORTON.

AN AUTHENTIC NARRATIVE.

A considerable time ago, my husband having a severe illness, we were advised to spend our summer months in the country; and, in consequence, took a journey into the north of England, and there hired for the season an old-fashioned house situated in a garden abounding with fruits and flowers of various kinds. Here, having no employment and but few neighbors, we spent a great part of our time in sitting on a garden-chair, which we found under the spreading branches of a walnut tree, situated on a round plot of grass in the centre of the garden. On this pleasant spot, while I employed myself with my needle, my husband read to me the Pastorals of Philips, the Arcadia of Sir Philip Sydney, and other fashionable works of the day.

From this, our walnut-tree-seat, we were presented with one of the most lovely prospects, which can be imagined. Our garden and house were situated on the declivity of a considerable eminence. Directly on our front was an orchard, below which appeared a rich country, abounding with woods, from the centre of which, at a considerable distance, arose the tower of a church. On the right, a different prospect opened to our view.—A range of hills of considerable height, terminated the horizon: whence an irregular and exceedingly beautiful country, descended to the banks of a river, which wound its secret course through the bottom of the valley. On the nearer side of the river, the country was smiling and fertile, abounding with orchards, corn-fields, and cottages.

One feature in this landscape particularly pleased my fancy:—It was a little foot-path, which, passing by our garden-gate, and descending into the valley, appeared again at the distance of about a quarter of a mile, winding through a corn-field, till it was lost at the entrance of a little coppice. From the centre of this coppice, arose a white chimney, the blue smoke of which indicated that the place was inhabited; but it was left to my imagination to picture by what kind of persons. Nor did I fail to indulge my fancy, by supposing it might be the abode of some Phillis and Damon, these being the most perfect beings of which I could then form an idea.

It happened, one morning about ten o'clock, as we were sitting in our usual place, that I saw something coming out of the little coppice, and proceeding toward us along the path; but at that distance, whatever it might be, it appeared only like a black speck. After a little while I looked again, when I could distinguish a small figure clothed in black; and as the figure approached, I perceived it was a little girl, perhaps not seven years of age, carrying a basket. She came tripping along with a light and graceful step, discovering in every motion so peculiar a vivacity and elegance, as greatly attracted my attention, and convinced me, that whatever her place of abode or her parentage might be, there was in her something which I had not often observed in children;—yet what this was I could not define. I watched her till she had passed the garden-gate; and about an hour afterwards, saw her return, having been, as I supposed, to the village, which was at some little distance from our habitation. I marked her, till she had retraced her steps, and entered again into the coppice. A second view did not destroy the first impression which the appearance of this little girl had made upon my imagination; and as my head was then filled with poetical and pastoral ideas from the books which we had been

reading, I said to my husband, "This little girl wants only to lay aside her mourning dress, and to be clothed in white, with a straw hat, a wreath of flowers, and a crook, to become as elegant a shepherdess as any described by Sir Philip Sydney."

The next day, about the same hour, while we were engaged as usual under our walnut-tree, the little shepherdess appeared again. I traced her uneven and childish steps, as she sometimes tripped hastily onwards, and then stopped and stooped, as I rightly guessed, to gather flowers; for I afterwards saw a few violets tied together with a blade of grass in her basket. At length she ascended the hill towards us, while I went out at the gate of the garden to look at her, resolving, if I liked her equally well on a near approach as at a distance, to speak to her.

I had time to examine her minutely as she came forward. Her hood was not pulled very far over her face, and her fair brown hair was gently agitated by the breeze. But it is impossible to describe her countenance, and equally so to give an idea of the delicacy of her features, or the sparkling vivacity of her blue eyes; yet what was most remarkable in this child was, a dignified kind of carriage and self-possession, which was not in the least disturbed when I addressed her. She was exceedingly fair; but air and exercise had given her a high bloom, which added much to the sweetness of her appearance. In her hand she carried a basket, which had nothing in it but the bunch of violets before spoken of. Her dress was mourning; and, though neat, bespoke an attention to economy.

I stepped into the middle of the path, and asked her name, her place of abode, and several other questions. She told me her name was Emily; that her father, who had been an officer, was lately dead; that she once had a very dear little sister, who also was no more; and that now she only was left to her dear mamma. She added, that her mother having left the place in which she formerly resided with her father, had come to live at a cottage in the wood, where they occupied only one room, there being other inhabitants in the house. She informed me also, that her mother was very ill.

While she gave me this account, which she entered upon without confusion or hesitation, the colour rose in her cheeks, her eyes filled with tears, her lip quivered, and at length she burst into an agony of crying, making a motion as if she would have thrown herself into my arms, as, no doubt, she had been accustomed to do, on like occasions, into those of her tender mother; but hastily recollecting herself, she recovered with a peculiar dignity, and stopping short, was going to wish me a good morning, with much sweetness and courtesy, when I said, "My little Miss, do not be in a hurry to leave me. Tell me why you cry; and let me know if I can do any thing to comfort you."

"When I think of my papa, and my little sister," she answered, "I cannot help crying; and yet I know it is wrong."

"Wrong, my dear!" I answered, "why should it be wrong to weep for such dear friends?"

"Because," she answered, "they are very happy; they are gone to our Lord Jesus Christ, and are in his house: I know this, and therefore I ought to be glad, and not to cry."

I found my heart strangely drawn to this little girl from the first moment I saw her distinctly, and every word she said increased my interest in her. Finding, however, a reluctance to speak with her on religious subjects, I inquired only whither she was going.

"I am going, Ma'am, she said, to the village, to fetch a roll for my mother, and one for myself, with

a little pot of butter, and some medicine for my mother; and I go almost every day."

"And these violets," said I, "what are they for?"

"They are to put in a glass in my mother's room," she answered. "I thought she would never go out and get violets again, and therefore I gathered them for her. But my mother is not unhappy about being ill," added the sweet little girl, "because our dear Saviour visits and comforts her."

I found myself strangely affected by the discourse of the little Emily. There was an elegance and a refinement in her ideas, which I had never before observed about a child; and being totally ignorant of the power of the Holy Spirit of God in producing these beautiful effects, I attributed them to the more than ordinary care of a refined and well-educated mother, in the direction of her early studies. But again, I thought, that accomplishments of this kind are above the capacities of children. Where, then, and how, can this child have acquired these ideas? Had I understood the Holy Scriptures, I should not have had so much difficulty in tracing the peculiar loveliness of this little girl to its right cause.

Being, however, not a little confused and perplexed with what I had seen and heard, I wished Miss Emily a good morning; and hoping that I should meet her again some other time, as she so often came that way, I returned into my garden.

[To be continued.]

## NATURAL HISTORY.

### THE TIGER'S CAVE.

*An Adventure among the Mountains of Quito.*

[Translated from the Danish of Elinquist.]

On leaving the Indian village, we continued to wind round Chimborazo's wide base; but its snow-crowned head no longer shone above us in clear brilliancy, for a dense fog was gathering around it. Our guides looked anxiously towards it, and announced their apprehensions of a violent storm. We soon found that their fears were well founded. The fog rapidly covered and obscured the whole of the mountain; the atmosphere was suffocating, and yet so humid that the steel work of our watches was covered with rust, and the watches stopped. The river beside which we were travelling, rushed down with still greater impetuosity; and from the clefts of the rocks which lay on the left of our path, were suddenly precipitated small rivulets, that bore the roots of trees and innumerable serpents along with them.—These rivulets often came down so suddenly and violently that we had great difficulty in preserving our footing. The thunder at length began to roll, and resounded through the mountainous passes with the most terrific grandeur. Then came the vivid lightning—flash followed flash—above, around, beneath,—every where a sea of fire. We sought a momentary shelter in the cleft of the rocks, whilst one of our guides hastened forward to seek a more secure asylum. In a short time he returned and informed us that he had discovered a spacious cavern, which would afford us sufficient protection from the elements. We proceeded thither immediately, and with great difficulty and not a little danger, at last got into it.

The noise and raging of the storm continued with so much violence, that we could not hear the sound of our voices. I had placed myself near the entrance of the cave, and could observe, through the opening, which was straight and narrow, the singular scene without. The highest cedar trees were struck down, or bent like reeds: monkeys and parrots lay strewn upon the ground, killed by the falling branches; the water had collected in the



path we had just passed, and hurried along it like a mountain stream. From every thing I saw, I thought it extremely probable that we should be obliged to pass some days in the cavern.—When the storm, however, had somewhat abated, our guides ventured out in order to ascertain if it were possible to continue our journey. The cave in which we had taken refuge was so extremely dark, that if we moved a few paces from the entrance, we could not see an inch before us; and we were debating as to the propriety of leaving even before the Indians came back, when we suddenly heard a singular groaning or growling at the further end of the cavern, which instantly fixed all our attention. Wharton and myself listened anxiously, but our daring and inconsiderate young friend, Lincoln, together with my huntsman, erept about on their hands and knees, and endeavored to discover, by groping, from whence the sound proceeded. They had not advanced far into the cavern before we heard them utter an exclamation of surprise; and they returned to us, each carrying in his arms an animal singularly marked, and about the size of a cat, seemingly of great strength and power, and furnished with immense fangs. The eyes were of a green color; strong claws were upon their feet; and a blood red tongue hung out of their mouths. Wharton had scarcely glanced at them, when he exclaimed in consternation, "Good Heavens! we have come into the den of a ——" He was interrupted by a fearful cry of dismay from our guides; who came rushing precipitately towards us, calling out, "a tiger! a tiger!" and at the same time, with extraordinary rapidity, they climbed up a cedar tree which stood at the entrance of the cave, and hid themselves among the branches.

After the first sensation of horror and surprise, which rendered me motionless for a moment, had subsided, I grasped my fire-arms.

Wharton had already regained his composure and self-possession; and he called to us to assist him instantly in blocking up the mouth of the cave with an immense stone which fortunately lay near it. The sense of approaching danger augmented our strength; for we now distinctly heard the growl of the ferocious animal, and we were lost beyond redemption if it reached the entrance before we could close it. Ere this was done, we could distinctly see the tiger bounding towards the spot, and stooping in order to creep into his den by the narrow opening. At this fearful moment, our exertions were successful, and the great stone kept the wild beast at bay. There was a small open space, however, left between the top of the entrance and the stone, through which we could see the head of the animal, illuminated by its glowing eyes, which it rolled, glaring with fury, upon us. Its frightful roaring, too, penetrated to the depths of the cavern, and was answered by the hoarse growling of the cubs, which Lincoln and Frank had now tossed from them. Our ferocious enemy attempted first to remove the stone with his powerful claws, and then to push it with his head from its place; and these efforts proving abortive, served only to increase his wrath. He uttered a tremendous piercing howl, and his flaming eyes darted light into the darkness of our retreat.

"Now is the time to fire at him," said Wharton, with his usual calmness, "aim at his eyes; the ball will go through his brain, and we shall then have a chance to get rid of him."

Frank seized his double-barrelled gun, and Lincoln his pistols, the former placed the muzzle within a few inches of the tiger, and Lincoln did the same. At Wharton's command, they both drew the triggers at the same moment, but no shot followed. The tiger, who seemed aware that the flash indicated an attack upon him, sprang growling from the entrance; but feeling himself unhurt, immediately turned back again, and stationed himself in his former place. The powder in both pieces was wet; they therefore proceeded to draw the useless loading, whilst Wharton and myself hastened to seek our powder flask. It was so extremely dark, that we were obliged to grope about the cave; and at last, coming in contact with the cubs, we

heard a nestling noise, as if they were playing with some metal substance, which we soon discovered was the canister we were looking for. Most unfortunately, however, the animals had pushed off the lid with their claws, and the powder had been strewed over the damp earth, and rendered entirely useless. This horrible discovery excited the highest consternation.

"All is now over," said Wharton. "We have only to choose whether we shall die of hunger together with these animals who are shut up along with us, or open the entrance to the blood-thirsty monster without, and so make a quicker end of the matter."

So saying, he placed himself close beside the stone, which for the moment defended us, and looked undauntedly upon the lightening eyes of the tiger. Lincoln raved and swore; and Frank took a piece of strong cord from his pocket, and hastened to the other end of the cave—I knew not with what design. We soon, however, heard a low stifled groan; and the tiger, who had heard it also, became more restless and disturbed than ever. He went backwards and forwards before the entrance of the cave, in the most wild and preposterous manner, then stood still, and stretching out his neck in the direction of the forest, broke forth into a deafening howl. Our two Indian guides took advantage of this opportunity to discharge several arrows from the tree. He was struck more than once, but the light weapons bounded harmless from his thick skin. At length, however, one of them struck him near the eye, and the arrow remained sticking in the wound.—He now broke anew in the wildest fury, sprang at the tree, and tore it with his claws, as if he would have dragged it to the ground. But, having at length succeeded in getting rid of the arrow, he became more calm, and laid himself down as before in front of the cave.

Frank now returned from the lower end of the den, and a glance showed us what he had been doing. In each hand, and dangling from the end of a string, were the two cubs. He had strangled them; and before we were aware what he intended, he threw them through the opening to the tiger. No sooner did the animal perceive them, than he gazed earnestly upon them; and began to examine them closely, turning them cautiously from side to side. As soon as he became aware that they were dead, he uttered so fearful a howl of sorrow, that we were obliged to put our hands to our ears. When I upbraided my huntsman for the cruel action he had so rashly committed, I perceived by his blunt and abrupt answers, that he also had lost all hope of rescue from our impending fate, and that under these circumstances, the ties between master and servant were dissolved. For my own part, without knowing why, I could not help believing that some unexpected assistance would rescue us from so horrible a fate. Alas! I little anticipated the sacrifice that my rescue was to cost.

The thunder had now ceased, and the storm had sunk to a gentle gale: the songs of birds were again heard in the neighboring forest, and the sunbeams sparkled in the drops that hung from the leaves. We saw through the aperture how all nature was reviving after the wild war of elements which had so recently taken place; but the contrast only made our situation the more horrible. We were in a grave from which there was no deliverance; and a monster, worse than the fabled Cerberus, kept watch over us. The tiger had laid himself down beside his whelps. He was a beautiful animal, of great size and strength, and his limbs being stretched out at their full length, displayed his immense power of muscle. A double row of great teeth stood far enough apart to show his large red tongue, from which the white foam fell in large drops. All at once a horrid roar was heard at a distance, and the tiger immediately rose and answered it with a mournful howl. At the same instant our Indians uttered a shriek which announced that some new danger threatened us. A few moments confirmed our worst fears, for another tiger not quite so large as the former, came rapidly towards the spot where we were.

"This enemy, will prove more cruel than the other," said Wharton, "for this is the female, and she knows no pity for those who deprive her of her young."

The howls which the tigress gave, when she had examined the bodies of her cubs, surpassed every thing of horrible that we had yet heard; and the tiger mingled his mournful cries with her's. Suddenly her roaring was lowered to a hoarse growling, and we saw her anxiously stretch out her head, extend her wide and smoking nostrils, and look as if she were determined to discover immediately the murderers of her young. Her eyes quickly fell upon us, and she made a spring forward with the intention of penetrating to our place of refuge. Perhaps she might have been enabled by her immense strength, to push away the stone, had we not, with all our united power, held it against her. When she found that all her efforts were fruitless, she approached the tiger, who lay stretched beside his cubs, and he rose and joined in her hollow roarings. They stood together as if in consultation, and then suddenly went off at a rapid pace and disappeared from our sight.—Their howling died away in the distance, and then entirely ceased. We now began to entertain better hopes of our condition; but Wharton shook his head. "Do not flatter yourselves," said he, "with the belief that these animals will let us escape out of their sight till they have revenge. The hours we have to live are numbered."

Nevertheless there still appeared a chance of our rescue, for to our surprise, we saw both our Indians standing before the entrance, and heard them call to us to seize the only possibility of our saving ourselves by instant flight, for the tigers had only gone round the height to seek another inlet to the cave, with which they were no doubt acquainted. In the greatest haste the stone was pushed aside, and we stepped forth from what we considered a living grave. Wharton was the last who left it; he was unwilling to lose his double-barrelled gun, and stopped to take it up; the rest of us thought only of making our escape. We now heard once more the roaring of tigers, though at a distance; and following the example of our guides, we precipitately struck into a side path.—From the numbers of roots and branches of trees with which the storm had strewed in our way, and the slipperiness of the road, our flight was slow and difficult. Wharton, though an active seaman, had a heavy step, and had great difficulty in keeping pace with us, and we were often obliged to slacken our own on his account.

We had proceeded thus for about a quarter of an hour, when we found that our way led along the edge of a rocky cliff, with innumerable fissures. We had just entered upon it, when suddenly the Indians, who were before us, uttered one of their piercing shrieks, and we immediately became aware that the tigers were in pursuit of us. Urged by despair we rushed towards one of the breaks, or gulfs in our way, over which was thrown a bridge of reeds, that sprang up and down at every step, and could be trod with safety by the light foot of the Indians alone. Deep in the hollow below rushed an impetuous stream, and a thousand pointed and jagged rocks threatened destruction on every side. Lincoln, my huntsman, and myself, passed over the chasm in safety; but Wharton was still in the middle of the waving bridge and endeavoring to steady himself, when both the tigers were seen to issue from the adjoining forest; and the moment they descried us, they bounded towards us with dreadful roarings. Meanwhile, Wharton had nearly gained the safe side of the gulf, and we were all clambering up the rocky cliff, except Lincoln, who remained at the reedy bridge to assist his friend to step upon firm ground. Wharton, though the ferocious animals were close upon him, never lost his courage or presence of mind. As soon as he had gained the edge of the cliff, he knelt down and with his sword divided the fastenings by which the bridge was attached to the rock. He expected that an effectual barrier would thus be put to the farther progress of our pursuers; but he was mistaken; for



he had scarcely accomplished his task, when the tiger, without a moment's pause, rushed towards the chasm, and attempted to bound over it. It was a fearful sight to see the mighty animal suspended for a moment, in the air, above the abyss; but the scene passed like a flash of lightning. Her strength was not equal to the distance; she fell into the gulf, and before she reached the bottom, was torn into a thousand pieces by the jagged points of the rocks. Her fate did not in the least dismay her companion; he followed her with an immense spring and reached the opposite side, but only with his fore claws; and thus he clung to the edge of the precipice, endeavoring to gain a footing. The Indians again uttered a wild shriek, as if all hope had been lost. But Wharton, who was nearest to the edge of the rock, advanced courageously towards the tiger, and struck his sword into the animals breast. Enraged beyond all measure, the wild beast collected all his strength and with a violent effort, fixing one of his legs upon the edge of the cliff, he seized Wharton by the thigh.—The heroic man still preserved his fortitude; he grasped the trunk of a tree with his left hand, to steady and support himself, while with his right he wrenched, and violently turned the sword that was still in the breast of the tiger. All this was the work of an instant.—The Indians, Frank, and myself hastened to his assistance; but Lincoln who was already at his side had seized Wharton's gun, which lay near him on the ground, and struck so powerful a blow with the butt end upon the head of the tiger, that the animal, stunned and overpowered, let go his hold, and fell back into the abyss. All would have been well, had it ended thus; but the unfortunate Lincoln had not calculated upon the force of the blow; he staggered forward, reeled upon the edge of the precipice, extended his hand to seize upon any thing to save himself—but in vain. His foot slipped; for an instant he however remained over the gulf, and then was plunged into it to rise no more.

### THE NURSERY.

#### THE LITTLE MOUSE CAUGHT.

Children, as well as men and women, should learn to take a lively interest in the cause of the living God, by seeking to promote his glory, in the prosperity of different religious societies. Their parents should not only give for them, but they should be encouraged to lay by a portion of their allowance, be it ever so small; and the reports, anecdotes, and interesting details of the different societies, should be read to them, and pressed upon their attention. When the heads which are now silvered o'er with age shall be laid in the dust, it is on the young that the cause of heaven will rest, and they must take it up, and fight manfully the battles of the Lord. O, that on them, strong and active for the warfare, may rest a double portion of the Spirit. Acting upon this principle, that even children may make themselves useful, I promised to a little brother of mine a penny for every mouse he could catch, without putting them to bodily pain; for cruelty should never be allowed. Every penny was to be for the Tract Society. Accordingly, traps of different kinds were immediately procured, and he set to work in earnest, and wherever there was a mouse-hole, you were sure to see a mouse-trap. It was amusing to watch him with his bits of cheese plotting for captives, and had his own maintenance depended upon his success, he could not have been more in earnest. To his disappointment there were not so many mice upon the premises, or mice that were silly enough to be caught, as he expected. But when he was fortunate enough to secure a little prisoner, he would come rejoicing to me, holding up the trap, and saying, "Here, sister, here is another little mouse for the Tract Society, a penny, if you please." The pennies were always given, and, as he was removed soon after to a neighboring town, his employment ceased; but he had earned by his assiduity as much as half a dollar, which at his request I transmitted to the Tract Society. I have heard of another young person, who is catching moles for

the Missionary Society; and of another who made pin-cushions of snail shells for another Society, and many other plans to bring in a few pence; and where money is thus earned for the cause, it is given with much greater pleasure and eagerness. But as well as your money, give your exertions and prayers, ye children of this highly-favoured land, and may the work of the Lord prosper in your hands.

[Youth's Friend.]

### THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

#### THE SABBATH SCHOLAR.

From the Appendix to Mr. Ingraham's Report of Christ Church Sabbath School, Boston.

J. B. W. was admitted into our school, March 13, 1825. He was then 6 years and 10 months old. He continued in the school, till March, 1827, when he was afflicted with the distressing complaint which terminated in his death. He was admitted to the Massachusetts General Hospital, and continued there for some time. His teacher visited him while at the Hospital, and also after his return from the Hospital to his mother's house. In Aug. 1827 his teacher, finding he would be unable to attend school for some time, proposed to visit him every Sunday evening, for the purpose of giving him religious instruction. This offer was readily accepted by his mother and himself; and these visits were regularly continued till May, 1828, when his teacher left town. His teacher also occasionally visited him at other times, when opportunity offered. During this period of 9 months, he committed to memory a considerable number of hymns, and other lessons given him; and during the past winter he had learned the Church Catechism and many hymns, while lying on his bed, and unable to sit up. About four weeks before he died, he learned the hymn in the Prayer Book (22d of the old, and 121st of the new collection) for the use of the sick. The good seed thus sown was not lost; it did spring up and bear fruit, though the plant was soon cut down.

During the past winter, his sickness had been very distressing; but no murmurs or repinings were heard from his lips. He was very patient and resigned, and much interested in religious subjects. And not only was he interested in them, but he understood them; so much so, that several pious persons who visited him, observed that he appeared to know more on such subjects than many grown persons.

He was in the constant habit of praying, morning and evening, and also at other times; and when he was about offering his prayers, he used to request that no noise might be made, and would not begin, till all was quiet, in order that he might be able to reflect upon what he was doing. Sometimes he would fall asleep before he had offered his prayers; and when he awoke, he would ask his mother why she had not called him, and kept him awake, till he had performed the duty. One night when he awoke, forgetting that he had offered his prayers before he went to sleep, he repeated them over again. When he was so low that he could not speak much, he said, though he could not repeat his prayers, he could think them.

He was very sensible of his sins; and frequently repeated, that he was very wicked. He was fond of looking at Scripture pictures; and one day when he was looking over a book given him by the Superintendent, he stopped at the print of our Saviour with the little children in his arms, and repeated the words, "Suffer little children to come unto me," &c. His grandmother observed to him, that the kingdom of heaven was composed of little children, and those who were like them; and he replied it was not composed of children like him, for he was very wicked, and not fit to die.

He wished to live; not that he might do as he did before he was sick; but because he wished to grow better, and be better prepared to die. He said he should like to live till he was twenty years old, that he might be a good man; but he did not wish to go out again, because he should be as wicked as he was before.

When his teacher first commenced his visits, J.

appeared to be afraid to answer the questions which were asked him; but during the past winter he frequently said, "I shall not be afraid to have my teacher ask me any questions now," as he had become more sensible of the importance of the subjects, and more familiar with them.

The following circumstance will show that his knowledge on religious subjects was not merely speculative. In the room adjoining that in which he lay, some persons were engaged in a conversation, in which mention was made of the sin of the Jews in crucifying our blessed Saviour. He heard this, and said, loud enough to be heard by those in the other room,—"We blame the Jews, for crucifying the Saviour; but don't we crucify him whenever we commit sin?" Nothing had been said, which could have given him an idea of this kind, and it must have been the result of his meditations on what he had read in the Scriptures on the subject.

When one of his fellow scholars, who had been a bad boy, died very suddenly, he frequently said, "What a dreadful thing it is, to die so young, when one is so wicked!"

He was in the constant practice of asking questions respecting the meaning of every thing which he heard or read; and frequently his questions were of a most important nature—of too high importance to be answered by those around him.

This little narrative illustrates in a very forcible manner the importance of teachers visiting their scholars at their homes. And what encouragement to perseverance does such a case afford to the faithful teacher! The blessing of God surely rests upon such labors. If the teacher of this child never knows of any other fruit of his exertions, the present is a sufficient reward to repay all the trouble of attending him so constantly. He can look back upon his visits to this child with much satisfaction, and with gratitude to God for putting it into his heart to take the measures he did, and for blessing those measures so signally. Let it make us all sensible of the importance of the admonitions, to "be instant in season and out of season;" to "do with all our might," "whatsoever our hands find to do;" "while we have time, let us do good unto all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith."

### EDITORIAL.

#### "SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES."

We hope the time is fast going by, in many families already gone, when a young person was ashamed to be seen with a Bible in his hand except on the Lord's day. The recitations in Bible Classes and Sabbath Schools require that it should be read and studied at other times. Ministers preach more from the Bible and about the Bible; professors of religion talk more about it; Christian parents oftener read it themselves and teach its doctrines and precepts to their children. All these things induce young persons to look more into the sacred volume, than they or their predecessors did ten or twenty years ago. Now let them take care to search and study the scriptures, as well as to read them; to ponder and love and obey them, not less than to commit them to memory. These oracles of God contain fountains of heavenly wisdom, and we ought to drink of them all the day long, that we may be the children of God & live forever. There is nothing children and youth can do that will be so useful to them, as to treasure up in their memories and hearts great portions of the word of God. Let us consider some of the advantages to be derived from a diligent study of the Bible and a familiar acquaintance with its contents.

The scriptures will guide you in the way of duty and safety. We know not our way through this dark world, without this light from heaven. Without the Bible, we should not know what the Lord our Maker requires of us, or what are our duties to our fellow men, or bow we may ourselves escape misery and be happy. The sacred scriptures are ready to guide us at every step; and however frail or ignorant we may be, we need not err if we will



receive instruction from God. But if that blessed book lies upon our shelf, covered with dust, it cannot profit us. When we are abroad about our secular affairs, we cannot run home to search the scriptures, and find what duty is, in the thousand various and unexpected circumstances of life. O we want "the word nigh us, even in our mouth and in our heart." It should be every moment "a light unto our feet and a lamp unto our path." In the language of the poet:

"Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,  
That guides us all the day;  
And through the darkness of the night,  
A lamp to lead our way."

Happy the child or the man, who can recall the passages of scripture which apply to his circumstances at any given moment; who all the day long hears the voice of his Shepherd, and follows where he leads; who, if his steps wander from the way, instantly hears the voice of God behind him saying "This is the way, walk thou therein."

The Bible will guard you against temptation and danger. When you are tempted to sin, how useful it is to remember the command of God, "If sinners entice thee, consent thou not." Or the recorded example of the pious Joseph, who resisted and overcame, saying, "How can I do this great wickedness and sin against God?" When solicited to go with the multitude to do evil, you may fortify yourself against the assault by the words of infinite kindness, "Go not in the way of evil men: whose walketh with wise men shall be wise, but the companion of fools shall be destroyed." When the pomp and splendor of the world allure you and would make you neglect your soul, you may have in one sentence the end of that matter in the words of the preacher, "Vanity of vanities, vanity of vanities, all is vanity and vexation of spirit;" or in the words of Christ, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul, or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" Against all the devices of wicked men and all the wiles of the devil, may you stand, furnished with the armor of the gospel. "Stand, therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breast-plate of righteousness, and your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace; above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked. And take the helmet of salvation and the sword of the spirit, which is the word of God." And this armor should be always about you; for your enemies never slumber, your dangers never sleep.

The Bible will save you from destructive errors. The world abounds with delusive doctrines, especially in this day of Satan's desperate effort against truth which is triumphing over him. Deceivers abound on every side, and if it were possible they would deceive the very elect of God. This is an alarm we would not cease to sound in the ears of our youthful readers, lest they should turn away from Him that speaks to them from heaven, to cunningly-devised fables. Now 'tis a good thing that the heart be established by grace, and that we should from our childhood know the holy Scriptures, which are able make us wise unto salvation. Treasure up divine truth in your hearts, and you will not be led away by the error of the wicked or fall into the snares of the destroyer.

The scriptures of truth will comfort you in every time of desolation or distress. When you are left in solitude, or feel as one alone among strangers, the precious truths and promises of the gospel will be your 'song in this house of your pilgrimage.' In time of sickness and pain, the consolations of God will not be small with you, if you meditate upon his word and pour out your soul to him in prayer. In time of old age, the word of promise is a staff and support beyond all other means of comfort and light. And whoever expects or wishes to live to old age, should lodge the Scriptures early in his mind, that they may remain with him when activity, and sight, and hearing, and memory, are principally gone. We have known aged people who could scarcely recall the events of yesterday, and from whose recollection many years of active life were entirely blot-

ted out, who would recount the incidents of their childhood and youth with surprising accuracy and copiousness. A few aged pilgrims we have known in their second childhood, whose minds were richly stored with the sacred scriptures, and whose lips were a full and flowing fountain of heavenly wisdom and gracious conversation, when they were unable to put two ideas together on any worldly subject. We could always trace such observable facts to *early religious instruction*; every one of them had 'known the scriptures from a child.' And O, what peace and blessedness these aged saints enjoyed, in being able to feed on the bread of life, treasured up within them, when cut off from access to gospel ordinances and sinking under the infirmities of age. Let then all who would live and die in the saving knowledge and divine consolation of the scriptures, search them daily and lay them up in their hearts for use and comfort and salvation in all time to come.

#### MISCELLANY.

*Parent and Child.*—About 20 years since, (said a father,) when I was regardless of the interests of my soul, my eldest son, of about 4 years of age, went to live in a family where there was a pious young woman who took unwearied pains to inculcate on his mind the truth of religion and to teach him to pray. On Saturday he usually came home and tarried until afternoon on Sunday. On one of these visits he asked his mother in my presence, where people would go to who said bad words? If they would not go to hell? and being answered, "yes," he replied with a sigh, "father will go to hell then, for he says bad words," repeating the profane expression he had heard me use.

This was the means in the hand of God, of bringing me to reflection, and ultimately, as I trust, to renounce the world, and to seek and accept a Saviour. But after having made a public profession of religion, my natural diffidence, for a long time, prevented my establishing family worship; and here again the Lord sent the same child to reprove me, in the simplicity of his heart. One day he asked his mother in my hearing, if "all good people did not pray?" and on being answered "yes," he asked, if his father was a good man, and on his mother's replying, "I hope so," he rejoined, "why does he not pray then? Mrs. — prays every night and morning."

This had the effect, I trust, which God intended, as I resolved, and was enabled to keep the resolution, to erect the family altar that very night, and have, through grace, continued in the discharge of this duty to the present day.—*London Child's Mag.*

*Industry in a good cause.*—The Ladies' Glean- ing Society of Huntington, Conn. have lately paid thirty dollars to constitute the Rev. T. Punderson, who was before a life member of the American Tract Society, a Director of that Institution. In a letter to the Secretary, Mr. P. says:

"This little Society, organized a little more than a year ago, in a district remote from the centre of the town, consisting of only about a dozen individuals, collected as the avails of their charitable labors during the first year, between seventy and eighty dollars. They meet once a fortnight, and spend the afternoon in laboring for the cause of benevolence. Previous to this, they have appropriated to the Bible cause forty-five dollars.

"If ten or twelve females by their needles, can in one year cast seventy-five dollars into the treasury of the Lord, how much might be cast into the same treasury, if all women professing godliness should come up to the work with true devotedness and with untinged zeal?"

*Example for Young Ladies.*—A young lady in —, some months ago, refused to receive the addresses of a young gentleman whose character for temperance was a little doubtful, unless he would abstain entirely from the use of ardent spirits. The consequence is, that he has not been known to drink, even moderately, since, and is determin-

ed to adhere to his present practice. Let all young ladies imitate the example, and our nation will soon be free from this vice; for let them be assured, that if their professed admirers really love them, they will for their sakes lay aside their bottle; and if they will not, their love is not worth possessing.

#### POETRY.

##### DRINKING JOE.

CHARLES.

Pa, did you know that drinking Joe  
Had turned to be a sober man?  
He minds his work, and never swears,  
And tries to do what good he can.  
It seems so strange—because he used  
To be so idle, and so cross;  
He beat his wife and children too—  
I never saw a man act worse.

FATHER.

Oh, yes, my son, I have observed  
The pleasant change in neighbor Joe;  
I told him I was very glad,  
And asked what made him alter so.  
"I'll tell you truly, sir," said he,  
"I wasted all my youthful days;  
I would not read the word of God,  
And did not love His holy ways.  
I was not happy in my sins—  
My conscience checked me every day—  
But I cast off the fear of God,  
And rather chose to swear than pray.  
At length I thought I'd settle down,  
And so I picked me out a wife,  
But wretchedly did I perform  
The duties of a married life.  
In managing our little ones,  
My mate and I could not agree;  
I was not fit to govern them,  
While wicked passions governed me.  
I was imperious and unkind,  
They were unruly, pert, and vain—  
They disobeyed me to my face,  
And when I stormed, they stormed again.  
At last, grown weary of my home,  
I to the tavern bent my way,  
And drank and gambled many a night,  
And idly wasted many a day.

It happened that a Sabbath school,  
About that time, was opened here;  
My eldest daughter chose to go,  
And followed it about a year.

But in that year I was surprised  
To see how altered she appeared;  
No dissobling act was seen,  
And not one froward word was heard.  
When I came reeling home at night,  
Disposed to fight with all I met,  
She'd beg the children not to speak  
One word to put me in a fret.

The best nur cottage could afford,  
She for my supper would prepare,  
And do whatever I required,  
With cheerful and unwearied care.

When she did every thing she could,  
And found herself forever blamed,  
She would be silent, or reply  
So meekly, that I felt ashamed.

Once I had eaten up my milk,  
And ordered her to bring me more;  
She hit her foot, and split it all,  
Enraged I struck her to the floor.

She rose in tears, but did not speak,  
And handed me another bowl—  
I could not take a single drop—  
Her patience cut me to the soul.

Gn—leave me, Emeline, I said,  
So vile a creature does not live—  
I am not worthy such a child;  
Leave me—I know you can't forgive.

She threw herself into my arms;  
"Dear father, do not tell me so,  
I've been a disobedient child;  
Forgive me, sir—I cannot gn."

I sobbed aloud—where, where, I cried,  
Did you obtain so sweet a mind;  
Oh, tell me who has taught you thus,  
To be so tender, and so kind?

"The Bible, sir, it taught me all,  
Showed me how wicked I had been,  
And that to treat my parents ill,  
Was in God's sight a dreadful sin.

It showed me too, that Jesus died,  
That all our sins might be forgiven;  
That every soul that would repent,  
And come to him, should go to Heaven."

"My heart was melted—straight I sought  
With earnestness the blessed word;  
I felt my guilt—I owned my sins,  
And begged forgiveness of the Lord.  
He heard my cry—He gave me strength  
To hate and leave my wicked ways;  
He filled my soul with thankful love,  
And to His name be all the praise. [Mrs. Sprout.



# YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Published Weekly, by WILLIS & RAND, at the Office of the Boston Recorder, No. 22, Congress-Street....Price One Dollar a year in advance, or \$1, 50, if not paid in advance.

No. 10.

BOSTON, JULY 30, 1829.

VOL. III.

## NARRATIVE.

### THE OFFICER'S DAUGHTER; BEING THE HISTORY OF EMILY NORTON. AN AUTHENTIC NARRATIVE.—[Continued.]

The next day the little shepherdess appeared again with her basket. I met her at the gate and invited her in; while she with great politeness, begged to be excused, till she had asked her mother's leave. I wished to present her to Mr. G——, and would have had her come in, without waiting her mother's permission; but she refused, with a mixture of inflexibility and sweetness, saying, "I must not disobey my poor mother, now she is ill in bed."

I replied, "you are a sweet, good child, Miss Emily; and your mother is very happy in having such a little girl."

"Mamma loves me," she answered, "but I am not good."

This reply of the little girl surprised me; and on questioning her farther, she made me understand, that her mamma had taught her, that all mankind are sinful and utterly depraved, and that she herself could not do the least thing well, without the help of the Holy Spirit of God.

It cannot be supposed, that I could have lived between thirty and forty years in a Christian country, and been constantly in the habit of attending the divine ordinances, without hearing of the depravity of human nature; or that I could have read the Bible continually, as I had been in the habit of doing, and never have found it there; yet so it was, that this doctrine, out of the mouth of this little girl, seemed perfectly new to me, and came with a force which I could not account for. I felt ashamed and embarrassed before the child, and hardly had presence of mind to say to her, "Well, my little Miss, go home now; and, if your mamma will give you leave, call upon us to-morrow in your way to the village."

Mr. G—— smiled at my enthusiastic description of the little Emily; but the next day, when she came, with her mother's permission, into the garden to speak to us in her way to the village, he confessed that she fully answered my description of her.

From that time she came every morning, when I generally contrived to have some little nice thing to send by her to her mother, from whom I received many grateful messages in return, with one or two little notes, elegantly written on small slips of paper, expressive of gratitude, not only for my kindness to herself, but to her little Emily.

Finding, however, that what I had done for this distressed lady was too little, I resolved, as soon as Mr. G—— should be able to walk, that we would go together to see her; the cottage in which she resided being so situated as not to be approached safely with a carriage.

In the meantime, as the summer advanced, the strawberries in the garden began to ripen fast; but we had not yet gathered any; when one morning our little Emily came in as usual, and with a peculiar meaning in her sweet face, stood awhile, lingering and looking earnestly at me, even after I had told her that it was time to go; for her poor mother, in one of her notes, requested me not to detain her longer than a certain hour; adding, that she could not bear to be long deprived of her. Emily, however, as I said before, this day, lingered some minutes after I had told her it was time to go. At length, coloring deeply, she said, "Ma'am, will you sell me some strawberries?"

I was surprised at the request, and the more, as she had never before asked for anything. I was going to say, "No, my dear, I will give you some,"

but Mr. G—— checked me, whispering, that he wished to know what the little girl was about.

"I have got a penny of my own, ma'am," she said, perceiving my hesitation, "and I should like to buy some strawberries, instead of a roll."

"What! for your own eating?" I said.

"No," she answered, "not for myself."

Mr. G—— himself immediately gathered her a large cabbage-leaf full, and took her penny; at which she appeared to be in an ecstasy of joy, her whole face brightening up in a manner that I had never witnessed in any creature before.

"I shall be so happy now!" she said. "Yesterday my mamma wished for strawberries, and now I shall have some to give her."

She then took her leave, and hastened to the village.

I contrived to meet her at the garden gate as she came back. I looked into her basket, and saw that the number of strawberries was not diminished, and that she had purchased but one roll. The joy of her countenance still remained without any abatement; and cheerfully wishing me a good morning as she passed, I watched her as she went tripping along the little pathway.

The next day, at the usual time, my little Emily appeared again. She came running into the garden with her basket, to tell us that her dear mamma had enjoyed the strawberries so much!—so very much! In her hand she held her penny, and begged us to sell her some more strawberries.

"But my dear," said Mr. G——, taking her upon his knee, (for he was now become even fonder of her than I was, if it were possible to be so,) "what did you do for your supper?"

She looked earnestly at him, not knowing what he meant.

"Your roll!" said he, "how did you do without your roll?—You had no roll last night."

"I did not want my roll;—I saved some of my potatoes at dinner to eat at night," she answered.

"But my dear," inquired I, "what did your mamma say, when she saw you eating potatoes?"

On hearing this question, her cheeks reddened, and her eyes filled with tears; "O Ma'am!" she answered, "my poor mamma does not know now what I do." She could say no more, but being quite overcome, threw her arms round my neck, and burst into an agony of grief.

"What! my child," I said, much affected, "is your mamma so very ill?"

I found by her answers, that the poor lady had kept her bed for several days; but I could not find out whether she was actually in danger of death; however, I told the little girl that I would certainly come next day and see her.

On hearing this, her countenance brightened up, and she began to tell me how her mamma had relished the strawberries. "She ate them all, Ma'am," said the little girl, "so eagerly! and this morning she wants more; and here, Ma'am, is my penny."

"No, my Emily," said Mr. G——, quite affected; "no, no, we will not have your poor penny, sweet child. Take it back: you are welcome ten thousand times, and so is your dear mother, to all our garden can afford, and our house too."

"But please Sir," said the sweet little girl, "please to take my penny: I want to give the strawberries to mamma;—please to let me buy them."

There was no resisting the gentle importunity of the lovely child. It seemed to give her particular pleasure to deny herself, in order to gratify her mother. There was a touching mixture of childishness and warm disinterested love in the conduct of this dear little girl, of which I never before could

have formed a conception, and which overcame Mr. G—— and myself. We could not resist her; but taking her penny, we all set to work to gather the strawberries; with which she hastened home as before, transported with joy.

The next morning I prepared myself for a walk to the cottage in the wood, which was the residence of my Emily: intending to have accompanied the little fair one back again, when she came as I expected she would, for strawberries. At the usual time, therefore, I looked for her; but she came not. An hour or more passed away in expectation, but no little figure in black appeared tripping along the pathway. Mr. G—— began to be uneasy, and walked two or three times to the garden gate to look for the dear child.

At length some one came out from the wood. We at first thought it was our Emily, but we presently could distinguish a woman in a grey cloak. She ascended the hill, and coming in at the garden gate, told us, in reply to our eager questions, that she was the daughter of the poor woman, in whose cottage Mrs. Norton, (our Emily's mamma) had lodged; and that she now came to tell us the poor lady had died early in the morning, leaving no directions what was to be done, excepting only a letter, which had been put into the post. "But we know not," added she, "what to do with poor little Miss, who takes on so bitterly, that we fear she will do herself a mischief: and as she loves you Madam, and the gentleman here, my mother has made bold to send me for your advice."

On hearing of the poor lady's death, I burst into a flood of tears, and loudly lamented my negligence in not having once visited her; but after a few moments, I rose to follow the woman, requesting Mr. G—— to send a man servant after me to the cottage, in case any assistance might be wanted.

As we approached the cottage, a neat old woman, on whose venerable countenance the tenderest feelings of sorrow were depicted, came forth to meet us, and to say how thankful she was for my kindness in coming down.

"Where, my good woman," I said, "is my little Emily?"

"O madam," she answered, "it would have cut you to the heart had you seen her yesterday. She came in from your house about eleven o'clock, as blithe as a bird, and ran up to her mamma with the strawberries; but the poor lady had taken a change while little Miss was away, and was even then dying. She could not take the strawberries which the sweet babe offered her; yet it was plain to see she was pleased and touched with the kind attentions of the dear little Miss; for she prayed earnestly for her child, her lovely Emily, as she called her, and some of her words were these: 'O, my God, I leave my child without anxiety; for her Redeemer is mighty; he will plead her cause with thee.'—(Prov. xxiii. 11.)"

I could bear to hear no more of the old woman's discourse; but entering the cottage, passed through the lower apartment to a narrow staircase, which ascending quickly, with a beating heart I entered the chamber of death.

There, on a decent bed, lay the poor corpse, neatly laid out; but the figure was so death-like, so emaciated by long or sharp sickness, as to convey no idea to my mind of what the poor lady might have been when in health. By the side of the bed, on a little footstool, sat the lovely Emily; who, having removed the lifeless arm from the position in which it had been placed by those who had laid out the corpse, and resting her cheek upon the pale cold hand (overcome with fatigue and sorrow,) had fallen into a deep sleep.



The apartment was meanly furnished, though it contained several little things which pointed it out as having been the residence of one who had fallen from a state of comparative affluence. But what affected me most was, the little basket of strawberries, for which the sweet daughter had a second time paid the price of a self-denying act, rarely practised by children. She had procured these strawberries as a gratification for her dying parent;—but it was a gratification which came too late to be enjoyed.

[Remainder next week.]

## RELIGION.

From the Youth's Friend.

### RULES FOR THE SABBATH.

"Be very careful, my dear children, to walk silently and seriously to the house of God. You have often heard how sinful and unbecoming it is, to trifle when you are there, but recollect it is also improper to trifle on your way thither. If you talk at all, let it be on some subject, connected with the duties you expect to engage in. And it is equally necessary for you to remember these rules when on your return home." These were the often repeated instructions of William Evans to his children, and to his faithful endeavours to train them up in the way they should go, the Lord added his blessing.

It was always a pleasant sight to see this family pass along on the Sabbath to worship God in the assembly of his people. From their whole appearance, you might suppose that they felt they were going to appear in the more immediate presence of the King of kings, and that they rejoiced in the privilege. For though God is every where present with us, yet he manifests himself in a peculiar manner, where any of his people meet together in his name, and has declared, "there will I be in the midst of them."

And when Lucy Evans, with her little brothers by the hand, took the private path that led to the Church, and to the Sabbath School, (for they did not live in a large city,) she never allowed them to talk in such a silly, foolish manner, as many children do. She sometimes told them to look at the fields and meadows, where the corn and grain was growing, that was to make them bread, and think how good God was to them. And sometimes she led them to think of the Saviour, when they were admiring the little playful lambs that were sporting on the fresh grass, by telling them in the words of the Bible, that Jesus was "led as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep dumb before his shearers, so he opened not his mouth." And in the evening, their father called all his children together and asked them questions on the lessons of the Sunday school, and the other instructions of the day.

Robert and William loved their sister very much, and when they grew older, and their father and mother were taken away from them, they were a great comfort and support to her.

How often is every serious reflection which the sermon of the minister, or the prayers and labours of the faithful teacher, may have excited in the minds of the young, entirely destroyed by their idle conversation on their way home! A splendid dress, a fashionable hat, a pretty face, has often been a means used by Satan, to drive from the youthful bosom every serious thought. Let those who have been once thus enticed, watch against this sin.

## THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

For the Youth's Companion.

### DIALOGUE BETWEEN THOMAS & JAMES.

"James," said Thomas Freeman, as they walked slowly away from the Sabbath School, one Sunday afternoon, "James, why is it that we don't think more on what our teachers say to us, Sabbath after Sabbath, in regard to our souls, and of loving the Lord Jesus Christ.

James.—"I don't know, Thomas; for my part I have often felt inclined to think about these subjects, and have many times determined to begin to be good, and to pray to God to make me a better boy;

but you know if my companions should hear of it, they would laugh at me, and say that "Jim Gordon is brought out," that he is too pious for us now, and so would avoid my company."

Thomas.—"And so James, the fear of being ridiculed prevents you from choosing the better part; you fear the reproof of men more than you desire to be a Christian."

James.—"Well, who likes to be hooted at and hated by his play fellows? I think the Bible teaches us to "keep peace with all men," and I am sure I could not do so, if I put on a long face, and pretended to be better than others."

Thomas.—"Tis true, James, that God's word commands us to "keep peace with all men," but in the same verse it adds "and follow holiness," without which no man can see the Lord." Now, to "follow holiness," is to love God, and to seek to be conformed to his will in every thing, and in so doing we shall be likely to make all our friends. To be sure if you are a Christian you must expect persecution from the wicked, but such God tells us, shall be cast into hell with all nations that forget him. Besides, were you a child of God, you would have a friend in heaven, which is more desirable than anything else in the world."

James.—"I know it would be a very good thing if I was pious, but there's other reasons why I can't well become so now. You know that my father thinks of sending me to N—— next summer, when I shall have more time to attend to these things, and I think I shall make up my mind not to trouble myself more about it 'till then."

Thomas.—"Dear James do not make such a fatal resolve. Suppose you should this night be called to render up your account before God; think you he would take as an excuse, your want of time to obey him? The command of God is—"Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near," and James, from what we have just witnessed, God's Spirit is very near to our school at present, and many of our fellow Scholars are beginning, I trust, to seek in earnest the salvation of their souls, and I beseech you not to put off the subject one moment longer. You may never live to go to N——, and cannot possibly have a more favorable time, than the present, for obtaining the "one thing needful." What is it to bear a few scoffs from the ungodly when compared with being cut off from the mercy of God for ever and ever, and being eternally miserable."

James.—"But Thomas, can I become religious of myself; must I not wait for God to change my heart?"

Thomas.—"O, James, you will never receive the blessing unless you pray for it, and pray earnestly—remember our Lord said we must "strive to enter in at the straight gate," for many seek and are not able—ask Jesus Christ to make you feel your self to be a poor sinner, without him; to enable you to repent; to give you a new heart, and to love him with all your soul."

O "now is the accepted time, and now is the day of salvation" to-morrow may not be yours—

"Seize the kind promise while it waits,  
And march to Zion's heavenly gates:  
Believe, and take the promised rest,  
Obey, and be forever blest."

Thomas.—"I thank you James, for your good advice, and will, with God's help, begin at once to serve him, and O pray for me that my strength fail not."

S. F. A.

## THE NURSERY.

### "I DON'T CARE."

"William, you will not know your Sabbath-school lesson, to-morrow," said Sarah to her brother, on Saturday afternoon. William was driving a hoop round the yard—he never stopped, but said as he went on, "I don't care."

"William, when mother went out, she told you to sit down and learn your lesson." "Well, I don't care if she did," said the rude boy, and still kept playing with his hoop.

"You'll care by and by, brother William," said

Sarah, as she shook her head and went into the house."

And now, little boy or girl who reads this, if you are one of the many children who say so often "I don't care," remember Sarah's words, "you will care by and by."

You grieve your father and mother—you give pain to your teacher, who spends much time and thought upon you, and you cheat yourself. Children who do not care for your Sabbath-school lesson, think what you are saying. That lesson is from God's Holy Word, and do you not care for that? It is "able to make you wise unto salvation," and will you say "I don't care?" If you "despise" it, you "will be destroyed," as it is written in Prov. 13: 13; and will you say "I don't care?" Ah you will care then, but it will be too late.

You will care when you come to die—you will care when you stand before the judgment seat of that God whose word you had so many opportunities of learning, and would not. Think not, children, that so many opportunities are given you, for you to slight and trample under your feet. No! The Lord who gives them will require an account of them. Soon will that account be called for; therefore begin to care for the word of God, care for your souls, care for eternity. [S. S. Messenger.]

### "I WON'T."

Caroline Mayton is a little girl who lives in a beautiful village, and when she walks out, the birds are singing, the bees humming, and the little fishes playing in the brooks; the flowers and trees are pretty and sweet,—every thing is happy and pleasant about Caroline:—her school is near, and her teacher very kind; her house is comfortable, and her little bed neat and clean. God has given her kind parents, who fear him, and there is nothing to hinder Caroline from being very happy, but her own wicked heart, and that does give her a great deal of trouble. The first thing that makes me feel very sad about Caroline, is, that she does not pray to God in the morning, and thank him for taking care of her through the night, and ask him for Jesus' sake to keep her from her own wicked ways all day; and at night she does not thank him for feeding and taking care of her, through the day, and beg him to forgive all her sins for her Saviour's sake. It is true that Caroline says a prayer at night, but I do not think that God is pleased with it, for she says the words in such a way, you would think she was talking to the wall, and not to the great God, who says he will not be mocked. Another thing she does which makes me wonder, she does not love and honor her father and mother, she speaks crossly to them, as if they were the little helpless child, and she, the old woman; she says "what?" and "I won't," to her parents. Now the Bible says if we do not love father and mother, brothers and sisters, whom we have seen, we cannot love God whom we have not seen. [ib.]

## LEARNING.

For the Youth's Companion.

### MORNING LESSONS.—LESSON 7th.

Shall I introduce my young readers to a little Scottish girl? Her name is Jeanie Graham, and she is the first cousin of Frances M——. She is come from the blue hills of Scotland, which country you know is to be found north of England on the map of Europe. I dare say my little readers know where it is; if they do not, I wish they would get the map and look it out now, and then they will know another time. Frances' father and Jeanie's mother were brothers and sisters, but they have not seen each other for a great many years, because Mrs. Graham went with her husband to live in Scotland, which is across the water and very far from America, where Mr. M—— lives. I wish my little readers would tell me the name of the ocean, that lies between America, and Scotland—this they will find on the map of the world. I am anxious they should know this, because Jeanie has come all the long way across this vast sheet of water in a vessel, to live with her Uncle M—— in America.



When you have found the name of the ocean, your papa or mamma will tell you how many thousand miles it is across, and how many weeks it took the ship to sail over. Was it not a great while, to be shut up in a single vessel and to see nothing but sky and water for so many days? But I suppose you think she is with her papa and mamma, and therefore she cannot be tired or afraid. But no! her papa and mamma are not with her, and that is the reason she is coming over the deep waters—her papa and mamma have died, and now Jeanie is an orphan, and she is coming over to America to live with her aunt M—— and cousin Frances. But you will like best to hear her speak for herself, when you once hear the sound of her voice; so she shall tell her own story. As she is a little Scotch girl, she will perhaps use some words that you do not exactly understand, (for you know the inhabitants of different countries speak different languages.)

Scotland is divided into two great parts, the Highlands and the Lowlands. Jeanie came from the Lowlands, which lie nearest to England, and the language spoken there is so very much like the English, that I think with the help of a *glossary* or *dictionary* of the most difficult words, which you will find at the bottom of the column, you will have no difficulty in understanding her.

Here! she comes with her Uncle, who is leading her by the hand up the steps of the street door and into the hall where her aunt and Frances have gone to meet her. Here she comes, dressed in the plaid, which the little girls wear in her own country. She is rather short and heavy in her form, and appears to be several years older than Frances.

"Welcome to America, my dear little girl," said Mrs. M——, "and welcome to our family fire-side; you shall now be our own little daughter, and here is your cousin Frances, who will greet you as a sister I am sure."

Frances held out her little hand to Jeanie, who took it affectionately, saying, "mony thanks, mony thanks to ye a'."

Mrs. M—— led her into the parlour when Jeanie threw back the plaid from her head, unfastened the brooch in front, and it immediately dropped from her shoulders. The little stranger now stood before them with light flaxen hair and blue eyes; her hair was bound up with a light brown ribbon, which passed around her head according to the fashion of her country, and is called a *snood*. It is worn by all the maidens in Scotland.

"And how old are you Jeanie?" said Mrs. M. wishing to relieve her embarrassment.

"Twelve years and two months," said she.

"Did the voyage seem very long to you?" said Mr. M——.

"Indeed sir, it was a wearie way—I thought the lang days would ne'er be dune—I dinna like to travel that gate."

"But you had friends with you, my bonnie lassie," said Mr. M——.

"Bonnie lassie," said Jennie quickly—"oh, you are a Scotchman, sir,—they dinna tell me you were a Scotchman."

"No, my dear, I am not a Scotchman, but your aunt and I once went to Scotland and spent some months with your papa and mamma, and they taught us something of the language, and I ken your heart will *warm* to it in this distant land."

"Oh it does, it does, sir, muckle mair than I can weel tell ye. But I dinna ken the time ye came to our Scottish hame, for I was a wee bit bairn in thae days; but my puir mither, who is now in heaven tauld me muckle about it lang syne, and how you were our kindred, and lived far ow'er the deep sea in a land whilk they ca' America: and when my puir father lay sick and pale upon his dying bed, he ca'd me to him, and tauld me not to be muckle sorrowfu', that he was going to die, because there were *two* in America, who would be my father and mither when he was far awa in a better world. And amais of a' he bid me be mindfu' alwise, that the God abune the sky, whilk lo'ed my mither and led her wi' his ain hand throu' this lower life, would not leave me to gang alone,

but would lo'e me also and gar me keepit his commandments, whilk are written in his Holy Word. And so he tauld me not to fash my heart wi' grief any mair, but to read the Holy Book ilka day as they had taught me, and to put my trust in God and he would make me happy. But I could na a'thegither keep the tears from falling when my puir father dinna speak to me any mair; and when they laid him in the cauld grave, and took me to the grand ship, my heart felt very sair and sorrowfu'."

"But Jeanie did not God come with you to the ship? and is he not your Heavenly Father?"

"A weel he did, and gave me mony friends; and ane gude leddy said, 'look, Jeanie, see how God does hush the winds and smooth the waves before us;' and he did indeed, I am amais sure it was Him that did it. And he has brought me far awa to America, and ilka ane looks pleasantly upon me—will you be my father and mither? and shall I be your bonnie bairn?"

"You shall indeed, my dear child," exclaimed both Mr. and Mrs. M——, "you shall be as our own daughter,—our ain bonnie bairn. Now go with your sister Frances, said Mr. M——, and look about your new home; and remember, both my children, so long as you shall live, 'that not a sparrow falls to the ground without your Heavenly Father's knowledge,' and much more shall you be taken care of, if you trust in Him, 'for ye are of more value than many sparrows.'" S. LUCY.

## GLOSSARY.

a'—all	gar—make
ane—one	ilka—every
ain—own	lo'ed—loved
aw'a—away	lang syne—long ago
a'thegither—altogether	muckle—much
bairn—child	ony mair—any more
bonnie—pretty	sair—sad
dinna ken—do not know	wee—little
fash—trouble	wha—who
gang—go	whilk—which
gate—way	

## NATURAL HISTORY.

## SINGULAR FRIENDSHIP.

We were lately visiting in a house where a very pleasing and singular portrait attracted our observation; it was that of a young lady represented with a partridge perched upon her shoulder, and a dog with his feet on her arm. We recognized it as a representation of the lady of the house, but were at a loss to account for the odd association of her companions. She observed our surprise, and at once gave the history of the bird and the spaniel. They were both, some years back, domesticated in her family. The dog was an old parlor favorite, who went by the name of Tom. The partridge was recently introduced from France, and answered to the equally familiar name of Bill. It was a rather dangerous experiment to place them together, for Tom was a lively and spirited creature, very apt to torment the cats, and to bark at any object which roused his instinct. But the experiment was tried; and Bill, being very tame did not feel much alarmed at his natural enemy. They were, of course, shy at first, but this shyness gradually wore off: the bird became less timid, and the dog less bold. The most perfect friendship was at length established between them. When the hour of dinner arrived, the partridge invariably flew on his mistress's shoulder, calling with that shrill note which is so well known to the sportsmen; and the spaniel leapt about with equal ardor. One dish of bread and milk was placed on the floor, out of which the spaniel and the bird fed together; and after their social meal, the dog would retire to a corner to sleep, while the partridge would nestle between his legs, and never stir till his favorite awoke. Whenever the dog accompanied his mistress out, the bird displayed the utmost disquietude till his return; and once, when the partridge was shut up by accident during a whole day, the dog searched about the house with a mournful cry, which indicated the strength of his affection. The friendship of Tom and Bill was at length fatally terminated. The beautiful little dog was stolen, and the bird from that time refused all food, and died on the seventh day, a victim to his grief. [Menegaries.

## MORALITY.

## THE ONION BED.

"Remember," said Mr. Dean to his son John, "and weed the onion bed to-day, while the weather is fine." John soon after set to work, his father visited him to see that he did it properly. John said, "I wonder where all these weeds come from; for you cleaned the ground well before you sowed it, and the onion seed was very clean."

Father.—Some of the seeds, I suppose, are dropped here by birds, others brought by the winds; some seeds may have been hidden in the earth a long time, and since the ground has been cursed for man's sin, it appears natural to the earth to produce noxious weeds. When I see you proud, and vain, and angry, and wicked tempers show themselves, I am ready to wonder where all these evil weeds come from; for we give you pure and wholesome instruction, endeavor to correct your evil dispositions, and set before you a good example. Your heart, however, like this ground, is naturally prone to bring forth evil weeds, which causes so many bad tempers and dispositions.

John.—Would it not be easier to get the weeds out of the garden, if we were to wait till they were grown larger?

Father.—No; they would strike their roots deeper, and be much more difficult to get up, and would check the growth of the onions and spoil them. There is a large one, you have pulled the top off and left the root in the ground, and it will grow again immediately. This is the reason, my dear boy, why I correct you in early life, for it will be very difficult to pluck up those vices which have taken deep root in the heart; and while they are growing they check all the pious instruction which your mother and I give you. We want to have them plucked up from the root, and if God bless our efforts, which he has promised to do, we shall behold you bringing forth the fruits of the spirit, such as are recorded in Galatians v. 22, 23.

John.—I wish there were no weeds.

Father.—So I have often said, respecting you. I should like to see my garden free from weeds, and my child free from vice; but it requires not only my continual efforts, but the Spirit of God to bless them ere I behold you as a well cultivated garden, bringing forth a rich variety of useful fruits.

John.—Why does God permit these weeds to grow? Of what use are they?

Father.—God has many wise and gracious designs in permitting them to grow. They are to correct man for sin—"Cursed is the ground for thy sake; in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life. Thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth unto thee,"—Genesis iii. 17, 18. Also it may be to find employment for children, to prevent them from being idle: for idleness is sure to lead to other and greater wickedness; therefore, instead of murmuring that you have any thing to do, you should be thankful. They also afford us a lesson on our moral depravity, and teach us that our hearts require continual care, or nothing good will grow in them. Also many things which grow without our care, which we call weeds, afford food for birds, for which our heavenly Father cares. Others also, though not adapted for food, or useful for medicine. We may rest assured the Lord does all things well.

[Youth's Friend.

## OBITUARY.

## INTERESTING ACCOUNT OF A DEAR LITTLE BOY.

A little boy between eight and nine years old, was taken ill with the drowsy in the head. One night, soon after his sickness began, he told his mother he knew he should die soon. The next morning, his head became very painful, and he asked his mother to take him in her arms, and carry him; she did so, and walked up and down the floor, when he looked up, and said, "mother, I see some one, and it is my Heavenly Father. O, my Father, forgive my sins. Mother, will God forgive my sins, if I pray to him?" "Yes, my son," said his mother, "he will, and take you to heaven if you love him."



Are you willing to die?" "Yes, mother, I am willing to die, for I wish to be where my little sister has gone." He grew worse, and many blisters had to be put on his dear little head, it was so very painful. A few days after this, he asked his mother to bring a pillow and place it on the floor, near the settee, that he might kneel on it and pray. He was very weak, yet he got down on his knees, and prayed aloud for himself, and then asked his two brothers, who were older than he was, to kneel down by him, that he might pray for them too. After he prayed for his brothers, he spoke to his sisters to come near him, that he might pray for them. He then told his mother, to send to the shop for his father. When he came, he asked him to "kneel down by his side, that he might pray for him." The father, at first would not; the little boy then said, "father, don't be ashamed, come, let me pray for you." The father consented. After praying for his father, he told George and Charles, his brothers, to be good boys, and not stay away from the Sabbath school, and prepare to meet him in heaven; don't put it off till you come to be sick, but now begin to serve God:—think of me when I am gone. He warned not only his brothers, but all the members of the family; and the Lord has made what he said, a blessing to some of them. He has gone to heaven, where God is, and where all the holy angels are, and there he will be happy for ever.

"There is beyond the grave,  
A heaven of joy and love;  
And holy children when they die,  
Go to that world above."

[Youth's Friend.]

## EDITORIAL.

### HABITS OF CHILDHOOD.

I fell in company the other day with a gentleman and lady, accompanied by a little daughter of about a year and a half old. I noticed that they gave her very simple food, such as bread, meat, or milk; and the parents remarked to me that she ate no cake, or sweetmeats, or any other of the delicacies of which children are usually so fond. The reason was, they had never given them to her, and when she had asked for them always denied her. Now she has her habits formed; and whatever inviting things of this nature are within her sight, she does not ask for them, and does not appear to want them. She has enough of pleasant and wholesome food, with which she is always satisfied.

This treatment of the child at first view seemed rather severe; although her parents are very attentive and kind people. But as I thought more about it, there seemed no severity in it. I was much pleased with their wise and judicious plan, and determined that other children and their parents should hear about it. Now if we look at the thing, we shall find there are many advantages in treating a child in this manner from early infancy.

In the first place, the health of that child is doubtless much better, than it would have been if she had been indulged. She had, I should think, a delicate constitution; but it is nourished and strengthened, and she seems to enjoy perfect health. It is well known also, though too often forgotten, that when children eat freely of pastry and all the "good things" that are made for them, they are very apt to be weak and sickly. Indeed they are often made very sick, and some of them die and are laid in the grave in consequence of it. Those too that live to grow up, often suffer a great deal, and cause their parents and nurses many sleepless nights, in consequence of sufferings brought on in this way. Now it is better for the children and all about them, to have less pleasure in eating and drinking, and more in the enjoyment of health and spirits, so that they can sleep quietly, and play cheerfully, and work and study when they are old enough, without headache and vexation.

A great saving is made in a family as to *temper and noise*, when little children are fed with "food convenient for them," and prevented from injuring their health by sweetmeats. When the health is good, the child is more likely to have a sweet and obliging, and obedient temper. When a child is subject every day to pain and uneasiness, he is very

apt to become peevish and sour in his temper; and parents make their children churlish and disobedient by indulging them in those things which are pleasant but hurtful. The little girl that I saw who never ate any cake, was a very pleasant child, always affectionate and mild, and easily governed. I dare say, that if she lives to grow up, she will be a dutiful child, and have an amiable disposition as long as she lives. But there are hundreds of persons now among us, who are uncomfortable companions in all the relations of life, that were spoiled in their infancy by indulgence and bad treatment; and the indulgence of their appetites without caution or restraint, was one principal cause. Quarrelsome neighbors, morose fathers and mothers, and unkind husbands and wives, were made such in their youthful days, if not while they were in the nursery or the cradle.

Children who are managed well about their food, learn to deny themselves about other things, and to govern their appetites and passions. They form other good habits, and avoid those which are evil; and so grow up for comfort and usefulness. The children who are indulged in all their wishes cannot be well governed, by all the art and authority of their parents; and most of all, they do not learn to govern themselves. But look now at the little girl I have mentioned. She does not pine and suffer because she is denied. She has formed a habit of denying herself. She does not hanker after those things, and tease for them, and cry and fret when she cannot get them. She knows that they are not for her, and now does not even wish for them. She is also now old enough to know, that there is a reason for her being denied, that her parents are kind to deny her, and that it is for her good not to have them. She is learning early to deny herself, and govern her appetites and passions. As she grows up, she can more easily govern herself in all other things. And does not every child know, that in this world there are thousands of things which are pleasing, but at the same time are hurtful? Do not they know, that they must deny themselves every day of their lives, or else be wicked and perhaps ruin themselves by indulgence? It is then a great favor to children, to learn self-denial very early, and this that I have been speaking of, is one way of learning it in the days of childhood, so that it will never be forgotten.

Let those children, whose parents are faithful and kind enough to deny them in hurtful things, be thankful; and let them submit cheerfully to every such privation, and be content with what is given them. Let those children who have been too much indulged, see the benefit of denying their appetites and forming good habits when they are young; and let them ask their parents to restrain them, keep them from all that is evil, and guide them in the right way.

## MISCELLANY.

### POISON INSTEAD OF FOOD.

[EXTRACT OF A LETTER.]

"You inquire of me about our old neighbor B—, and how he prospers since his removal? I was in town a few weeks since, and called on him in the evening, and was invited to take a bed, which I accepted—I was very liberally treated, especially from the *side-board*. The next morning the decanter was again brought on, and appeared to be no stranger in the family; for they all partook of its contents except Mrs. B—, whose countenance betrayed uneasiness. At the breakfast table she apologized for the color of her coffee, and lamented that she had nothing wherewith to *whiten* it. Our friend then observed, that milk was so dear at *six cents the quart*, that he had concluded to do without it this season. "For you know," added he, "that people in our circumstances must study *economy*." Think's I to myself, that a quart of milk at six cents, would be more nourishing for these children, and more reputable economy, than a quart of brandy at the twenty-five cents. But I held my peace, then, knowing that "there is a time for all things."

[Philanthropist.]

**Boys! Look at this.**—Forty boys in Providence, R. I., belonging to the first district school, have formed a Society "for the purpose of encouraging each other in refraining altogether from the use of profane language." [Salem Gazette.]

"Angels that high in glory dwell  
Adore thy name, Almighty God!  
And devils tremble down to hell,  
Beneath the terror of thy rod.  
And yet how wicked children dare  
Abuse thy dreadful, glorious name,  
And when they're angry how they swear  
And curse their fellows, and blaspheme."

**Music.**—"Whoever despises music," said Martin Luther, "I am displeased with him. Next to theology, I give a place to music; for thereby all anger is forgotten, the devil is driven away, and melancholy, & many tribulations, and evil thoughts, are expelled. It is the best solace of a desponding mind."

**Charity.**—We may see mountains removed, and miracles wrought; but there is nothing in the compass, either of human or divine action, that is so sublime and beautiful as CHARITY—as giving alms to the poor, and pouring oil into the wounds of distress.

**Intrepidity.**—The wise and prudent conquer difficulties by daring to attempt them. Sloth and folly shiver and shrink at the sight of toil and danger, and make the impossibility they fear.

## POETRY.

### RURAL WALK.

Come, children, now let us walk out and enjoy  
The beauties of nature all smiling around;  
The soft gliding stream, the green shady trees,  
And all the gay flow'ers that laugh on the ground.  
See, what an assemblage of beauty and use!  
The blessed Creator made nothing in vain;  
From the oak on the mountain that rears its tall head,  
To the tuft of low grass that peeps up on the plain.  
Now look at this leaf, you would hardly believe  
It is covered with beings too small for your sight;  
'Tis their birth-place and shelter, their food and their home,  
Their dwelling by day, and their lodging at night.  
Now think of the ocean, how wide and how deep!  
And the billows how vast, that so fearfully roar!  
Yet each drop of that water is peopled with life;  
From the wave at your feet to the furthestmost shore.  
See the sheep, and the lambskins which feed on the hills,  
And the herd that so busily graze on the mead,  
That plentiful portion so tender and sweet,  
Is a feast that for them the Creator has spread.  
Of all the vast myriads that swim in the sea,  
That live on the earth, and that fly in the air,  
Not one does the bountiful Maker forget,  
Not one is shut out from his provident care.  
But on us has the blessed Creator bestowed  
A precious existence surpassing the whole;  
To them He has granted no animal life;  
To man He has given a rational soul.  
And when we ungratefully turned from our God,  
And deserved from him nothing but sorrow and pain,  
He sent his dear Son from the Heaven of Heaven,  
To die for our sins, and restore us again.  
Then fly, my dear children, and kneel at his feet,  
With penitent hearts seek his reconciled face;  
Repent of your sins, and repeat them no more,  
Obey his commands, and believe in his grace.  
Then when this wide earth shall be covered with flames,  
And all things upon it shall come to an end,  
This Saviour will snatch you from ruin and death,  
And be your eternal, unchangeable friend.

## INTERPERANCE.

I gaz'd upon the tattered garb  
Of one who stood a listener by;  
The hand of misery press'd him hard,  
And tears of sorrow swell'd his eye.  
I gazed upon his pallid cheek,  
And asked him how his cares begun—  
He sigh'd, and then essay'd to speak,  
'The cause of all my grief is GUM.'  
I watched a maniac through the gate,  
Whose raving shook me to the soul,  
I asked what seal'd his wretched fate,  
His answer was—the flowing bowl.  
I ask'd a convict in his chains,  
While tears along his cheeks did roll,  
What devil urg'd him on to crimes—  
His answer was—the flowing bowl.  
I ask'd a murderer, when the rope  
Hung round his neck in death's hard roll,  
Deest of pardon—and of hope,  
His answer was—the flowing bowl.



# YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Published Weekly, by WILLIS & RAND, at the Office of the Boston Recorder, No. 22, Congress-Street....Price One Dollar a year in advance, or \$1, 50, if not paid in advance.

No. 11.

BOSTON, AUGUST 6, 1829.

VOL. III.

## NARRATIVE.

### THE OFFICER'S DAUGHTER; BEING THE HISTORY OF EMILY NORTON. AN AUTHENTIC NARRATIVE.—[Concluded.]

Having gazed for some minutes on the scene, I turned round to the old woman, and her daughter, who had followed me up stairs.

I know not what my countenance expressed; but the old woman, seeming to discover in it something of disapprobation, said softly, but earnestly, "Indeed, indeed, Madam, we could not get little Miss away; she would not leave her mother, but was ready to die with grief whenever we attempted to remove her."

"Then," I answered, "now must be the time to separate them," and hearing my servant below, I called him up, and directed him gently to lift up the sweet child, and convey her with as soft a motion as possible to our house. This was done as I wished. Into so sound a sleep had she fallen, that he raised her up without waking her, and carried her away, leaving me standing by the corpse.

Very affecting thoughts passed through my mind as we were removing the child from the remains of that tender parent, who had so carefully watched over her from early infancy.

"O poor corpse!" at length I said, "I remove your Emily—her tears will never again moisten your cold hand; but I will, God permitting, supply your place. Yes," I said, kissing the hand on which the sweet child's cheek had so lately rested, "I will be a mother to your Emily.—But O, I am not worthy to fill your place.—I have hitherto lived as without God in the world.—The Bible has not been my companion, as it was yours.—I have lived a stranger to my Saviour: a lover of pleasure rather than a lover of God."

Speaking to this effect, I fell on my knees by the bed, and still holding the hand of the corpse, I prayed in a manner which I had never done before, not with the *lips*, but with the *heart*:—my affections, I humbly trust, being under the influence of that Holy Spirit who helpeth our infirmities.

The import of my prayer was, that if it should please God to place the little Emily under our care, he would give us grace, in every respect, to supply to her the place of her departed parents, and to carry on that Christian education, which her mother had so piously and successfully commenced. I prayed also for myself and my husband, that when the time of our departure should come, we might be enabled to trust our cause to the Almighty, and to say of ourselves, as the departed lady had said of her child, "Our Redeemer is mighty, he will plead our cause with thee."

On my arrival at home, I enquired eagerly after Emily. She was awake, and was sitting on Mr. G——'s knee, who was endeavoring to comfort her. She received me with sweet affection, and asked me if she might not go back and sit by her mamma, till she was laid in the grave. I endeavored to persuade her not to think of such a thing.

"It would make me happy," said she: "O dear Mrs. G——, let me go once again!—let me kiss my mamma's hand only once more!"

I did not know what to say, or how to talk with her on this subject; but I rather put her off, for the present, than absolutely refused her request.

I took her in my arms, and held her to my heart, and spoke to her of dolls and playthings, which I would send for her from the city. But, in the midst of all this, to which she seemed to have listened from politeness rather than interest, she said, "O Ma'am, talk to me of mamma! Where is my mam-

ma now? Is she with papa and my little sister? and are they all with my Saviour? Are they clothed in his righteousness? Is my mamma very fair now? Is there no spot nor stain of sin about her?—Please, Ma'am, to talk to me about these things."

How could I talk to her about what I did not understand? I was not acquainted with religious subjects: I feared, even before this child, to shew my ignorance; so I said, "My dear, my heart is so heavy and sad, that I cannot talk."

"Please then to read the Bible, dear Ma'am:—read about our Saviour," she answered; "I think that will comfort me; the Bible tells about heaven."

"I will, my dear child," I said, "I will read the Bible, and Mr. G—— will read it also, if you will but stay with us, and not want to go away: and we will serve God together; and, with God's help, we will prepare ourselves for that time when we shall all go to be united with your dear parents, in the house of our Saviour above."

She seemed pleased with this, and said, "Shall I never leave you, Ma'am?"

"No, never, never, my sweet child," I said, "so long as God will allow us to dwell together."

"Will you love me, Ma'am?" she replied, "Please to love me."

"Love you! I have always loved you," I answered, "and now I shall be your mamma."

"Mamma!" she said, "no, not my mamma! you shall not be my mamma!—My mamma is dead; but you shall be my aunt, my own aunt, my darling aunt, and I will never, never leave you."

In saying this, she clasped her arms closely round my neck, and broke out afresh into tears.

Shortly after the funeral, we quitted that part of the country, and proceeded to Wales. Here Mr. G—— and I employed ourselves diligently in the education of this orphan child, whom her relations allowed us to adopt for our own.

My mornings were devoted to her instruction, and our evenings to reading. The events of the last summer had given a serious turn to our thoughts; and that love for the Bible which our little adopted daughter brought with her into our family, led us to read it more frequently than in former days, partly for the purpose of satisfying her, and partly with the desire of increasing our own acquaintance with it. We also now began to take delight in other religious books; while our attendance on the outward observances of religion became less a mere matter of form than it once had been. Yet I mean not to boast; since, all this time, I may truly say, that my growth in grace was exceedingly slow, my backslidings very many, and my love of the world continually interfering with my religious duties.

Eight years thus passed away, since Emily entered our family—eight years of uncommon happiness; perhaps of more happiness than was consistent with our spiritual good; and our dear Emily had now attained her fifteenth year, growing up, under the blessing of God, an exceedingly lovely young woman. Never did I see, in any young person, vivacity so tempered with an abiding fear of God, or natural and acquired endowments so sweetly shaded by Christian humility. Though she described herself to be (and that truly) a miserable sinner, in whom naturally dwelt no good thing; yet her conversation and deportment displayed so much of the beauty of holiness, that we could not but feel assured, that her bosom was indeed become the abode of that Holy Spirit, from whom all holy desires, all good councils, and all just works do proceed.

At the age of fifteen, her mind seemed to take even a still more serious turn. She became also at this period, more anxious for my spiritual welfare, and that of Mr. G——. At the same time,

her health began visibly to decline; she expressed her decided opinion, that she should shortly leave this present evil world, and enter into everlasting rest.

Whenever she spoke on this subject, it affected me greatly; though I could not bring my mind to think it possible that I should be soon deprived of my darling. The probability, however, of such an event, became gradually more apparent. The insidious disease, which had unexpectedly assailed her, continued to gain ground; yet so slowly, that for a year and a half we were deluded with the hope of her recovery. At length, all hope was removed, and we were brought suddenly to see, that we must speedily make up our minds to part with our lovely child. This proved a grievous trial to my faith.

Mr. G—— behaved more like a Christian than I did; he submitted more patiently to the will of God, and was sooner enabled to say, "My God, not my will, but thine be done." But I will pass rapidly over this part of her history.

The growth in grace of our dear child, was especially apparent to every eye during the last weeks of her life. A few hours before she was seized with the last mortal pangs, she, in the most solemn and affecting manner, thanked Mr. G—— and myself for all our kindness; expressing her affection for us, as for very dear parents; and assuring us, that her feelings at that moment were not stronger for her natural parents, than for us, her adopted father and mother. She then proceeded to exhort us in a manner, which, I hope, will never be forgotten, to a serious concern for our immortal souls. She pressed upon us the important doctrine of our natural depravity, and consequent utter incapacity of helping ourselves. She next spoke of the Saviour; and, on this subject, all her accustomed warmth of feeling, with all her usual vivacity of thought, were called forth in praise of Him, who is altogether lovely, and the fairest among ten thousand. She entreated us to hold fast the profession of our faith, without wavering; reminding us how little the world could give, in comparison of that happiness, which is laid up for the faithful. After which she proceeded, in a manner inexpressibly affecting, to point out the pleasure which she conceived to await us, on our re-union in the presence of our adorable Redeemer. Here, however, her feelings overcame her dying frame, and her lovely face sunk upon my bosom, as I sat supporting her in my arms. But the subject becomes too affecting.—O my Emily! my Emily! child of my tenderest affection! beloved of thy Saviour! thou art removed to a happier world; while I am left, bereaved of the delight of mine eyes, and the idol of my affections!

## MORALITY.

From the Juvenile Miscellany.

### FILIAL AFFECTION.

Filial affection, is a virtue which comes so strongly recommended to every heart, that I almost hesitate in making it the topic of these few minutes discourse, which I propose to hold with my youthful friends. To honor our father and mother, we are early taught, is the first commandment with promise; and that child must have been most unfortunate in his domestic relations, who has not tasted the sweet bliss of making glad a guardian parent's heart. The offices of love that may be daily rendered are many:—obedience and affectionate manners, a desire to be useful, and efforts after self-improvement, are some of the numerous methods by which a good child will seek to give pleasure to its parents.

I could give you many examples of filial duty in



the humblest as well as the most exalted conditions of life. I could present to you numerous private and public acts of this heavenly virtue, this holy grace that gilds the page of daily history; but a few anecdotes must suffice.

Mary Allerton is the only child of a poor widow who has seen more prosperous days. Mrs. Allerton's small fortune was wholly lost through the mismanagement of her agent; and she was left in her age to depend on the slender support which she could, with her Mary's aid, derive from the use of her needle. But the mother's feebleness soon left the sole charge of maintenance with the daughter. Mary on their change of fortune, laid aside all superfluous dress:—her attire was coarse and very plain; but it was whole and clean. She gives all her time to this labor of love, the comfortable sustenance of her parent, who blesses her in a voice tremulous with joy, and prays hourly to God, that he will spare her dutiful and faithful child.

The next example I shall give, is of a wholly different character; but in no degree less worthy of imitation: indeed I doubt not, but that number of my youthful readers is greatest, whose condition in life will lead to a more practical improvement of the latter than of the former.

Isabella Harwood is young, accomplished, and well informed. Her parents are wealthy, and she has been accustomed not only to the comforts, but to the indulgencies and luxuries of life.

Isabella entered society a year since, with a spirit buoyant with youthful gaiety, and prepared for the full enjoyment of that world which seemed to her all "lovely and serene:—an Eden—formed to tempt the foot,—with sunny skies, and golden fruit." But while mingling thus with the gay and happy,—the ornament and acknowledged favorite of society, her father's health declined. He was not very ill—but too much an invalid to leave his home. Isabella was his darling, his pride, his hope. To listen to her skillful and melodious performance on her harp, accompanied by her fine musical voice; the sufferer forgot the languor of lingering disease, and thought but of the almost heavenly strains, which were called forth by a desire to cheer him. Isabella read to her father, conversed with him, nursed him. In fine, she relinquished the scenes abroad, in which she had but lately held so interesting a part, and devoted her time and her powers to her beloved parent. The confinement to which this subjected her, was never complained of, though it was a noble exercise of many social and domestic virtues, to which this good daughter was called. For more than a year the active Isabella has been thus constant in the performance of her home duties; she is more than repaid for her personal sacrifices, by witnessing the happiness which she creates in those around her. I need not comment on the excellence by which this dear girl is directed: youthful reader, go and do likewise, if thy lot in life permit thee to make such worthy sacrifices of self, to be the blessing of others.

I have time to present you with one more sketch—which in its character of filial duty, arises from both the preceding examples. It deserves commemoration, not only as an example of intrepidity, but of devoted affection.

In 1574, the Spaniards, then hostile to the Dutch, invaded North Holland. They carried destruction in their march; fear preceded their bloody career—and death and desolation marked the path they had trodden. They approached the small village of Westzaer;—the affrighted inhabitants fled, save those whose illness or infirmity rendered them incapable of thus seeking preservation. A young lad whose name was Lambert Meliss, found himself alone with a feeble parent, whom he tenderly loved. Engaged in the idea of her danger, he thought not of the money, or other valuables in their house. It was mid winter;—the waters were all converted into solid masses of ice;—no sledge was at hand, and as an only resort, the boy placed his mother on a kitchen settle, and thus drew her over the ice with all the speed his strength and excited feeling would permit.

The Spaniards saw and pursued him, supposing

he must be bearing away some rich treasure;—it was indeed a rich treasure, but not such as their cupidity sought. Lambert seeing the enemy approach, hoped yet to save his dear parent, by concealing her in some adjacent reeds. The precaution was unavailing; they were discovered. The Spaniards pursued forward, and saw with amazement that the sole booty they were to expect, was a feeble woman, and a young boy. Touched with the scene, they retired, and suffered the child to pursue his course. He arrived in safety at a large, fortified town, when his filial piety was rewarded, by seeing his beloved parent in a comfortable situation. Ask not if God blessed the after life of Lambert Meliss; for is it not well with those who keep the commandments and do them? D\*\*.

### THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

#### SABBATH SCHOLARS INSTRUMENTAL OF GOOD TO OTHERS.

"In one town, a little Sabbath school boy, 10 years old, said to his father, a formal professor of religion, on the day after a pious man had called and prayed with his family, 'Father, won't you pray for us?' The father put him off; the child importuned again and again, but without success. At length the little boy said, 'then I will pray.'—He prayed—the father was melted, and has since established prayer in his family, and appears quite solicitous for his own soul. (This had occurred but a few days before the time I heard of it.)

"In another town, a little girl was mentioned, who the past summer was, for the first time, led into the Sabbath school by another about the same age, (6 or 7.) After she had attended a few Sabbaths, she was overheard by her mother to converse with a little brother younger than herself about prayer. She said to him, 'Mrs. —, my teacher, says we ought to pray every day; and I mean to do it; every body ought to pray; and my teacher told me that the Saviour had given little children a prayer for them to use, because he knew we could not make one; and she told me that God would hear our prayer, if we feel right when we say it. You know my teacher is a good woman; Mamma says she is; now I mean to pray every day, and I want you to pray too!'"

[N. Hampshire S. S. Report.

#### INFLUENCE OF FAITHFUL TEACHERS.

In a destitute town of Coos county, (Whitefield,) there was a small school in a part of the town, superintended by a lady, who was instructing a common school. Although many obstacles were thrown in her way, she persevered and surmounted them, and had the satisfaction of seeing her efforts crowned with success. During the time it continued, two of her scholars were hopefully converted—both girls; one eleven, and the other older.

"In another town, a Sabbath school class of 8 scholars have been very serious the past season, and 6 of them now give satisfactory evidence that they are the children of God. This class had not only a pious, but a faithful teacher.

"In another town, (Pelham,) six or seven years since, a teacher in the Sabbath school felt deeply solicitous for the spiritual welfare of her scholars.—She prayed and laboured with unwearied assiduity for their conversion. Now, all who were members of her class, are, either in the church on earth, adorning a Christian profession, or, we trust, exalted to the blessed society of the church above; for two or three of her class have died in hope.

"In another town, (Marlborough,) I met with an old lady, nearly 70 years of age, who has a class of 7 young ladies in the Sabbath school. She has walked to the meeting house, half a mile, and met her class every Sabbath the past season. Some of her class she has visited occasionally during the week; to others, who live 4 or 5 miles distant from her, she has habitually addressed letters every few weeks; and in a number of instances they have answered the letters, with many expressions of esteem and gratitude for her disinterested and self-denying kindness.—'And,' said she, with much animation, 'two or three of my class have recently become

pious; and I expect that they will all soon embrace the Saviour.'

"In a town where a Sabbath school is kept in each district, a very orthodox and pious teacher lived in a neighborhood of Universalists and sectarians. Last spring this teacher visited all the families in his district, and succeeded in persuading every child to attend the Sabbath school through the season. He also persuaded almost every youth to meet him on Sabbath evening, for the purpose of reading the Scriptures and conversing on the parts read. This teacher has, by these means, done much good in a dark corner of New-Hampshire, where an orthodox minister would scarcely be treated with common civility. [ib.

### THE NURSERY.

#### BURNING OF SODOM AND GOMORRAH.

"Then the Lord rained upon Sodom, and upon Gomorrah, brimstone and fire from the Lord out of heaven; And he overthrew those cities and all the plain, and all the inhabitants of the cities, and that which grew upon the ground." Gen. xix. 24, 25.

Sodom was now become so very wicked a place, that God said he would destroy it at once, and he told Abraham what he meant to do. Now Abraham did not know it was so very wicked a place; and as we should always think as kindly as we can of every body, Abraham hoped there might be some good people there besides Lot, for whose sake God would spare the wicked cities. In the eighteenth chapter of Genesis, and at the twenty-third and following verses, we have a very fine prayer which Abraham prayed to God, to try and save Sodom and Gomorrah; for we have said that Abraham was a good man, and good men always pray. He said, "Peradventure (or if) there be fifty righteous in the city: wilt thou also destroy and not spare the place for the fifty righteous that are therein? That be far from thee, to do after this manner, to slay the righteous with the wicked, that be far from thee: shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" And the Lord said, "If I find in Sodom fifty righteous within the city, then I will spare all the place for their sakes."

See how God loves good people; so much, that if there had been only fifty in Sodom and Gomorrah, he would have spared all the wicked for their sakes! And see what blessings we may hope for, if we live among truly good people who love and fear God.

But Abraham was afraid that there might not be fifty, for he no doubt knew that the cities were very wicked; and he therefore prayed God to save Sodom, if the number of good people should be less than fifty, till at last he left off at ten; and the Lord said, "I will not destroy it for ten's sake."

Some angels had appeared to Abraham, and talked with him on this subject. An angel means a messenger, or a person that carries a message. Angels are often spoken of in Scripture, for, in those days, God made known his mind to men, by sending angels. These are spirits which serve God in heaven, and they often, by his power, put on the shape of men, and so talk with them.

Now two angels went to see the state of Sodom and Gomorrah, and to destroy them for their sins. In the Eastern parts of the world, people may now be found that are very hospitable, that is, kind to strangers, and ready to give them something to eat and drink, when they are very tired after a journey. In those days there was much hospitality. Lot was sitting out of doors enjoying the air, as they do in hot countries; and as he was at the gate or entrance of the city, he saw two men that looked like travellers, and he bowed to them to show them respect, and kindly asked them into his house, and begged them to stop all night, and to wash their feet, and then they could go on comfortably in the morning.

In some of the hot countries, the people do not wear shoes, but what are called sandals, or soles with straps to them, that go over the top of the foot to keep them on. These were used by people at that time, and after a journey it was very comfortable to wash the feet, to make them clean and cool. This



will explain the reason why Lot asked the travellers to wash their feet.

The travellers now went in with Lot, and he made them a feast, that is, gave them to eat; and his food was very plain, according to the custom of those times, and the countries in those parts; all they had was a little unleavened bread, or bread made without yeast, which ours is made with, that it may be light.

And now the men of the city wanted to become acquainted with the strangers, and to make them as wicked as themselves, by getting them to join their society; but Lot went to them, and opposed them, and they would have done him harm, "but the men put forth their hands and pulled Lot into the house to them, and shut to the door. And they smote the men that were at the door of the house with blindness, both small and great; so that they wearied themselves to find the door."

The angels, seeing what a wicked race of men these were, now warned Lot to get all his family together and escape before God destroyed them. Lot had a wife, and two daughters who lived with him; some also were married, but their husbands would not believe Lot's warning, and he was obliged to leave them and their husbands behind; if they had been good people, they would not have perished with such a punishment. And in the morning, the angels turned away, (for he lingered, perhaps in hopes of seeing his other children coming,) and they said, "Escape for thy life; look not behind thee, neither stay thou in all the plain: escape to the mountain, lest thou be consumed." But Lot was probably tired, and begged that he might go to Zoar, a little city close by, and for his sake that city was saved.

And now the storm began. "Then the Lord rained upon Sodom and upon Gomorrah brimstone and fire from the Lord out of heaven. And he overthrew those cities, and all the plain, and all the inhabitants of the cities, and that which grew upon the ground."

Some persons who wrote a long while ago, tell us there were thirteen cities in the plain of Sodom, and that Sodom was the capital, or largest, as London is of England. These all perished but Zoar, where Lot was.

In a storm of thunder and lightning, there is often a smell of brimstone; but this was more than a common storm. God Almighty can do any thing; but, in destroying these places, he perhaps made use of some means already at hand, without making new ones. There are two cities in the country called Italy, which were entirely destroyed by the volcano, or burning mountain, called Vesuvius; and the burning and red-hot stuff which it spouted out, passed some miles in the air, and fell upon one of them and quite smothered it; the other was smothered by the streams of fire that ran from the mountain along the ground like melted lead. So that we know God could, in this way, have burnt up Sodom and Gomorrah, by causing fire to boil up out of the ground, and fall upon them. But in what way soever it was produced, it fell upon ground, which, being pitchy, soon caught fire; and all those wicked people, and their houses, and goods, and lands, were all burnt, and the cities were turned into a lake, or very large body of water. This lake, now called the *Dead Sea*, is as much as thirty miles long and ten miles broad. Its waters look clear, but the bottom is black and smells bad. No fish can live there, and no herbs can grow near it. Sulphur in quantities is found near the edges of the lake. So to this day we have this witness of God's anger against the wicked.

In this dreadful judgment Lot lost his wife. She did not like to leave Sodom. Perhaps she thought of her daughters behind, or wanted to save her goods, or more likely did not quite believe that God was going to burn the place; and so she stood and looked, and the fiery rain fell upon her, and she was killed as she stood: and being covered over with what fell, as people are covered over in a fall of snow, she became a pillar of salt, or salt sulphur!

When Abraham rose in the morning, he went to

a place whence he could see where Sodom and Gomorrah had stood; "and, lo, the smoke of the country went up as the smoke of a furnace."

Here, my dear little reader, you see what an evil and a bitter thing it is to sin against God, and what a fearful thing it is to fall into the hands of the living God. This was a terrible fire; but "the earth and all the works that are in it," will by and by be burned up, on account of the wickedness which is in the world. God spares it for a while, because there are praying people in it like Lot; but then its end shall come, and all wicked men, women, and children, and, particularly remember, all liars, shall have their part in "in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone," which because of its many horrors, is the name God Almighty gives to the place reserved for the wicked. Pray, then, to God, that he would save you from this dreadful place, as Lot was saved from burning Sodom, "the Lord being merciful unto him." [Child's Commentator.]

## DIALOGUE.

From the Youth's Journal.

### ON BEING A CHRISTIAN.

Charles.—I am sure that my mind is made up now to be a Christian.

Edward.—Ah, how is that?

Ch.—I cannot tell you how it came, but only that I now see that I should love the Lord Jesus Christ, and obey God in all things.

Ed.—It is well; we should all do so.

Ch.—But there is one painful doubt that I have on my mind. I say to myself, "How can this be the right way, which is so very easy?"

Ed.—But do you, indeed, find it easy to love the Lord Jesus Christ?

Ch.—Yes, I desire nothing else so much. My thoughts go after Him, of their own accord. He appears to me infinitely good and beautiful now.

Ed.—But won't you find it hard to love your fellow-men?

Ch.—O no, I feel altogether kind to them. It would do me a great pleasure to make them all happy.

Ed.—Is it this circumstance that makes you doubtful?

Ch.—Yes, I do not see how the way of salvation can be so easy.

Ed.—But the Saviour says, his yoke is easy, and his burden light.

Ch.—He does so indeed, but I did not understand it before now. There is real happiness then in serving Christ. What a fool I was to be wicked so long. I shall tell every body I can, how much better it is to be religious.

Ed.—Yes Charles, it is a great mistake which we had fallen into, that we could not be pious and useful, without being gloomy and miserable.

Ch.—So I perceive; and I shall persuade George, and Peter, and Tom, to become Christians immediately.

Ed.—I wish you might persuade them to attend to religion now; but I fear that you will not find them much disposed to hear you. However, go to them; you may at least succeed in persuading them to attend church, or God may bless your endeavors to engage their attention to this subject.

Ch.—But do you think I should be very sure I am in the right way?

Ed.—My minister told me, I recollect, when I was beginning to hope in Christ, to ask God to keep me from being deceived, and to study to find out the very way which the Bible teaches. He said that our hearts, being deceitful, might occasion our mistake. He also said that some who had once thought themselves good Christians turned out badly.

Ch.—Yes, I recollect one such person; Simon, whom Peter baptized in Samaria. Was not he such a character?

Ed.—It would seem so. You must, therefore, ask God to give you wisdom and keep you in the right way.

Ch.—But do you think I shall ever again wish to go in my foolish courses?

Ed.—I should hope, friend Charles, that you have given them up forever. But I suspect you will soon find, that there are many things, which would turn you away from keeping the commandments.

Ch.—It may be so; but I never felt so cheerful in all my life. I would rather be a Christian, than to have the world to enjoy.

## NATURAL HISTORY.

### THE TEA-TREE.

The tea-tree is very common in China, as you must suppose, when so many ships are supplied annually, and when you consider that to England alone there is sent every year more than twenty millions of pounds of tea. This shrub grows on the more hilly parts of the country. Great pains are taken in the cultivation of the tea-plants. They are generally planted in rows. They are of different kinds, as you know the teas sold in shops are called by various names. The difference of the teas arises in some cases from the difference of the soil in which they grow, and the seasons of the year at which the leaves are gathered. The green tea is thought by some to be the same as the black, only dried on copper-plates, which gives it the greenish colour and causes it to be injurious. By others it is thought that the greenness is owing only to the leaves being plucked when young, which then are like unripe fruit, green and sharp. It is most likely that the green tea is taken from a different plant altogether from that of the black. It is said by those who know best, that the green tea plant grows in another part of the country. And a learned botanist has observed a great difference between the fruit and leaves of the black and green plants. The Chinese do not like the green tea, and seldom drink it, except sometimes by way of medicine, in which case it is thought to be useful, tho' in common use it is hurtful.

The tea passes through many hands before it is fit for use. First the leaves are plucked from the tree, then every leaf passes through the fingers of a female who rolls it up; it is then placed on plates of thin earthen ware or iron over a charcoal fire, which draws out all its moisture and makes it dry and crisp. The tea when prepared is put into chests and pressed down by the Chinese with their naked feet.

The Chinese do not drink their tea so strong as we do: nor do they make it a distinct meal as we do. It is a common drink, prepared in a large quantity in the morning and kept warm through the day. When a visitor calls, tea is always handed to him directly.

Tea being drank so commonly, there is very little fermented or spirituous liquors drank, such as beer or spirits. That is better for the people, and prevents the horrid sin of drunkenness to a great degree.

Tea, then, as you see, is of very great use to the Chinese, not only in supplying themselves with a pleasant drink, but as an article of trade. There are thousands of persons employed in the tea plantations, and manufactories, and warehouses, to supply the wants of other nations, and to be the means of giving a refreshing beverage to people in the remotest parts of the earth.

Now, my dear children, when, you are drinking your nice cup of tea, in the morning or afternoon, I hope you will think of God's goodness in giving you such a comfort as this is. Our own country does not produce tea. Our ships go voyages of more than 30,000 miles including the voyage there and back, to get you your breakfast. Sometimes perhaps you will see on your table the produce of various countries: there is tea from China, and coffee from Turkey, and sugar from the West Indies. These all show you how much you are indebted to your Heavenly Father. I hope you will never take a meal without craving His blessing, and thanking Him for His goodness. It would be baseness and ingratitude indeed not to thank Him for such kindness as he shows to us. It would be neglecting to do what God has commanded us; He says, "In every thing give thanks," and, "what-



ever we do, whether we eat or drink, we are to do all to the glory of God." Now this cannot be done unless you pray to Him and praise Him. Besides, remember, that when your blessed Saviour was on earth, before he took a meal he lifted up his eyes to heaven and blessed God.

I hope too you will consider when you take tea that those persons who prepare the leaves are heathens—worshippers of idols. They do not know God, nor love his Son Jesus Christ. Should not this thought excite your pity for them, and cause you to pray for them, and to do something to help them by sending them the Gospel of Jesus Christ? Should it not lead you to be thankful for your religious mercies, and to pray that you may not abuse them? With such thoughts as these, your meal will become a blessing to your own soul as well as your body. I trust then that while you drink your tea, you will praise God for giving it to you, and pray for those who prepared it for your use.

[London Child's Companion.]

## REVIEW.

For the Youth's Companion.

### REVIEW OF SABBATH SCHOOL BOOKS.

The difference between children and grown people is not so great as many imagine. The same ruling principle manifests itself in both, all the difference is, that one operates on a more enlarged scale than the other. While the boy flies his kite or trundles his hoop, the man struggles in the race of ambition and forbidden pleasure. While the child plays with its rattle and its doll, the king plays (as the poet says) "at hewing mountains into men." Men have their folios and their quartos, children their duodecimos. Men have their *atheneums*, children their Sabbath school libraries. Men their Christian Spectators and Examiners and Records; children, their Juvenile Miscellanies and Youth's Companions. Men have their reviews of the great works which are published from time to time, but children have no reviews of their publications. When a Sabbath school book is published, nobody reviews it. Now, this is not right; and if you, Messrs. Editors, are willing, I mean to review some of those Sabbath school books, of which many children are so fond.

Perhaps some of you do not know what is meant by a review. I will tell you. When a man reads a book, and writes down its outlines, and tells his opinion of it—whether its style is good or bad; whether the doctrines it teaches are true or false; whether its tendency is, on the whole, favorable or unfavorable to good morals;—this is a review. Or, if any one of you should sit down and read, Lucy and her Dahye' or 'Hedge of Thorns'; and then, after thinking it over and over should give your opinion of it, and the reasons for your opinion, you would be a reviewer. Now, you ought, all of you, to be able, after reading a book, to give some account of it, and tell what you think of it. If a book pleases you, you ought to be able to tell why; and if you dislike it, to tell what there is in it which is not right. I suppose every little boy or girl who has read 'Harriet and her cousin,' would say, "it is a very pretty book, a very good book;" but perhaps they could not tell why they thought so. Now we are going to write these reviews that you may get into the habit of thinking. A little boy or girl, who does not *think*, will be likely to make sad progress through the world. There are, in the world, too many temptations for the nathinking. They are generally carried away and destroyed, before they have gone very far on the journey of life.

There is one thing we would not forget to tell you. We do not wish you to believe all we say about any book without examination. We want you to examine the book yourselves; for although we shall say what we think and what we believe to be true, yet we may be mistaken. Perhaps we shall find some things that we dislike in some of the Sabbath school books. We want you to examine and see if we do not find fault without reason; and perhaps we shall like some others which have not interested you. We want you to examine them too, and see if you ought not to like them better than

you do. I have known some Sabbath school children who had read almost all the books in the library, and were as anxious to get a new Sabbath school book, as certain very foolish grown people are to get a new novel; and I have thought that such children read Sabbath school books for the same reason that the grown people I mentioned read novels, because they were pleased with the story. But Sabbath school books were not intended to please the fancy and interest the passions. They were intended to give instruction and make the heart better. If, however, there are any books in Sabbath school libraries which do not have this tendency, we mean to find them out; and when we have found them, we mean to tell them that they have no business there. Children, we have now told you what our design is, and we want you, hereafter, to read the books you take out of the Sabbath school library, with a great deal more attention than you have done—just as if Mr. Reviewer stood at your elbow to ask you, when you had finished a book, what you thought of it; or, as if he was looking over your shoulder, as you read, and at the bottom of every page, should say, "What do you think of that?"

REVIEWER.

## OBITUARY.

For the Youth's Companion.

Died, in Milton, Mass. May 30th, 1829, CAROLINE F. ADAMS, aged 8 years. She very early exhibited an unusual taste for learning, and much aptness and interest in receiving instruction. She was very fond of vocal music, and when only four years old had committed to memory many verses and hymns, which she would repeat and sing to her friends and in public with great propriety. About this time she had presented her a hieroglyphic Bible, which she was soon able to read correctly. Many pleasing incidents occurred, to show that she had read this with understanding and interest; often when viewing the works of nature, she would exclaim, this reminds me of what I have read in my Bible. Passing a cliff one day and seeing the smoke rising and curling over its top, she said, "that reminds me of Moses smiting the rock, and of the waters gushing out;" and similar comparisons she was frequently making. Her fondness for reading was manifested, particularly in her attention to religious books. Scarcely one came into the house, but what she read with care, and with regard to its contents and meaning, she was uniformly very inquisitive. In school she was distinguished for ability to learn, attention to her studies, promptness in doing whatever was required of her, and a kindness of disposition which could not but endear her to her instructor, and render her a pattern to other children. If at any time a glance of reproof from her instructor met her eye, an immediate change was visible in her behaviour, a blush would overspread her face, and the tears of penitence bedew her cheeks. Often on entering the school she would say,

"I must be there when prayer begins,  
To seek the pardon of my sins,  
And ask the favor of the Lord,  
And pray to understand his word."

For the last two years she was at times under deep conviction, thought she was a great sinner, and felt much concerned about the salvation of her soul. She often spoke of dying, and of the importance of being prepared to meet her God.

She had great regard for the Sabbath, would often caution those whom she saw perusing irreligious books on that day, and persuade them to lay them aside. Her whole character was that of a young disciple of the Lord; whenever she communicated her thoughts on religious subjects, high hopes were anticipated for some solid and lasting fruits from such appearance. But alas, she is gone! how soon is the flower nipped, which had just begun to bloom in the view of its friends. A few months ago disease began to prey upon her. She still retained that sweetness of temper and pleasantness of appearance which was usual for her in health. She endured her sufferings and pains with patience and resignation; often speaking of her desire to depart and be with Christ; frequently repeating

verses of scripture, and desiring others to be read to her. When realizing that death was fast approaching, in a feeble tone she requested the following lines to be read to her, as expressive of her views and feelings:

Farewell vain world; farewell my friends;  
I leave you all, my Jesus sends.  
Adieu, my pains, adieu, my sins;  
I mount, I soar where Jesus reigns.  
I come, I come, my Jesus and my God;  
I leave the pains and pangs of earth's dull clod.  
A flood of glory hastes upon my soul,  
Here floods of glory will forever roll.  
I die; my God, to thee I come.  
Oh take my spirit to her final home;  
On Angel's wings I soar above the sky.—

While the above was reading, she in a faint voice broke out, saying,

What peace, what joy, what rapture 'tis to die.

These were some of her last words. She soon fell asleep, as we trust, in the arms of that blessed Saviour whom she in life so much loved, and who said "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

## POETRY.

For the Youth's Companion.

Lines composed by a Mother, while sitting by her sleeping Infant.

My little William, lovely babe!  
While in the cradle thou art laid,  
Sleeping so peacefully;  
Thy mother by thee watching sits,  
By turns she reads, and sews, and knits,  
Musing parentally.  
She thinks of thee as now thou art,  
The comfort of thy parents' heart,  
Thy dearest earthly joy;  
She thinks of what thou mayest be,  
And hopes and fears concerning thee,  
Thy little darling boy.

She hopes, that thou wilt live, and prove  
A child who will reward their love,  
And all their anxious care.  
That thou wilt be indeed a child—  
Most sweet, affectionate, and mild,  
And wilt each virtue wear.

She hopes, that from thy earliest days,  
Thou wilt delight in wisdom's ways,  
And all her paths pursue;  
That thou the good will always choose,  
And every evil will refuse,  
Though flattery to the view.

She hopes, that if it be God's will,  
Thou wilt have talents, gifts, and skill,  
In knowledge to excel;  
And that thy powers and gifts may be,  
To Him devoted sacredly,  
While thou on earth shalt dwell.

Yet while these pleasing hopes so bright,  
Inspire with joy and fond delight,  
And thus her thoughts employ;  
Intruding fears come o'er the heart,  
Which sometimes cause a tear to start,  
Lest thou these hopes destroy.

For oft a child of promise fair,  
And nourished with most tender care—  
Perhaps an only son;  
Has proved ungrateful, wretched, vile,  
A prey to every tempting wile,  
And utterly undone.

And oft a youth with talents bless'd,  
Who might have liv'd below'd, caress'd,  
An honor to mankind;  
Has thrown his noblest pow'rs away,  
Or o'er them given to vice the sway,  
To evil all inclin'd.

Should'st thou, my precious babe, thus prove  
An alien from the God of love,  
To virtue thou be lost;  
Thy parents' tears for thee would flow,  
Their sorrows no relief would know,  
For their fond hopes are cross'd.

But, O! kind Father, in thy love,  
Look down with pity from above,  
These evils drive prevent;  
May this dear child thine image bear,  
Eternal glory may he share,  
When all his days are spent.

J. S. C.

### DECAY.—From the Italian of Petroschi.

I asked of Time, "Who raised your structure fair,  
Which thy stern power has crumbled to decay?"  
He answered not, but fiercely turned away,  
And fled on swifter pinions through the air.  
I said to Fame, "O thou, who dost declare  
With lofty voice the glories of the past,  
Reveal the tale." Her eyes on earth she cast,  
Confused and sad, and silent in despair.  
Then turned I, wondering, where with ruthless stride  
I saw Oblivion stalk from stone to stone,  
Over the fallen towers. "O tell," I cried;  
"Dark power unveil the truth." But, in dread tone,  
"Whose they were once," he sullenly replied,  
"I know not—seek not—Now they are my own."



# YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Published Weekly, by WILLIS & RAND, at the Office of the Boston Recorder, No. 22, Congress-Street....Price One Dollar a year in advance, or \$1.50, if not paid in advance.

No. 12.

BOSTON, AUGUST 13, 1829.

VOL. III.

## NATURAL HISTORY.

*From the N. Y. Daily Advertiser.*

### PANTHER HUNT IN PENNSYLVANIA.

We think the following admirable representation of the hardihood and intrepidity, of what the Eastern people would call a Backwood hunter, will be interesting to our readers. That part of the story where the relator, after having shot once at the last Panther, and being saving of his lead and powder, climbs up into the tree to see whether his enemy is alive, is what not one in ten thousand would feel inclined to venture on. Catching a weasel asleep would be nothing to it. The name of the young man is Sox, and he relates the adventure to a traveller who had heard some of the particulars before:—

I had heard that Sox, a short time before, had killed three panthers in one hunt: but on inquiry I was told by the young man, that it was he himself, who had killed them. 'Ah, indeed,' said I, 'no one can call you a degenerate son of the great hunter. Come, sit down here, and while I take my coffee, do you tell me the whole story of the hunt, from the beginning.' 'Oh,' replied he, 'there is not much to be said about it, so it won't take me long to tell it.'

The settlements on the mountain here, are very scattered, and there are no inhabitants for a considerable distance back from the road. I heard that a person had been hunting, and said he had seen three panthers; upon which I went to him, and he told me that at a particular place on the Spring Brook, about ten miles from this, he had come across three panthers, and had tried to fire at them, but could not get his gun to go off. I thought the fellow was a coward, that only part of his story was true, and that he had been afraid to fire at them; but as I knew exactly the place which he described, (for I had been frequently there a hunting,) I thought I would go and see whether there had been any panthers there. So I started off next morning with my dog. You know what a terrible thicket of laurel and spruce and hemlock there is about here; well, it is as bad all the way to the place where the fellow said he saw the panthers. At last, however, I got to it, and sure enough the panthers had been there. There was a little snow on the ground, and I found where they had killed a deer, and eaten part of it; but I knew that after I had been at the place, they would not go back to it again; for a panther will never touch his game a second time, if any thing else has been at it. So I marked which way they went, and as it was two days since they had been there, and I did not know how long I might be in the woods in chase of them, I thought it would be best to go home and get a supply of provisions for a good long hunt, and then take a fresh start. But as it was almost night, I struck a fire, and laid down till morning. As soon as it was light I started off, taking my back track to go home, and had got about half way, when behold! I came right to the panthers' tracks. They had crossed the path I had made in the snow the day before. I knew they had crossed in the day time, for it had been warm and the snow had melted a little, and I could easily tell that they had crossed my path before night. So I started on the tracks and followed till almost evening, when I saw a light place in the woods, and going to it, I found it was on a road, about three miles from home.

I then concluded that it would be the best way for me to go home that night and get my knapsack of provisions as I had intended; for I did not know but what these terrible creatures might keep me running after them a whole week; and I was determined, if I once started them, to give them no time to rest, or kill game, as long as I could see to

follow them, let them go where they would—and sometimes they lead one a long chase. So home I went, filled my knapsack with provisions, and started out with that dog that is lying down by the stove there—not the white one—the spotted one. He is a good fellow for a panther, and likes hunting as well as I do. Well, as soon as it was day-light next morning, out I went, and got on the track again, where I had left it the evening before, and followed it all day long, up one valley and down another, over hills and through laurel swamps, till just before sunset, when I came on a fine buck which the panthers had killed and partly eaten, and which was still warm. They had killed him where he lay. He had never got up. He had been lying behind a large hemlock tree which was blown down, and it appeared by the marks in the snow, as if they had smelt him, jumped over the tree and seized him in his bed. They always catch their game by surprise. They never make more than two or three jumps after it, if it then escapes they turn off another way. They had eaten as much as they wanted of the buck, and after getting their fill, they appeared to have been in a very good humor; for their marks showed where they had played about, and had jumped up and down small trees all around. They did not know who was after them. I had not expected to come on them so soon, and had pushed ahead without caution, so that they had heard my approach; and I soon found by the appearance of things, that they must have started away just when I came up; for, instead of keeping together as they had done all day before, they had set off in different directions. I thought, as it was just sunset that I had better encamp where I was, for they would hardly come back in the night to claim their buck; but first I thought I would look a little more round me to see which track would be the best to follow in the morning; and so just went a little into the swamp, which was close by me, when, only think, one of them had been watching all the time, and I heard him start within ten rods of me, but the laurel was so thick that I could not see him. As soon as he started, away went the dog after him, full yelp. Well, I stood still, and there was a great threshing through the laurels; when, all at once, I heard the panther take up a tree. I heard his nails strike the bark the first dash he made.

It was a beautiful and still evening, and I said to myself, I have one of you any way, and ran as hard as I could through the thicket, tumbling over old logs, and scrambling through the laurels, till I came to where Toby was barking and jumping, and shaking his tail, and looking mightily tickled at having got one of them up a tree. Well, I soon saw the panther at his full length up a limb—it was on a very large hemlock. I did not know well what to do, for it was now so late that I could scarcely see the foresight of my rifle, and I could not see the notch in the hind sight at all, but as I knew my gun, I thought I had better venture a shot, rather than keep watch at the tree all night, and so drew up, and took the best aim I could, and fired away. Well, the thing never stirred. I said to myself, sure I can't have missed you. However, in a short time I saw the motion in his tail, which hung over the limb on which he lay, and directly after heard his nails grating on the bark, and saw his body begin to slide round the limb, till at last he slung fairly under it, suspended by his claws; and in a minute after, he let go his hold, and down he came, souse! so nearly dead that when I ran to keep Toby from laying hold of him—for they are terrible things to fight, and will tear a dog to pieces in no time—I found him unable to stretch out a claw. Knowing that I could find the place again, I just left him where he fell, and went back to the buck, and made

a good fire, and laid down there till morning—but first cut some slices of the buck, and roasted them for supper. He was a fine fat fellow, and killed as nicely as a butcher could have killed him. I don't like to eat a part of a deer which has been killed by the wolves—but a panther is a different thing.

Well, the next morning I started, bright and early, and soon came on the tracks of the other two panthers, which appeared as if they had been tracing about separately, and had kept round the swamp nearly all night; but at last they got together, and started off; I followed briskly, till noon, when I started them afresh, and letting out Toby, they and him and me, all ran as fast as we could; but they got a quarter of a mile ahead of me, when dash! one of them took up a tree, which I soon knew by the manner of the dog's barking. Oh! said I, I've got another one. When I came up to the dog, sure enough, there was a panther up a tree, shaking his tail, and looking just like a cat ready to jump on a mouse; but, says I, my fine fellow, I'll soon stop your jumping. So up with my rifle, and down he came, as dead as if he had never been alive. Well, I skinned him, and fastened him to my knapsack, and started after the other.

The last fellow did not like to travel without his companions. I suppose he wondered what had become of them.—He dodged about one way and then another, as if he expected them to come up with him; but he had another guess kind of companion hunting for him. Well, after having skinned the second one, I started after the third, and in about two hours roused him from behind an old log, and Toby and he had a fine run for about ten minutes. I stood still, for I thought maybe the panther would take a circuit to hunt for the other ones, and so he did; but the dog was so close to him, that he thought it best to tree, in order, I suppose, to see the better who and how many were after him. As soon as I knew, by the barking, that he had treed, away I ran, and soon got on the track. I took notice of it on a leaning tree which I ran past to the dog, who was about ten rods further, looking up a large hemlock, and making a great noise. I looked up, but could see no panther. I went off a little distance, where I could see every limb, but the panther was not there. Why, said I, this can be no ghost, to vanish in this way—but let us go where I last saw the track. So I went to the leaning tree, where I had last seen it. It was a pretty large tree, which had fallen against another, and looking up, there I saw the fellow, sure enough, crouching right in the crotch, where the leaning tree lay across the other, close down, so hidden by the limbs and green leaves of the hemlock, that I could see only a small part of his body. In running to the dog, I had gone right under him. Although I could see but little of him from the place where I stood, yet, as I was sure that what I saw was his shoulder, I did not wait to see any more of him, but took a fair sight, and drew my trigger. Well, he did not budge! I looked at him some time, but he did not move. I was sure I had shot him through, and thought it a pity to waste any more lead on him. His tail hung over the crotch of the large tree, and there was a smaller tree which grew up close to the crotch. I thought I could climb up the little tree, so as to catch his tail, and see whether he was dead or no; but just as I was about half way up, I saw his tail begin to move, and before I could get to the ground, his head and forepaws slid over the crotch, and down he came as dead as a door-nail. So I skinned him, and then went back to the one I had killed first, and skinned him, and got home that night. And then sent word to the fellow who saw them by the spring brook, that if he would come to me, he would see the skins of his three panthers.



## RELIGION.

## MY MOTHER'S LETTER.

A vessel was lately wrecked on the rocks of Scilly, the crew were saved. An interesting lad recently arrived at Penzance belonging to her, and hearing of a minister who was kind to sailors, he waited on him, soliciting relief as a poor ship-wrecked sailor boy. The following conversation occurred:

*Boy.*—We were bound to Newfoundland, but struck on the rocks about two hundred yards from the shore: we thought of jumping overboard, but the people on the land called to us to stay by the vessel till the tide ebbed, and the vessel would be almost on dry ground.

*Min.*—Did you save any thing from the wreck?

*Boy.*—Nothing but the few things I have on.

*Min.*—Could you not save your clothes when the vessel grounded?

*Boy.*—No, sir; the sea broke over us in such a manner, we expected every moment would be our last. I tried to save a letter.

*Min.*—What, a letter! You must have valued it very much indeed, to make it your chief concern in such dangerous circumstances?

*Boy.*—Yes, sir, I did. The captain cried out to the mate to jump down below and save his watch, but I was only anxious for my letter.

*Min.*—Surely there must have been something extraordinary in this letter; who wrote it?

*Boy.*—My mother, sir.

*Min.*—And you loved your mother?

*Boy.*—Yes, sir, it was my mother's letter, and I would sooner have saved it than all the vessel bad on board.

*Min.*—Your mother is a good woman I hope, and loves the Lord Jesus Christ?

*Boy.*—Yes, sir.

*Min.*—Indeed; and she trained you up to hear the gospel?

*Boy.*—Yes, sir, I always attended before I went to sea.

*Min.*—Then, my dear lad, you are the child of many prayers, and God has heard your pious mother's prayers, and saved you from the fatal consequences of shipwreck. Was there any thing remarkable in your mother's letter.

*Boy.*—Yes, sir, it contained good advice: and she said she was getting old now and perhaps might never see me again, so I thought it was the last letter I should ever have from my poor mother. This made me more anxious about it.

*Min.*—The Lord bless you, and hear all your mother's fervent prayers for your soul's salvation. Did you save the letter?

*Boy.*—After we struck, sir, I jumped down forward under the forecabin; the letter was under my pillow in my bed place. The vessel was tumbling about most violently on the rocks, and filling with water. I made a snatch at the letter, and got but part of it, for the deck under me was suddenly forced up, and I was almost crushed to death against the upper deck. I got out as soon as I could, and held on by the mast, while the waves went over me. In a little time the tide ebbed, the vessel broke up, and we got on shore. I received the letter at Newport, in Wales, before we sailed.

The minister was much impressed with this simple tale, and, after many solemn and appropriate admonitions, kneeled and prayed with the lad.—He then presented him with several religious tracts, and some necessities were procured for him. What an encouragement does this circumstance afford to pious mothers, to go forward praying for and writing to their sons, who are embarked on the boisterous ocean!

[*Child's Magazine.*]

## MORALITY.

For the Youth's Companion.  
STEALING FRUIT.

Little Edward was the son of a poor widow, who lived in the small village of Walton. Though little Edward's mother was poor, yet she was a good

woman, and she taught him many good things. Always after meeting on Sunday, he would take his little stool, and sit close to her, while she taught him the commandments, and then he would read in the Bible to her, and she would tell him some pretty story, the subject of which she would get from the chapter he read. Now one beautiful evening, as he was sitting as usual, near his mother, they saw a crowd coming along the road; when it was near enough they saw a boy looking as if he was dead, carried by two men. When they were past them, she asked one of the men that were following, what the matter was. Why, said he, Jack Pilfer ran away from his mother this afternoon, and went to the squire's cherry orchard, and as he was getting down from one of the trees, he saw the squire's great dog coming, and it frightened him so much, that he fell, and broke both of his legs. When they were all gone, she asked Edward what commandments Jack broke; he said, the 5th "*Thou shalt not steal*," and the 4th "*Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy*," and the 5th "*Honor thy father and mother*." Very well, said his mother, and he broke the 10th "*Thou shalt not covet*."

Now I will tell you a story. One morning there was a little boy going to school, and over the road, there were some very nice red apples. Now this little boy wanted some very much; he coveted them, and said I will have some, nobody can see me; and the farmer won't miss a few; so he jumped over the fence, for he did not know the farmer was hid with a great whip. He ran to the tree; when he was most there, he suddenly stopped and looked at the nice apples as they hung in tempting clusters, and then he said (so that the farmer heard him), "No, I won't steal; God says I must not, and God sees me, if the farmer don't, and I will not be a thief;" and he turned and ran away, but the farmer sprang and caught him. "Now," says he, "if you had stolen, I should have beaten you, but as you resisted the temptation, to reward you, I give you leave to take as many as you want." Little Edward thanked his mother, and said he would always think, when he was naughty, if she did not see him, that God saw him—and you too should think God sees you, my little readers. ADOLPHUS.

## DISOBEDIENCE TO PARENTS.

Robert, and Henry, and John, were at home for the Midsummer holidays.

"Father," said Robert, one fine morning, "may we not take the boat and sail down the river till dinner time?"

"By no means," said Mr. H.; "I could not trust you alone for fear of some accident. I am pretty sure you would not sit still, and then your danger would be very great."

"O yes," said Henry, "we will, if you will but let us go; we will be sure to be quiet, and to take care; and there is scarcely any wind this morning."

"I have no objection to your having a sail," said Mr. H. "but you must not go by yourselves. I forbid your doing so. I will speak to Thomas, the gardener; he knows well how to manage the boat, and he shall go with you in about an hour." Mr. H. then went out from home for the day.

As soon as he was gone, Robert said, "I am sure I would not wait; the gardener may not be ready all day. I am old enough to manage the boat; I have often been out with my father."

"Yes, but," said John, "Father forbade our going alone: and so, we must not go."

"But how will he know it?" said Robert; "he is gone out, and won't be at home till five o'clock. We shall come back long before that; and if Thomas does not tell him, how will he know? And I can speak to him to say nothing about our having gone by ourselves." They, therefore, determined to go.

The boat went on very well for some time, as the breeze was but a gentle one.

And Robert said, "I am glad we have not got the gardener with us; he would have spoiled all our sport, and we can do better without than with him; as if we could not manage a boat, indeed!"

But now the breeze became a brisk gale: and

the boat had scarcely enough ballast for the largeness of the canvass. The young people did not pay any attention to this circumstance, as they were busily at play; in an instant, therefore, when they all ran to one side of the boat, it upset, and threw them into the river.

Happily, the gardener missing them, and fearing some accident, hastened down by the side of the river. He just came up to them as the misfortune happened; and, as he could swim very leaped into the stream, and, by great effort, saved Henry and John from a watery grave.

But disobedient Robert sank, and could not find. The current bore him down so his body was not seen till several days afterwards, when it was brought to his distressed father by a fisherman.

Dear children: remember how Robert was drowned, because he would not do as his father bade him; and do not forget that no good ever did, or ever can, come from disobedience to parents.

[*Youth's Friend.*]

## THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

From the (*London*) *Child's Magazine.*

## PARENTS AND CHILDREN.

It is difficult to say where the good effects of Sabbath school instruction ends. It sometimes goes upwards to the parents, and it descends on those who come after. O let our teachers be but men of God, who aim only at the salvation of the children committed to their trust, and soon shall we see a renovated land. The following extracts are taken from "The New-castle-upon-Tyne Sabbath school Union's Report." Our design in introducing them is not to make children proud, by supposing themselves wiser and better than their parents, but to stir them up to be as useful as possible to those who gave them birth; loving, honoring, and obeying them in every thing not sinful.

*Gateshead Low-Fall.*—At the commencement of our school, we received the whole of the children in one family, namely, five; among whom the Lord has wrought graciously. Before our school began, this family was scarcely ever seen at a place of worship; but since that period they have regularly attended, as also the parents of many of the children. After some time these children were removed, about five miles off, into the country. One of them, however, a girl, came back to our school sometime ago; and during her continuance with us, stayed at the house of her uncle. One evening, after prayer, this little girl observed to her aunt, "O aunt, how it distresses me that our father never goes to prayer with us! What a blessing it is to have praying parents!" She expressed a great desire to visit her parents last Christmas-day; for she knew that her father was in a benefit society, and that the box dinner would be held on that day, and that he would be going out and getting drunk, and fighting, and making disturbance at home, for drinking was his besetting sin. On the night before she set out to see her parents, this little girl went into the place where she sleeps, and for a considerable time poured out her soul to God on behalf of the whole family, but especially of her father. Her aunt, wondering what the child was doing, went to the door and listened, when, to her surprise and delight, she found her engaged in prayer, and among other expressions, she heard the following: "Lord have mercy on my father, for he is a sinner; but Jesus Christ died for him, and thou canst save him. Lord save my father, and make him a good man! O Lord if he goes to the box-dinner he will be getting drunk again; and then he will beat my poor mother! Lord keep him from the box," &c. I am happy to say, that, through restraining grace, and in answer to her prayers, he was kept from going to the box-dinner. A few days ago, I saw the mother, and inquired how Margaret came on with her father on Christmas-day. "Come on," replied the mother, "she astonished us all! She talked like a Preacher to her father, about the wickedness of getting drunk, and said that he ought to pray for mercy, and a new heart, till she made us all cry."



and, hard as my husband's heart was, she softened him, and made him cry too!" But, I said, "Did she prevail on him to stay from the box?" "Indeed she did," said the mother; "she said to him so sweetly, 'O father, you know how good the Lord has been to us, and I am come to see you on purpose to get you to stay at home. Send your money, and don't go to the box, and we'll have such a happy Christmas! I'll read my little books, and sing hymns, and do any thing you please, if you only will not go to the box!'" He could not withstand her persuasion, but yielded to her entreaties, and spent his Christmas in the bosom of his family."

**Hexham school.**—A man who had been an infidel, rose at one of our late meetings and said, that he desired to bless God for Sabbath schools: they had been the means, he said, of saving his soul. His brother-in-law and sister had, with much entreaty, prevailed on him to send his little boy to the Sabbath school. The child had often heard the superintendents speak of the duty and necessity of prayer, and had listened very attentively. One Sabbath morning, while his mother was dressing his little brother, this boy was missing, and on inquiring of him where he had been, he replied, he had been saying his prayers; and added; "Mother, does my father ever pray?" She informed the father what the child had said. The father having lived in the neglect of prayer, felt condemned; conviction seized his mind; he sought the Lord, and found him to the joy of his soul.

## THE NURSERY.

### THE STEAM BOAT.

While passing down one of our rivers in a steam boat, some years since, being unacquainted with any one, I had recourse, for amusement, to one of the volumes which composed the steam boat library. I had not been long engaged in reading this book, which happened to be a novel, when a little boy, apparently about six years old, stepped up to me, and laying his little hand on my knee, and looking up wistfully in my face, said, in a timid voice, "Is that the Bible?" Confounded with the unexpected question, I dropped the volume from my hand, saying, "No, my dear, it is not;" and I gazed at the child with feelings of astonishment, not unmingled with shame. Without stopping a moment, however, the child went in like manner to every one he saw reading, and put the same question, and from every one he received a similar reply. He was evidently disappointed, and I, struck with the singularity of the circumstance, and anxious to ascertain the boy's motive in asking the question, said, "Come here, my child, do you want a Bible?" "Yes, ma'am." "Well, here is one for you," and opening a box which contained some Tracts I had carried for distribution, I gave my Bible to the child. The little creature eagerly seized it, and as the rain had now ceased, ran out of the cabin, and seating himself in the corner of the stairs outside, began to turn over the leaves with much earnestness. I had laid aside my frivolous volume, for I felt reproved by the child's question, which struck on my conscience, as a voice from heaven. It seemed to say, "Have you this morning, ere you took your early journey, perused the word of God? You had no time, perhaps, to do more than offer up your morning tribute of thanksgiving, for preservation during the helpless hours of sleep, and to implore protection from the unknown dangers of the coming day; but you have now both time and opportunity. You can read a trifling fiction; how much more profitable is it to search the oracles of truth! Are you ashamed to be seen reading your Bible? Remember the solemn declaration of Jesus, and dread the consequences of being ashamed of him or his word. Learn from this child's example, the value of your Bible, and see how God can, out of the mouths of babes and sucklings, perfect praise!" But besides my conscience being awakened, my curiosity was excited; and I had full employment for my mind in watching the conduct of the little boy.

After turning over the leaves for a few minutes,

he seemed disconcerted, and carried the book to his mother, who was sitting without the cabin, and hid from my view by an intervening door. I rose and placed myself so as to observe the motions of the child. The mother turning round at that instant, and observing me, politely thanked me for lending my Bible to her son; but, added she, he can hardly make use of it, for it is a kind of Bible he never saw before. I at once perceived the cause of the child's uneasiness; the Bible was not divided into chapters and verses, like the common version; and the boy could not readily find the passages he wished to refer to. I now learned that he was at a Sabbath-school in P——, that he was very fond of learning voluntary tasks, and that being about to spend the ensuing week at the house of a relation who had children of his own age, with whom he would naturally be much occupied, the little creature was desirous of learning his tasks on his way to this scene of promised pleasure, that they might be ready fixed in his memory against next Lord's day evening. [Child's Companion.]

## DIALOGUE.

From the Child's Magazine.

### THE BLIND BEGGAR.

**Peter.**—Did you see that poor old man that went by our house to-day?

**Father.**—No, my son, I did not.

**P.**—Well, I felt very sorry for him.

**F.**—Why, what made you feel sorry for him?

**P.**—Because he was blind, and you know he could not walk very well if he was blind. And I should not think he could work much to obtain food or raiment. Indeed, he looked like a very poor man. I wish there had been some money in my pocket, that I might have given a little to him.

**F.**—Well, there is old blind Sam; don't you feel sorry for him too; and would you not be glad to carry something to him that would make him comfortable?

**P.**—I would do it very gladly.

**F.**—My dear child, this afternoon you may go. But in the mean time, let me tell you about a blind man who lived in Judea almost 1800 years ago, that had his eyes opened.

**P.**—How were his eyes opened? Did they send for a surgeon, and take off the film with a sharp knife?

**F.**—No, there was no knife used.

**P.**—What was his name?

**F.**—I think they called him Bartimeus.

**P.**—Do you mean, when you say his eyes were opened, that he was made able to see as well as you and I can?

**F.**—Yes, quite as well.

**P.**—Who did it?

**F.**—It was Jesus of Nazareth who cured him of his blindness.

**P.**—Well, now tell me all about it.

**F.**—I will, so far as I know. This blind man used to sit by the side of the road and beg; and I suppose when he heard any one passing, he would ask for relief. On a certain day he heard that Jesus of Nazareth was passing by, and he cried—he called aloud—for he was in earnest—"Jesus, thou son of David, have mercy on me." He did not say, Lord, if thou wilt open my eyes, I will give thee so much money. Neither did he tell Jesus, how good he had been, that he might receive his sight. But he begged him to have mercy on him. Some of the people tried to stop him, but they could not, for he continued crying till Jesus opened his eyes.

**P.**—O how glad he felt then! But, father, why did he call Jesus the son of David?

**F.**—Because he believed that he was the Messiah, who according to the prophecies, was to descend from David's family, and therefore he believed that Jesus had power to make him see.

**P.**—Well, I wish I could know all about his feelings when he first received his sight.

**F.**—My child, if you are made ready to go to heaven when you die, you may perhaps see Bartimeus there, and hear him tell the whole of it.

**P.**—How shall I get ready to go to heaven?

**F.**—Pray to Jesus as the blind man did. While your sins are unforgiven, and your soul unconverted, you are in a worse state, than if you were totally blind, and yet loved God with all your heart. Pray, as the blind beggar did; not expecting to be answered, because you have not been as bad as some others; but pray for mercy, believing that God in Christ is both able and willing to take away your sins, and receive you into heaven when you die.

## OBITUARY.

### THE DYING FATHER.

A gentleman related to us the other day, the following incident to illustrate the power of natural affection, even in the mind of a dying saint.

A gentleman who had been many years a professor of religion, and who had adorned his profession by a life of exemplary piety, was brought to the very verge of the grave. It was expected every moment for hours together, that 'the silver cord would be loosed and the wheel broken at the cistern,' yet he tarried under the influence of an excitement, for which his attendants could not account. At last, his brother inquired of him the cause of his anxiety; for it was too visibly depicted upon his countenance, to escape the notice of the most casual observer. "How can I contentedly die," he replied, "and leave a young widowed daughter and her infant child unprotected?" "Have you forgotten," rejoined his brother, "the direction of your covenant keeping God—that God in whose statutes and ordinances you have been walking these thirty years? 'Leave thy fatherless children with me, I will preserve them alive, and let thy widows trust in me.'" "I had forgotten," replied the dying man. "This is my infirmity. It cleaves to me in my last agony. Call them in, that I may bless them before I die." They were instantly called, and he, in a calm and collected manner, committed them anew to the care of his merciful Redeemer. After which, he raised his eyes to heaven and cried, "Lord Jesus, cut this work short." No sooner had he uttered this prayer, than the work was done. His spirit abandoned its tenement of clay and went to God. The last syllable of his last petition had scarcely fallen from his lips, ere he ceased to breathe.

"Never," says the gentleman who gave us this account, "have I witnessed an instance in which natural affection seemed, for a season, so completely to absorb the mind of a saint and draw off his confidence from his God. Never have I witnessed so signal a victory through the riches of grace. And never so direct and instantaneous an answer to prayer."

[Charleston Observer.]

From the N. H. Observer.

"LET ME DIE THE DEATH OF THE RIGHTEOUS." I never recollect feeling the force of this passage so fully as when standing by the death-bed of a very pious minister of the gospel. It was but a few days before his death. The scene of suffering had been dreadful. But while the body seemed on the very verge of giving up the awful conflict with the "King of Terrors" all was calm and peaceful within. I had watched by his sick bed during a night of almost unequalled distress. The morning of one of those sweet Sabbaths when we used to go to the house of God in company, began to dawn as I drew aside the curtain. I went to the bed and raising him from the pillow, said: my dear Mr. W——, God is giving you another blessed Sabbath on the earth. He attempted to reply, but so indistinctly as not to be understood. In a few moments gaining a little strength, he repeated with uncommon emphasis, these beautiful lines of Watts,

"Sweet is the day of sacred rest,

No mortal cares shall seize my breast," &c.

It was the spirit of the upper world which seemed to breathe forth in these feeble, often interrupted words of the dying man. I left him that morning on the verge of time, patiently waiting for the Sabbath-rest of heaven; and my prayer, as I retired, was the fervent entreaty that I might "die the death of the righteous."

ALPHA.



## EDITORIAL.

## WHAT SHALL I CARRY AWAY?

The Apostle Paul remarks, in his first letter to Timothy, "We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out." Now what very plain and important truths these are, and yet how little do we think of them. But let us bring them more to our minds than we have done, and consider what influence they should have upon us.

The first fact we are to think of is, that *we are going out of the world*. Paul does not confine his remark to any class, or persons of any age; but affirms the same thing of all men. All that live, therefore, all that are born, all that have come into the world, the same are going out of it. All the multitudes of the human family, from the creation to this day, except those who are now living, have gone away from the world. Those of the present generation are following rapidly, one after another disappearing, like travellers over a hill who vanish from our sight and never return. We are *going out of the world*, both old and young. As soon as we came into the world we set our faces to go out of it; the first step we took in life was towards the grave, and every step we have taken since has brought us nearer. Soon we shall take the last and be gone; then "the places that now know us will know us no more forever. The survivors will look a moment, and weep, and follow on. In a short time, all the living and busy multitude around us will be gone, and the whole generation will have vanished like the morning cloud. When we die, *we can carry nothing with us*. When we take journeys, we can carry clothes and money, though we cannot carry furniture, or houses, or farms. When children go abroad to school, or when they return home, they carry their books and many articles of comfort. When mariners set sail to go to distant ports or round the world, they lay in and carry a stock of provisions and fresh water. But when man goes out of the world, he goes empty-handed, poor, destitute, and stripped of every treasure. He goes as naked as he came, and still more so, for he wore a body into the world; but when he dies, even this is laid aside as an old and tattered garment. Yes all is left. Though he may have spent his days in gathering his treasures, he must now leave them all. He carries no silver or gold; no lands or houses; no honors, no pleasures, no earthly friends; nothing of all his heart desired. A few clothes are wrapped around his dead body;—it is put into a coffin, which is perhaps costly and splendid;—and thus it is laid in the grave. But that is not the man. The soul is gone, like an inhabitant from a deserted house; and dust returns to dust till the last trumpet sounds. Even education and knowledge are carried away, only as making now a portion of the mind itself and fitting it for greater happiness or misery in another state. Nothing is carried into the world of spirits, but the soul itself, with its holy or wicked affections; and it goes, not to possess any thing earthly, but to give account of all the deeds done in the body, and to reap the fruits in endless joy or woe. The *man* goes, and his works follow him; but all his earthly possessions remain behind.

If we can carry nothing out of the world, *we should not be anxious to lay up treasures here*. We need daily food and clothing, and all the comforts of life. We should labor for these, and pray for them; and when God gives them, we should thankfully receive them and use them for his glory. But we should not be *anxious* to obtain them. We should not be so "careful and troubled" about them, as to neglect our souls. We should not covet the possessions of others, or obtain them by deceit and fraud. We should not make haste to be rich, adding house to house, and laying field to field. We should "seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness," believing that all needful worldly good will be given us. Children and friends, we are going out of the world. We are on a journey

to the eternal world, and need only refreshment by the way; why should we seek an inheritance which must in a few days be left, and so fail of eternal life? This is the reasoning of the apostle in the context. "Godliness," (or religion,) "with contentment, is great gain." For we brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out. And having food and raiment, let us be therewith content. But they that would be rich, fall into temptation, and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition. For the love of money is the root of all evil; which while some coveted after, they have erred from the faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows."

What is that which will survive when the earth is burnt up and the heavens are rolled together as a scroll? What is that, which will be mine beyond the judgment, an "inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away?" It is the love of Christ, shed abroad in the heart, and leading me to renounce the world and follow him? It is a faith in him that overcometh the world, and bids me count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of him. It is pure and undefiled religion before God, even the Father. May this be the portion of our beloved readers; that when they go out of the world, they may go home to the bosom of their Redeemer.

## MISCELLANY.

## PERSIAN INTEGRITY.

A curious account is given in Malcom's *Persia*, of Shaikh Mohydeen Abdoel Kauder. Being induced to undertake a religious life, after the fashion of his country, his mother, taking out eighty deenars, as he says, gave him half, as all his inheritance, the other half, being reserved for his brother.

She made me swear, when she gave it to me, never to tell a lie; and afterwards bade me farewell, exclaiming, 'Go, my son, I give thee to God. We shall not meet again until the day of judgment!' I went on well till I came near Hamadan, when our kiffalah was plundered by sixty horsemen. One fellow asked me what I had got? 'Forty deenars,' I said, 'are sewed under my garment.' The fellow laughed, thinking, no doubt, I was joking him. 'What have you got?' said another. I gave him the same answer. When they were dividing the spoil, I was called to an eminence where their chief stood. 'What property have you, my little fellow?' said he. 'I have told your people already,' I replied; 'I have forty deenars sewed up carefully in my clothes.' He desired them to be ripped open, and found my money. 'And how came you,' said he with surprise, 'to declare so openly, what has been so carefully hidden?' 'Because,' I replied, 'I will not be false to my mother, to whom I have promised never to conceal the truth.' 'Child,' said the robber, 'hast thou such a sense of thy duty to thy mother at thy years; and am I insensible at my age, of the duty I owe to my God?—Give me thy hand, innocent boy,' he continued, 'that I may swear repentance upon it.' He did so. His followers were all alike struck with this scene. 'You have been our leader in guilt,' said they to their chief, 'be the same in the path of virtue;' and instantly, at his order, they made restitution of their spoil, and vowed repentance on my hand.

*Volition and Necessity*.—I have always been amused at the following distinction, which a boy made between what he did unconsciously, and what he intended to do.—A little fellow, tired of the monotony of the school-room, began to amuse himself by making faces; blowing through his hands, &c. at last he whistled aloud.—"Who whistled?" asked the master. "Bill Cole," answered the boy who sat next him. "Come here, sir," said the master—"what did you whistle for?"—"Master, I didn't whistle." "Master, he did; I see him do it." "Master, I didn't thertainly," lisped the culprit, "it whistled itself!" [Boston Centinel.

*Party Spirit*.—While it lasts, nothing in the whole range of mental poison corrodes like party spirit. It seems, by some demoniac magic, to change our very being; inflames the life blood itself, and penetrates the whole system of the patient, who knows not himself while under its influence.

*Christian Experience*.—Past experience and former manifestations of divine love should be as carefully kept in recollection as old receipts: they will afford satisfaction in review, and hope in prospect.

*Heaven*.—To be in Christ is heaven below; and to be with Christ is heaven above.

*The Eye*.—Trust not a man in the night, whose eye roves from yours in the light.

*Honesty*.—An honest man is believed without an oath, for his reputation swears for him.

## POETRY.

From the Juvenile Miscellany.

## MARY AND EMMA.

Bright Mary with her laughing eyes,  
And silken hair and dimpled cheeks,  
Was uttering loud and merry cries,  
And playing many a childish freak.

She laid her face to pussy's fur,  
And softly stroked the favorite cat;  
Then listened to her drowsy purr,  
And gave her oft a gentle pat.

Next, rousing Hero from his sleep,  
With many a long and joyful shout,  
She made him run, and play and leap,  
Till he was fairly wearied out.

But, still the little happy thing  
Kept gaily dancing on;  
Frisking about in merry ring,  
Though puss and dog were gone.

Just then, a low and piteous wail  
Fell faintly on her ear,  
'Twas borne upon the passing gale,  
And made her shake with fear.

She stopped her childish pranks, and sprung  
To mother's sheltering arms,  
And round her yielding neck she clung,  
To shield her from alarms.

The mother hushed her idle fears,  
Then hastened to the door,  
And found a young girl, bathed in tears,  
Shivering with cold all o'er.

Her little feet were wet and bare;  
Her scanty garments sadly torn;  
Dirty and matted was her hair;  
Her whole appearance most forlorn.

The lady took her icy hands,  
And led her in the house,  
While giddy Mary, wondering stands,  
As still as any mouse.

To warm and feed the suffering child,  
Was their first thought and care,  
But still she talked in accents wild,  
Of mother sleeping, where

The cold snow fell about her bed,  
And loud winds whistled chill,  
And how she clasped her aching head,  
Because she was so ill.

She would not touch the offered food,  
Till first, with dutious care,  
She prayed the lady, kind and good,  
That mother too might share.

They searched, and soon the mother found,  
Chilled by the wind's cold breath,  
Upon the frozen, snowy ground,  
Sleeping the sleep of death.

But Emma cloth'd, and warm'd, and fed,  
Full soon her griefs forgot;  
With Mary, round and round she sped,  
And blest her happy lot.

Stockbridge.

## INFANT'S HYMN.

Jesus, now with listening ear,  
Condescend our prayers to bear;  
Though we little infants are,  
Even we may claim thy care.

Thou thy people didst inspire  
With this ardent, pure desire,  
That such little ones as we  
Early should be brought to thee.

Still continue, Lord, to grant  
Us the blessings which we want;  
Bless our teachers, patrons, friends,  
With the joy that never ends.

To the Father, and the Son,  
And the Spirit, three in one,  
All the glory now be given,  
Even as it is in heaven.

[Child's Magazine.



# YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Published Weekly, by WILLIS & RAND, at the Office of the Boston Recorder, No. 22, Congress-Street....Price One Dollar a year in advance, or \$1, 50, if not paid in advance.

No. 13.

BOSTON, AUGUST 20, 1839.

VOL. III.

## NARRATIVE.

*From Emerson's Letters from the Aegean.*  
INSANITY.

On our return to the hotel, we found the landlord in a fiery dispute with two English gentlemen, who had just landed from a French brig in the bay. One was a fine looking young man of about four or five and twenty, but apparently in the last stage of emaciation and disease; and his companion, rather more robust, was endeavoring to persuade the Italian to give him quarters in the locanda. This, however, he obstinately refused on the plea of the young gentleman's illness, who was reclining, as we entered, on a sofa, in a state of enfeebled exhaustion, with sunken cheek and lustreless eye, whilst the debate was proceeding; and the landlord with expressive shrugs unfeelingly pointed to his miserable appearance, and urged that as a few days must terminate his existence, he should not only have the annoyance of his death and interment, but his establishment would lose its character, in the suspicious climate of Smyrna, by an inmate having expired in it.

It was with difficulty that the elder gentleman procured permission for him to remain on the sofa, while he went to seek more hospitable quarters for him; he succeeded, however, and in the evening the invalid was removed to a house near St. Catharine's Gardens, where he stretched himself on the bed from which he was destined never to arise. The particulars of his story, as they were related to us by his companion, combined with the circumstances of his death, contained something peculiarly melancholy and romantic.

His name was W—, and his father, a gentleman in opulent circumstances, is still resident in Dublin, where he was originally destined for the profession of medicine, in the preparatory studies for which he had made considerable advancement. It happened that the hospital in which he was in the habit of attending clinical lectures, and where a considerable portion of his time was spent, adjoined a private establishment for the cure of insane patients, and the garden of the one was separated from the grounds of the other by a wall of considerable height. One day, whilst lingering in the walks, in the rear of the hospital, his ear was struck with the plaintive notes of a voice in the adjacent garden, which sang with peculiar sweetness, a melancholy Irish air: curiosity prompted him to see who the minstrel was, and clambering into an aperture in the dividing wall, he saw immediately below him a beautiful girl, who sat in a mournful abstraction beneath a tree, plucking the leaves from a rose-bud as she sang her plaintive ditty. As she raised her head and observed the stranger before her, she smiled and beckoned him to come to her; after a moment's hesitation and reflection on the consequences, he threw himself over the wall, and seated himself beside her. Her mind seemed in a state of perfect simplicity; her disorder appeared to have given her all the playful gentleness of childhood, and, as she fixed her dark expressive eyes on his, she would smile and caress him, and sing over and over the song she was trilling when he first heard her. Struck with the novelty of such a situation, and the beauty of the innocent and helpless being before him, W— stayed long enough to avoid detection, and then returned by the same means he had entered the garden, but not till she had induced him to promise to come again and see her.

The following day he returned and found her at the same spot, where she said she had been singing for a long time before, in hopes to attract his atten-

tion again. He now calmly endeavored to find out her story, or the cause of her derangement, but his efforts were unavailing, or her words so incoherent as to convey no connected meaning.—She was, however, more staid and melancholy while he remained with her, and smiled and sighed, and wept and sang, by turns, till it was time for him to again bid her adieu. With the exception of those child-like wanderings, she betrayed no other marks of insanity: her aberrations were merely playful and innocent; she was often sad and melancholy, but oftener lively and light-spirited.

W— felt an excitement in her presence which he had never known before; she appeared to him a pure child of Nature, in the extreme of Nature's loveliness. She seemed not as one whom reason had deserted, but as a being who had never mingled with the world, and dwelt in the midst of its vice and deformity in primeval beauty and uncontaminated innocence and affection.

His visits were now anxiously repeated and as eagerly anticipated by his interesting companion, to whom he found himself almost involuntarily attached, the more so, perhaps, from the romantic circumstances of the case, and the secrecy which it was absolutely necessary to maintain of the whole affair, so that no ear was privy to his visits, and no eye had marked their meetings. At length, however, the matter began to effect a singular change in the mind of the lady, which became every day more and more composed, though still subject to wanderings and abstraction; but the new passion, which was daily taking possession of her mind, seemed to be eradicating the cause, or, at least, counteracting the effects of her malady.

This alteration was soon visible to the inmates of the house, and the progress of her recovery was so rapid as to induce them to seek for some latent cause, and to watch her frequent and prolonged visits to the garden; the consequence was, that at their next meeting an eye was on them which reported the circumstance of W—'s visit to the superior of the establishment; an immediate stop was then put to his return, and the lady's walks confined to another portion of the grounds. The consequences were soon obvious; her regret and anxiety served to recall her disorder with redoubled vigor, and in the paroxysms of her delirium she eagerly demanded to be again admitted to see him.

A communication was now made to her parents, containing a detail of all the circumstances,—her quick recovery, her relapse, and the apparent cause of both; and, after some conferences, it was resolved that W— should be invited to renew his visits, and the affair be permitted to take its natural course. He accordingly repaired to the usual rendezvous, where she met him with the most impassioned eagerness, affectionately reproached his absence, and welcomed him with fond and innocent caresses. He now saw her as frequently as before, and a second time her recovery was rapidly progressing, till at length she was so far restored that her parents resolved on removing her to her own home, and she accordingly bade adieu to the asylum.

There were here some circumstances which W—'s companion, Mr. R—, related indistinctly, or of which I retain but an imperfect recollection; and he who could only have informed me of them was gone to his long home before I heard his singular story. It appeared, however, that, after some farther intercourse, he was obliged to be absent from Ireland for some time, and during that interval, the progress of her mind to perfect collectiveness continued uninterrupted; but her former memory seemed to decay with her disease, and she gradually forgot her lover.

Long protracted illness ensued, and her spirits

and constitution seemed to droop with exhaustion after their former unhealthy excitement, till at length, after a tedious recovery from a series of relapses, her faculties were perfectly restored; but every trace of her former situation, or the events which had occurred during her illness and residence in Dublin, had vanished like a dream from her memory, nor did her family ever venture to touch her feelings by a recurrence to them.

In the mean time W— returned, and eagerly flew to embrace, after so long a separation, her who had never passed from his thoughts and his remembrance. Her family felt for him the warmest gratitude and affection, from the consciousness that he had been made the main instrument in the restoration of their daughter, but the issue of this interview they awaited with the most painful suspense. She had long ceased to mention his name, or betray any symptom of recollecting him; he seemed to have passed from her remembrance with the other less important items of her situation, and this moment was now to prove to them whether any circumstance could make the stream of melancholy roll back to this distracted period of her intellect.

From the shock of that interview W— never recovered. She received him as her family had anticipated; she saw him as a mere uninteresting stranger; she met him with calm and cold politeness, and could ill conceal her astonishment at the agitation and despair of his manner, when he found too truly, that he was no longer remembered with the fond affection he had anticipated. He could not repress his anxiety to remind her of their late attachment, but she only heard his distant hints with astonishment and haughty surprise. He now found that the only step which remained for him was to endeavor to make a second impression on her renovated heart; but he failed. There was still some mysterious influence which attached their minds, but the alliance on her part had totally changed its former tone, and when she did permit her thoughts to dwell upon him, it was rather with aversion than esteem; and her family, after long encouraging his addresses, at length persuaded him to forego his suit, which with a heavy and a hopeless heart he assented to, and bade her adieu forever.

But the die of his fortune was cast; he could no longer walk heedlessly by those scenes where he had once spent hours of happiness, and he felt that, wander where he might, that happiness could never return. At length, to crown his misery, the last ray of hope was shortly after shaded by the marriage of his mistress. W— now abandoned every prospect at home, and, in order to shake off that melancholy which was gathering like rust around his heart, went to the Continent; but change of scene is but a change of ill to those who must bear with them the cause of their sorrow, and find within "that aching void the world can never fill." He hurried in vain from one scene of excitement to another; society had no spell to soothe his memory, and change no charms to lull it.

"Still slowly pass'd the melancholy day,  
And still the Stranger wist not where to stray."

At length he joined the cause of the struggling Greeks, and his name has been often and honorably mentioned among the companions of Lord Byron at Missolonghi. After his Lordship's death he still remained in Greece, but his constitution was too weak to permit him to be of active service as a Palikari. He had, therefore, taken a post in the garrison, which held possession of the castle and town of Navarino, in the Morea, and was wounded in the action at Sphacteria, in the summer of 1825.

The unskillful management of a native surgeon during his confinement in the fortress, previous to its surrender to Ibrahim Pacha, and a long and dan-



gerous fever from the malaria of Pylos, combined with scanty diet and bad attendance from his Greek domestics, united with his broken spirit to bring on a rapid consumption.

It was under these circumstances that Mr. R——, who now accompanied him, had found him at a village in the district of Maina, and had since paid him every attention in his power. By cautious management and gentle voyages he had brought him to Hydra, where he was enabled to procure him a passage in a French vessel, from whence he hoped to find a British ship to land him in England, where his last moments might be watched by friendly eyes, and his bones rest with his fathers. The particulars of his inhospitable reception here, I have already recounted; but we at last saw him fixed under the care of an old French officer at Smyrna, who engaged to pay him every requisite attention, till he should depart for Europe, or for another world.

The following day we called to see W——, but we found that human sympathy would soon cease to avail him; that the step of death was already on his threshold. The surgeon of one of the ships of war had been to see him, but all prospect of his surviving had fled. The fatigue of his removal from the vessel, his exposure to the sun in the boat while landing, and his annoyance at the inn, seemed to have buried down the few remaining sands of his glass; and he felt himself that time was drawing to a close with him.

He was perfectly collected, and, as folly as he could, was giving his last directions to his friend who had so generously attended him; he spoke much of his family, and gave particular messages to each, pointing out to R—— the various little trinkets which he wished to send them as dying memorials of himself; a ring, which he still wore on his finger, which bore the inscription, "To the memory of my dear mother," he desired might be buried with him, together with a locket which was suspended from his neck, and contained a lock of raven hair: he did not mention whuse.

But words could not paint the expression of his countenance, nor the sad sublimity of his voice, when, for the last time, he feebly grasped the hand of his affectionate friend, thanked him for all his former kindness, and bade him his last mortal farewell; he shortly after sank into an apparently painless lethargy, from which he never aroused himself.

It was evening before he died; there was not a breath of wind to wave the branches of the peach-trees around his window, through which the sunbeams were streaming on his death-bed, tinged with the golden dyes of sunset. It was a remote corner of Smyrna, and no sound disturbed the silent progress of death; the sun went down at length behind the hills; the clear calm voice of the Muezzin from his tower, came from the distant city, and again all was repose. We approached the bed of W——, but his soul had bidden adieu to mortality; he had expired but a moment before, without a sigh and without a struggle.

The following day the remains of poor W—— were interred in the English burying-ground. The few travellers at the moment in Smyrna attended, and the Janissaries of the Consul preceded the coffin, which was borne by four sailors, and covered with an English ensign. In a solitary corner of the cemetery, beside a group of cypresses, his grave was dug by the attendants of the British hospital; and his last remains rested by those of his countrymen who have fallen victims to the climate of the Levant.

Mr. Arundel, the chaplain to the factory, read the service of the church over his tomb; and perhaps it never was pronounced under more melancholy circumstances, beneath the calm bright sky of Asia, on an eminence which looked down on the bustle of the city, but was far removed from its din and clamor, and disturbed by no sound save the sigh of his friend, the hum of the glittering insects fluttering in the sunshine, and the hollow rattle of the clay on the receptacle of the wanderer's dust.

## MORALITY.

### THE BOY THAT TOLD A LIE FOR A PENNY.

As I was riding through the streets of New-Brunswick, a little boy stepped up to my carriage and said,

"Sir, did you not leave your carriage standing down street?"

"Yes, I stopped before Mr. D——'s store.

"That's the place, Sir."

"And what of that?"

"Why there was a boy went to your wheel, with a pair of pincers, and was about to take out your linch pin."

"Ay? and what was he going to do with the linch pin?"

"He was going to sell it to the blacksmith; but I drove him away, so that he did not take it out. Will you please to give me a penny for driving him away."

"Do you not know, my boy, that it is very wicked to tell lies?"

At this he blushed, saying, "I have not told a lie," and immediately turned round and ran off. I knew that he did not tell the truth, because I stopped only half a minute at Mr. D——'s store, just long enough to step into the door and take a little bundle. As I rode along I could not help thinking of the awful sin of telling false stories. This boy told five or six lies in less than two minutes. He did not, probably, intend to tell but one at that time, but as I questioned him, he told others to make the first appear true. This is the way with liars, and when children begin to tell wrong stories about very little things, there is no certainty that they will ever stop, till they are sent down to hell where liars have their portion forever, in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone. [S. S. Journal.]

## THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

From the N. J. Sabbath School Journal.

### NOT GOOD ENOUGH.

"O, I am not good enough," was the answer of a gay and thoughtless young lady, to a friend of Sabbath schools, upon being asked whether she was a teacher in that most valuable institution.

"Not good enough? Do you realize what you say, my young friend? Has the great God revealed that most important of all secrets—the depravity of your own soul, and that you are not good, but unholy, in his sight? Has the Spirit taught you that you are not worthy to teach the first principles of Christianity and holiness, to the lambs of the sheep-fold? But you study the Scriptures yourself, do you not?"

"O Yes!"

"Then you think there is merit in acquiring knowledge of Jesus, and of his doctrine of salvation, and withholding that knowledge from the dear children of our churches, do you?"

"Oh no! but there are others who are solicitous to be teachers; and I will not stand in the way of any who esteem it a privilege."

"But do you eat daily of the bounties and luxuries that the Lord has wrought with his own hand, and will not so much as 'feed his Lambs.' Not good enough to teach a little child about the Saviour's life, sufferings, and death, and yet sit and sing those most solemn words of self-dedication to God:—

"Lord thou wilt hear me when I pray,  
I am for ever thine,  
I fear before thee all the day,  
Nor would I dare to sin.

"And even this very morning, at the family altar, you sang

"I sigh from this body of sin to be free,  
Which hinders my joy and communion with thee;  
What'er thou deniest, O give me thy grace,  
Thou Spirit's sure witness or smiles of thy face."

"O my dear young friend, do you feel that unworthiness, and make use of those most solemn words? or are they vainly used upon a thoughtless tongue?"

Upon this she left the room, giving me the oppor-

tunity to meditate and dwell more intently upon the subject; whether it was *real contrition of soul*, and a true sense of her unworthiness, or whether it was a mere excuse, to satisfy a friendly inquiry, and her own conscience. Now I reasoned within myself and said, if there be feelings of contrition and real unworthiness of soul, her cry would at once be, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" "Whatsoever my hands find to do, let me do it with my might," for time is hastening away—opportunity will soon be passed by—"The harvest will soon be over, and O, my soul will not be saved." But in a few moments, she again returned, with all that youthful life and vivacity that is incident to young people, probably supposing that she had given an excuse that was highly satisfactory.

"Well, said I, I suppose your little brothers and sisters attend the Sabbath school."

"Yes! but they don't learn much, they are so wild."

"Then you can call them around you once a day, at least, and assist them in committing one verse, which would enable them to recite on the Sabbath 7 verses, and that would be a fine lesson for children of their age."

"O dear! I have not time to do that. Papa teaches them every Sabbath morning, and is very punctual. I think that will answer."

Another excuse, thought I; *not time enough*? Are not parties, ceremonious calls, evening walks, and hours spent at the toilet!—"O Yes, but these are indispensable, for if I live in the world I must conform to the world." "Yes, inconsiderate young lady, conform! even if the price be the expense of your precious immortal soul." "Not good enough," again echoes, but "by their fruits ye are to know them."

Very soon she sat down with her sewing, and commenced a course of conversation upon the irregularities and unfaithfulness of Christians, and the ambassadors of Christ; passing a general censure, and that upon some who were truly evangelical. My opinion now formed its crisis, and was ready to exclaim, O the misery, and blindness, and wickedness of self-excuse. Leanness shall be sent into thy soul, if thou comest not up to the help of the Lord against the mighty. A TEACHER.

## THE NURSERY.

From the Youth's Friend.

### PERSEVERANCE.

"Indeed, I cannot do all this long piece of work, this afternoon, mother," said Margaret, quite sorrowfully, "it is so late, and I want to go and see those little girls at aunt Mary's."

"You cannot go to your aunt Mary's, Margaret, till your work is finished. You do not know, my child, how great things may be accomplished by industry and perseverance. Sit still, and do not go running about from one thing to another, as you do sometimes, and you will see that your work will be done in time."

"Indeed, it is quite impossible, mother," Margaret replied, her eyes filling with tears that were just ready to flow; but her mother had left the room. And Margaret feared that it was in vain she had hoped to enjoy the expected pleasure. She held up the hopeless task before her, "all this seam to sew, and then so many yards to hem, I cannot get it done, it is impossible," she again repeated as she let it fall in despair.

But after a few moments' reflection she took it up, and very sadly sat down to work. Margaret worked on steadily, and she was soon surprised to find that she had so much done; and she determined to sit still, as her mother had said, and see how nearly she could finish her work.

Soon her brother Charles came in. "Make haste, Margaret," said he, "and see this parade in the street, it is very fine indeed." Margaret wished to go very much; but she looked at her work, and replied, that she was very busy, and he must excuse her. Charles laughed, and went without her. Her little sister then invited her to come and play with her, and dress her new waxen doll. But Margaret did



not rise from her seat, and before the appointed time, she had the pleasure of taking her work to her mother entirely finished.

"I am glad to see, my dear child," said her mother, "that you have thus conquered the natural indolence and restlessness of your disposition. I knew you could do what I asked you in good time, if you would try. I wished you to go to your aunt Mary's, as the lively little girls you will see there are the daughters of an old friend of mine. And now as you have felt the satisfaction of exerting yourself to do well, I hope you will never forget this afternoon's lesson. The Holy Scriptures teach us not only to be 'fervent in spirit,' but also 'diligent in business.' These commands are solemnly united; and may it be the first desire of my daughter's heart, now in her early days, to walk in the way which God has marked out for them that love him, the way of his commandments."

## HISTORY.

### AMERICAN WOMEN.

The zeal with which the cause of Liberty was embraced by the women of America, during the war of our revolution, has often been mentioned with admiration and praise. The following anecdotes will forcibly illustrate the extent and strength of this patriotic feeling:

To Mrs. Pinckney, the wife of Colonel Charles Pinckney, a British officer once said—"It is impossible not to admire the intrepid firmness of the ladies of your country. Had your men but half their resolution, we might give up the contest. America would be invincible."

Mrs. Daniel Hall having obtained permission to pay a visit to her mother on John's Island, was on the point of embarking, when an officer stepping forward, in the most authoritative manner demanded the key of her trunk. "What do you expect to find there?" asked the lady. "I seek for treason," was the reply. "You may save yourself the trouble of search, then," said Mrs. Hall—"You may find a plenty of it at my tongue's end."

An officer, distinguished by his inhumanity and constant oppression of the unfortunate, meeting Mrs. Charles Elliott in a garden adorned with a great variety of flowers, asked the name of the camomile, which appeared to flourish with peculiar luxuriance—"The *Rebel Flower*," she replied. "Why was that name given to it?" asked the officer. "Because," rejoined the lady, "it *thrives most* when most *trampled upon*."

So much were the ladies attached to the whig interest, habituated to injuries, and so resolute in supporting them, that they would jocosely speak of misfortunes, though at the moment severely suffering under their pressure. Mrs. Sabina Elliott, having witnessed the activity of an officer, who had ordered the plundering of her poultry houses, finding an old muscovy drake, which had escaped the general search, still straying about the premises, had him caught, and mounting a servant on horseback, ordered him to follow and deliver the bird to the officer, with her compliments, as she concluded that in the hurry of departure, it had been left *altogether by accident*.

The contrivances adopted by the ladies, to carry from the British garrison supplies to the gallant defenders of their country, were highly creditable to their ingenuity, and of infinite utility to their friends. The cloth of many a military coat, concealed with art, and not unfrequently made an appendage to female attire, has escaped the vigilance of the guards, expressly stationed to prevent smuggling, and speedily converted into regimental shape, worn triumphantly in battle. Boots have, in many instances, been relinquished by the delicate wearer to the active partisan. I have seen a horseman's helmet concealed by a well arranged head dress, and epaulettes delivered from the folds of the simple cap of a matron. Feathers and cockades were much in demand, and so cunningly hid, and handsomely presented, that he could have been no true Knight, who did not feel the obligation to *defend them to the last extremity*.

In the indulgence of wanton asperities towards the patriotic Fair, the aggressors were not unfrequently answered with a keenness of repartee that left them little cause for triumph. The haughty Tarleton, vaunting his feats of gallantry to the great disparagement of the officers of the Continental Cavalry, said to a lady at Wilmington, "I have a very earnest desire to see your far-famed hero, Colonel Washington." "Your wish, Colonel, might have been fully gratified," she promptly replied, "had you ventured to look behind you after the battle of the Cowpens." It was in this battle, that Washington had wounded Tarleton in the hand, which gave rise to a still *more pointed* retort. Conversing with Mrs. Wiley Jones, Colonel Tarleton observed,—"You appear to think very highly of Colonel Washington, and yet I have been told, that he is so ignorant a fellow, that he can hardly *write his own name*." "It may be the case," she readily replied, "but no man better than yourself, Colonel, can testify, that he knows how to make *his mark*."

### REVOLUTIONARY ANECDOTE.

The following fact took place during the period when Washington and the half-starved, half-clad troops, were in winter quarters at Valley Forge.—A young man, not quite twenty, from the western part of Massachusetts, was on guard before the General's door, marching back and forth in the snow, on a tremendous cold morning. Washington came out and accosted him, "My friend, how long have you been on guard here?" "Nearly two hours, sir." "Have you breakfasted?" "No, sir." "Give me your gun, and go breakfast at my table." He did so, and Washington marched the rounds till he returned.

## REVIEW.

For the Youth's Companion.

LITTLE ROBERT'S FIRST DAY AT THE SABBATH SCHOOL.—Published by the Am. Sab. Sch. Union—1829.

Little Robert and his mother kept a turnpike gate, somewhere in England, we suppose.—The book does not tell, however, nor does it tell whether the story is a true story or not. We think, children, that truth has great advantage over fiction, because when a man would write the history of a little boy, for instance, with whom he had been very well acquainted, it would all seem very natural—just as if it was true; but if a man were to make up a boy and imagine how he would talk and act, and then write it all down, it would be strange if he did not forget to day how his boy looked and acted yesterday, and so every body would know, after all, that he was not a real boy. Little Robert and his mother kept a turnpike gate, and when he was about 10 years old, "the family of the Russells" moved into the neighborhood, and opened a Sabbath school, and after a while Robert obtained permission from his parents to attend. This little book is an account of his first day's attendance. In the forenoon, Mr. Russell the superintendent, read and explained the parable of the sower. His remarks were very good. We hope that you will read this part of the book twice. Then follows an account of the behaviour of several of the boys—in particular "the talkative boy," "the ignorant boy" and "the ungrateful boy." In the afternoon, Mr. Russell asked the children about the sermon they had heard, and read the history of the prodigal son, and told them how applicable it was to themselves. Then, after turning a boy out of school for bad conduct, and making some appropriate remarks on the occasion, he gave a parting address to the children.

Now, little Robert is the hero of the story, and we will try to learn something of his character. Perhaps you would like to know whether he was a Christian. This is an important inquiry, and we must confess we hardly know how to answer it, for the author has not made it very plain, what he thought about it himself. Let us examine. On the tenth page it says that "he offered up his thanks to God for his care and goodness, and besought him to make his life a blessing to himself and his parents, and to bestow his favour on him

throughout the day, especially at the school." This was his prayer on Sabbath morning, before he went to school. One would think by this that Robert was a Christian, for wicked boys would not pray thus. Now look at the 19th page. Robert, after hearing the remarks of the superintendent, "felt quite in a new world, and was desirous to improve his knowledge by all he saw and heard," page 25 and 26—"he prayed that God would preserve him from encouraging such hateful passions in his own bosom, and that he might possess that meekness and gentleness which was in Christ Jesus." Surely, this looks like the Christian temper. Now turn along to page 27, and there it reads "Robert had heard but little of religion at home. The only Bible they possessed was a very old one, but Robert had read this as well as he was able, and as often as he could; he was not therefore, ignorant of the truths of the gospel, but they had not yet communicated with *divine power* to his mind." If this was the case, he had not been converted, and if he had not been converted, he was not a Christian, and if he was not a Christian there was no goodness in the prayer which he had offered. When Robert entered the place of worship, he prayed that what he might hear might be the means of his salvation. And on his return, after school, he went into a copse and prayed, "I have been a very sinful child, O Lord, for my heart is wicked. O Lord grant me thy grace, that I may seek forgiveness through thy well beloved Son." After this, he went home and related to his mother the occurrences of the day, by which she was much affected. Now, children, does the author mean to have us believe that Robert was a Christian or not?—It appears to us that he has left a very important point quite unsettled. We suppose that he meant to hold up little Robert as a pattern for other little boys, but, you know, there is a very great difference between a person who is a Christian and a person who is not. You know too that children are not Christians by nature, and when God takes away the heart of stone and gives an heart of flesh, a very great change takes place. Robert must have been a very good or a very bad boy. He prayed in the morning, and again in the school, and again in the church, and again in the copse, and yet the author intimates that he was not a Christian. How is this to be accounted for? We suspect that little Robert was an imaginary boy, and that our author was not so well acquainted with him as he ought to have been. There are some good things in this little book, but we think it will never rank among the first of Sabbath school books. Children, read it for yourselves, and be prepared to answer the question, "what do you think of little Robert?"

REVIEWER.

## OBITUARY.

### DEATH OF GEORGE A.—

George A—, a member of the Sabbath school, Andover, Mass. died during the last year, in the 15th year of his age. He was from a child remarkable for his seriousness, even while others around him were very gay and sportive. He was naturally modest and retiring in his disposition, and seldom communicated his feelings to others. When asked by his friends why he always appeared so serious—"O," said he, "I have much to think of about death—I think I shall not live long." He was always obedient, kind and affectionate to his superiors—seldom mingled with other boys of his age in their plays and amusements—and was especially careful to shun all those boys who quarrel, call each other hard names, swear, and lie. He always chose those for his companions who were kind and affectionate.

He became a member of the Sabbath school while quite young, and continued during his life to be strongly attached to it. As a Sabbath school scholar he was always punctual and constant in his attendance, and recited his lessons very much to the satisfaction of his teacher. Sometimes he was so unwell, that his mother thought it not prudent for him to attend meeting all day, and go to the Sabbath school too, which was usually held at noon



of the Sabbath. "Well," said George "I cannot stay away from the Sabbath school. I will therefore stay at home this morning, so that I may be able to attend the Sabbath school at noon."

A few months previous to his death, he went from home for the purpose of attending a public school. While absent he was taken quite ill, and returned home only about a week before he died.—When he saw his mother, he said to her, "You see I cannot live long, mother—I thought I should not, as soon as I was taken sick, and I was anxious to go home and die, if this was the time when I must die, in order that I might let you know that I hope I have become a Christian. I hope, my dear mother, I obtained a new heart some time before I left home, but I did not like to say any thing about it, lest I might be deceived. But I am glad to tell you now, I hope I do not die an impenitent sinner!—Before I hoped in Christ, I used to be much terrified at the thought of death—but now my fear of death is gone—at thought of it I feel calm and happy, and when it is God's will, I am ready to die.—Yes, mother, I am even anxious to die. O why should I wish to live any longer in this world—such a world of sin and death?"

He often requested his friends to read to him from the precious Bible—he wished them to select those passages which told about Jesus Christ. He was delighted more especially with the representation given of Christ in the 10th of John, where he is spoken of as the Good Shepherd who giveth his life for the sheep. He has left to all who best knew him, satisfactory evidence that he was really a lamb of Christ's flock, and as such is now forever at rest in the bosom of his love.—*Sab. Sch. Treasury.*

## NATURAL HISTORY.

### COMBAT WITH A BEAR.

As Mr. Daniel Oaks and his son were in the field at work a few days ago, in Stamford, Vt. they described a huge bear; the son went home for his rifle, shot the animal and he fell. The father seized a club, and ran to despatch him; but Bruin had no idea of being knocked on the head like a dog; he sprang up, raised himself on his hind feet, and stood on the defensive. And here, it appears, he proved himself an excellent boxer; for as Mr. Oaks was aiming a tremendous blow at his head, he parried the stroke, and with his dexter paw laid his antagonist on the ground.—How betting stood at that stage of the combat we have not heard. But no sooner had Mr. Oaks got upon his feet again, than Bruin tried his strength at a back hug; and grappling his antagonist, began to squeeze him most unmercifully—when the son having in the mean time reloaded his rifle, placed the muzzle in such a position as not to endanger his father, and sent a ball through the bear's head. Accounts differ as to the magnitude of the animal. Some say he weighed 250, some 300, others 400 lbs. Others again say he was exceedingly lean, and would have weighed four hundred, if he had been well fattened.—*Berkshire American.*

*Anecdote of Dogs.*—All dogs can swim, although some dislike the water, and take it with difficulty at the bidding of their masters. The bull-dog would appear the least likely to combat such a heavy sea as the Newfoundland dogs often do; and yet the following circumstance is well authenticated;—On board a ship, which struck upon a rock near the shore during a gale, were three dogs:—two of the Newfoundland variety, and an English bull-dog, rather small in growth, but very firmly built and strong. It was important to have a rope carried ashore; and as no boat could live for an instant in the breakers towards the land, it was thought that one of the Newfoundland dogs might succeed; but he was not able to struggle with the waves and perished. The other Newfoundland dog upon being thrown overboard, shared a similar fate; but the bull dog, though not habituated to the water, swam triumphantly to land, and thus saved the lives of the persons on board. Among them was his master, a military officer, who still has the dog in his possession.

*ATTACHMENT OF BIRDS.*—A correspondent of the Magazine of Natural History relates the following:—"There were two remarkably fine Ostriches, male and female, kept in the Rotunda of Jardin du Roi. The skylight over their heads having been broken, the glaziers proceeded to repair it, and, in the course of their work, let fall a triangular piece of glass. Not long after this, the female ostrich was taken ill, and died after an hour or two of great agony. The body was opened, and the throat and stomach were found to have been dreadfully lacerated by the sharp corners of the glass which she had swallowed. From the moment his companion was taken from him, the male bird had no rest; he appeared to be incessantly searching for something, and daily wasted away. He was moved from the spot, in the hope that he would forget his grief, he was allowed more liberty, but nought availed, and he literally pined himself to death." The same contributor, although on the authority of other persons, tells a tale, which many of our readers will, probably, think is not to be too implicitly received, of a crane being cured of its grief for the loss of its mate by the placing of a looking glass in the aviary, the reflection from which is said to have deluded the bird to the recovery of its health and spirits, which were rapidly declining.

## EDITORIAL.

### WHAT SHALL I DO WHILE I STAY?

A person resolves to do any particular action, when he thinks about it carefully, concludes it is best to do it, and says in his heart 'I will do it.' That conclusion or purpose is called his *resolution*, and he says I have made a *resolution* about it. Now it is probable that many children, when they read last week about "carrying nothing out of the world when they die," had some serious thoughts about it; and we shall be happy to learn, either in this world or another, that they have also formed a good resolution about it. To assist them in doing so, and in helping them to fulfil their resolution also, we now wish to inquire about it, and write a little more about going out of the world. We will suppose that a child read our remarks last week, and then thought with himself after this manner.

'Is this true? Must I die, and go out of the world, and never come back? Is it true, that while my body is laid in the grave, my soul will go up to the throne of God to give account to him, and be received to heaven or sent to hell? Is it true, that if I should gain all the houses and lands and silver and gold in the world, I could carry none of it away, but must go as poor and empty as the beggar child who is in want of all things? Is it true, that I must make my departure very soon, and may be called this very day or night? If all this is true, what shall I do? What is right? What is prudent and safe? What do wise and good men advise me? What does my Creator and Judge require?

'One thing I resolve to do. Since I must go out of the world, I will be always ready to go. I am not now ready, for I have sinned against God; and if he should call me to his judgment-seat, I cannot be accepted and saved. But I will arise and go to him now; I will repent of my sins and confess them, and for Christ's sake beg for his mercy. I will look to the Lamb of God, for he taketh away the sins of the world. I will go to the blessed Redeemer, for he will not cast out any that come to him, and is able to save them to the utmost. I will also pray every day, while I am spared, that God will keep me from every evil way, and lead me in the way everlasting. I will watch against sin, and fight the good fight of faith—strive to enter in at the strait gate, and remember that the time is short.

As I can carry nothing away, I will not be anxious for those things that perish with the using. O here is a precious direction which Christ has given me, (John vi 27,) "Labor not for the meat that perisheth, but for that meat which endureth unto everlasting life." And another, (Matt. vi, 25, 32—34, "Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. — — — Your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of these things. But seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you. Take, therefore, no thought for the morrow, for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself." Yes, I will not be a worldlyling, to have my portion in earthly things and perish. Others may get riches, and honors, and pleasures, and gay clothing, and "all the earth calls good and great." I will not lay up treasures which the thief can steal, the moth and rust corrupt, and the fires of the last day

consume. I will seek an inheritance, not earthly and fading; not one that I can carry away; not one that will be a mill-stone about my neck in the lake of fire; but one which is "reserved in heaven for me" against I come, if I am one of those who love Christ and long for his appearing.

'I will try to do good, while I am passing thru' the world. This is the example of Christ, who "went about doing good." Paul and the other apostles of our Lord seemed to live for no other purpose, than to toil and suffer themselves, and be useful to their fellow men. Some people seem to have no wish but to indulge themselves and be happy. Others are happy only when they are doing good; and I am sure they are far more happy than the others. I will cast in my lot with them. I will serve God first, and then serve my generation according to his will. I will every day ask, what the Lord will have me do, and what way I can take to be useful. I will relieve the cares and sorrows of my beloved parents, and try to make my brothers and sisters happy, and all others that are about me in the house. When at school or among my companions, I will be obedient to my teachers, and affectionate to my school-fellows and little friends. If I can feed the hungry, or clothe the ragged, or nurse the sick, or comfort those who are in any trouble, I will cheerfully do it and account it a privilege and honor. I will cultivate my mind and form habits of industry, that I may be more and more useful as I grow up. I will esteem that day as wasted, which is spent in idleness or vain amusement. Let me live to be useful, and I shall be happy. Then shall I be ready to go, whenever the summons shall come.'

Which of our juvenile readers have formed resolutions like these, when reflecting that they are going out of the world, and that they can carry nothing with them?

## QUARRELING.

### AMELIA.

Dear Mother, I never did know till this day,  
The value of family peace;  
So very unpleasant my visit has been,  
I was glad to obtain a release.  
My cousins have quarrelled the whole afternoon;  
And if we attempted to play,  
There could nothing be done, because each little girl  
Insisted on having her way.  
If to walk in the garden, and gather some flowers,  
One sister should happen to choose;  
Or to play with the dolls, or to read pretty books,  
Another was sure to refuse.  
One sullenly pouted—while others engaged  
In sharp and severe altercation;  
While another retired to a corner alone,  
And was crying for very vexation.  
Disgusted and wearied, I longed to come home,  
Where kindness fills every breast,  
And each one desires, as their sweetest delight,  
To render the others more blest.

### MOTHER.

I often have told you no creature was made  
To live for itself all alone;  
But to cordially seek others comfort and peace,  
Was the way to be finding our own.  
But a spirit of selfishness always destroyed  
The pleasure it meant to obtain,  
In indulging a wish so contracted and base,  
Disappointment was all we should gain.  
And if it be true that a Heaven on earth  
Is piety, friendship and love,  
'Tis impossible sure that contention and strife  
Can lead to a Heaven above. [Mrs. Sprout.

## TO MY MOTHER.

Sleep, Mother, sleep! in slumber blest,  
It joys my heart to see thee rest.  
Unfelt, in sleep, thy load of sorrow,  
Brenth free and thoughtless of to-morrow;  
And long and light thy slumbers last,  
In happy dreams forget the past.  
Sleep, Mother, sleep! in slumber blest,  
It joys my heart to see thee rest.  
Many's the night she waked for me,  
To nurse my helpless infancy!  
While cradled on her patient arms,  
She hush'd me with the mother's charms.  
Sleep, Mother, sleep! in slumber blest,  
It joys my heart to see thee rest.  
And be it mine, to see thy age,  
With tender care thy grief assuage:  
This hope is left to poorest poor,  
And richest child can do no more.  
Sleep, Mother, sleep! in slumber blest,  
It joys my heart to see thee rest. [Miss Edgeworth.



# YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Published Weekly, by WILLIS & RAND, at the Office of the Boston Recorder, No. 22, Congress-Street....Price One Dollar a year in advance, or \$1, 50, if not paid in advance.

No. 14.

BOSTON, AUGUST 27, 1829.

VOL. III.

## NARRATIVE.

From the Buffalo Patriot.

### "THE WEDDING."

Charles Chesterfield was the only son of a wealthy merchant of —, and no pains were spared by his indulgent parents, to render him the most accomplished young gentleman in the village. He was sent to the most celebrated schools, which the country afforded—his head was filled with Latin, and his heels with *elastic emotion*—he jabbered French, and quoted Shakspeare—in fine he was the beau of his native village—he moved in the first circles—he was respected by his gay companions, among whom he was a jolly fellow—with the ladies he was the pink of perfection—there was nobody in the world like Mr. Charles Chesterfield. He was first in every social circle—he was the leader in every party of pleasure, and his name was first upon every ball card.—He was the soul of "*good society*."

"Rose," said Ellen Manly, as she was sitting in the piazza one fine morning in July, just after a season of hilarity, "don't you think Charles makes a little too free with liquor?" "What?" replied Miss Wilson, with some warmth, "do you mean to insinuate that Charles Chesterfield is intemperate?—I am astonished that you should think of such a thing—who ever saw him under the influence of liquor?—It is true he is sociable and friendly; and always takes enough in company to enliven the social feelings—but he is certainly a *moderate drinker*." "Intemperance," rejoined Ellen, "is variously defined. For my part I think it dangerous for a young man to sip the social glass at all; and a breath tainted with a moral, intellectual, and physical plague, should be a sufficient warning to any young lady, who feels the respect due to her sex, and who values her future happiness, to shun his society."—But the conversation not proving very agreeable to Miss Rose, was pursued no farther.

Rose Wilson was the daughter of a professional gentleman, who resided in the same village with Mr. Chesterfield, and the two families had lived for years upon terms of the greatest intimacy and friendship.—Miss Wilson possessed a naturally amiable disposition, and to great personal charms, and delicacy of features, were added all the embellishments which a genteel education could bestow. She moved in the first circles, and always shone the most brilliant of the gay.

As I have introduced Miss Manly, and shall have occasion again to mention her name, my readers may wish to know something of her character. She was the daughter of respectable, worthy, and pious parents, who, being in moderate circumstances with a large family, had not the means of supporting her at a fashionable school, nor of bestowing upon her education that attention which they desired; but they early imbued her mind with correct moral and religious principles, cultivated a taste for intellectual pursuits, and strove to give her a disrelish for those fascinating amusements which employ so much of the time, and occupy so much of the attention of most young people. She possessed a clear and discriminating mind, was an acute observer, read much, but reflected more.—What she lacked in opportunities she made up in diligence and application; and although not overstocked with school learning, she possessed an intelligent and highly cultivated mind; so that there were few subjects upon which she could not converse with perfect ease and freedom. As most of her time was occupied in some useful employment, her habits were retired, and she mingled very little with the

gay circles around her. Though much of her time was spent in retirement, she was never lonely; she never felt the gloomy despondency which embitters the vacant hours of the lady of fashion, whose only source of amusement is found abroad, for she had a rich fund of enjoyment within herself, and her fertile mind could feed upon its own rich resources. She was modest and unobtrusive in her deportment, and her manners were simple, unaffected, and artless. Her heart had been early disciplined by the force of truth, and her feelings chastened by an ardent piety. Her whole soul glowed with benevolent affections. She was not what the world calls beautiful; but her countenance beamed with intelligence, and she combined with neatness of person, and ease and elegance of manner, the dignity of conscious virtue. In her lips was the "law of kindness;" and such was the gentleness of her disposition, that an atmosphere of purity and tenderness seemed to surround her, so that one would forget, in the enjoyment of her society, this world of sin and misery.

It may be thought singular, that a person of Ellen Manly's taste and feelings should have formed and maintained an intimacy with one so light and gay as Miss Wilson; but Rose possessed a disposition naturally amiable; and, although proud of her accomplishments, and sometimes fickle and capricious, yet she was not insensible to the worth of Miss Manly. They had grown up together—they had associated from childhood—they knew each other's hearts; and it was no difficult matter for Ellen, who had never known an unkind feeling, to form an attachment ardent and lasting; for the kindly wishes and good feelings of her heart were extended to every human being; and it was the delight of her soul rather to cover their faults, and find excuses for their errors, than to deal in indiscriminate censure. The remark, therefore, respecting Charles, was dictated rather by a tender solicitude, in the confidence of friendship, than by a predisposition to find fault with his character.

Charles was my college friend. Notwithstanding there were many traits in his character which I could not approve, yet I felt for him all the ardor of a youthful friendship. His talents were of the first order; and he possessed a warmth of heart, and a noble generosity of soul, which could not fail to call forth general admiration. He was fond of company; and his habits, while in college were somewhat irregular. The card table occupied many of his vacant hours, he loved the social glass, and was frequently led into what are called "*juvenile indiscretions*." I never saw him, however, so much under the influence of liquor as to render him an unacceptable guest at any fashionable party.—It was customary to enliven the social board with sparkling liquid; and at *that day* it was thought no impropriety for every one to take as much of the soul-inspiring beverage as could be carried in the brain without *crowding reason out*; and sometimes a little encroachment upon the domicile of that haughty monarch was deemed no dishonor. I often checked Charles in his wildness, and admonished him of the danger of meddling with such a viper as ardent spirits—told him I had resolved to follow the example of Dr. Franklin, and abstain wholly from the use of spirituous liquors. But he would answer me with a sneer, playfully call me a "*deacon*," and laugh at the idea that he had not strength of mind, and philosophy sufficient, to govern himself in the *temperate* use of ardent spirits, or any thing else; and often has he referred me to Addison's hypochondriac, who ate, drank, and slept by weight, as a counterpart to my theory of "*total abstinence*."

Charles was twenty-three years of age, when he led to the altar the beautiful, accomplished, and lovely Rose Wilson. Never did I see more joyous hearts than on that occasion. The beauty and fashion of the whole village were assembled. Never were prospects brighter than shone upon this happy couple; and never did hope beat higher than it did in the bosom of the beautiful Rose, who, in the confidence of her young heart, had cast herself upon the man whom of all others she thought most worthy of herself. Every heart, (save one,) beat high with ecstasy; joy sat upon each countenance, and all seemed to partake with enthusiastic delight of the festivities of the occasion. But there was one whose heart felt no sympathy with the gay throng: Ellen Manly sought a retired corner, and a deep gloom sat upon her countenance.—She viewed the whole scene with melancholy forebodings; and Rose, in the midst of her hilarity, would now and then steal a glance of hurried anxiety and suppressed uneasiness towards her disconsolate friend. "Miss Manly," said I, as I seated myself by her side, "you do not seem to enjoy the festivities of the occasion—may I ask what produces the deep anxiety depicted in your countenance? This, surely, is no time to be sad." "Call, sir," she replied, "ten years hence, upon Mr. Charles Chesterfield, and you will learn the cause of my uneasiness."

I did not then understand her allusion, but the expression, the manner, and the tone of certainty and of deep concern, with which the words were uttered, made a lasting impression upon my mind. I left my native village soon after, and sought a residence in a far distant country. Time rolled on,—new objects of attention and the turmoil of business, soon effaced from my mind the impressions created by the early associations of my life; but I never could forget the earnestness with which this sentence was pronounced; and as the time drew near, I grew uneasy, and could not rest till I had visited the home of my youth, and again saluted the friends of my childhood.

It was nine o'clock in the evening of a cold day in January, when I entered the village of Attleborough, after an absence of ten years. The full moon shone with unwonted brightness upon the frost polished walls, on either side, presenting the appearance of extended sheets of sparkling gems; as I advanced in a well known street, in which, however, I could discover few traces of any thing I had ever seen before; so rapid is the change of every thing visible around us.—Deep and melancholy were the reflections which here crowded upon my mind.—I had been absent but ten years, and all this change wrought in objects once so familiar—and ten years more—alas!—how soon will this last great change come over me! At last the elegant and stately mansion of the Chesterfields burst upon my view—I alighted, and with trembling steps approached the door and rung the bell.—A strange countenance met my eye, and a strange voice saluted my ear.—I enquired for Mr. Charles Chesterfield—I was directed down a narrow lane, to an extremity of the village, and pointed to a rude hovel, as the residence of Charles Chesterfield.—My heart sunk within me. I lingered for a moment, and inquired for the elder Chesterfield.—"Ah," said he, coldly, "he died seven years ago; and the indiscretions of Charles preyed so severely upon the spirits of his poor mother, that she soon followed her husband to the grave. The history of Charles," continued he "is short: He became intemperate—frequented rude company—neglected his business—spent his time and money at the gaming table—got deeply involved—his fine estate went under the hammer—and he has finally become a confirmed sot, and a miser."



able out-cast from society." I rode reluctantly, and with a heavy heart, down the lane, and approached a rude hut, with its broken windows filled with rags, while the piercing wintry blasts creaked wildly through the crevices on every side. On entering, I beheld an interesting female, in whose countenance, pale and wan with grief, I could yet discern the lovely features of Rose Wilson. She sat shivering over a handful of embers, employed with some light needle work, which seemed to be the only means in her power of obtaining a subsistence for herself and four interesting little children, who sat half famished by her side. I afterwards learned that she had labored long to maintain their respectability in society; that after Charles lost his property they had at first taken a respectable house. Though stung to the heart by the bitter termination of all her earthly hopes, the feelings of wounded pride as well as the more exalted motives of duty to her tender offspring, had induced her to labor incessantly, and often through the whole of a long and cheerless night, while her husband was not only spending the remainder of his scanty pittance, but often encroaching upon the slender earnings of his wife's industry. But they were soon driven to humbler lodgings; and from a situation of comfort, to one of decency, and finally to the wretched abode in which I found them. In her countenance I could distinctly read hopelessness, mingled with the calm resignation of religion; for the bitterness of her trials had led her to reflect seriously upon the thoughtless gaiety of her early life; and she had given up her heart to her Saviour, and found a consolation in looking beyond this false and fading world, to that abode where "the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest;" yet she was continually a prey to the most poignant grief, and her heart was wrung with sorrows which only woman can feel.—In this trying hour, the gay companions of her youth forsook her; but yet she had a friend. Ellen Manly, though raised to the first rank of respectability, still forsook not the companion of her childhood—she soothed her afflictions—wept with her in her trials, exhorted her to look beyond this vale of tears for hope and comfort; and administered with a bountiful hand to her necessities; but she could not raise her from this degraded condition so long as a beastly sot was her bosom companion. I will cast a veil over the return of Charles to his dwelling, at the lonely hour of midnight—the picture would be too dark—it would make my head dizzy—whoever has seen the wreck of all that is great and noble and lovely in man, associating in himself all that is despicable in the human character,—whoever has listened to the horrid laugh of a drunken maniac, and heard the bitter curses and vile obscenities that flow from his mouth, will be able to form a faint conception of the scene that followed. SINCERITAS.

## RELIGION.

### ELIJAH AND THE PROPHETS OF BAAL.

You have heard that in the days of Ahab, king of Israel, who was very wicked, God sent a famine on the land of Israel, which lasted three and a half years. And at the end of that time the prophet Elijah prayed to the Lord, and the Lord sent a great rain on the earth.

Just before this event, Elijah and Ahab met, and the wicked king charged the righteous prophet with being the troubler of the nation. This is no new or uncommon thing; a like charge, and equally unjust, was brought against our Lord and his apostles; and his people to the present day are often looked upon as the troublers of society. But those who break the laws of God trouble a nation, not those who defend them. Elijah having charged the calamities of Israel on the wickedness and idolatry of the king and people, offered to bring the matter to a fair trial; and desired that all the prophets of Baal, four hundred and fifty men, should meet him, in presence of all the people. He desired that Baal's prophets should be furnished with a bullock and wood; and that having prepared it, and laid it on the wood without fire, they should call upon Baal to con-

sume it; and that he in like manner would prepare a bullock and call upon Jehovah; and the god that should answer by fire, should be acknowledged as God.

And Elijah spoke to all the people, "How long halt ye between two opinions? If the Lord be God, follow him; but if Baal, then follow him." Dear young reader, how often have you been thus called upon to make your choice? Why do you longer delay? Is it your true interest to serve God, or to serve sin, and Satan? Which will make you truly happy; the pleasures of sin, or the joys of religion? Which is of most consequence; time or eternity? your soul or your body? earth or heaven? If you have not already thought of those things, it is high time that you should begin to think; and if you have thought of them, you cannot but see what your duty is; oh! why then do you hesitate?

The trial proceeded—the worshippers of Baal, with loud cries and cruel rites, called upon their idol deity from morning till night; Elijah, meanwhile, ridiculed them for their folly, saying, "Cry aloud; for he is a god: either he is talking, or he is pursuing, or he is in a journey, or peradventure he sleepeth, and must be awakened." Such are the idols of the heathen! To all their entreaties, there was neither voice, nor any to answer, nor any that regarded.

Elijah next prayed to the Lord; and how remarkably did God on this occasion assert his honor and confound his enemies. Having repaired the altar of the Lord that was broken down, and spread the wood and the sacrifice, Elijah directed a vast quantity of water to be poured over the whole, and then at the time of offering the evening sacrifice, he drew near, and said, "Lord God of Abraham, Isaac, and of Israel, let it be known this day that thou art God in Israel, and that I am thy servant, and that I have done all these things at thy word. Hear me, O Lord, hear me, that this people may know that thou art the Lord their God, and that thou hast turned their hearts back again." Then the fire of the Lord fell, and consumed the burnt sacrifice, and the wood, and the stones, and the dust, and licked up the water that was in the trench. The people, confounded, fell on their faces, and exclaimed, "The Lord, he is the God! the Lord, he is the God!"

Thus did Jehovah magnify his great and holy name! He is a God ever present; he never slumbereth nor sleepeth; he hath done what he pleased in the armies of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth. [Youth's Friend.

## MORALITY.

From the S. S. Messenger.

### THE MISERY OF DRUNKENNESS.

One morning after the children had said their lessons, Mrs. Brown said to them, "I am going to take you with me this morning to walk, and visit a poor person." So they got ready and set off. It was a long walk, and at last they came to a large house, which they knew to be the poor house, as it is called; the place where people are taken care of and maintained by others, when they are too old, or sick, or helpless, to do any thing for themselves. They went in, and were taken to a room, where, on a miserable looking bed, lay a man looking deadly pale and very wretched.

Mrs. Brown sat on a chair by the bed and began to talk to him. She asked him about his health. He had, when a little boy, been suffered to do as he pleased, so he never went to school and did not know how to read; therefore the Bible which is such a comfort in sickness and on a dying bed, was nothing to him. No one in the house, he said, had time to read to him; indeed he did not know that they even had a Bible. His wife had been obliged to leave him, for he threatened to kill her; and her children were starving, and he had brought himself into such a state by strong drink, that now nothing gave him any comfort, and here he was lying a poor miserable wretch, left to die alone. For he felt, he said, that he could not live many days. But he had no care for his soul—he was stupid

through the hardening effect of intemperance, and he was like a vessel moving slowly and fearfully on to the edge of a dark gulf, to dash in, and perish forever.

Mrs. Brown talked to him and prayed for him.—On coming away, she said to the children, "I brought you here to let you see the miserable end of a drunkard. It is for this that your father and I speak so often of temperance, and are so anxious to lead every one to consider the subject. It is to save souls from death, and families from poverty and shame and vice."

As they were going along by a small low house a man came out very slowly. His face and his person seemed to be very much swollen, and his body stiff. His hands shook, and he tottered as he walked.

"That poor wretched man," said M. "was once very respectable. He thought they could make more money at a tavern, and in a little time in selling to others, they learned to drink it—their children grew up drunkards, wicked:—the woman died in despair with liquor—all their property is gone, sold for rum, and he now just keeps on by earning a few sixpences as he can, probably die in a fit, and that soon; for he continues to drink in a beastly manner.—No for him; every one is disgusted with him.

"Has any one talked to God and tried to make him good?" said I.

"Oh! yes, my dear. Man is very hardened, and does not care to have a thought beyond getting liquor to make him drunk."

"Mother, I heard some children her day laughing about the Temperance Society," said I. "It was 'the Cold Water Society.' I think they did not know this man or they would not laugh."

"Do you, my children," said Mrs. Brown, "remember never to laugh at sin, nor at any attempt to put a stop to it. But feel yourselves bound to help forward every good work."

## THE NURSERY.

### WHO IS THE FOOL?

"Ah! Thomas, what pleases you so much this morning?"

"O! it was to see Baldwin kick that old log, because he tumbled over it and hurt himself. See, how lame he goes! He has made himself lame, trying to punish an old log; don't you think he is a foolish boy?"

"Yes, I do think so, he is very foolish; but perhaps not more than his playmate."

"Why, uncle P. you don't think I am so big a fool as to kick an old log because I accidentally blundered over it and hurt myself?"

"If I am not mistaken, I saw a little boy about your size do worse."

"He might have done worse, but not have been so foolish."

"And he might have been more foolish."

"I, perhaps, did worse last evening, when Baldwin hurt me at play; but I mastered him, and hurt him more than he did me, for he says his arm is lame this morning; and he could feel, but that old log could not."

"Thomas, can you tell me what distinguishes the character of the savage from the Christian?"

"Yes, the spirit of retaliation and revenge in the one, and the spirit of meekness and forgiveness in the other."

"And do you think—"

"Ah! uncle P., now I see what you are at, and I remember well enough what Solomon says, that 'anger rests in the bosom of fools,' and what our Saviour says 'if any body strikes you on one cheek turn the other.' But although I was foolish to get angry, I did not hurt myself in trying to hurt an unfeeling log!"

"My dear boy, if you have not hurt your body, you have brought a stain upon your conscience that will cause you many an hour's keen anguish to cradi-



cate, and which nothing but the blood of Christ can wash away. You have done that which the savage would disdain to do,—revenging an unintended injury. You have broken the command of your Lord and Saviour; and what have you gained? Did Baldwin's pain alleviate yours? or is it a satisfaction that you have caused the pain and suffering of your friend?"

"I acknowledge that I have done wrong. I have been very wicked. Forgive me, dear uncle, and I will ask my Saviour to forgive me, and enable me to govern my temper. And if I ever am weak enough to let it rise again, I would rather it should be wasted on a senseless object, than cause suffering to any creature my heavenly Father has created for enjoyment. I will leave it for him, whose right it is to chastise, and strive hereafter to profit by your kind although severe reproof. Pray God for me that he may enable me to govern my wicked temper, and live hereafter the life of a Christian."

[Children's Magazine.]

## LEARNING.

### THE HOUR-GLASS.

Little Francis was a very talkative boy. He never saw a new thing without asking a great many questions. His mother was very patient and very kind; and would always answer his questions, when it was proper to do so. Sometimes she would say, "You are not old enough to understand that, my son; when you are ten years old, you may ask me, and I will tell you." When his mother said this, Francis never teased any more; because he knew she always loved to answer him, when he asked proper questions.

The first time Francis saw an hour-glass, he was very much amused. He sat and watched the little stream of sand run through; and he was impatient because it would not run faster.

"Let me shake it, mamma," said he, "it is very lazy; it will never get through!"

"Oh, yes it will, my son," said his mother. "The sand moves by little and little; but it moves *all the time*. When you look at the hands of the clock, you think they go very slowly; and so they do—but they *never stop*! and that is the reason they travel round their twenty-four hours every day. While you are at play, the sand is running out grain by grain; and the hands of the clock are moving second after second; and when night comes, the sand in the hour-glass has run through twelve times—and the hands of the clock have moved all round its great face. This is because they keep at work every minute; and cannot stop to think how much they have to do, and how long it will take them."

In the afternoon, his mother wished Francis to learn a little hymn; but he said, "mother, I can never learn it; it is very long—see, there are six verses!"

His mother said, "if you will study all the time, and never stop to ask me how long it will take to learn it, you will be able to say it very soon."

Francis followed his mother's advice. He studied line after line, very busily, and every fifteen minutes he said a verse; and in one hour and a half, he knew it all perfectly. [Juv. Miscellany.]

## DIALOGUE.

From the Youth's Journal.

### DANGER OF BAD COMPANY.

Charles. Edward—Excuse my calling you in. I have heard more of Peter.

Edward. And I too, more than I had wished to hear.

Ch. You refer, I suppose, to his flight.

Ed. I do; but what do you know of the circumstances?

Ch. Not much—only they say he was likely to be found an accomplice with George. His master was so well persuaded of it, that he was only waiting to obtain more disclosures from him, and to secure himself, when he gave them the slip.

Ed. He is gone then?

Ch. Yes, and without leaving any trace behind; but it is thought he has got on board some vessel for the south, and will go to the pirates.

Ed. Poor Peter! He must have been driven to desperation. All this comes of bad company and Sabbath breaking.

Ch. It is believed that George Wise has put Peter up to this, for fear of being brought out in more of his villainies.

Ed. Very likely. Those who keep bad company have to bear the sins of others, as well as their own.

Ch. How thankful should I be to God, who has enabled me to escape the snare. I am persuaded now, that it was the intention of George to lead me into their plans. I recollect that Peter and he used to have conversations between themselves; and I once overheard him ask Peter, if they had not best to let me go snacks with them.

Ed. "A companion of fools," it is said, "shall be destroyed." And so it turns out; but for the love of rambling on the Sabbath, and such companions as George Wise, Peter Jenkins might have done as well as the best of us. Now he is likely to be all that is bad—perhaps even a pirate, and be hung at the yard arm.—Poor Mrs. Jenkins!

Ch. Have you seen her?

Ed. Yes, she has been at our house, to disclose her troubles to my master; for since he has become pious, every one considers him their friend. And a sad story it was.

Ch. I should expect so.

Ed. It was enough to make one weep to hear her tell how Peter was her principal hope—that she brought him up with the greatest care, and was expecting to see him become a useful man.

Ch. But why then did she put him an apprentice to such a man as Mr. Goodless, and suffer him to rove with such companions as George?

Ed. Ah, that was what she most lamented; but she said her husband ordered the affair in his own way. He was not concerned, she said, for the things of another world, and so thought of nothing but giving Peter a good business.

Ch. Oh, foolish Mr. Jenkins!

Ed. True enough. But most people don't consider with whom they put their children, if only the business is good; and so it comes to pass, that they forget all their good instructions at home, and become thoughtless and wild. I do believe, if my anxious mother had not prayed hard for me all the time my master was neglectful of religion, I should have been ruined.

Ch. Unless God had sent some one to warn you, as he did you to me.

Ed. Well, I acknowledge, that some who live with irreligious masters and guardians, are saved from the way of transgression. But so it has not been with George and Peter. It brought tears from my eyes, to hear Mrs. Jenkins relate her trials. She says, she shall die of sorrow for her dear Peter.

Ch. You bring to my mind how it is said that king David mourned over his wicked son Absalom. I read it last Sabbath till I got it by heart. "And the king was much moved, and went up to the chamber over the gate, and wept: and as he went, thus he said, O my son Absalom! my son, my son Absalom! Would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!"

Ed. It is an affecting passage indeed. I never felt it so before now. Very likely Mrs. Jenkins will have her heart broken of grief; and then Peter will have destroyed his mother.

Ch. Don't you also think Mr. Goodless will come in for some portion of the blame? I sometimes think that good and pious masters, like yours, could do almost what they please with their apprentices.

Ed. Not with all of them. But I know from experience, how great an advantage it is to have a master who encourages me in all good things; whilst I also see how that most young men follow the example of their masters, in their profaneness and neglecting church. I wonder that all parents do not hesitate to put their children in the way of such temptation.

Ch. It seems then that Peter is gone beyond our influence. We may never have more opportunities to do him good; but there is Tom, who had the ramble with us, when I was caught stealing fruit in the old man's garden: perhaps something may be done for him.

Ed. A good thought. Let us not be weary in well doing. I hope you will look him up immediately.

Ch. If God permit I will, and warn him by the examples of George and Peter.

Ed. So do. Farewell.

## NATURAL HISTORY.

### THE WEASEL AND MOLE.

These are mentioned as unclean animals, Lev. xi, 29, 30. The WEASEL is the smallest of a numerous tribe, and is an active and handsome little animal. Exclusive of the tail it is not seven inches in length, and its height is not more than two and a half inches. The colour of the Weasel is a pale reddish brown on the back and sides, but white under the throat and the belly. The eyes are small and black, the ears short and roundish, and the nose is furnished with whiskers like those of a cat. It destroys rats, mice, poultry, pigeons, & rabbits; and it also sucks eggs, by making a small hole at one end, through which it licks out the yolk. It seizes its prey near the head, but seldom eats it on the spot.

The Mole is found to live wholly under the earth. For the purpose of making its way in such a situation it is supplied with a very large, broad fore-foot, of great strength, while the hind-foot, though strong, is much more like that of other quadrupeds. In size it is between a rat and a mouse, with a coat of fine, short, glossy black hair; its nose is long and pointed, its eyes so small as scarcely to be seen, so that it was anciently supposed to be blind. Instead of ears, it has only bores. Its neck is short, body thick and round, small short tail, legs also very short; as it rests on its belly the feet appear growing out of its body. By the strength, breadth, and shortness of the fore-feet, which turn outwards, it throws back the earth with ease, and digs its way with great force and quickness.

Little sight is necessary for a creature which lives in darkness; had the eyes been larger and more prominent, it would have been constantly exposed to injury by the falling earth; but that inconvenience is avoided by the eye being very small, and closely covered with hair. Thus mercifully has the all-wise Creator, fitted the meanest of his creatures, for the place they were to fill.

Isaiah ii. 20, the prophet, predicting the judgments of God against Israel for their pride and idolatry, declares, that so terrible would be the displays of his majesty and justice, as at once to confound the idolaters, and cover them with dismay. That their alarm should be so great that they should cast their idols of silver and gold "to the moles and to the bats;" should hide them in some deep place, some dismal cavern, where these creatures dwell, and should themselves flee away in haste, and conceal themselves for their lives, "in the clefts of the rocks, and in the tops of the ragged rocks, for fear of the Lord, and for the glory of his majesty, when he ariseth to shake terribly the earth." Thus would the Most High God pour contempt on idols and idol-worshippers. The idols, however costly and splendid they may have been, were to be cast into dark caves and dreadful places, with all abominable things; and those who worshipped them, terrified and afraid, would find how totally unable they were to help them in their distress.

There are other idols besides those which wandering Israel made and worshipped. If you love any thing more than God, it is an idol; riches, beauty, fashion, splendour, whatever you think most of, so that it draws away your heart from God, that is an idol, and be assured that the day is fast coming when you shall find one and all of these to be miserable comforters. When God cometh to judge the world, if these are your trust, you shall not be able to stand; but shall be willing to call on the rocks and the mountains to cover you, and hide you from the wrath of God and of the Lamb.

[Youth's Friend.]



## EDITORIAL.

## THE HAPPINESS OF DOING GOOD.

Last week, we considered what children should resolve to do in this world, remembering that they are soon to go out of it never to return. We concluded they should resolve on three things: to be always ready to go; to seek a portion in heaven and not in worldly riches and pleasures; and to do good in the world while they stay. On this last point we made but a few remarks; and as it is very important, we take it up again.

There are two kinds of people among men; the one class live but to *enjoy* what they consider good things; the other live to *do good*. Among the former are all those who spend their time in amusements and diversions and parade; all those who indulge in sensual gratifications; and all those who are greedy of money or houses or lands. The latter class includes the pious and benevolent, whether high or low, whether rich or poor. Now, children, as you pass through the world, you will belong to one or the other of these classes; and which shall it be? Yes, every one of you *already* belongs to one or the other class; and each one is *now* living daily to feel and act in a selfish manner, or to make others happy. But if you have made an improper choice, and joined yourself to the multitude of the thoughtless and the selfish, still it is not too late to return and be numbered with the benevolent, the followers of him who "went about doing good."

Do you ask, if you are required to deny yourself all the pleasures of life, in order to do good? If God formed you to be wretched, that you might make others happy? We reply, by no means. God created you for enjoyment, as well as usefulness; he keeps you alive, that you may be a blessing among your fellow men, and happy yourself. He only requires that you be happy in a holy and innocent manner, and not in the ways of folly and rebellion. He would have you happy in the favour and service of your Maker, and not in the pleasures of sin; in active and useful duties, and not in "the lust of the flesh, or the lust of the eye, or the pride of life." And it is not necessary that a person should forget his own life and soul, while he endeavors to diffuse happiness around him; nor is it true, that the pious and benevolent man is a gloomy and wretched being. There are two facts on this subject, to which we want your special attention; for young people are apt to form very strange ideas about it. They can hardly imagine, that "the ways of wisdom are pleasantness, and all her paths peace." They are very ready to believe it is well with them that rejoice now, and scarcely think it is possible they should ever mourn and weep.

To do away these false impressions, we must tell you some serious truths about the gay and thoughtless, the selfish and the worldly. They seem to you, as they sit by you in pursuit of pleasure and gain, to be very happy. But you cannot read their thoughts, and see what is in their hearts. But the wise man tells us, "In the midst of laughter, the heart is sorrowful." Their pleasures never fill them, but they are constantly hungry and thirsty for more and more. In pursuing and grasping at their pleasures, they interfere with each other; and then the tormenting passions of jealousy, envy, malice, anger and revenge fill their souls with anguish. They are also often disappointed. They cannot get the whole world; no one of them can possess all the money; each of the whole multitude cannot be the first and highest in honor; none can be always drinking the cup of unmingled pleasure. No, far from it. Gains and pleasures promise them high gratification; but, in ten thousand cases, they elude their eager grasp, and leave them filled with disappointment and distress. In company, and during the active scenes of the day, these persons appear full of gladness and joy. But how is it in the hours of their solitude? Is their sleep quiet? Are they happy in retirement? Is the holy rest of the Sabbath grateful to their feelings? Can they bear to be alone, and look into their own hearts, and think

of death? Ah, they are left without a resource, when the dance of pleasure is done. They are often among the most wretched of the human family, when they are compelled to think, and when conscience awakes to reprove them. Many of them have confessed, that at such times they could envy the dog his happiness who slept quietly at their feet. No, the people of the world are not always happy; they have some fleeting hours of pleasure, but the days of sorrow and darkness are many. Cast not in your lot with them, lest you "pierce yourselves through with many sorrows."

But the pious and benevolent are happy. They do not seek their own happiness first of all, but rather the glory of God and the best interests of men; still they are far happier than any of the worldly-minded. They often *seem* unhappy, and really are so; for they have many causes of grief. In common with others, they suffer pain, sickness, the loss of friends, and the various afflictions of which the world is full. They, too, mourn over their sins, and "sigh and cry for the abominations which are done" around them. They "have continual sorrow in their hearts" for their fellow sinners who do not love the Redeemer, and "rivers of waters run down their eyes because men keep not" God's "law." But they also have joys, and supports, and consolations, "with which a stranger does not intermeddle."

## MISCELLANY.

*Duplicity Punished.*—Last harvest, a wealthy farmer, on the Luss side of Lochlomonid, who knew that the lease of his poorest neighbor would expire on the following Martinmas, went to the landlord and stated that his poor neighbor did not intend to keep his farm, and, if the landlord was disposed to let it, he would willingly become tacksman. The landlord, who imagined that he could not have a better tenant, immediately set about the preliminary arrangements, and let the applicant his neighbor's farm. When the report of this transaction reached the poor man, he went to the landlord and inquired if it was true he had let the farm over his head? The landlord said it was certainly true, but that he had been credibly informed the present tenant did not intend to keep it. "Such a thought," said the farmer, "never entered my head; although I am poor, I have always paid my rent cheerfully, and you know I have no other way to provide a living for myself and family." The landlord told him to be comforted, and retired, but soon returned, saying, "It is too true, I have let your farm to your wealthy neighbor. However, I find that, though he has taken your small farm, he has not taken his own, which is far more valuable. I will, therefore, let you his farm, and under such circumstances as will give you a chance to exceed him in riches as you excel him in candour." This pledge was honorably redeemed by the landlord; and last Martinmas the wealthy farmer actually took possession of his poor neighbor's little farm; while, at the same time, the poor farmer entered to the extensive premises of his crest fallen rival, to the entire satisfaction of the neighborhood; thus affording a striking example that honesty brings its own reward, and duplicity its own punishment.

[*Stirling Journal.*]

*The French Soldier saved from Suicide.*—In the last report of the Bible Society of Nismes in France, we find an affecting anecdote of one of their subscribers, who was formerly attached to Bonaparte's army. An officer of the Society, struck with his modest zeal in support of the cause, ventured to ask him whether his attachment to the Society did not proceed from a knowledge of the soul-enlivening contents of the Bible. "It is so," said he; "I will inform you how it took place." And added:

"Under the late Emperor, I was attached to the army; and being taken prisoner and carried to England, I was confined in one of the prison-ships. There, huddled together one above the other, and deprived of every thing that could tend to soften the miseries of life, I abandoned myself to dark despair, and resolved to make away with myself.—In this

state of mind, an English clergyman visited us, and addressed us to the following effect:—'My heart bleeds for your losses and privations, nor is it in my power to remedy them; but I can offer consolation for your immortal souls; and this consolation is contained in the word of God. Read this book, my friends; for I am willing to present every one with a copy of the Bible, who is desirous to possess it.'—The tone of kindness with which he spoke, and the candor of this pious man, made such an impression upon me, that I burst into tears. I gratefully accepted a Bible; and in it I found abundant consolation, amidst all my miseries and distresses. From that moment the Bible is become a book precious to my soul; out of it I have gathered motives for resignation and courage to bear up in adversity; and I feel happy in the idea that it may prove to others what it has been to me."

[*N. Y. Observer.*]

*Proper Resentment.*—A young gentleman of New York, returning home at a certain time, found his father with a gun at the cellar stairs, and was told that the family dog exhibited symptoms of hydrophobia. The news was extremely painful to the young man, for his attachment to the dog was very strong. Poor Tray was soon discovered near a window, and a rope being passed around his neck, he was dragged out and thrown into the dock, where it was supposed he would of course perish. A few days afterwards, to his surprise, the young gentleman noticed his old friend sitting in a tailor's shop at some distance, in good health, and of sane mind. The dog, however, did not recognize the acquaintance, nor would he ever take the least notice of any one of the family; but maintained, at all times, an indignant reserve.

*Power of Gentleness.*—Whoever understands his own interests, and is pleased with the beautiful rather than the deformed, will be careful to cherish the virtue of gentleness. It requires but a slight knowledge of human nature to convince us, that much of our happiness in life must depend upon the cultivation of this virtue.—Gentleness will assist its possessor in all his lawful undertakings: it will often him successful when nothing else could; it is exceedingly lovely and attractive in its appearance; it wins the hearts of all; it is even stronger than argument, and often prevails when that would be powerless, and ineffectual; it shows that a man can put a bridle upon his passions; that he is above the ignoble vulgar, whose characteristic is to storm and rage like the troubled ocean, at every little adversity and disappointment that crosses their path; it shows that he can soar away in the bright atmosphere of good feeling, and live a continual sunshine, when all around him are like maniacs, the sport of their own passions.

## POETRY.

## CRUELTY TO BRUTES.

WILLIAM.

Oh, lie on you, Harry, I'm sorry to see  
So cruel a temper appear;  
What has the poor horse done to merit such blows?  
For pity's sake, Harry, forbear.

HARRY.

He angered me, William, all over the fields,  
He has led me a wearisome chase;  
Whenever I came near him, he'd kick up his heels,  
And set himself off for a race.

But now I have caught him I'll have my revenge,  
And take my pay out of his hide;  
I'll teach him he shall not be streaking away,  
When I take a notion to ride.

The beasts of the field were all given to us,  
For our comfort, and pleasure, and ease,  
And if they won't mind us, we have a good right  
To correct them as much as we please.

WILLIAM.

You're mistaken, my brother—the beasts of the field  
Were given us only to use;  
We have leave to employ them whenever we will,  
And restrain them—but never abuse.

Injustice and cruelty, passion and spite,  
The God of all mercy abhors,  
And he surely will judge the bold rebel, who breaks  
His kind and compassionate laws.

If ever you punish a creature again,  
Unless there is absolute need,  
Remember, that He who fills Heaven and earth  
That moment is viewing the deed! [*Mrs. Sprout.*]



# YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Published Weekly, by WILLIS & RAND, at the Office of the Boston Recorder, No. 22, Congress-Street....Price One Dollar a year in advance, or \$1, 50, if not paid in advance.

No. 15.

BOSTON, SEPTEMBER 2, 1829.

VOL. III.

## NARRATIVE.

### THE IRISH WOMAN'S STORY.

Mrs. Hall gives, in the following tale, a good example of the native force and eloquence of the language of the Irish peasantry.

The language of the Irish peasantry is invariably strong and metaphorical; and when they would describe their distress, or paint their happiness, it becomes highly poetical. I will illustrate this remark, by the story of Mary Clavery, in her own words, as she told it to some very dear friends of mine, who reside at Bannow Parsonage, and who united, in a singularly happy manner, the kindly feelings and active exertions that make a clergyman's family "the blessings of the poor."

One tranquil evening in autumn, a pale, delicate young woman rested her hand on the gate that opened to the green sloping lawn that fronted the parsonage-house, uncertain whether or not she dared raise the latch, as she gazed wistfully on the group of children who were playing on the green. Although in the veriest garb of misery, she had nothing of the common beggar in her appearance: and the two little ones that clung to her tattered cloak were better covered than their mother. She carried on her back a sickly looking infant, and its weak cries arrested the attention of the good pastor's youngest daughter, who had her enter, in that kindly tone which speaks of hope and comfort to the breaking heart. How much is in a kindly voice! When the woman had partaken of food and rest, and remained a few days at the parsonage, she told her tale.

"May God reward ye—for ye have fed the hungry, and ye have clothed the naked, and ye have spoken of hope to her who thought of it no more; and ye have looked like heaven's own angels to one who had forgot the sight of smiles.—May God's fresh blessings be about ye!—may ye never want!—but a poor woman's prayer is nothing; only I am confident the Almighty will grant ye a long life, and a happy death, for your kindness to one who was lone and desolate, in a cold world. It little matters where one like me was born, only I came of decent, honest people, and it could not be said, that any one belonging to me or mine, ever wronged man or mortal; the boys were brave and just—the girls well looking and virtuous: seven of us under one roof, but there was full and plenty of every thing—more especially *love*, which sweetens all. Well, I married; and I may say, a more sober, industrious boy, never broke the world's bread nor my Thomas—my Thomas! I ask your pardon, ladies; but my heart swells when I think that may be he's gone to the God who gave him to me first for a blessing, then for a heart trial."

The poor woman wept, and the father of the family whom she was addressing, adopting the figurative language which the Irish so well understand, observed—"The gardener prunes the vine even to bleeding, and suffers the bramble to grow its own way."

"That's true—thank ye, Sir, for that sweet word of comfort," she replied, smiling faintly; "it's happy to think of God's care—the only care that's over the poor—though it seems ungrateful to say that to those who are so extraordinary kind to me. Well, we had a clane cabin—a milk white cow—a trifle of poultry—two or three pigs,—indeed every comfort in life according to our station, and thankful we were for it. Why not? time passed as happy as heart could wish, and one babe came, and another, but the eldest now, was the third then, for it pleased God to take the two first in the *feaver*; and bad, sure enough, was the trouble, for my husband took

it, and there he lay, off and on, for as good as four months; and then the rint got behind hand, and we were forced to sell the cow: one would think the baste had knowledge, for when she was going off to the fair, (and by the same token it was my brother-in-law's sister's son that drove her,) she turned back and mowed—ay, as natural as a child that was quitting the mother. Well, we never could rise the price of a cow agin, and that was a sore loss to us, for God sent two young ones the next time, and betwixt the both I never could get a minute to do the bit o' spinning or knitting that the landlord's wife expected as a yearly *compliment*. (She was not born a lady, and they're the worst to the poor. Mushroom gentry! that spring up and hy land, hand over head, from the rale sort, that are left, in the long run, without cross or coin to bless themselves with—all owing to their *generosity*.) Well, to make up for that, I was forced to give some of my best hens, as duty fowl to the lady, on account that she praised their handsome topplings. That was't all—the pigs got the measles, and we might have sold them to advantage: but my husband says, says he—'Mary, we have had disease and death in our own house, and don't let us be the manes of selling nwwholesome mate on no account; because it brings ill health, and we to answer for it, when nothin' will be to the fore, but the honest deeds and the roughish ones, straight against each other, and no one to judge them but the Almighty—the *One* who knows the rights of all;—that was true for him. Well, we might have got up agin, for my poor Thomas worked like any negre to the full; but, just as we had sowed our little field of wheat, (it was almost at the corner of the landlord's park, and we depended on it for next gale day,) nothing would serve the landlord but he must take it out of our hands, without any notice, to plant trees upon. I went to my lady, and to soften her like, took what was left of my poor fowl—the cock and all—as a present; she accepted them very genteelly, to be sure, and promised we should have another field, and compensation money. Well, we waited, but no sign of it; at last, my husband made bould to go to the landlord himself, and tould him all that had passed between the lady and me. 'Don't bother me, man,' was the answer he made; 'compensation, indeed! what compensation am I to have for being out of my rent so long—the time ye were sick, and ye without a lase? and I am certain my wife never promised any thing of the sort to the woman.' 'I ask ye'r pardon, Sir,' replied Thomas, civil of course; 'but she did, for my Mary tould me.' 'She tould ye a lie, then,' said the landlord—and my husband fired up. 'Sir,' said he, 'if ye were my equal ye dar'n't say the likes of that of my Mary—for though she's not of gentle blood, she's no liar!' Then the landlord called my husband an impudent blaguard, and Thomas made answer, that he, being a gentleman, might call him what he pleased; but that none should say that of his wife that she did not deserve; however, the upshot of the thing was, that we got warning to quit all of a sudden; but there was no help for it, as the neighbors said, true for them—that Thomas was by no means as strong a man as before the feaver, and the steward found out some stranger who offered money down on the nail for the land, when we had it in prime order. Every one cried shame on the landlord, but sure there's no justice for the poor! 'twas a sorrowful parting—for some how a body gets fond of the bits of trees even that grow under their own eye—and the troubles came at once—and all we could get to shelter us was a damp hole of a place. My husband got plenty of work, and though it wasn't in nature not to lament by-gone comforts, yet sure the love

was, to the good, firm—aye, firmer than ever, and no blight was on our name, nor isn't to this day, thank God for it—for nobody breathing can say,—Thomas, or Mary Clavery, ye owe me the value of a *thrancon*."

"The change of air, and the fretting, and one thing or other, made me very weakly, and we lost the fellow twin to this one; it was happy for the darlint—but oh! it was heart scalding to see it pecking and pecking, wasting and wasting, and to want the drop of wine, or the morsel of mate, that might keep it to be a blessing to its parents' grey hairs; it was then just after my child's death, that to drive the sorrow from his heart, Thomas took a *little to the drop*, and yet he wasn't like other men, that grow cross and fractious; he was always gentle to me and the young ones—but in the end it ruined us, as it does all who have any call to it—for he was as fine a young man, though I say it, as ye could see in a day's walk—standing six feet two in his stocking vamps, and admired for his beauty; and he went to the next town to sell my little spinning, that I had done to keep the decent stitch on the childer; and, as was fated I suppose, who should he there, but the devil in the shape of a recruiting sargent—and when the *drink's in*, the *wit's out*—and he listed—listed!—And the parting—oh! but I thought the life would lave me. Sure I followed him to the place of embarkment, and there they druv me from him—and I stood on the sea shore, and saw him on the deck of that black ship, his arms crossed over his breast like one melancholy mad; and it was long before I believed he was really gone—gone—gone; and that there was no voice to cheer me—for these did nothing but cry for food. It was wicked, but I wished to die, for my heart felt breaking—the little left me was soon gone—I was among strangers—I could not bear to go to my own people or place, because I was more like a shame, and my spirit was too high to be looked down on. I have travelled from parish to parish, doing a bit of work of any kind when I could get it, and trusting to good Christians to give something to the desolate childer when all else failed."

"You have never heard from your husband!"

"Oh, Sir, he sends his letters to Waterford to the care of one I know; but I cannot often hear, the distance is so great."

"Did he not forward you any money?"

"Three pounds; but we owed thirty shillings of it, betwixt rent for the last hole we lived in and two or three other matters. I was overjoyed to be able to send the money, for the debts laid heavy on my heart; and to be sure the childer wanted many a little thing, and the remainder soon went."

The "good pastor and his fire-side" were deeply interested in Mary Clavery's simple tale; and on farther inquiry its truth was fully established, and it was found that her husband was in the regiment then at Jamaica, commanded by the clergyman's brother, a gallant and distinguished officer. The story circulated very quickly in a neighborhood where every little circumstance is an event, and, to the credit of the united good feeling of my favorite Bannow, be it known, that on the very same Sabbath morning, in the Protestant church and Catholic chapel, a collection was made for the benefit of the distressed family, and another week saw Mary and her children in quiet possession of a small two-roomed cabin; the parish minister and priest conversing at the door, as to the best method of procuring the industrious woman continued employment; and Hetta, Marianne, and Ellen, (the clergyman's daughters) busily engaged in arranging new *noggings* and plates, and all manner of cottage furniture to their own sweet taste; then farmer Corish



gave Mrs. Clavery a sack of potatoes—Master Ben engaged to “teach” the children for nothing—Mrs. Cassidy sent, as her offering, a fine fat little pig—Mrs. Corish presented a motherly well-educated goose, capable of bringing up a numerous family respectably. Good Mr. Billy, as considerate and worthy an old bachelor as ever lived, sent her a setting hen and seven eggs; in short, the little cottage and garden were stocked so quickly, and yet so well, and the poor woman was so grateful, that she could hardly believe the reality of what had occurred. Her kind friends at the Parsonage, however, saw that something more was wanting to make their *protege* perfectly happy. What that was need I tell?—my lady readers have surely guessed it already, and even the gentlemen have found it out. The clergyman, without acquainting Mrs. Clavery, had written to his brother, mentioning all the particulars, and begging Thomas's discharge; the last post had brought him a letter, saying that his request was granted.

Need I pursue my story farther?

## RELIGION.

*From the Youth's Friend.*

### GOOD THINGS.—A DIALOGUE.

*Child.*—Now, dear mother, will you talk to me again about good things?

*Mother.*—What do you mean by good things?

*C.*—You talked to me the other day about God and heaven, and about Jesus Christ, and the Holy Spirit, and the Bible.

*M.*—These are indeed good things, my dear child, and I am very willing to talk with you about them; but there is a great difference between talking about good things and loving them; talking about them will not do us much good unless we also love them.

*C.*—Indeed, mother, I do love them, I always love what is good—I love God because he is good, and I love to read in the Bible.

*M.*—I am very glad to hear you say so—but if you do indeed love God you will try to please him, and will do what he commands you; if you love what is good, you will try to be good.

*C.*—Indeed I do, dear mother, and I will.

*M.*—Stop a little, let us consider—do you never feel inclined to be naughty when you ought to be good; tell me, do you never feel disposed to be idle when you ought to work; and to neglect your lessons when you ought to learn them; and to be peevish and fretful and passionate; tell me, are you *always* trying to be good?

*C.*—Almost always, mother.

*M.*—But it appears to me, that if you always loved that which is good, you would always be good—tell me, what do you think about this?

*C.*—I do not know how it is, mother; but if I try ever so much, I cannot always be good—I know I am naughty sometimes.

*M.*—Are you happy when you are naughty?

*C.*—No, indeed, never.

*M.*—I thought so—wicked people are never happy, only good people are happy—what makes the difference between a good and a bad man?

*C.*—A good man loves God, and does as God bids him, and tries to please God.

*M.*—And a wicked man does not love God—he does not do what God bids him, and only tries to please himself—and yet you see he is not happy—now, think a little; when you do wrong whom are you trying to please; God or yourself?

*C.*—Why, not God, certainly.

*M.*—If then you are trying to please yourself by doing wrong, it seems to me you cannot *always* love what is good—what do you think about it?

*C.*—Perhaps, mother, you may be right.

*M.*—It appears to me, that if I really and truly love what is good, I shall follow after that which is good and not after evil: if I please myself by doing evil, does it not appear as if I loved *evil* rather than good?

*C.*—Then, mother, do you think I am wicked?

*M.*—Your heart is the same as all hearts are by nature, that is, inclined to do wrong; and if you

were left to yourself to take your own way and only do what pleased you, you would be no better than many, many other people, who live in this world without ever caring about God or good things; and such people are as foolish as they are wicked; for as nobody is happy who is not good, they are the wisest people as well as the best, who always try to please God instead of themselves—besides, they who love God and try to please him, please God and themselves too; whereas they who only try to please themselves, please nobody, for they are not happy after all—come and read this sentence out of the Bible: “THERE IS NO PEACE, SAITH MY GOD, TO THE WICKED.” Is. lvii. 21.

*C.*—Then, mother, I shall never be happy till I am good—what shall I do, mother, to be good always, and to please God?

*M.*—I perceive my traveller is yet in the dark.

*C.*—What do you mean, mother?

*M.*—Have you forgot all our conversation the other day?

*C.*—I remember now, mother, you said, I am travelling through this world.

*M.*—And what did I say is given to you to direct you on your way?

*C.*—The Bible.

*M.*—Yes, my dear child, it is the Bible that directs us on our way to heaven, or in other words it is to the Bible we must go in order to know how to become good and to please God; but bear this in mind, we want not only teaching but also help—you said to me, “If I try ever so much, mother, I cannot be always good”—it is right for you to try to be good, and to try always, and to try with all your heart, but we must pray to God to help us, as well as use our own efforts: it is he and he only who can incline our hearts to love what is good, and enable us to follow after it; therefore if you wish to be wise and good and happy, you must pray to God for his Holy Spirit.

*C.*—I remember, mother, you said Jesus Christ teaches us by his Word and by his Spirit.

*M.*—Yes, the Word, or the Bible, in which the word of God is written down, is given us as a “light to our feet”—and the Holy Spirit is that great and good friend who holds the light out before us and guides us, and upholds us, and keeps us in the way.

*C.*—How does he hold out this light, mother?

*M.*—I will try to explain to you what I mean, my dear child. In the Holy Scriptures, good people are called the children of light—and wicked people children of darkness—they who keep God's commands are said to walk in the light—and they who break God's commands are said to walk in the darkness—and wicked works are called works of darkness—and a man who takes God's name in vain, or swears, is walking in darkness, he is doing wrong; and if he goes on in this wicked way he will be lost, he will never find the way to heaven, he will never be happy; but if those words out of the Bible should come to his mind with power, “thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain,” or, “swear not at all”—this would be like a light shining before him, to show him he was doing wrong and going in a wrong way; and then again if those words out of the Bible come into his heart, “pray without ceasing,” or, “praise ye the Lord,” it would be like a light shining on his darkness; showing to him the use he should make of his speech; and that his tongue was given him, not that he should take God's name in vain with it, but that he should pray to God and praise God, and speak good of his holy name.

*C.*—Thank you, dear mother, for explaining these things to me; then I must read in the Bible to learn how to be good and to please God, and that will be coming to the light that shines to guide me on my way?

*M.*—Yes, my dear child; you must also pray to God to give you his Holy Spirit, to incline your heart to love the light and follow after it, and to keep you in the way: without his help you can do nothing. And remember, for your encouragement, that he has said, “Those that seek me early, shall find me.” “Whosoever cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out.”

## MORALITY.

### WILLIAM POTTER; OR, WHAT TO WISH FOR.

William Potter, was the son of respectable parents. Although poor, they brought up a large family by their own exertions, and their house was more comfortable, and their children better taught, than in many cases where there was greater means. At the same time, as too often was the case, William had been taught chapters and hymns, without much attention to find whether he really understood what he learned; or to direct him to the real and spiritual meaning of the different passages.

When William was about 13 years old, a friend of his father's, who lived in a city some miles distant, got a situation for William as errand boy in a large shop, the master of which agreed to take William as an apprentice, if he should be satisfied with his conduct after some months' trial; and his parents were very glad to send him, as they hoped he would be provided for.

At first William was very well pleased with his new situation: there was plenty for him to do, and he bustled about with much activity. And though some things were not very pleasant, he did not mind that, but was ready to do whatever he was told. He did not see much of his master or mistress, but there was a very steady woman who was the cook, and she was kind to William. As she found him always ready and willing, and not idle or saucy as too many boys are, she always stood his friend, and tried to help and encourage him.

All went on very well for some months, when it was observed that, instead of being active and civil as usual, William grew careless and indifferent, and seemed unhappy and discontented. Now I must tell you the reason: William was very fond of reading, and eagerly caught up all the books that came in his way. Among these he met with some idle, foolish novels, which contained false and lying accounts of persons who suddenly became great and rich, without any labor or exertion, and were full of histories of lords and ladies, and other great folks. This idle reading had the same effect upon William as it usually has upon others. It makes people think about a great many things with which they have nothing to do; and instead of exerting himself to do his business well, and employing his leisure time in learning things which might be of use to him, William was always thinking whether he should be a great and a rich man, and often forgot what ought to have been done, so that his master and his fellow servants found fault with him, and wondered what was the matter with the boy. He became more and more unhappy, and his master talked of sending him away.

One day his friend Mary found him sitting quite idle, and looking very discontented, as idle people usually are. She spoke to him very kindly, and asked the reason why his conduct was so different of late. After some time, William told her that he was quite tired of running on errands, and cleaning shoes, and doing his other work. He said that he should like to be a great man, and he wished somebody would give him a great deal of money, that when he grew to be a man, he might have a fine house and servants, and every thing, like a great squire. Mary laughed at this foolish fancy, and told him that this was no reason why he should be idle and negligent; that nobody was likely to give him money: but that, if he wished to get forward in the world, his only plan was to be diligent and work hard, and to pray to God to bless his exertions, so far as they might be for his good; “but, after all,” added she, “He knows what is best for us, and it will be all the same a few years hence; nay, the Lord often withholds riches and worldly wealth out of kindness to his people.”

William was not disposed to think that this should be the case, and he said he should be so very happy if he became a great man, and had all the things which he had been describing. He added, that if he ever came to be a rich man, he was sure he would take care of Mary, and she should have a nice house for herself, and every thing comfortable.



She smiled and thanked him, but said she did not wish for it, as she knew that in a few years, perhaps in a few days, she should have a better house and estate than any he could give her, however rich he might be. William stared at this, for he knew that Mary's mother was in a workhouse, and that she used to spend all her money in helping her mother and a little child, the daughter of her sister who was dead, so that Mary was very poor. He asked her what she meant, and how she could be content to work so hard; and why she talked so little about her fine house.

Mary did not explain at once what she meant, but said that if he wished to have such a house, he might have it if he asked for it; but that if he really desired to possess it, he would not be idle nor discontented, but would always endeavor to do his duty, and wait patiently till the time came when he would be put in possession of it. William became still more earnest to know where this house could be, and to whom he was to apply for it. Mary at length went to her drawer, and took out her Bible, and turning to 2 Cor. v. 1. desired him to read this text, "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." "Now, William," added she, "which would you rather have? a splendid house, for a few years, and live in wretchedness for ever; or can you be content with what God may give you here, which shall be for a few years at most, being certain of everlasting happiness in the world to come?" William admitted that the last was the best, and Mary then pointed out to him the way to obtain that eternal happiness, which is promised to all that love Christ, and believe in him. She also explained to him what was meant by faith in Christ, and how that faith produced good effects, even as the Apostle described when he said, "I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content."—(Phil. iv. 11.) William listened attentively to what Mary said, and conversed with her several times afterwards upon the subject. At last he saw that worldly riches and honors cannot make people happy; "but they that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition." (1st Tim. vi. 9.) William thus learned to love Christ, and to seek the blessing and guidance of the Lord, and though he never was a rich man, yet, having food and raiment, he was enabled to be content, and became a happy man, for he received forgiveness of sins through the blood of Christ, and inheritance among them that are sanctified by faith in him. (Acts xxvi. 18.)

(Child's Companion.)

**Industry.**—Man must have occupation or be miserable. Toil is the price of sleep and appetite, of health and enjoyment. The very necessity which overcomes our natural sloth is a blessing. The world does not contain a briar or a thorn that divine mercy could have spared. We are happier with the sterility which we can overcome by industry, than we could have been with spontaneous plenty and unbounded profusion.

## LEARNING.

From the Vermont Chronicle.

### INFANT SCHOOL IN NEW YORK.

Extract of a letter from a lady who lately attended the annual examination of an Infant School in New York:—

"You cannot conceive how much a child is capable of learning before he is three years old. In the school were 150 scholars between the ages of eighteen months and seven years;—most of them under six years, and a large proportion under four. The examination of the school took place in a very large church, which was crowded to overflowing. The children were seated on long seats prepared for the purpose, on a stage in front of the pulpit. The teachers were all ladies. The directress of the school, Mrs. Bethune, is a daughter of the late Mrs. Isabella Graham. The children all seem to love her as a parent. The examination commenced by a hymn composed for the occasion, and sung by

twenty of the *smallest* children. You will hardly conceive that children of that age can be taught to sing *correctly*, but it is a fact, that these little creatures, not one over four years old, sung a hymn in the tune of *Greenwillie*, without discord, and kept as correct time as an experienced choir of singers. They then read; some of the smallest could only read letters printed on cards, but most of them could read in the Testament. They all read together, and spake in so much unison, that it seemed like one voice. The exercises were conducted with great regularity. After having attended closely for some minutes to a lesson, they were allowed to clap their hands and shuffle their feet, for a minute's amusement; then all was silent. But it is vain for me to attempt giving you many particulars. They were examined in the rudiments of the Spelling-book, English Grammar, Geography, Sacred History, and the simple rules of Arithmetic; and I hazard nothing when I say, that they exhibited a more correct knowledge of the principles of these branches, than two-thirds of the children in our common schools, from twelve to sixteen years of age. This is the fact as far as I have been acquainted in schools. Their answers were not given by rote: any stranger was requested to ask questions in any of the branches. One gentleman, a stranger, took a slate and made a line of fourteen figures, and held them up before the school; they first told what figures were, then enumerated them, (units, tens, &c.) then read the amount as readily as you could do it. He then set sums in addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division. They would add, subtract, &c. and tell him what figure to set down. The examination lasted three hours; yet the interest of children or spectators was not for a moment lost. I am sure, if you had been there, you would have gone back to Vermont with the determination, at least to *try* to get an Infant-school in Windsor. I wish your little children could have seen the school, and the interest these little creatures expressed in their lessons. Tell J. (about three years old,) that a little boy no larger than he, stood in a chair and repeated a little hymn so that all in the house could hear, which began thus:—

"See me! I am a little boy,  
Who comes to Infant School;  
And though I am but few in years,  
I'll prove I am no fool;  
For I can say—twice 2 are 4,  
And 6 is 2 times 3;  
Twice 4 are 8, twice 5 are 10,  
As you will shortly see." &c.

## REVIEW.

For the Youth's Companion.

### MOTHERLESS ELLEN, OR THE ORPHAN CHILDREN.

By A TEACHER IN MASSACHUSETTS.—Published at James Loring's Sab. Sch. Book Store—1829.

The Sabbath-schools of the present day, are the hope of the next generation. Nothing, perhaps, has a greater influence over them, than S. S. books. No books are so generally read by children, and I had almost said by grown people too. The minds of thousands of children, come under their influence, every day. Those, therefore, who hold the censorship over S. S. books, hold, comparatively, the destinies of the nation. If the Bible ought to be put first into the hands of children, because it sets every subject in its true light, surely, Sabbath-school books, as it respects their precepts, their doctrines, their tendencies, should correspond with it. The attention of the religious community is called to this subject, and we are happy to know that Christians of our own time and nation, are engaged in furnishing religious reading for children. The author of the little work before us, styles himself a "teacher in Massachusetts," and he has shown himself as well qualified for the task, as some whose works have come over to us from the other side the water.

Ellen and Charles were orphans, under the guardianship of Mr. Selwyn, at whose house they spent their vacations. The most interesting incidents in the story transpired during the first vacation after

their father's death. Mr. Selwyn's family, some of whom were near the age of Ellen and Charles, were all hopefully pious. They were a happy family, as all those families are, whose members live as well as profess religion. Their pious example was not without its effect upon the minds of the orphans. Example is a faithful, a powerful preacher. It was in reference to it that the Psalmist said "the wicked shall see it and fear, and trust in the Lord." Ellen was about sixteen years of age when she visited Mr. Selwyn's. She had some recollections of the teachings of her pious mother, although she was quite young when she died.

"It was Saturday evening, and at an early hour, the family, including the domestics, were assembled in the parlour. Julia placed the Bible on the table by which her father was sitting. After singing, Mr. Selwyn read a portion of scripture and made some remarks. Having closed the Bible, they all knelt, while in a short and simple, but fervent and appropriate prayer he addressed their Father in heaven. To the visitors, the scene was new, and the impression on Ellen's mind was deep." On Sabbath morning, at an early hour, the family were again assembled to attend their morning worship. There are many young ladies who are much averse to visiting in a family where morning and evening prayers are attended. *It is so dull*, they say. Or if from regard to some member of such a family they make a visit of a few weeks, they contrive to be absent at the seasons of prayer; or if this be impracticable, they take their station at the window, that they may be furnished with objects of thought during this solemn service. *O, it is so dull*, they say. My friends, if this service be dull, what would you do in heaven? It was not an uninteresting service to Ellen. "Ellen wept as her uncle prayed that during this visit, she and her brother might choose their heavenly Father to be the guide of their youth." Soon after breakfast, the children were prepared to attend the Sabbath-school. The services of the day, at Mr. Selwyn's, at school, and at church, were deeply interesting to Ellen. At church, "she in vain endeavored to restrain her tears while Mr. Orville urged upon his youthful hearers the duty and the privilege of devoting the morning of their years to the service of their Creator." In the afternoon the text was "one thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see." "From this sermon Ellen derived much instruction and comfort. She found increasing reason to hope, that though, till within a few hours she had been spiritually blind, a ray of light was now dawning upon her soul." She says "I cannot express half what I feel on these subjects, but I do hope, though I am almost afraid to say so, that I have this day chosen the Lord, as the guide of my youth, and that I begin to see, though very dimly, a little of my obligation to live devoted to his service." We hope that Ellen experienced, this day, the love of Christ shed abroad in her soul. She continued to give evidence of Christian character, while she stayed at her uncle's, and by her letters, after she had returned to school. We cheerfully recommend this book to the public, and hope it will find a place in every S. S. library. If we knew the author, we would say to him, you are engaged in a good cause, go on, and ever bear in mind that the great object of S. S. books, is, or ought to be, to give religious instruction to the young, to draw their hearts away from earth, and fix them on the eternal realities of another world.

Some have thought that children and youth are only to be fed with amusing stories or religious fiction, and that the *doctrines* of the gospel—the very heart and soul of religion—are to be left untouched; but we do not thus judge. If the fundamental doctrines of the Bible be so plain that *he who runs may read*, surely children and youth need not be ignorant of them. They ought early to be made acquainted with the foundation on which their hopes for eternity are to be built. Too much time has already been employed in adorning the windows, and erecting the tower, and beautifying the vane of the temple of truth, and too little in meditating upon the "corner stone."

REVIEWER.



## EDITORIAL.

## REVIEW.

*Conversations on the Animal Economy: designed for the instruction of Youth, and the perusal of general readers.* By Isaac Ray, M. D.—Portland, Shirley & Hyde, 1829.

By the "Animal Economy," this author means the nature and properties of animated or living bodies. His book therefore is intended to describe the bodies, not the minds, of men; also the bodies of other animals, such as the sheep, the ox, or the horse. He says something of the size, shape and limbs of any animated body; but he more particularly speaks of the bones; the flesh; the blood; the organs for breathing; the stomach, and all that pertains to food and nourishment; the senses, viz. seeing, hearing, tasting, smelling and feeling; the power of motion, and all our various organs for that purpose. He speaks of the *life*, by which the matter which composes our bodies is distinguished from inanimate things, and adapted to that activity and enjoyment for which its Creator designed it, in connection with the immortal mind.

Now, who does not wish to become acquainted with the nature and properties of his own body; with all that belongs to its preservation, its growth, its healthfulness and its beauty? Who would pursue the study of other things with avidity, and remain ignorant of himself? We are persuaded that the study of the human frame can be made very profitable and interesting. It is so now, to those scholars who have the opportunity and the means for pursuing it. It has, however, formed no part of common education in families, primary schools and academies; and one reason for the omission has been, that no book was prepared for the purpose. The book mentioned at the head of this article is intended to supply the deficiency. It is in the form of "Conversations" or dialogues, between "Emily," and her teacher, "Dr. B."

We could wish the author had brought down his language more to the capacity of those classes of readers, for whose use his work is designed. However, he has put the subject of inquiry into an interesting form, and the book has several figures illustrating some of the more important particulars. If our readers will procure the book, and devote a reasonable portion of time to the study, they will obtain a knowledge of the "Animal Economy" which can no where else be obtained in so easy a manner.

Perhaps children do not know that they learn the use of their tongues, as well as the sound and meaning of words, by imitation. Perhaps parents, and teachers are not fully aware, how *their* every day conversation is forming the voice and language of every child around them, and that *they* will be responsible for the right or the wrong direction they receive. Most of the deaf and dumb persons have perfect organs of *speech*; but, because they never *hear* other persons speak, they do not learn to use their tongues and utter articulate sounds. For the same reason, children who *can* hear, if they could be placed alone where they should hear no one talk, would never learn to talk themselves. In illustration of this fact, Dr. Ray relates the following curious story, which he has on undoubted authority: "Several years ago, there lived in the county of Washington, State of Maine, a family, of which the children, though having the sense of hearing perfectly, and being apparently as active and intelligent as other children, could not talk. They lived in a thinly inhabited part of the country, and at two or three miles' distance from any other family. The father at length grew very anxious, fearing there was a physical defect in their vocal organs, and requested some intelligent gentlemen in a neighboring town, to examine the children, and say whether any thing could be done for their relief. These gentlemen accordingly went, and found the children active, sprightly, and able to understand whatever was said to them, as far as any children could be expected to, who had lived in such seclusion from the rest of the world. The oldest one was thirteen years old, and could pronounce dis-

tinently several common words and phrases, as *yes* *sir*—*no* *sir*—*milk*—*bread*—*door*, &c. and so could the next oldest; but they were incapable of pronouncing any sentence of six words. What was remarkable, they had a language of their own which consisted of signs and a jumble of articulate sounds not belonging to any known language, and by these means, they could easily carry on a conversation with each other. The true solution of this strange affair soon suggested itself to the gentlemen present. They knew that both the parents—very honest and industrious people—were remarkable for their taciturnity,—they never spoke except when it was absolutely necessary to speak, and then they practised the most rigid economy in the use of words. It was directly explained to their parents, that the children could not talk for a very good reason—they never had an opportunity to learn—they never had heard any body talk. The father was therefore persuaded to remove with his family to his native town in Massachusetts, where his children would necessarily meet with other children, from whom they might learn to talk. This he did, and in a short time his children talked as well as others."

## MISCELLANY.

*A word fitly spoken.*—Job Throgmorton, a Puritan minister, who was described by his contemporaries "as being as holy and as choice a preacher as any in England," is said to have lived thirty-seven years, without any comfortable assurance as to his spiritual condition. When dying, he addressed the venerable John Dod, "What will you say of him who is going out of the world, and can find no comfort?" "What will you say of him," replied Mr. Dod, "who, when he was going out of the world, found no comfort, but cried, 'My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?'" This prompt reply administered consolation to the troubled spirit of his dying friend, who departed within an hour after, rejoicing in the Lord.

*Anecdote of R. Rogers.*—This Puritan divine was styled "the Enoch" of his day. Bishop Kennett said of him,—that England hardly ever brought forth a man who walked more closely with God. He was always remarkable for gravity and seriousness in company. Being once addressed by a gentleman of rank,—“Mr. Rogers, I like you and your company well enough, but you are too precise!” “Oh, Sir,” replied Mr. Rogers, “I serve a precise God!”

*Early Religious Instruction.*—“I was the only surviving child of my parents. I was too young when they died, to retain any distinct remembrance of the pious instructions they had given me, though from the following circumstances, I am convinced that such instructions were given—that all my ideas of religion, though apparently recent in later life, seem always, in some indescribable manner, to connect themselves with the earliest scenes of my childhood. The very tent in which Abraham dwelt in the plain of Mamre, is always pitched, in my imagination, in a wide field which was in view of my father's house; and paradise, with all the blooming charms of Eden, are, somehow, strangely associated in my fancy with the smiling and fruitful garden of the little rectory. In addition to this, the pale, sweet face of my beloved mother, always offers itself, whenever I think of a dying saint; and, even amid the darkest days of my youth, I used to think of my father with anguish, whenever I had done any thing particularly amiss.”

(History of Mrs. Crawley.)

*The Candid Culprit.*—The Duke of Orsuna, Viceroy of Naples, passing through Barcelona, went on board the Cape Galley, and passing through the crew of slaves, he asked several what their offences were? Every one excused himself upon various pretences:—one said he was sent in out of malice; another by bribery of the judge; but all of them unjustly. The Duke came up, at last, to a sturdy little black man, whom he questioned as to what he was there for. “My Lord,” said he, “I cannot

deny but I am justly put here, for I wanted money, and so took a purse near Tarragona, to keep me from starving.” The Duke, on hearing this, gave him two or three blows on the shoulder with his stick, saying, “You rogue, what are you doing among so many honest, innocent men? Get you out of their company.” The poor fellow was then set at liberty, while the rest were left to tug at the oar.—*London Youth's Mag.*

*The Rusty Nail.*—When Dr. Donnie took possession of his first living, he took a walk into the church-yard, where the sexton was digging a grave; and throwing up a skull, the Doctor took it up and found a rusty, headless nail, sticking in the temple, which he drew out secretly, and wrapped it in one corner of his handkerchief. He then demanded of the grave digger whether he knew whose skull that was. He said it was a man's that kept a brandy shop; a drunken fellow, who one night having taken two quarts, was found dead in his bed next morning. “Had he a wife?” “Yes.”—“What character does she bear?” “A very good one; only the neighbors reflect on her because she married the next day after her husband was buried.” This was enough for the Doctor, who under the pretence of visiting his parishioners, called on her; he asked her several questions, and among others, what sickness her husband died of. She giving him the same account he had before received, he suddenly opened the handkerchief, and cried in an authoritative voice, “Woman do you know this nail?” She was struck with horror at the unexpected demand, instantly owned the fact, was tried, and executed.—*Curiosities of Nature and Art.*

*“It's all in use.”*—A young lad that had been out on a hunting excursion and killed a rabbit, which he was carrying home, was met by a gentleman who accosted him thus:—“What have you there, my little fellow?” “A rabbit, sir,” was the reply. “A rabbit! and what are you going to do with a rabbit, pray?” “Eat it, sir.” “Eat it! pugh! I would as soon eat a cat!” said the gentleman. “Very likely, sir,” said the hoy, “for they say it's all in use.”—*Berkshire American.*

*The best Fortune.*—A man who gives his children a habit of industry, provides for them better than by giving them a stock of money.

## POETRY.

## THE MOTHER'S CALL.

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

Come, sweet ones, come to the fields with me?

I hear the hum of the honey-bee,  
I hear the call of the gray cuckoo,  
I hear the note of the shrill curlew,  
I hear the cry of the hunting hawk,  
The sound of the dove in our customary walk,  
The song of the lark, the tongue of the rill,  
The shepherd's shout on the pastured hill.

My sweet ones all, come forth and play;  
The air is balmy, and I smell new hay;  
Come breathe of the flowers, and see how neat  
The milk-maid trips on her scented feet;  
Young folks come forth, all joy, and run  
Abroad as bright as beams of the sun;  
Oh! men come out with a sadder grace,  
And matrons come with a graver face.

The smoke streams up, and the air is rife  
With joy, and all is light and life.  
From east to west there's not a stain  
In all the sky, and the birds are vain,  
And the beasts are glad, while man in song  
Breaks out, for morn has lorded long,  
And earth has drunk more than her need  
To fill her flowers and nurse her seed.  
Now, now ye come, my little ones all,  
As the young doves come at their mother's call.

One run to yon fox-glove, and see,  
At his breakfast of balmy, the golden bee;  
Another go hunt from bud to bloom  
The worm that flies with a painted plume;  
Or see the doe solitarily lead  
Her twin fawns forth to the odorous mead;  
Or mark the nestlings, newly flown,  
With their tender wings and their crests of down.  
But stay, my children. Ere ye run—  
Who made the sky and yon glorious sun?  
Who fram'd the earth, and made it sweet  
With flowers, under children's feet?  
'Twas ONE in heaven. Kneel down; and lay  
Your foreheads to the grass, and pray;  
And render him praise, and seek to be  
Pure, good, and modest,—then come with me.



# YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Published Weekly, by WILLIS & RAND, at the Office of the Boston Recorder, No. 22, Congress-Street....Price One Dollar a year in advance, or \$1, 50, if not paid in advance.

No. 16.

BOSTON, SEPTEMBER 9, 1829.

VOL. III.

## NARRATIVE.

*From the London Youth's Magazine.*

### AFFECTING DEATH-BED SCENE.

Christianity must ever be valuable, if only for the superiority which it gives over the trials and afflictions in life—and the support and comfort it is calculated to impart in the hour of death. Frequently has the *Youth's Magazine* borne witness to this truth, in its records of the peaceful, and even triumphant departures, of the youthful Christian. To see even children meet death (sometimes in its most appalling forms,) with such fortitude, resignation, and calmness, forms a striking evidence of the truth of those principles which sustain them in such a trying situation. While, on the other hand, we behold those who arrogate to themselves the title of "men of reason," (as if reason was revelation,) and who reject the heart-humbling doctrines of the Gospel—with all their boasted philosophy, stand affrighted at the approach of death; and their last hours display either the despair of an Altamont, the fearful forebodings of a Voltaire, or the subterfuges of a Hume.

The subject of the present sketch, Mr. T—M—, was a native of Scotland, but was brought to the neighborhood of London in his childhood. He, very early in life, was called from the parental roof and left to form associations, which in a great metropolis are so liable to captivate and ensnare the unguarded and inexperienced youthful mind. Naturally of a frank and obliging disposition, with a superior address and deportment—an intelligent countenance, a mind vigorous and sprightly, cultivated by reading and observation, his company was courted and his friendship solicited. Thus flattered, he mixed in the giddy round of pleasure, while even the form of religion soon became irksome, the house of God neglected, prayer forgotten. Satan does not permit his servants to remain long stationary, for there is a progress in sin as well as in grace, and mostly a very rapid advance from one degree to another. Having now entirely thrown off the externals of piety, he sat down in the "chair of the scorner." Religion was designated nothing but delusion, the effects of an overheated imagination; a godly profession, mere hypocrisy; and zeal branded as fanaticism. He next became an ardent admirer of the writings of Thomas Paine, and authors of the same caste; associating with several young men for the profane purpose of reading that daring calumniator, and to ridicule all that is sacred and valuable to man's eternal interests. Thus elevated in his imaginary philosophy and on his own superior discernment; young and in the enjoyment of health, he was promising himself length of years; the world was opening before his view, scenes of pleasure were in anticipation—and his sanguine mind was fondly counting on days and joys in perspective, which he was never to realize. But while thus smoothly gliding down the stream of time, he was suddenly arrested in his dangerous career, and laid on a bed of sickness. His disease baffling the art of medicine, eventually, after a period of twelve months, ended in his removal from time to eternity. During this protracted dispensation, he was frequently visited by some pious young friends, but they invariably found his sick-bed companion was either a novel or a play-book; and when the great truths and evidences of Christianity were urged upon his attention, he avoided them as subjects which were unpleasant to his thoughts, or attempted to overcome them by sophistry and evasion. The books which were lent to controvert his dangerous notions were generally returned with a mere opinion

of their merits as compositions; their arguments were avoided. But once, upon the writer of this contrasting the dying hours of the Christian and Infidel—conviction flashed upon him—and he could not conceal the real impression of his mind; he answered, "I fear Christianity is true, and that my end will be miserable, that I shall die the death of the infidel you have described." Yet, anticipating recovery, he shunned meeting the truth, like Felix, putting off the consideration to some "more convenient season."

When a sudden and alarming change in his disease (February, 1829), gave the fearful token that his recovery was hopeless, his assumed courage failed him, and his fondly cherished deistical notions at once gave way beneath him,—the speculative opinions of his creed could give no comfort in the prospect of eternity; could cast no cheering light across the gloomy valley of the shadow of death. Upon his being again entreated to seek for pardon and peace through Christ as the Saviour—he despairingly exclaimed, "No, it is too late now; I must take my chance, I have advanced too far—I dare not think on the future." He was reminded of the folly and danger of taking a "leap in the dark;" but he declined the subject. He was evidently striving to buoy himself up that there might yet be no truth in the Gospel—no eternity—no judgment—no heaven—no hell! But the rapid approach of death extorted the unwilling conviction, which he in vain attempted to conceal. The appearance of his countenance bespoke the conflict that was passing within; he appeared laboring under a burden which he was ashamed to confess. There was a "fearful looking-for of judgment and of fiery indignation." In this state of alarm a Wesleyan friend was introduced to him, when, for the first time, he opened his mind, confessing his belief in the revelation of the Word of God—a belief which he had long stifled, but which conscience oft-times convinced him was true. He listened with eagerness to the offer of mercy through Christ, and joined with earnestness in the supplications to the throne of grace in his behalf. Turning round to an acquaintance, he said, "O, do not play the fool as I have. Look to your soul while in health—a sick-bed is no place for repentance." Continuing to get weaker, the night before he died, he was again visited by the writer of this. He was surrounded by his mother, sisters, and brother. His mother, absorbed in grief, was employed alternately wiping the dying perspiration from his forehead, or gently moistening his parched, quivering lips—the last sad token of a mother's love; while his sisters stood weeping by, watching those struggles they could not relieve. Hope had fled; and it was evident a few more beating pulses, and all would be over. Upon the friend approaching the bed-side, he eagerly grasped his hand, and with a look, never-to-be-forgotten, he exclaimed—"O, my good friend, I am glad you are come—you have come to see me die—to see my penitence; kneel down immediately; pray, pray earnestly!—for mercy, mercy for Christ's sake." Then he broke out in affecting cries for pardon through that Redeemer whom he had so long rejected. "Oh, do not deceive me now—speak, tell me of mercy—this night I shall be in eternity. By our past friendship, I entreat you do not deceive. Tell me of Jesus, and of pardon by his blood—of salvation by the cross of Christ. Say, can there be pardon for one so vile as I—-is there hope? Oh, yes, you have often told me, 'he will not cast out any.' I believe—I trust—I cling alone to Christ—save me, O Lord." He lay for a few minutes exhausted. His friend attempted to speak of the Saviour as able to save to the uttermost—and with breathless haste,

spoke of the efficacy of Christ's blood to blot out all sin; of the extent of the atonement; of the prevalence of the intercession; of his willingness and ability to save even in the *last hour*; while in rapid succession (for life was ebbing fast), was pointed out for his encouragement, the thief on the cross—a Paul, a Manasseli, and a Peter: he listened with deep anxiety—interrupted alone by earnest, pathetic exclamations for pardon. An interesting conversation followed: still grasping his friend by one hand, and with his other holding his brother's, he cried, "I cannot let you go—yet, I fear, from the dying sweat on my hands, I shall impregnate you with the fever; I could wish to keep you here to see my last, but I may linger several hours yet. Again there was a pause, while in silence the hearts of the witnesses of this sad scene were lifted-up in earnest ejaculation to the mercy-seat. Again and again did he groan for pardon. "O, may we all meet in heaven—never to part—saved through the precious blood of Christ." In this state he continued until twelve o'clock the following day, in broken, importunate cries for forgiveness, with occasional expressions of hope that all would yet be well—that he should be a "brand plucked from the burning." When a further change for the worse, and the acuteness of his pain, deprived him of his senses, and he thus lay in a state of insanity, till the following night, when death closed his eyes forever, and his soul took its flight to appear before his God. "And there in trembling hope we leave him till the judgment morn."

What mingled feelings possess the mind while gazing on the corpse of a friend who has died under such affecting circumstances. Whilst we trace the lifeless features that were so often animated in unhallowed opposition to the gospel of Jesus, we recall those hours when the kind voice of friendship, prompted by the value of the soul, attempted to combat those ruinous errors which had been imbibed, to raise the faithful warning, and to point to Immanuel as the source of life and peace; but how often has such solicitude been met only by the bitter sarcasm or taunting jest! But now how changed: the busy feverish scene of life is past; death has summoned the soul to its solemn account. Fear creeps through the mind while we reflect on the equivocal nature of death-bed repentance, and trembling, we fear that the strong emotions of the dying hour were caused alone by the dread of death, and of appearing at the judgment bar. With holy indignation we execrate that libertine scepticism which deludes the soul while living, and leaves it helpless, hopeless in the hour of need. But still we gaze, and think we hear the voice of mercy, extending pardon even in the eleventh hour, leading the perishing soul to trust in Him whose power can know no limit, whose love is like his deity, transcendently beyond conception. In such a moment of reflection, how precious do those blessed truths appear which give us hope in life and peace in death, and enable even the dying young believer, reclining on the everlasting arms, exultingly to exclaim, "O death where is thy sting, O grave where is thy victory?"

J. H. C.

## MORALITY.

*From the Albany Christian Register.*

### DON'T CHEAT YOURSELF.

Most people had rather cheat others than themselves, and doubtless every reader of this paper, knows this, and wonders why I did not tell them, rather, not to cheat others, for they will mind and take good care of themselves. I am not quite sure of that: and I think that I can make them believe



that a great many people need to be told, not to cheat *themselves*.

You all know, that some men go to the tavern or store, and spend whole days in idleness, and neglect their business at home; and idle people who stay at the tavern a good deal, almost, if not quite always, become drunkards, and profane swearers, and boxers, and every thing that is bad. By and by you hear that they are despised by every body, and all their property is sold to pay their debts, and because *all* their property won't pay what they owe, they are sent to goal and have to lie there a good while; and you say it is good enough for them—because if they had staid at home and attended to business as they might, they would have been respected, and saved their virtuous families from burdening the town with their support.—And you say right. Such men lose more than what they spend. The difference between spending 25 cents, and earning fifty, is not 25, but 75 cents. So you see that drunkards get rid of their property very fast. And instead of coming in from a good day's work with a good appetite and contented mind, to eat a good supper which their beloved wives have prepared against their return from work, and which, if industrious they would share with a fine family of well dressed and well educated children—they disturb the whole village till 12 o'clock by their carousing—come home cross and discontented, to abuse their wives, and corrupt their ignorant and ragged children; to hear that the cows are ruined by eating too much corn, and the hogs have rooted up all their potatoes, and both the horses are fonder by getting to the grain on the barn floor. *Who* cheated these men out of their day's works, a good supper, a good pair of horses, and all the grain which had ruined their cows; and what is the greatest loss of all, peace and happiness in their own house? I say the last is the greatest—because if a man is not happy at home, I don't think he will be happy any where. Why, *you* will say, that they cheated *themselves*.

For if they had been at home they could have kept the cattle out of mischief—and if they had not got drunk, and abused their families, their houses would have been the abodes of plenty and of peace. Then you think just as I do; that drunkards need to be told not to cheat themselves out of so much happiness as they *always* do. For if drunkards are *rich*, they are *never* respected, and they never have happy families.

I have seen children playing on the ice, or sliding down hill, when they ought to have been at school—and it made my heart ache.—Now did you ever see children at play when they should have been at their books as their parents expected? Don't you think that they did wrong? If they did, they lost something; for people always lose when they do wrong—and if they lost in this way, they got cheated: and who cheated them? Did their parents? Their parents wanted to have them improve every moment. Did their teacher? He was ready to be vexed because they did not come more steadily to school. I don't see how we can decide better, than to say, that they cheated *themselves*.

But, for fear that children will not believe that they do cheat themselves, (for they think there is more fun in play than study,) I will try to convince them that they do. You think a man is cheated when he sells all his property for *rum*. And so he does. For he would have better health and better friends, if he did not drink it; and he might keep his property into the bargain. Almost all children in our country go to school 12 or 14 years, more or less.—If they spend the most of this time in play, as too many do, and after this they are put to work, what will they know? They will not be able to write a letter and spell it correctly, or even cast interest on a note for eight months. One man said, "that every moment is worth a wedge of gold." At any rate, *time is money*, and if we misimprove time we do as foolishly cheat ourselves, as the man who throws away his property for *rum*.

A *heathen* once lamented that he had lost a day, and well he might; for if he had offered to give \$5

he could not have got it back again. Then he lost \$5? If the salvation of his soul depended on the improvement of that day, and we don't know but it did, he lost, not \$5, but all *heaven*. Tell me then what the little boy or girl loses, who plays away every day till he is 14 years old. And when you remember, that this is the only time which he will have to learn, and after all he plays it away, and learns nothing but bad habits, which will make him a mere blank in society, and it would be no strange thing if they led him to the state prison or the gallows; won't you think as I do, that he cheats himself—and won't you tell all such children *not* to cheat themselves, for if they do they will be vagabond unhappy wretches here, and everlastingly wretched hereafter.—And do you think that those do much better, who attend school and do nothing but make disturbance? If you will profit by what I have said, and never cheat yourself in these two ways; I will tell you before a great while, if I am permitted to, other ways in which persons often cheat themselves, till they do nothing but cry over their folly. TYRO.

## RELIGION.

From the N. J. Sabbath School Journal.

### THE CRYING SHOEMAKER.

A certain lady in New-England, was converted under the preaching of the celebrated Whitefield. She was much engaged in prayer, but there were no pious people in the place, and she had no one to unite in her devotions, but a little daughter 9 to 11 years old. This child she took daily into her closet to witness her cries and tears, and she also, was converted to God. The child, in a transport so peculiar to such a blessed experience, said, "O mother, if all the world knew this! I wish I could tell every body! Pray, mother, let me run to some of the neighbors, and tell them that they may be happy, and love my Saviour too." "Ah! my dear child, said the mother, that would be needless; for I suppose if you were to tell your experience, there is not one in many miles but what would laugh at you, and say that it was all delusion." "O mother, said the child, I think they would believe me. I must go over to that shoemaker, and tell him; he will believe me." She ran over and found him at work in his shop. She began by telling him that he must die, and that he was a sinner; and that she was a sinner, but that her blessed Saviour had heard her mother's prayers, and had forgiven all her sins: and that now she was so happy, she did not know how to tell it! The shoemaker was struck; his tears flowed down like rain; he threw aside his work, and cried for mercy by prayer and supplication; that alarmed the neighborhood, and in a few months, from that time, there were above fifty people brought to the knowledge of Jesus, and experienced his power and grace.

### THE BREAD OF LIFE.

"Mother," said little George, "what does Christ mean, when he says, 'I am the bread of life?' I never could understand this text."

"I am glad, my son," answered Mrs. Selwyn, "that you feel interested enough about what you read in the Bible, to wish to understand its meaning, and this is a very important and delightful text. The meaning of it is this; Christ is the bread on which our souls must feed, in order that they may live and be happy. That is, unless we trust in him and love him, our souls will die forever, just as our bodies would die, if we had no food to eat."

"But, mother, you say that we must love Christ that we may be happy; now I know a great many boys who are always very lively and full of play, and never seem unhappy, who, I am sure, do not love the Saviour, for they take his name in vain, and often play on the Sabbath."

"They may appear happy, George, but depend upon it they are not. It is certainly true, that their souls are dying for want of food, though what makes it still more sad, they know it not. You recollect going to see your little cousin William, when he

was dying in a consumption. You know he thought he was not sick at all; was not willing to take any medicine, and told you when you left him, that he thought he should be able to prevail on his mother to let him come and see you the next day, and that very day he died! Just so it is with those wicked boys you speak of, they will not believe that their souls are perishing without Christ. But suppose God should remove them from this world, what do you suppose would be their feelings? Would they not be convinced then that they had nothing to make them happy? Christ alone, my dear boy, can make us happy in this world, and in that which is to come; but if we will not serve him and love him here, he will leave our souls hungry and dying forever." [Youth's Friend.]

## THE NURSERY.

From the Juvenile Miscellany.

### ON GOING INTO COMPANY.

Eliza.—Mother, why may I not go to the party to-night with my sister? Mrs. B. sent for me as well as for her—sister says I am not old enough yet; that is always what she says when I am not allowed to go with her—but I am tired of waiting to be old enough, and if I get all my lessons in school, and do as you wish me to, at home, I should think I might go to the party as a reward, and—

Mother.—Stop, stop, my dear child, I have so much to say to you about what you have already said, that I beg you to go no further at present—I am sorry Mrs. B. considered you old enough to go into company; if she had not, she would not have sent for you, and then you would thought nothing of going—but would have gone to your book, work, or amusement, with a light heart, and without complaining that you could not enjoy what others were enjoying—you would have completed your business for the evening pleasantly, slept soundly, and arisen in the morning with your usual bright spirits and laughing eyes—but if you were to go, you would lose your lesson to-night—and from being unused to sitting up late, you would be very tired, and I very much fear to-morrow morning would find you fretful and unhappy; but I have other reasons why you ought not to go, and more important ones too.

Eliza.—I should like to know them, for I do not think that going to the party will make me tired to-night, or fretful to-morrow, and you know I could make up my lesson another time.

Mother.—All this might possibly be so, but I very much doubt it. Now for my other reasons—your sister says you are not old enough to go into company—and do you think that you know what she means? It is not that you must be just so many years old—but to be old enough to go abroad into company, with your mother and sisters, you must have finished, and *well finished* too, your school education; you must have collected and laid up a store of knowledge, which will enable you to understand, and judge rightly of all you see and hear; and especially it is necessary for time and attention on your part, so to have ripened your understanding and judgment, that you may take pleasure in, and improve by the conversation of sensible people. There is a season for every thing, and if you neglect strictly to do every thing in its season, you will *never be old enough* to go into company, even if you should live a hundred years. You have studies, engagements, and pleasures, suited to your present age. Improve and enjoy them, my dear, now in their time; and if you do so, and make yourself acquainted with history, with books, and subjects important to be known, you will be able to enjoy the conversation of people, older and wiser than yourself, and to improve by it. You will, also, be able to choose your friends from the excellent and well informed in society, and not be disposed to fall in with the trifling, and even pernicious conversation of empty young ladies, who have had the misfortune to be suffered to go in company before they had learned any thing; before their minds were able to distinguish between the good and the bad; and before they knew how to conduct themselves



with propriety and good sense. I fear you do not understand all I have been saying.

*Eliza.*—Perhaps not, wholly, mamma, but I think I do some of it. I would only ask, why I may not go—not as one of the company, but only as a listener? It would take but very little of my time—and I have a great deal of time you know.

*Mother.*—Not any too much—and it would take more of your time than you think; for besides the time actually spent in company, you would be thinking of going, a long time before, and a much longer time after. Besides, you would be apt to listen to frivolous conversation, and acquire a taste for it, just because you are not capable, at your age, of understanding and appreciating sound, good sense, and correct information. Be content, my dear, to make much of your present time, enjoyments, and opportunities of improvement.

*Eliza.*—You have made me content, dear mother; and I will try to show you that I am always so.

*Mother.*—One thing more—you speak of going to the party as a reward for getting good lessons, &c.—you are too old, my dear, and have learned, I trust, too well the nature of your duty, to think of doing it solely for a reward. Let your first thought always be, that you do your duty because it is right; that is, because it is the will and pleasure of your Heavenly Father that you should do it; next, you should do your duty for the sake of the approbation of your earthly parents; and then you will be rewarded by the pleasure you feel in the approbation of your own conscience.

## THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

From the S. S. Messenger.

### MARY AND SUSAN.

A Dialogue between two Sabbath School Girls.

*Mary.*—Stop, Susan; Miss R——, told me to show you where the lesson was, as you were not at school last Sabbath.

*Susan.*—You need not do that, for I am not going to school any more.

*Mary.*—Not going to school? What is that for?

*Susan.*—Why I should think you would stay away yourself for the same reason. Every body asks if such big girls as we, go to school.

*Mary.*—We don't know all yet, that Miss R—— can teach us, and as long as we are ignorant, my mother says we are not too big to learn. Besides; she says that I can learn now twice as much in the same space of time, as I could when I was smaller, and you know Miss R—— told us the last time you were there, that she took so much pleasure in teaching us now, as we began to understand things.

*Susan.*—I think it looks so foolish for great girls to go to school.

*Mary.*—Why, you know we go to Sabbath-school to learn about the Bible; and the minister says as we never can learn enough about that, we must just keep on learning all our days.

*Susan.*—According to that, every body ought to go to Sabbath-school.

*Mary.*—Well; in some places it is so—quite grown up people go. And I heard that the ministers are going to try and get all the people to attend: the oldest in Bible classes, and the younger ones in the Sabbath-schools, and all to study God's Word.

*Susan.*—If Mary Dean and Jane and the rest of them did not laugh and make such fun of it, I should not care, but I hate to be laughed at.

*Mary.*—Oh! Susan: such girls will always laugh at every thing that is good. Why, they laugh at the Bible itself, and laugh at prayer, and would you give up reading the Bible and praying? Remember poor Betsey R——, who used to laugh at the big girls for going to Sabbath-school, and left off going herself.—My teacher told me that just before she died, she raised herself in the bed and said, "Doctor, I'll work on my hands and knees for you, day and night, if you'll save my life. I can't die: Oh! I can't die." And then she sunk back again.\*

*Susan.*—I know there is no good in such things,

but it is hard to see the other girls walking about and taking their pleasure, and I must study my Sabbath-school Lesson, or be shut up in School saying it.

*Mary.*—If we loved God's Word as David did, when he said it was "more to be desired than much fine gold, and sweeter than honey," we should not think it a hardship to study it, but it would be pleasanter than walking about: especially on the Sabbath. Miss R—— says, we ought to thank God that we have something to keep us from breaking the Lord's Day, as many poor sinful girls do. Besides, the Superintendent says the scholars as they grow older, should begin to qualify themselves for teachers; and as they know the ways of the school, they will make better teachers than those who have not been accustomed to them.

Now Susan, I know you will go again. I would not once think about those girls, excepting to pray every day for them that they might be better. They will know, poor things! one day, which are the most foolish; those who keep God's laws, or those who break them.

\* A Fact.

## NATURAL HISTORY.

### COMBAT BETWEEN A HORSE AND A LION.

A nobleman, in the early part of the reign of Louis XV., having a very vicious horse, which none of the grooms or servants would ride,—several of them having been thrown, and one killed,—asked leave of his majesty to have him turned loose into the menagerie, against one of the largest lions. The king readily consented, and the animal, on a certain day was conducted thither. Soon after the arrival of the horse, the door of the den was drawn up, and the lion, with great state and majesty, marched slowly to the mouth of it, when, seeing his antagonist, he set up a tremendous roar. The horse immediately startled and fell back, his ears were erected, his mane was raised, his eyes sparkled, and something like a general convulsion seemed to agitate his whole frame. After the first emotions of fear had subsided, the horse retired to a corner of the menagerie, where having directed his heels towards the lion, and having reared his head over his left shoulder, he watched with extreme eagerness the motions of his enemy. The lion, who presently quitted the den, sidled about for more than a minute, as if meditating the mode of attack, when, having sufficiently prepared himself for the combat, he made a sudden spring at the horse, which defended itself by striking his adversary a most violent blow on the chest. The lion instantly retreated, groaned, and seemed for several minutes inclined to give up the contest, when, recovering from the painful effects of the blow, he returned to the charge with unabated violence. The mode of preparation for this second attack was the same as the first. He sidled from one side of the menagerie to the other, for a considerable time, seeking a favourable opportunity to seize his prey; during which time the horse still preserved the same posture, and still kept his head erect and turned over his shoulder. The lion at length gave a second spring, with all the strength and velocity he could exercise, when the horse caught him with his hoofs on the under jaw, which he fractured. Having sustained a second and more severe repulse than the former, the lion retreated to his den as well as he was able, apparently in the greatest agony, moaning all the way in a most lamentable manner. The horse was soon obliged to be shot, as no one ever dared to approach the ground where he was kept.—*Illustration of Natural Hist.*

*Maternal Attachment of a Bird.*—The following affecting instance of the attachment of a bird to its young, was witnessed in a garden at Tovil:—A kingfisher had reared its fragile abode, according to the plain but beautiful rule of nature's architecture, and was sitting with maternal solicitude and constancy on 7 eggs, containing the germ of her expected progeny.—The water rose, and threatened to overwhelm the mother; but despising danger, when duty was in question, she patiently sat on her nest, and perished rather than desert her charge.

[Maidstone Journal.]

## OBITUARY.

### DEATH OF A SUNDAY SCHOLAR.

I was much pleased lately in visiting the dying bed of a little boy of the Sabbath school, who died at the age of twelve years. I found him in the corner of the room, lying on a bed which his mother had made for him upon some chairs.—He was pale and worn with sickness, which his mother told me he bore with patience. I said to him "do you feel happy, my dear child?"—he answered "Yes." I said—"Why do you feel happy, do you think you will get well again?" He answered "No." "Then why (said I) do you feel happy? Do you not know that you are a sinner?" He answered "yes—but I hope God will forgive me." I said, "how do you expect to be forgiven?" He did not answer—I said, "do you know who it was who came into the world?" He interrupted me by repeating the text, "Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners." I said to him, "do you pray to God?" he said, "yes." "What do you pray for?" said I. He answered, "I pray to God to make me a good child." "What is a good child?" I said. He directly answered, "thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy mind, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength." Presently he said to me, "Do you take scholars now?" "Yes, (I said) little boys may be taken into the school on the first Sabbath in every month; but why do you ask me?" He said, "because I wish my brother to be in the school." His mother told me he had often expressed this wish. I said to him, "why do you wish your brother to be in the school?" He answered, "that he may be a good child." At this moment a little boy came to the door, and upon seeing me was going away, but I told him to come in; and his sick brother called out to him, "Peter, Peter, should not you like to be in the Sabbath school?" I called the little boy to the bedside, and his brother said, "should not you like to be in the Sabbath school? If you are a good boy you will get tickets; and then you will have books given to you, and perhaps you may have a Bible given to you. Should not you like to belong to the school? It would be better than playing with John Brown and other wicked boys." "Oh (added he) I wish that I was well, I should like to go to school again." I said "it would be better to go to heaven than to go to school." "Yes, (said he) but if I were well again, I should like to go to school."

I prayed with this dear child and left him. On the next day he died. His anxiety for his little brother, and the good advice which he gave him, and the earnest and affectionate manner in which he gave it, will never be forgotten by me. Such instances afford great encouragement to ministers, parents, and teachers. [Children's Friend.]

## EDITORIAL.

### THE SIAMESE BOYS.

There is at the Exchange Coffee House in Boston, at the present time, a great curiosity. It is two boys or young men from Siam. They excite the attention of people here for two reasons. One is, that they are natives of a very distant country, whose features, and language, and manners, are very different from ours. The other reason is, that these boys are bound or tied together, and have been so from their birth. They have been but a few weeks in this country, and were landed in Boston by Capt. Coffin who received them from their mother in their native country. They will soon be taken to New York for a short time, and then carried to England. Capt. Coffin tells us it is his intention to give them an education in that country.

As they leave America so soon, very few of our readers will have an opportunity to see them. We think therefore, they will be pleased to read such an account of them as we can give.

The band that unites them is about three or four inches long, and grows from the lower ends of their breast bones. The inner part of it seems to be a cartilage or what is commonly called gristle. This is



covered with flesh and skin, precisely like that upon their bodies. This band is about two inches thick; & in width up & down, is nearly four inches. When the band is lengthened, by their pulling themselves apart as far as they can, it is smaller. Being thus bound together, one can move but very little without the other. They must always lie, or sit, or stand, at the same time; and if one walks, or runs, or jumps, or wrestles, or climbs, the other must partake in all his movements. And yet, though they are so closely united, each is by himself a perfect boy, having every limb and feature of his own. It is supposed there are no large blood vessels extending from one to the other, for no pulsation can be felt on the connecting band. Neither does one feel an injury which the other sustains, except it is near the center of the band; when that part is pricked or pinched, they both feel it at the same time.

When they stand up they can face each other; or they can stand side by side, and bring their breasts so far apart as to face another person directly in front; but they can never turn their backs to each other. When they stand side by side, Mincee is at the left hand of his brother, Chang-ing at the right; & it is in this manner that they always walk or stand. They can turn and face the other way, so that Chang-ing will be at the left hand & Mincee at the right. But they have always practised in the other mode; and the habit is now so confirmed, that they cannot walk at all by taking this position. When they sit, stand, or walk in their usual manner, Mincee's right arm is almost always round the waist or neck of Chang-ing, & Chang-ing's left arm round the neck or waist of Mincee. And when one embraces the neck, the other almost always takes the waist.

Each has a mind of his own, and his own thoughts and volitions and words. But they are very remarkable for thinking and acting alike. We saw them playing at drafts with a gentleman; he taking one part of the game, they playing the other together. Sometimes one would move, or speak first about the game, and sometimes the other. But there was not the slightest disagreement between them throughout the game. They seemed to have precisely the same mind about the best move, and to form their resolutions with equal rapidity; or if one first resolved what to do, the other immediately agreed to it. We are told their agreement is the same on all subjects, and at all times. They also become hungry at the same time, and eat the same quantity of food; they become weary and fall asleep at the same time, and it is very rare indeed that one sleeps after the other has awaked. This wonderful agreement is the effect of habit. They have been obliged to act together from their earliest infancy; and what was necessary has become their pleasure. They seem contented and happy in their condition, and strongly attached to each other; yet it is observed that they seldom converse together. It seems as if they could almost read each other's thoughts, without the use of words.

These boys are supposed to be about 18 years old, & are rather smaller than boys of that age usually are in this country. The Siamese are generally of smaller stature than the Americans. They can yet speak but little English, but are learning it fast. It is not a very uncommon thing for children to be deformed in some way; and several instances have been recorded of twins growing together. There is an account of two little girls that were born in Boston, more than a hundred years ago, that were united very much as the Siamese boys are. But they died when they were very young. It is extremely uncommon for such children to live and grow up. Very few instances have ever been known in any country. Perhaps there is not another at this time in the whole kingdom of Siam, and there is no reason to believe that there is one among the twelve millions of inhabitants in the United States. The wonder is, that these lads should live to their present age, be in good health, attain their proper stature, and be active and intelligent like their countrymen of the same age.

Their complexion is dark and sallow, like other natives of the torrid zone. Their hair is long and black; but is shaven from the top of the head, after

the custom of their country. They resemble the Chinese in their general features; and their country is very near to the Chinese empire. In coming to this country they have sailed about half round the globe.

#### MISCELLANY.

*Wonderful Preservation.*—On Monday last, while an elderly lady, with her daughter-in-law and her two children, were approaching Ithaca, N.Y. on the Geneva road, in a one horse wagon, by some means the horse took fright, and ran furiously down the hill. The mother of the children somehow extricated herself from the wagon, and the horse approached the bridge at the inlet, with the fore wheels of the wagon entirely demolished—every spoke in the wheels having been broken short off at the hubs; and in the forward part of the wagon, partially upon her back, the old lady sustaining the two children. Destruction to this little party seemed inevitable. Several unsuccessful efforts were made to stop the horse in his furious career, but he broke past all the opposition and crossed the bridge at the inlet. Here he found so many impediments in his direct course, that he turned in by the stable of Mr. Woodruff, and was of course stopped. What is very remarkable, after having been thus drawn nearly a mile, during which the legs of the horse had been very much skinned and bruised, & the wagon nearly demolished, the two children were taken out *entirely uninjured*, and the old lady was but slightly hurt, and was soon able to give an account of the circumstances, inquire for her lost bonnet, &c. The frantic and almost breathless mother was soon after despatched running in the distance, and a messenger was despatched to make glad her heart by the information that the little ones and their aged grand-mother were safe.

*A Little Boy and a Tract.*—A Sunday School Missionary, while travelling through a newly settled part of New-York, last spring, met several children in a road leading through a grove, and gave them some Religious Tracts. They soon met a little boy, and showed him their present, and pointed out to him the missionary, who had just given them the tracts. The boy then ran in haste, to overtake the missionary, but did not succeed until he had walked nearly two miles. His ragged clothes, interesting countenance, and his running, attracted the attention of the missionary. He stopped his horse, and asked the boy what he wanted. He replied, "some of those fine books." "Can you read?" said the missionary.—"No, sir," said the boy, "but my mother can."—"Will you carry them home and let her read them to you?" said the missionary. "Yes sir." After giving him some of the tracts, the little boy said, "I suppose you are a religion man." The missionary then gave him some advice, and left him. Children, do you love a good book, or a good tract, so well, that you would run two miles to get one?—*Philadelphian.*

*A Little Boy reforming his Father.*—A Sunday School scholar, who had been compelled by his parents to spend a part of the Sabbath in collecting fruit to carry to market, was seen on a certain Sabbath to weep, and was unwilling to go into the field. His father called him to answer for his conduct. "Father," said the boy, "my teacher says that it is wicked for people to work on the Sabbath, and God says that we must remember the Sabbath-day and keep it holy." The father, seeing the sobs and hearing the sighs of the boy, said, "Well you need not go to work, if the fruit all rots." His father has since indulged the hope that he himself has become pious. *ib.*

*Another such a Story.*—Another scholar belonged to a family, who kept an open shop on Sunday, for the purpose of selling spirits. As he could not bear to see the Sabbath thus profaned, he asked his teacher to call, and converse with his parents about it. The teacher promised to call; but as he put it off from time to time, the boy asked them if it was not wicked to sell things on the Sabbath. His father gave no answer. He still repeated the ques-

tion; but his father was still silent. On the next Sabbath, however, he closed his shop, and has kept it closed ever since, on the Sabbath-day. *ib.*

*Affection.*—To see a father treating his sons like elder brothers, and to see sons coveting their father's company and conversation, because they think him the wisest and most agreeable man of their acquaintance, is the most amiable picture the eye can behold; it is a transplanted self-love as sacred as friendship, as pleasurable as love, and as happy as religion can make it.

*A Generous Portuguese Nobleman.*—An English officer requested me to visit his wife, a very beautiful woman, to whom he was much attached, not only for her own excellent qualities, but as the mother of three beautiful children, all in a state of infancy. On going to his quarters I found her in the last stage of an intermittent fever—a disease which was very prevalent and fatal amongst troops. I need not harass your feelings by depicting one of those scenes which one of my profession is so often called on to witness. It was on the tenth day of the fever. Her soul was on the wing, and by the same evening she had breathed her last.

Her unfortunate husband, while he felt her loss as the greatest calamity that could have befallen him, strove to stifle his sufferings as he caressed his hisping babes, who demanded when their mamma would return.

With three helpless infants, in the midst of a foreign country, he was under orders to march with his regiment to Spain. Divided between a sense of public and private duty, what could he do? He was advised to apply to Sir John Moore, for leave to carry his children to England. His wishes could not be complied with. "Never mind, my dear friend," said the generous Portuguese noble in whose house he was billeted, "cease to grieve, unfortunate Englishman: leave your infants with me; behold my three daughters, they shall each discharge the duties of a mother to one of your infants, and I will be a father to the whole." So we will my dear father," cried his daughters. This was too much for Capt. —, and he hastened out of the room.—*Neal's Letters from Portugal.*

#### POETRY.

##### THE SICK CHILD.

HARRIET.

Mamma, when little Ann was sick,  
So very sick, the other day,  
I was so frightened and distressed,  
I could not eat, nor work, nor play.

And when the Doctor said to you,  
"Dear madam, you must lose your child!"—  
I was astonished to behold  
Your countenance so calm and mild.

I did indeed observe you wipe  
A tear that hastened down your cheek,  
But not a single murmuring word  
Of sad complaining did you speak.

And when I cried, "Oh, dear Mamma,  
"What shall I do if Anna dies!"  
You asked me if I wished to keep  
My little sister from the skies.

"Be still," you said, "be still, my child,—  
Soon will my baby sink to rest;  
Soon will her infant spirit rise,  
To be with God forever blest."

But when her sickness was removed,  
Though my sad heart with joy was cheered,  
I must confess I was surprised  
To see how thankful you appeared.

If you were willing Ann should go  
To Heaven, forever free from pain,  
How could you so rejoice to find  
That she must live on earth again?

MAMMA.

When it appeared the will of God  
To take your sister's life away,  
I trusted she would be removed  
From this dark world to endless day.

But when I saw her life was spared,  
Her precious health again restored,  
I humbly hoped that she would live  
To do much service for her Lord.

I hoped that by a useful life  
She would on earth a blessing prove,  
And in the joy of Heaven receive  
The rich reward of active love.

[Mrs. Sproat.]



# YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Published Weekly, by WILLIS & RAND, at the Office of the Boston Recorder, No. 22, Congress-Street....Price One Dollar a year in advance, or \$1, 50, if not paid in advance.

No. 17.

BOSTON, SEPTEMBER 16, 1829.

VOL. III.

## NARRATIVE.

*From the London Child's Companion.*

### THE LITTLE SWISS GIRL.

When on a journey in Switzerland, one evening, I took a walk with a friend, and while he entered a cottage to visit a sick female, I turned aside into a neighboring church yard. While occupied in various meditations, a little girl came into the inclosure, and began to look with much earnestness for something she had lost. I watched her in silence for a few minutes, and then in a familiar tone entered into conversation. "Have you lost any thing, my little girl?" Without giving a direct answer to my question, and with her eyes still intent on the ground, she replied,—

"Have you found my half-penny?"

"No; have you lost one?"

"Yes."

"When did you lose it?"

"This evening, a little while ago."

"How did that happen?"

"I was playing under the trees, and when I went home I found my half-penny was gone; and I'm come back to look for it."

"Why that's a sad affair to be sure; but you need not be in great distress about it."

"O yes, I need, because I have only one or two more."

"Well, well, but perhaps I could make up your loss."

"Aye?"

"Could I not give you another instead of it?"

"I don't know."

"I think I could; let us see."

I here took out my purse, and calling her to me, put a few halfpence into her hand. She thanked me, courtesied, and then returning to the yew-tree, resumed her search for the one she had lost, which she seemed to regret as an old acquaintance, leaving me at liberty to consider her. My little companion appeared from her size, to be about five or six years old, perhaps between six and seven. Her countenance was intelligent, and her lively blue eye told me that her understanding was beyond her age. Withal she was decently dressed.

Having now, by my trifling gift, secured her attention and good will, I proceeded:

"Where do you live?"

"Just by the church, over the little river;" stooping down and pointing, she added, "yonder, beside the trees."

"O, that's your house, is it?"

"Yes."

"Are your father and mother alive?"

"My mother's alive, but my father's dead."

"Have you any brothers or sisters?"

"I have one little sister."

"How does your mother get her livelihood?"

"She works, and has beside something from the church."

"O, she lives pretty well, then."

"Well enough."

"Does she work all day?"

"Yes."

"Does she never rest?"

"O to be sure, she rests. She rests in the evening, and when we are at our meals, and at night when we go to bed."

"And what does she do in the evening, when she has finished her work? does she read?"

"Yes."

"What, the Bible?"

"Sometimes."

"Only sometimes?"

"On a Sunday, and perhaps sometimes on a week day, when she has time."

"How long has your father been dead?"

"Two years."

"It is an awful thing to die, is it not?"

"Yes."

"Was your father willing to die?"

"I believe he would have wished to live a little longer."

"Where is he gone, do you think?" To this question, which may appear rather direct, she replied without hesitation:

"To God, our heavenly Father."

"Why do you think that?"

"Because he was a good man."

"Are you sure he was good?"

"O yes, quite sure."

"But did you never read in the Bible, that Jesus Christ said there was none good but God?"

"I believe I did read that, one morning."

"Is your mother good?"

"My mother's very good."

"But, do you remember, my love, what Jesus Christ said, there is none good but one, that is God?"

Feeling this argument too close, my little companion looked as if she was not pleased that I seemed determined to bring her mother in as guilty, and hastily added, she did not care for that; for her mother, she was sure, was a very good woman.

Not wishing, however, to quarrel with so agreeable and intelligent a companion, I gave a turn to the conversation.

"Do you know who Jesus Christ is?"

"The Son of God."

"The Son of God; very well. But is he not God?"—My reason for this question will be evident to those who are acquainted with the melancholy departure, generally speaking, of the church of Geneva from the faith of her fathers. I do not particularly recollect the answer she returned; but I took occasion from it to enter upon the vital doctrines of the Gospel. I now endeavored, *with as much simplicity as possible*, to show her the necessity of applying individually the blood of Christ—Christ as very God and very man—by a true and living faith, in order to our acceptance with our offended Maker. Then, referring to her mother, I attempted to point out to her under what circumstances she could be considered a good woman; if her heart was renewed—if, instead of looking upon herself as good, she felt herself to be a sinner, and mourned over her iniquities, as having crucified her Saviour, "the Lord of glory;"—if, in fine, she "lived by the faith of the Son of God."

During this part of our conversation the little girl seemed to forget her halfpenny, and stood with her eyes fixed on me, listening attentively. When I had concluded, I again called her to me, and giving her some other token of remembrance, said in an affectionate manner, "Now, my dear child, I must leave you. Do not forget what I have told you; it is exceedingly important. If you rightly understand it, and believe with your little heart in sincerity on Jesus Christ, your soul will be saved in the dreadful day of judgment. Go home now, and let your mother know all we have talked about. Tell her that a person from a very 'far country,' who can have no other object in this but her welfare, desired you to treat her to read her Bible—to search diligently after 'the things which belong unto her peace,' and to pray for the teaching of the Holy Spirit."

It was now near the time at which it had been agreed on that I should rejoin my friend. Bidding adieu, therefore, to my interesting companion, I

went on my way rejoicing that an opportunity had been afforded me of speaking in the name of my Redeemer, though it might be to "the least of the little ones," whom he will not be ashamed to acknowledge "in that day when he maketh up his jewels."

Month after month rolled away, and the scene I have attempted to describe was nearly forgotten, when it was recalled by a circumstance which gave it an increasing interest, and could not fail to move a heart even as hard as mine. The winter was advancing, and I began to think of going to the milder climate of Italy. The evening had set in coldly; and I was sitting alone in my apartment beside a cheerful fire, thinking, it may be, on those who were near and dear to me; from whom I was so far, and ere long to be farther removed. Perhaps, too, a prayer was ascending for a blessing on them and myself: on them that they might glorify their Lord among friends and kindred; on myself, that whithersoever my steps should be directed his hand might lead me, and his hand uphold me. The door opened, and a Swiss lady of my acquaintance entered and abruptly accosted me:—"Mr. T. do you remember meeting a little girl in a church yard some miles distant, towards the end of last summer?" "Yes;" I answered with surprise and alarm; "Why?"—"Had you any conversation with her?" "I believe I had."—"Well, what you said was made instrumental to the conversion of her mother." "Is it possible?" I exclaimed, while the tears rushed involuntarily to my eyes.

On inquiry, I found that the child had not forgotten my injunction. Going home immediately, she had related to her mother what had passed, noticing particularly, as it appeared, my request that she would read the Bible. She did so; and the Spirit sent it to her with power. After a time, she began to feel a desire to converse with some serious person; and it was so ordered, that she should meet with a pious woman, who kept a little school in the neighborhood, and whom I had visited once or twice. From her the lady alluded to, heard the circumstance, and communicated it to me as I have mentioned: "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name," be all the praise! Amen and amen.

## RELIGION.

*From the Youth's Friend.*

### THE GOLDEN CALF.

This is the first idol which the Israelites made; and no instance of idol worship is to be found more foolish in itself, or more provoking to God.

The Lord, who had brought the people out of their hard state of slavery in Egypt, had just given them laws, by which they might serve him acceptably, and live in peace and good order.

This was a great act of mercy and kindness in God. He had never done the same for any people, and they ought to have been full of love and gratitude to him for this favour.

Moses had told the people all the things that God had spoken to him on Mount Sinai; and the people said, "All that the Lord hath said will we do, and be obedient." Then, at the command of God, Aaron and his two eldest sons, with seventy of the elders, went part of the way up the mountain with Moses, where they saw very wonderful displays of the presence of the great God, as you will read in the 24th chapter of Exodus. Moses, with Joshua, were then called up to the top of the mountain to receive the two tables, or broad slabs of stone, with the ten commandments written on them by the finger of God. "And the sight of the



glory of the Lord was like devouring fire on the top of the mount, in the eyes of the children of Israel.

Thus Aaron, and the elders, and all the people, saw very clearly that God was indeed present, both warning and blessing them. Yet, because Moses did not come down directly from the top of the mountain, where he staid forty days, the people gathered themselves to Aaron, and said unto him, "Up, make us gods which shall go before us; as for this Moses, the man that brought us up out of the land of Egypt, we know not what is become of him." Alas! how foolish is the wicked heart of man. The people did not know what was become of Moses, and therefore they must have *new gods*. Had not the Lord Jehovah brought them out with a mighty hand? and what was Moses but a mere messenger to tell God's will? Yet these stupid people looked to the creature, and forgot the Creator, the Lord, that made them.

People are much disposed, at all times, to act like these Israelites: they place their hopes and their trust in pleasures, or riches, or friends, or something else, and forget the God that made them, and the precious Saviour, that bought them with his blood. We all have reason enough to know that God is present with us, although he does not appear a consuming fire, as he did to the Israelites.

What then did these people take instead of the glorious God? We are told in the Bible, that after making their complaints to Aaron, he told them to give him their golden ear-rings; this they did; and Aaron having melted them up, cast the gold into the shape of a calf, then after smoothing it off with tools, *they said, these be thy gods, O Israel, which brought thee up out of the land of Egypt.*

This notion of a calf was not new to the Israelites. The god Apis, under the same image, was the chief object of worship in Egypt; and although the power of God, over all the might of Egypt and her idols, had been displayed in their own short history, yet this rebellious people chose an idol calf, before the blessed and glorious Jehovah.

The calf being finished, Aaron, to complete the idolatry, built an altar before it, and burnt offerings and peace offerings were offered up, "and the people sat down to eat, and drink, and rose up to play." They had fairly cast off the fear of a holy God, and gave themselves up to feasting and rioting. It often happens in the world, that what seems to be joy and happiness, is only the means that people use to drive away the thoughts of their sin. The happiness which will serve us in health and in sickness, by day and by night, when alone and when in view of death, is joy in the Holy Ghost—that peace that Christ gives, which the world cannot give nor take away.

This wicked conduct of the Israelites provoked the Lord to anger. Moses was so affected by a sight of the idol worship, that he cast down the two tables of the law, which were broken; and having the golden calf burnt, and ground into fine powder, he strewed it upon the water, and made the people drink of it. This was done to convince them of the folly of their conduct, and that it might be a sign of repentance. Moses then called to him all who were willing to be on the Lord's side, and the Levites having joined him, he bade them each to take his sword and to pass up and down through the camp, and to execute punishment on the guilty people. Three thousand of them fell on that day, who, it is most likely, were the leaders and the stubborn defenders of this gross and guilty folly.

#### MORALITY.

From the Visitor & Telegraph.

##### A FAITHFUL WIFE MADE WRETCHED.

I was riding from —, into the country a few evenings since, and losing the way to the place of my destination, I turned my horse and looked around for some person of whom I might inquire. I saw approaching at a distance, a one-horsed market cart, with a female walking by its side guiding the skeleton of a horse. They had evidently been to market, and were now returning home. I rode to meet

them. As I approached—the female shrunk behind the covered vehicle, as if to avoid being seen. A man, or a creature in human shape, which I took for the woman's husband, was stretched supinely in the bottom of the cart. His whole appearance was frightful. He was ragged and filthy; his collar open; his head and bosom bare; his eyes projecting and heavily closed; his nether jaw making a frightful hiatus with its next neighbour above; and his face, in colour vying with the sun whose beams fresh and hot, were pouring full upon him. My first impression was that he was asleep. Observing the woman's timidity, I addressed myself to him. I inquired the way to —. He gave no answer, and showed no signs of wakefulness. I raised my voice and asked again. An unmeaning swing of the nether jaw—a swinish grunt and a slight motion of the eyes and muscles of the face, revealed his true condition and his character!

I now turned to the woman for the necessary information;—she was in tears. Her utterance was interrupted by sobs; but her directions were clear and intelligible. Her appearance awakened feelings of pity that I cannot describe. She was tall, and very plainly, though decently habited. Her frame and features were delicate, and the latter, though strongly marked with grief and disappointment, seemed yet to be the abode of intelligence, and of much that is mild and amiable. Her whole address and manners convinced me that *she had seen better times*. In this particular I was not mistaken. On mentioning the occurrence to "mine host," with whom I passed the night, he recognized the characters & gave me their history. Both of them had seen better times. The woman was of a very respectable family—had been tolerably educated—and accustomed, in her girlhood, to mingle in the best company. Her affections were gained by one who was called a *temperate* drinker, who was considered "very well off." She married him. Ten or fifteen years have passed away. Fortune has left them. Friends have almost, and but for her, would have quite forsaken them. Poverty and misery are now their constant companions. The wife, the once tender, affectionate, confiding wife, still struggles for the means of a scanty subsistence by cultivating, with her own hands, a little garden, from which their cart is occasionally freighted for the market. Her husband is sent with it, and when he fails to return at the accustomed hour, (which often happens) she guesses the cause—walks miles to town and helps him home in the manner we have described above. How inestimable is such a wife! How dangerous is "temperate drinking."

#### REVIEW.

For the Youth's Companion.

THE BROKEN HYACINTH.—By MRS. SHERWOOD. Published by the American Sabbath School Union, 1829.

Mrs. Sherwood has written many pretty books for children. There is, however, a difference of opinion among the friends of Sabbath School libraries respecting her productions. Some, when they go to the Depository to replenish their libraries, select first, all Mrs. Sherwood's writings; others seem to take them for the sake of making up an assortment, and others still do not select them at all. We pretend not to decide whether there is any just ground for this diversity of opinion. We have only now to attend to the book before us. And as it respects this book, we must say that our author has not succeeded so well as in many others. But perhaps some little reader, or it may be some great one, may say, "what business has Mr. Reviewer to speak disparagingly of a book published and recommended by the American Sabbath School Union? Are they not better judges of Sabbath School books than he? Besides, we do not know who this Reviewer, as he calls himself, is." Nor does Mr. Reviewer know who you are that are making these objections. All he wants of you, is to read for yourself and then decide. As we are not very well pleased with "the broken Hyacinth," we feel bound to tell you why. Ellen and Sophia were twin sisters. In their dispositions they were quite opposite

to each other. Ellen was proud and ill-natured, while Sophia was humble and kind and obliging; and the author thinks she was more, even than that, for she says "the impress of the renewed nature was, I have no doubt marked, from very early life, on her brow." If this be true, she was, (what very few little girls are,) a Christian. They were carried by their guardian to a delightful spot in the country, to school. At this school were a number of Misses, represented as being very good little girls. During the first day they discovered Ellen's disposition and used very provoking language towards her. One wished she had not come, another called her "a stupid thing," another, a "moping thing," another called her "a jackdaw," and spoke of her "ridiculous airs,"—this was all said in her hearing, but they pretended *'twas all in fun*. After the girls had abused Ellen, by calling her hard names, the following conversation took place in their chamber as they were retiring to bed. Lucilla informed them that their custom was to kneel down and pray before they went to bed and that they must fold up their clothes and place them on a chair by the bed. Ellen replied, "I have been used to very neat habits." "I don't doubt it," said Theresa, "you are, I know, the very best of good girls." "And so am I too," said Sophia, "why don't you include me in your praises?" "Because," replied she, "I don't think half so well of you as your sister. I consider Miss Ellen as quite a treasure in the family, she will put us all to rights." Then addressing herself to Ellen, she said, "Do Miss, be so kind as to show me how to fold my slip, must I turn it first?" "Nonsense," said Ellen, "do go away," for she had come up close to her. "And what must I do next, take it by the back seam, Miss?" "Go away," she said. "And then fold it in three, musn't I?" she added, following her as she shrunk from her. By this time Ellen was ready to cry with vexation. This scene was ended with "excessive laughter" from the girls. Misses, don't you think this was very provoking? Should you think it the best way to reform an ill-natured girl? Immediately after this, they all knelt down to pray! We think these little girls were not in a very proper frame to say their prayers. We suspect they only *said* them. It is a very solemn thing to pray, for God is holy, and he knows the thoughts of our hearts, and all prayers which are offered without love, without repentance, without a real desire for the things we ask, are mockery in the sight of God. Children should remember this, when they repeat the Lord's prayer in the Sabbath School. Ellen became very much dissatisfied with her situation. She received more affronts than she could bear. She behaved herself very improperly, and *they too*. Sophia was a favorite with the girls, let us hear how they talk to her, just to provoke Ellen—all *in fun* to be sure. "Get away you little thing, I was not speaking to you, I was addressing your amiable and excellent sister. I am determined never to love you, so go away, little troublesome thing, and as ill-tempered as troublesome."

The birth days of the girls were kept as holidays, and they were made queens, and crowned with wreaths of flowers. When the birth day of these twin sisters came, some of the girls made a crown of thistles for Ellen and one of roses for Sophia, but as some thought this would be carrying matters too far, they threw them both away, and the sisters were not crowned at all. This affront marred all Ellen's enjoyment for that day, and afterwards, when the sisters found the crowns in the field and discovered that one of them was made of thistles, she was very angry, for she knew that that was intended for her. Sophia insisted that the crown of thistles was intended for herself, but, although she is called a good girl, we believe she told a fib this time. Ellen became so much dissatisfied, that she wrote to her guardian and he removed her to a school in London, but she was not contented till she got back again; and after the death of her sister, she saw the error of her past conduct and became a good girl. We think, however, that the treatment she received from the girls was not calculated to cure her of her ill temper. Of this you must judge for



yourselves. For ourselves, we cannot recommend this as a Sabbath School book, yet others may not agree with us in opinion. We think it barren of religious instruction, and fruitful in what we call doubtful morality. REVIEWER.

## THE NURSERY.

From the Youth's Friend.

### LAURA AND HER FROCK.

"This frock is very plain, I think I will not wear it to-day," said Laura, as she carelessly threw from her the neat white muslin dress she had held in her hand; "and here is another that looks no better; I wish mamma would let me dress as other girls do." And Laura sat on the side of her bed, and felt very unhappy indeed. She was going to her aunt's to see some of her cousins who had just arrived from New-York; she knew their dress would be very gay and rich, and poor Laura did not know, or she did not recollect, for she had often been told, that sensible people never love a little girl more for being dressed very expensively, or wearing a great deal of trimming. But Laura just then did not care for being loved, she wanted to be admired, and for her fine clothes too, and she leaned her head on the pillow, almost ready to cry, and I dare say, thought she had a great deal of trouble, more than some little girls whose father and mother have been taken away from them, and they have no home, and no clean clothes to put on.

"Laura, my dear," said her mother, who just then entered the room, "it is late, are you not ready?"

"That frock is not fit to wear, mamma," said Laura, pointing to the open drawer, "and this is tumbled, and I cannot wear it, my cousins will be dressed so well." "It is tumbled then by the careless manner in which you have thrown it from you," her mother replied; "Laura, Laura, I am ashamed of you. When I was at your age, my dear mother kept a school, she had but few scholars, and was obliged to work hard, to be able to keep us clean and neat; this was all she desired. I had one nice white frock, and this I always took great care of and was well pleased with. But when I used to go to church, I was so foolish and so wicked as to look at the rich dresses of the ladies, and of the little girls I saw there, and to think that I could be quite happy if I could dress so. One day a lady came to church and sat near me, and she brought a little girl, whose clothes were very rich and costly; they were trimmed with lace, and she wore many gold trinkets. But the child looked very sick and pale, almost like death, so that I turned away from her and felt alarmed, and the next week that poor little girl was laid in her grave, but she did not want to die. And, Laura, I never repined and sighed for an expensive dress again, for when such thoughts came into my mind, the pale sick face of the child was always before me. And I was glad that my poor mother did not know all my foolishness; it would have grieved her so much. And when soon after, in the Sabbath school it pleased God to open my eyes to see how very wicked I was by nature, and how I had ever loved to sin, I wondered that he had not cast me off for ever, and left me no space for repentance. But I felt that it was for the sake of Jesus Christ alone, that such a sinner as I was could ever hope to be saved."

Laura hastily rose, put her arms about her mother's neck, and begged that she would forgive her, and that she would pray that God would forgive her, and that he would give her a new heart, that she might be able to put away from her such evil thoughts. She then quickly put on her plain frock, and went to meet her cousins, but Laura did not much regard their dress; she found them to be fretful and ill-natured to each other, and she passed all the time in showing them her aunt's pictures and other new things, and she was glad when it was time to go home.

Laura's mother was pleased to see her look quite thoughtful when she came home, and she conversed with her for some time, and explained to her the folly of thinking so highly of any of the perishing things of this world. "If your mind is filled, and

your attention occupied, with the vanities of dress and gaiety now," she said, "you will, as you advance in life, become more and more absorbed by them, to the neglect of your eternal interests, and the concerns of your never-dying soul! Listen then, my child, to the voice of your mother, and listen to one whose love exceeds the love of an earthly parent; humble yourself before God, give your young heart with its earthly affections to him who died to redeem you, and you shall find your peace to flow as a river and as the waves of the mighty sea. \*

Albany, August 5, 1829.

## THE TOILET.

From the Visitor and Telegraph.

### FEMALE APPAREL.

There are some conspicuous deformities prevailing in the present day, in what is technically termed the *fashion* of female apparel. It is something strange under the sun that Ladies of refined and cultivated taste, should submit without a murmur, to be caparisoned by their milliners and mantua-makers after any hideous device of their distorted imaginations.

These high priestesses of fashion seem to vie with each other in the production of unseemly and fantastic decorations, and it would seem as if the female world had entered into a tacit compact to submit to their usurped dominion. Whatever comes from their hag ridden fancies, must be received without dispute by their very submissive liege subjects, who suffer themselves to be disfigured without resistance.

The true secret of this allegiance may be easily discovered. Ladies receive so much of the delicious cordial of flattery, from these inventors of *fashion*, that they are blinded to the true state of things. They go into a milliner's shop to purchase a bonnet for the season. There they hear a jargon that pleases them, because its principal ingredient is flattery. They are persuaded to cover their heads with huge misshapen fabrics of silk and cat-gut, which resemble in some sort "the round tires like the moon" denounced by the prophet of old. These enormous structures are insufferably burdensome to the wearer. They occasion headaches; and afford no manner of shelter to the face. The most beautiful features are disfigured by them, for the immense circumference of the brim, resembles a disproportioned frame in which the diminutive face is set like a small picture. It is impossible to see one of these "head cases," without a sensation of ridicule, and surely it is a bad taste in any female to desire to produce such an effect.

But as long as ladies choose to make themselves ridiculous, they may certainly do it effectually, by covering their heads as they now do. No seriously disposed person can retain his sense of a Lady's dignity, for the first moment after he ascertains the peculiarities of her costume. He cannot refrain from attributing mental frivolity or obliquity of some sort, to one who voluntarily assumes such an eccentric style of dress.

The world will judge from appearances, and why should discreet and sensible woman expose themselves to misconstruction, without attaining any adequate end.

Would it not really be worth some exertion on the part of rational women, to throw off at once these unnecessary shackles, & assume the privilege of covering their heads decently and comfortably? There is so much good sense and moral propriety in acknowledging and retracting error, that one would anticipate no opposition to such a proposal. Let the Ladies associate themselves together under some appropriate denomination, and commence a vigorous reformation at once, in the millinery department. Let these associates be called—"a Society for repressing the abuses of fashion." If they find the milliners refractory, let them look out for some person of taste, who will abide by their directions, and forthwith proceed to abridge the altitude and circumference of their bead gear.

The consequences of this reform will soon become satisfactory to all grades of society. There will be something saved for the poor, for the materials of the bonnet will cost less, and the box to contain it will cost less. The Ladies will be made comfortable—they will cease to appear ridiculous. Their panegyrist will have a theme the more for applause, and their censors a theme the less for censure. And last, though not least, they will have the merit of giving up a senseless custom through a servile regard to the opinion of the world, and setting a good example to succeeding ages. May the Ladies of our towns take these hints from one of their friends and well wishers.

## BENEVOLENCE.

From the Christian Watchman.

### WHERE IS MY DOLLAR?

George was the youngest child of a pious father and mother. By their affectionate counsel and prayers, he was early taught the first principles of religion and to feel a tender sympathy for the miseries of his fellow beings. While yet a child, he, in company with his father's family, providentially left the place of his birth. At their departure, a friend of Mrs. — presented to George a silver dollar, as a token of good feeling to him and the family. Instead of disposing of this, as Franklin did of his coppers, George treasured it up as a choice relic of interest & affection; and though repeatedly urged by his mates to part with it for toys, it was only brought forth occasionally to be shown to a friend, or to be wheeled a few times in childish sports upon the carpet.

When the number of the American Baptist Magazine for December, 1828, was received, containing an account of the unparalleled sufferings of the little Burmese girl, Ma-Shway-ee, it fell into the hands of George, then about eight years old. He read the account. It affected his heart, and enlisted all the tender sympathies of his soul in behalf of the sufferer. And while the tear, like the heavy dew-drop on the rose, rolled gently down his cheek, he exclaimed with affection, "Mamma, where is my dollar? where is my dollar? I will immediately send it to Burmah to relieve the distresses of little Ma-Shway-ee."

This one fact develops the secret spring to all benevolent exertions. The Minister of God, or the ardently pious layman, may excite in the passions a zeal that flashes for a moment? but naked facts alone, under the blessing of God, as communicated to the mind by our religious periodicals, can excite and cherish that steady, burning zeal, which will in any degree meet the demand of perishing millions upon our churches. If the particular condition of every section of the world; if the embarrassing state of our education funds, and of all our Missionary operations, were made known to every serious-minded family at monthly concerts, or by religious publications, it cannot be doubted, that the inquiry would be heard from other lips, than those of little George, "Where is my dollar? where is my dollar?" RHIO.

## NATURAL HISTORY.

*The Chameleon.*—"I had a chameleon which lived for three months, another for two months, and several which I gave away after keeping them a fortnight. Of all the irascible little animals in the world, there are none so choleric as the chameleon; I trained two large ones to fight, and could at any time, by knocking the tails against one another, ensure a combat, during which their change of colour was most conspicuous: This is only affected by paroxysm of rage, when the dark gall of the animal is transmitted into the blood, and is visible enough under its pellucid skin. The gall as it enters and leaves the circulation, affords the three various shades of green which are observable in its colours—the story of the chameleon assuming whatever colour is near it, is, like that of its living upon air, a fable. It is extremely voracious. I had one so tame that I could place it on a stick opposite to



a window, and in the course of ten minutes I have seen it devour half a dozen flies; its mode of catching them is very singular; the tongue is a thin cartilaginous dart, anchor shaped; this it thrusts forth with great velocity and never fails to catch his prey. The mechanism of the eyes of the chameleon is extremely curious; it has the power of projecting the eye a considerable distance from the socket, and can make it revolve in all directions. One of them, which I kept for some months, deposited thirteen eggs in a corner of the room; each was about the size of a large coriander seed; the animal never sat on them. I took them away to try the effects of the sun: but from that period she declined daily in vivacity, and soon after died." [Madden's Travels.

#### The Lives of two Children saved by a Dog.

Two children, the one six and the other eight years of age, were reposing on a bed, in the absence of their mother, who was gone to search for wood to kindle a fire. A wolf, meeting with no resistance, leaped upon the bed, and sought to destroy his delicate prey; seized with a sudden fright, the two little boys crept quickly under the covering, and held it closely without drawing a breath—so near was the flesh that enticed him, that not being able to obtain it instantly, the murderous animal became more furious, and began to destroy the covering with his teeth. Trifling as was this obstacle, it nevertheless preserved the lives of these innocent children. A large, faithful dog, who had followed their mother, returned in time to deliver them; he had scented the track of the wolf at more than a hundred yards from the house, whither their mother was returning slowly, loaded with faggots; he ran with the quickness of the stag—he entered like a lion, and falling upon the animal, who had endeavored to secrete himself in an obscure corner, he seized the wretch by the throat, and dragging him to the door, strangled him instantly.—The alarm of the mother on her return was indescribable. She beheld the wolf stretched upon the earth, the dog covered with blood, her bed in confusion, her children gone. Observing the distress of his mistress, the dog ran towards her with the most energetic solicitude, then returning to the bed, he thrust his head repeatedly under the covering, and by the most expressive signs endeavored to intimate to her that she would find there, that which she held most dear. The mother approached, and extending her trembling hand discovered that her children were safe.—The faithful animal, pleased in having saved the lives of these little innocents, by his eager caresses gave ample testimony that his joy was equal to that of his mistress. [Courier Français.

**Remarkable Presence of Mind.**—On Wednesday week, the daughter of Mr. Farquaharsen, Bankend, Shropshire, Geo., was standing near a bee hive. The hive suddenly threw off a swarm, and alighted on the young woman's head. It completely covered her hair, face, breast and shoulders, so that she could neither see nor speak. In this situation she remained without moving until her father brought a hive, and the bees entered it, without receiving a single sting. Had she ran away, or irritated the insects by striving to remove them, the consequences might have been fatal to her. [Mass. Yeoman.

#### EDITORIAL.

##### NOTICE OF BOOKS.

**The Juvenile English Grammar.**—By the Author of 'The Little Traveller.' Boston, B. Perkins & Co. 1829.

All our young friends and readers must study grammar; for they must all talk, and they ought to learn how to talk correctly, or to use words in a proper manner; and that is the use of grammar. It is to be lamented, however, that parents and teachers have usually put children upon this study too late. The little talkative and imitative creatures always learn grammar several years before they have a book put into their hands and recite about nouns and verbs. We mean, that they learn a great

deal about grammar, *good or bad*, by talking and hearing others talk; and they often get bad habits of speaking, which they do not forsake after they have studied much and learned that they are wrong. There is also another thing to be lamented. When children do begin to study grammar at school, the books they use are not fitted for their little minds. They cannot understand them, because they are written for people that are much older and wiser. Now somebody has thought about this difficulty, and has published a book that they can understand much better. He calls it "The Juvenile English Grammar;" we suppose because it is intended for *juvenile* scholars, or those who are quite young. It is not made so plain, and simple, and easy for little students, as it might be; but it will do much better than the old books, and we hope a great many of our readers will try it.

We said children are "talkative and imitative;" what did we mean by saying so?—Children are "talkative" because most of them are apt to talk a great deal; especially when half a dozen of them are together, and other persons are not present. They are "imitative," because they "imitate" the words, and actions, and manners, of the persons around them. They do what they see others do, and say what they hear others say, and do and say them very much in the same manner. Therefore, as they are always talking, and always copying the words of others, from very early life, it is very important that they should be taught to speak *correctly*, or *properly*; and that is the same thing as to speak *grammatically*, or use *good grammar*.

**The Little Philosopher**, or the Infant School at Home. No 1. By Erodore. Boston, Carter & Hendee, 1829.

Every child that can spell and pronounce the word *philosopher*, should read this small book and so study philosophy. If he has a brother or sister, they may study it together; one holding the book, and asking the questions; the other looking about for the answers; and both talking freely together all about it. Or perhaps it would be better at first, that his Mamma should take the book, and aid the little student to learn his early lessons in natural philosophy. But perhaps Mamma will think we are trifling with the matter. She may say, 'Philosophy belongs to grown up young men in College; what folly to tell about teaching it to my little chub of four or five years old, who scarcely knows how to read. Philosophy! Why I know very little about it myself; and where shall I get the books and apparatus that I can use with an infant child? Philosophy for children indeed. I suppose I shall next be advised to teach the kitten to read Latin and Greek.'—Let not the good lady be too hasty. Children can study philosophy. They do study it, every day, and understand it too. But they might easily understand it ten times as well, and learn it ten times as fast as they do, if their parents, and teachers, and elder brothers and sisters understood it themselves, and would take the trouble to teach them.

As for books suited to the purpose, here is one. It is a *little* one, designed for a *little* philosopher; but it will teach him the A B C of philosophy, and prepare him to understand others afterwards. More too are coming, we suppose, which are also suited to children; for this is marked "No. 1," as if it were the first of a series. And then as for *Apparatus*, Mamma need be at very little trouble or expense. She may find it in the nursery, the parlor, the kitchen, the garden, and the field. The bellows, a table, a chair, a handkerchief, a carpet, a book, a slate, a ring, a tumbler, a plate, a roller, a phial, an apple, an orange, an egg—these are some of the articles mentioned in the book, about which William and Ann converse with their Mother. With these, and with many other things in and out of doors which children see every day, this Mother teaches her little pupils a great deal of philosophy, about shape, color, hardness and softness, weight, light, fire, water, and the earth. These are the names of the chapters or sections into which the book is divided.

In this book, the child is not *told* how any thing is. *Questions* are asked, and he *thinks* and *reasons* for himself. It may be used, as we said, by a parent or friend, without any previous instruction; and thus a Mother may have an "Infant School at Home," in her own house. Or it may be used to good advantage by children from six to ten years of age among themselves; and thus they may get up a school of *Mutual Instruction* by the fire side, and have a little Lyceum in the family circle. We hope as many of our readers as possible will get the book, and form their classes, and become "little philosophers" in good earnest. The book contains only 30 pages in a paper cover. We think proper also to mention, that "Erodore" has sometimes written for the Youth's Companion; our readers will be glad to meet him again, well knowing that he writes for their instruction.

**The Infant's First Book**, for Lessons in Reading. Boston, B. Perkins & Co.—This is a still smaller book than the other two, and is intended to teach small children to *read*, by giving them easy lessons which they can *understand*. It is to be used *first*, or before the others; for we suppose every child knows he must learn to *read*, before he can study *philosophy* or *grammar*; at least, before he can study them by using a book.

#### POETRY.

##### THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

###### LUCY.

Jane, it has never done me good  
To attend the Sabbath School;  
I hear instruction, and intend  
To take it for my rule—

But all my good resolves are gone  
As soon as school is o'er;  
I act as bad, and sometimes think  
Worse than I did before.

It was last Sabbath that I heard  
About the Prince of Peace,  
That if we lov'd him as we ought,  
All wrath and strife would cease.

And then I thought I would not speak  
An angry word again;  
Nor ever have an angry thought,  
Nor murmur, nor complain.

But long before the day was gone,  
I fretted dreadfully:  
Nor thought how kindly and how long  
My Lord had borne with me.

I learn the lessons that you learn,  
The same instructions hear,  
And yet the faults that I commit,  
Do not in you appear.

I wish you'd tell me how it is,  
That you are always good;  
I think, if I could know the way,  
I'd do it, if I could.

###### JANE.

Before I go to school, my dear,  
I go to God in prayer,  
And beg him graciously to bless  
The truths that I may hear.

When school begins, I carefully  
Attend to all that's said,  
And try to keep it on my heart,  
As well as in my head.

When I return, I straight retire,  
Again to seek the Lord,  
And pray Him to incline my heart  
To love his holy word.

And then through all the week I try  
To live as I have prayed,  
And oftentimes, in every day,  
I seek my Father's aid.

When I forget my God, and sin,  
I've but one way to take,  
To beg forgiveness of my guilt,  
For my Redeemer's sake.

And humbly at my Saviour's feet,  
I earnestly implore  
He'd draw me closer to himself,  
That I may sin no more.

###### LUCY.

Dear sister, I believe you're right,  
And what you say is true;  
Come, kneel with me before our God,  
Perhaps he'll bless us both. [Mrs. Sproot.

DIED—In Oakham, Hannah Maria, only daughter of Mr. John B. Fairbank.—In Fitchburg, Catharine E. Brigham, daughter of David Brigham, Esq. aged 9 years.—Catharine E. was a subscriber to the Youth's Companion, and Hannah Maria was probably a reader.



# YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Published Weekly, by WILLIS & RAND, at the Office of the Boston Recorder, No. 22, Congress-Street.... Price One Dollar a year in advance, or \$1, 50, if not paid in advance.

No. 18.

BOSTON, SEPTEMBER 23, 1829.

VOL. III.

## NARRATIVE.

*From the Youth's Friend.*

### MY GRANDFATHER GREGORY. ONE THING AT A TIME.

Oh! what would I give for a picture of my Grandfather Gregory as he appeared at that moment! Never, surely, did I see him look so happy. It was the evening of his birth-day, and he sat as usual, in his old arm-chair, by the fire. A table, in the middle of the room, was spread with cakes and different kinds of fruit, for about a dozen of us, his grandchildren, who had been enjoying ourselves, while the old gentleman looked on. We young people, in an adjoining room, had played at hide and seek, hunt the slipper, puss in the corner, guessing, and blind-man's buff. Every one had eaten a nice mince-pie, an apple, and an orange; and we had all crowded round the fire, with our sparkling eyes fixed upon my Grandfather, who sat, as I said before, in his old arm-chair, the very picture of contentment. His wig was dressed even more carefully than ordinary, and the silver buckles shone brightly on his black shoes. A silk handkerchief was spread over his right knee, and pussy, the tabby cat, was sitting thereon, purring, and curling the end of her tail, as happy as ever cat was before. We had been coaxing the old gentleman to tell us a tale, and as he was fond of giving pleasure, and very fond of seeing his tales listened to with attention, so he had promised to tell us a very long one: hardly could we contain ourselves with joy, so anxious were we to hear it. We all tried to get close to my Grandfather, and I verily believe made more noise in telling each other to be quiet, than in talking about any thing else.

We had been full of our fun, and had played each other all manner of tricks before; but when we sat round the fire to hear the tale, we left off our frolics, and showed no little impatience for my Grandfather to begin. Some fresh coals had been put on the fire, which blazed, cheerfully, the hearth had been swept up, and, after a pause of about two minutes, during which my Grandfather had moved pussie from one knee to the other, he looked with a good-humoured smile upon us all, and thus began.

#### MY GRANDFATHER'S STORY.

"My dear children! it is a long time since the days when I used to sit, as you are now doing, to hear the tale told at Christmas time by those older than myself; but every time Christmas comes round, it reminds me of the happy season of my youth, and I can at this moment fancy myself seated in a country kitchen, listening to a tale or Christmas carol, a wood fire blazing on the hearth, and fitches of bacon over my head up the chimney. Since then I have passed through many troubles in body and in mind, but have abundant reason to be grateful to God for the good health that I enjoy in my old age, and the manifold comforts by which I am surrounded. Since the days of my youth, I have ever been fond of keeping up old customs. And every time my birth-day comes round, let me have a few young people to recall the days long passed away; and to tell of the goodness of the Lord which I have experienced. But, come! I will begin my tale.

"Once on a time, when the snow was deep on the ground, and the wintry winds howled among the oak and the elm trees, a party were sitting round the blazing hearth of a farm-house. Farmer Broomfield was telling them how things went on in the world when he was young.

"I will tell you what, said the Farmer, was my

principal fault when I was a lad: I could never be contented in doing one thing at a time. Many a scrape I got into on account of this failing; and I often think, that if I had not broken through the habit, I should not now have such a farm as I have got.

"I remember once going with my father to a church at some distance, and a grand church it was; and so after service, I looked about me: there was the marble monument of a great hero, who had died in defence of his country; and another, put up for a great writer of books. At one end of the church were the names, printed in gold letters, of some noblemen who had left money and land to the poor; and at the other the name of a churchwarden who had given, I know not how much, towards repairing and beautifying the church. As soon as I came out, Father, said I, how I should like to be a great hero, and die for my country; and write learned books; and have a marble monument; and give money to the poor; and repair and beautify the church! Stop! stop! said my father, not so fast. Attend to *one thing at a time*; for if you are to be a great hero, as you say, and die for your country, I hardly know how you will contrive to write learned books, and give money to the poor, to say nothing about repairing and making the church beautiful."

After my grandfather had told us a part of Mr. Broomfield's story, he said the old farmer went on with his story thus:

"The very next day I was out with my father, when, by some accident, a wagon load of hay was thrown over, and the shaft horse lay kicking and plunging on the ground. I cried out directly, Draw the wagon back! Cut the band! Hold the horse's head down, and undo the traces. Hold! hold! my lad, cried my father, and do let us be satisfied in doing *one thing at a time*. So I held down the horse's head, he unhooked the back-chain and band, and undid the traces, and in two minutes the horse was on his legs, and presently after all the hay was on the wagon again; and I saw the advantage of doing *one thing at a time*.

"Never shall I forget what a piece of business I made of it one day that I went to market. I had a good large basket of eggs to sell, and was told to order several things to be sent home. There was a new red waistcoat of my father's to be sent from the tailor's, a loaf of lump sugar, (which was then a great luxury,) from the grocer's, and other things from other places. Now it happened that I did not sell all my eggs, and as I thought it would be of no use for the tailor and the other people to send their things when I could take them all home myself; so I called for the waistcoat, and the sugar-loaf, and the other articles, putting the waistcoat carefully at the bottom of my basket, and the eggs at the top, and spreading a clean cloth over them all, I mounted Dobbin to ride home.

"At first I walked Dobbin quietly along, but thinking it might save a journey if I rode half a mile round, to call on a neighboring farmer, whom my father had directed me to see the next day about some turnip-seed, I set Dobbin off a trot, quite forgetting the eggs in my basket. When I got home, the first thing my father did was to ask if I had remembered to call about his waistcoat? I told him that I had not only called, but brought it with me; and the loaf of sugar, and the other things; and called on Farmer Reynolds into the bargain. Ay! that is just like you! said he, you must do every thing or nothing; but I hope you have no eggs in your basket. Then it was, for the first time, that my mind misgave me; but when my father went to the basket, to take out his waistcoat, what a cry did he set up! As I trotted Dob-

bin along, the sugar-loaf had jumped up and down; the eggs had got under it, and every one of them was broken or cracked upon my father's new red waistcoat. I thought I should never hear the last about it, for my father talked to me for an hour, and finished by saying, that he hoped this would cure me; that in future I should call to mind his red waistcoat, and content myself with doing *one thing at a time*."

"Here there was a loud laugh from the servant men, that made the kitchen ring again. When the laugh was over the farmer again went on.

"Some time after being out in the fields at work, our dog was running after some birds that were flying about and picking up his seeds. The dog chased first one and then another, but never caught any. Look there, Joe! said my father, that dog is very much like a son of mine! Why so? replied I, he is running after the birds, but he does not seem to catch any. No, Joe! said my father, and he is not likely to catch any while he plays that game; for, like some people we know, he is not contented with doing *one thing at a time*."

"Here the servants had another laugh, and once more Farmer Broomfield went on.

"At last I was thoroughly cured, for a fire broke out in the kitchen, soon after we were in bed, and up we got in a pretty bustle, as you may suppose. As soon as I saw the fire, I called out as loud as I could, Pump some water! Run and alarm neighbor Yates! Get the goods out of the house! Cry fire! Raise the neighborhood! My father soon stopped my foolish bawling, and by attending properly to *one thing at a time*, put out the fire. I was terribly alarmed, and saw so clearly the advantage of my father's plan, that I was determined to adopt it; and ever since then, whatever has been the occasion, I have tried to omit nothing that ought to be done, and have generally succeeded in my undertakings by doing *only one thing at a time*."

My grandfather Gregory, having finished his tale of Farmer Broomfield, thus addressed us:

"And now, my dear grand-children, I cannot tell you how happy I am to see you around me, believing, as I do, that you are all brought up 'in the fear of the Lord.' May you long preserve the roses of health in your cheeks, and the glow of happiness in your hearts. I have endeavored to amuse you, but, as amusement is always the better when mingled with instruction, try to improve what you have heard by practising the rule of Farmer Broomfield, *do one thing at a time*! this will enable you to do many things well, and you will find your trouble well rewarded. When you have two or three things to learn, attend to them one at a time: some children try to learn some of this and then some of that, all at once, and thus they learn nothing correctly; they are always in a bustle, but never steadily apply their whole minds to one thing. O, my dear children! whatever you forget, remember that wisdom is the principal thing, the *one thing* needful: sit at the feet of Jesus, there alone can it be found; and this good part shall never be taken from you. Go to your habitations, and may the blessing of the Almighty go with you; so that, when on your knees, you thank God for the mercies of this day, you may with increased gratitude acknowledge his goodness, and look forward for that salvation which was wrought out for sinners by our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

*Anecdote.*—When a person endeavoured to convince Henry IV, King of France, that his excessive clemency in pardoning all his enemies would prove injurious, he observed, "You may catch more flies with a spoonful of honey, than with a ton of vinegar."



## RELIGION.

From "Narratives of Pious Indian Children, who lived on Martha's Vineyard more than one hundred years since. By Experience Mayhew, Preacher to the Indians at that time." Published by James Loring, 132 Washington Street.

## ELIZABETH POTTOMPAN,

Who died at Tisbury, in the year 1710, aged seventeen years.

ELIZABETH was the daughter of Josiah Pottompan and Ruth his wife, both professors of religion, and as I have been informed, diligent instructors of their children in the principles and duties of Christianity.

When this daughter of theirs was about eleven years of age, they put her to live in an English family in the town in which they themselves resided; and she behaved herself very orderly and well while she tarried there, being willing to learn to read, and receive such other instructions as those she lived with thought themselves obliged to give her; but the death of her pious mistress about a year after her first coming to that house, occasioned her returning to her father's house again, though her master would not otherwise have parted with her, not having observed any thing in her deportment which he disliked.

After her return to her father and mother, she continued to behave herself well, being very obedient in them. She was very diligent in her business, minded her book, and was willing to go to meeting as often as she could.

She appeared also careful to abstain from sin, and her parents observed that she prayed in secret places; and once when they had been abroad, and did not return till after she had done looking for them, they, when they came to the door, heard her praying with the children, which they had left in her care and charge.

As she took heed that she sinned not, but lived very blamelessly, so she was a very serious pro-  
 ver of sin in others, especially those of the family in which she lived; insomuch that her father assured me, that all who belonged to the house stood in awe of her, even her parents as well as others, she having the courage to let them know, that she was grieved at such bad conduct as she saw in them, or otherwise knew that they were guilty of; and yet had the prudence to manage her reproofs so inoffensively, as not to give them any occasion to be offended with her.

Growing unhealthy some years before she died, as her bodily weakness grew upon her, her spiritual strength seemed to increase more and more: she therefore now discoursed more freely about the concerns of her soul and another world, than she had formerly done; and she told her relations, that the great seriousness which she observed in her mistress with whom she lived, and her earnestness in prosecuting the work of religion where she was engaged, was that which first put her upon a deep and serious consideration of her own state and ways. She said, that she then thought, that if she would obtain eternal life, she must work out her own salvation with fear and trembling, as she saw her mistress did, and indeed which all about her could not but observe.

One instance of this girl's following the example herein set her, shall be particularly mentioned.

One morning her father going out of his house before it was quite light, and walking towards a spring not far off, from which the family used to bring water, he thought he heard near that place the voice of his daughter, who went out some time before him; and going a little further that way, he found that he was not mistaken, for he then plainly heard her speaking, and calling on God for his mercy to be extended to her. She then humbly confessed to him the sins of her nature and life, and earnestly entreated him, for the merit's sake of his son Jesus Christ, to pardon and blot out all her transgressions, and to renew and sanctify her heart; saying to him, that if he would graciously please so to do, she would be then willing to leave this world, and all her enjoyments in it, that she might go to him, and be happy in his presence for ever.

On the same day wherein her father heard her thus praying to God, she became more violently ill, and remained so till she died. Being now much worse than she had hitherto been, she expressed her apprehensions that she should not recover of the sickness with which she was visited, and her willingness to submit to the will of God; also her earnest desire of being reconciled to him, and her hopes of eternal salvation through Jesus Christ, her only Saviour. She also now called earnestly on God for the manifestation of his favor to her soul, and gave many good exhortations to all her relations.

Some days before she died, she earnestly desired her father to commit to writing, for the benefit of her relations, some things which she then uttered: which her father doing not long after, he since presented me with a copy of the same; which having now before me, I shall here insert the substance of it, which is as follows.

I know assuredly, said she, that such is the condition of mankind, that there is no rest for them any where in this world: I choose therefore to go to my father, rather than tarry any longer in it.

Then praying, she said, Therefore now, O my heavenly Father, if thou pleaseest so to do, prepare my soul to be saved by thee in the place of heavenly rest, which thou hast prepared for thy people; and then I know I shall certainly have everlasting joy in thy salvation. If, therefore, O God, thou takest me away, take away likewise my sinfulness from me. And O that thou, O God, wouldst deal thus mercifully with all my friends and brethren.

Having prayed, she then spoke thus to her relations: And you, my brethren and friends, I desire you would not be over much grieved at my death; but instead thereof turn to, and call on God, and then we shall see one another again in heaven.

Lastly, said she, I speak to you, my father. I find in my heart, my father, something that is a matter of very great consequence to you; it greatly concerns you, that turning to God, you call constantly upon him as long as you live, which if you do, your God will show a great favor to you, or will greatly bless you, and you shall have great joy, or comfort; but if you do not, you will be wretched and miserable for ever.

You ought to consider how exceedingly dreadful their pain and torment will be, who go to hell, or to the place of wicked spirits.

See that you abstain from drunkenness. I entreat you, my father, in the name of our merciful King in heaven, that you would write these words for the use of my brethren and friends, that so they may duly consider their own souls.

From the Youth's Friend.

## THE BIRD'S NEST.

Our blessed Saviour tells us to "behold the fowls of the air," and by means of them he teaches us to put our trust in the care of God. Surely he who provides for the little birds will not forget those dear children for whom he died on the cross!

Have you ever noticed a bird's nest, how neatly and carefully it is built? God taught the birds to do this; and will he not teach you my dear children, who pray to him that you may be made wise to salvation through faith in Christ Jesus? Surely you with your immortal souls, are of "more value than many sparrows;" yea, than all the birds in the world!

Some children, instead of learning any good lesson from the birds, only treat them cruelly. Do not you rob the birds of their eggs, or of their young? Why should you be so cruel? And if you ever see a pretty nest, do not touch the eggs; they will soon become birds, and perhaps you will hear them singing very sweetly in a few months.

And while you see that "the birds of the air have nests," should you not think of Him who "had not where to lay his head?" Though he was Lord of all, he stooped so low to save you; love him then with your youthful hearts, praise him better than the birds, and trust him with all your wants.

Holiness.—It is the perfection of holiness to do what God loves, and love what God does.

## THE NURSERY.

## ANNA AND HER MOTHER.

Anna.—Mother, what is the matter with Sister Mary? She feels cold, and her face is very white.

Mother.—My dear, come and kneel by my side and we will have a prayer, and then I will tell you all about your sister. Come now and take this seat, your little sister is not here; for she has gone into eternity.

Anna.—How is Mary gone there? I don't know what you mean. She is there on the bed—but she does not stir, speak, nor do any thing as she once did.

Mother.—In what respect does she appear to be different?

Anna.—Why her face is very white—her eyes are not opened—she does not laugh, and she looks as if she were sorry for something. You cry again, yet sister seems as if she were asleep, only her cheeks are not fresh and red as they used to be. When will she open her eyes?

Mother.—I told you, daughter, that your sister was no more here, and that God had taken her. What you see is not your sister. It is only her clay. See if, you should now call her, she would not stir. She will never speak to you again. Put your hand on her little breast. Her heart does not beat; you said that she felt cold. She is cold because the blood has done running through her little veins; and her little limbs do not stir because she has no strength to stir them. She is pale because her blood does not run to make her cheeks red. You were right when you thought she seemed different from what she once did.

Anna.—Mother, when will Mary be as she once was?

Mother.—Never, my dear, and we ought not to desire it.

Anna.—Do you think she will never again open her eyes, or breathe or speak to us?

Mother.—Now, look at me and attend. What is that part of you which we can take hold of and see?

Anna.—O I know, it is my body.

Mother.—What makes your body stir and feel?

Anna.—It is my soul.

Mother.—Yes, you know when Mary was alive I used to tell you and her about the soul. It is your soul which makes you have the power of speaking, feeling and stirring. If your soul were now to go out of the body, your body could not do any thing.

Anna.—So you used to tell us. Has Mary's soul gone away from her body?

Mother.—Yes, child, we hope God has taken it to heaven; for she loved serious things, used to pray and wanted me to pray with her and tell her about the Bible; you know that she loved to talk about God and Christ. We hope 'God gave her a new heart. Don't you remember how much she used to talk about good things? And when she was so sick, she believed that God would do right, and seemed not to be afraid to die.

Anna.—O then, my sister has gone to heaven.

Mother.—Yes, I trust she has. If she is there, her feelings are very different from what they were when her soul was in the body. She has new eyes and ears. She now sees Jesus and the souls of good people who have left this world and the holy angels. In that happy place she will never die. There she will see no storms, no heat, no wicked people, no sin, and no night. I suppose, that her little soul is filled with love and that it joins with many thousands in singing praises to Jesus.

Anna.—Do you think that Jesus, and the good people and the angels that are in Heaven, are glad that sister Mary is there?

Mother.—Yes, my dear.

Anna.—Well, I reckon that I should like to go there too.

Mother.—I pray that you may. Mary you know staid but a little time with us. You and sister Ellen may not live to be as old as she was. You now have a bad heart. You have had many wicked



thoughts, feelings, and actions in your life which a just and holy God does not like. You must be sorry and weep over them, and ask Christ to take away your sins. Yes, you must do this, if you would have your soul when it leaves the body, join sister's in heaven.

["The News,"]

## MORALITY.

From the London Child's Companion.

### SABBATH BREAKING AND MURDER.

We have to record a most shameful outrage, which ended in the death of a young lad named Charles Barlow, the only son of a poor widow residing in Rowlinson's Buildings, Ancoats Lane, Manchester, [England]. It appears that Charles, who was only twelve years of age, went out on Sunday morning last, with two neighboring boys, to go to the Sunday School in Tibb Street. They called on another lad named Jonathan Brooks, about the same age as Charles, and who is the unhappy author of his death, to go with them; but it appears that he induced them to change their purpose, and take a walk into the fields. They had got as far as Holt Town, when some childish quarrel took place between Charles and Jonathan. We believe one pushed the other accidentally into a puddle; blows followed, and, unhappily for the poor lads, some men who had witnessed the quarrel, came up, and induced them to continue the fight. They were disturbed by some constables, and were obliged to disperse; but the men who had previously urged on the lads to fight, induced them, by reproaches for their cowardice, and promises of reward to the best, to go with them as far as Bradford, near Mr. Porter's colliery, where they said there would be no likelihood of being disturbed. Here the boys were induced to strip and begin again to fight, amongst a concourse of some hundreds of spectators, in a regular ring, and with all the formalities of a prize fight. Several individuals attempted to stop the proceedings, but were much abused in consequence. The lads fought two hours and twenty minutes with various success, they wished many times to have given over (particularly the unhappy author of the catastrophe,) but were prevented by these inhuman savages, (they do not deserve a milder name,) who actually compelled the lads to fight on, till Charles at last fell down quite insensible, and was conveyed home in that state to his widowed mother, who little expected to be greeted by so sad a sight. He lived for about a quarter of an hour, but did not speak, though every exertion was used by Mr. McGowan, surgeon, of Olkham Street, who had been accidentally met with as the deceased was conveyed home. The lad, Jonathan Brooks, and two men, who were at the fight, were taken into custody. A coroner's inquest was held on the body of the deceased on Tuesday last, when the above facts were detailed in evidence. In addition, it was stated, that Charles had the best of the fight, till a man directed Jonathan to aim at Charles's throat. He did so, and then Charles was no longer able to cope with him. Mr. Ollier, surgeon, stated that he had opened the body of the deceased, and found no appearance of disease; there were several violent bruises about the body, neck, and head, which had caused death. It was also clearly proved, that William Adshead, one of the men in custody, was active in keeping the ring; against the other man there was no evidence, further than his being present at the fight. The jury unanimously returned a verdict of manslaughter against Jonathan Brooks, and against William Adshead as aiding and assisting therein, and they were accordingly committed to Lancaster, to take their trials at the next assizes.

This sad event should be a warning to all Sunday Scholars. The sin of Sabbath breaking often leads to others, and sometimes to quarrels and murders. Beware of the first or least temptation to this sin. Let this event teach the young to guard against evil passions; a little teasing or trifling affront may lead to the worst of passions, and even to murder. O, pray for the forgiving grace of Him who died on the cross to save his enemies, that your youthful passions may be pardoned, and that you may be

led by the Holy Spirit to imitate Him who was meek and lowly in heart. Thus shall you find rest for your souls.

## NATURAL HISTORY.

*Norway Wolves and Bears.*—In Norway, as well as in other countries infested by wolves, whose character is pretty much the same, wherever they are found, I have made many inquiries respecting their habits and character, and I suspect they have got a worse name than they deserve; for although they will undoubtedly make a meal of a sheep or a horse, if these should fall in their way, yet they are utterly harmless towards the human race: and with respect to the bear, the only savage animal which inhabits Norway, (I speak of the brown, not of the polar bear,) I believe I may also allow it a character equally favourable. A bear is not wholly carnivorous. In summer it is never in great want of food: and a traveller need be under no apprehensions, if perchance Bruin should cross his path. In winter, indeed, I should not be inclined to trust him; hunger then renders him savage, and it is best to get out of his way.—The same cause changes the character of the wolf in winter; yet, even then, the traveller in his sledge has nothing to apprehend from the troop that follows him over the ice, if he but adopt the simple precaution, probably familiar to the reader, of attaching a long rope to the sledge, terminated by a piece of knotted wood, which dancing upon the ice, keeps the timorous animals at a distance.—*Conway's Journey through Norway.*

*Fidelity of a Dog.*—A touching case of the fidelity of a Dog was exhibited at Bridewell, a few days since. His master, a poor vagrant, was taken up in the Battery and committed to Bridewell, who was possessed of no more of this world's goods than a faithful, affectionate dog. The dog followed to the door of the prison, and finding himself debarred, remained about the gate, looking up most piteously at the walls, imploring admittance. Time and hunger, produced no change in his attachment, three days having found him riveted to the spot, and spurning every temptation to renounce his allegiance. At last, the unmerciful eye of the officer appointed to enforce our municipal regulations fell upon poor Tray; and he was carried off to be butchered, for having presumed to adhere to his master with a regard that knew no difference between prosperity and adversity.—[*N. Y. Journal.*]

## OBITUARY.

From the N. J. Sabbath School Journal.

### ALLEN BREED.

Mr. Editor—Having lately witnessed an interesting display of the power of grace in a little boy whose death bed I attended, I send you for insertion in your Journal, a brief account of it, hoping that by its perusal, some of your youthful readers who have hitherto neglected religion, may be led without delay to seek an interest in its blessings. The name of the child to whom I allude, was Allen Breed, son of the late Capt. Breed, of New-Hope, Bucks county, Penn. He died on the 15th inst. (July), aged 11 years and 4 months. This youth for several years had been a regular scholar in our Sabbath-school—at home he enjoyed the benefit of parental instruction in the things of religion. These privileges, there is reason to believe, were instrumental in producing, from time to time, many serious impressions on his mind. There is no evidence, however, that he became a subject of saving grace until brought to a dying bed. On the 6th of this month, stepping out of a neighboring workshop, he trod on a nail which penetrated his foot. Although his friends did not apprehend that any serious effect would follow this injury, he seemed, from the first, to be impressed with an idea that he would not recover from it. Religious conversation was frequently addressed to him. The first and second times that I visited and conversed with him, though he said but little, he was evidently affected deeply. A few days before his death he told his mother that

he felt himself to be such a sinner that he feared God would not have mercy upon him. He showed a mind deeply sensible of the evil of sin, and the necessity of renewing grace. In earnest prayer he sought to God for his mercy, and soon was brought to a joyful hope that through Christ he had obtained mercy. Then the fears of death seemed in a great degree to pass away. He desired his aunt to get a copy of the Village Hymns and read for him. It gave him great delight to hear them read. Seeing her weep, he said, "Don't cry; there is nothing but trouble in this world. I shall have no trouble in heaven." He called his mother to come and sit by his side, saying, "I want you to talk." "What about?" said his mother, desirous to try the bent of his mind; "Shall I tell you what the boys are doing in the street?" "No," was his reply. "Talk about God; I don't want to hear about any thing else." Some little time after, he said, "Mother, I love you, I love William,—and all," (mentioning the names of others of the family,) but I love Jesus better." At another time he said, "Oh aunt, how I love to pray." He expressed a wish to talk to his playmates, his brothers, his sisters, and his uncle, on the concerns of their souls. The night before his death, he wished his mother to go to bed and take some rest, saying, "God can take care of me." The next morning, when I came into his room and inquired if he suffered much pain, he answered "Some." I expressed a hope that he would be easier soon. He replied, "I don't wish to get well; I'd rather go to Christ." Asking him if he loved Christ, and if he put his trust in him, he said, "Oh! yes." At his request I prayed with him. Seldom have I seen such composure and entire resignation to the will of heaven. The powers of his mind seemed to be in a perfectly healthful state. About two hours before his death I left him, not supposing that his dissolution would very soon take place. So long as he could give by words or looks any signs of his feelings, it was evident that eternal things occupied his whole mind. Thus died this youthful believer, leaving to his afflicted friends full evidence of his fitness for heavenly bliss. On the 16th, his remains were committed to the silent tomb; immediately after which, a discourse from Jer. iii. 4. was delivered in the church, to the children of the Sabbath and week day schools in the neighborhood, a large number of whom attended.

July 22, 1829.

## MISCELLANY.

From the Pawtucket Chronicle.

### LOST CHILDREN.

In a thickly populated village like ours, and that population made up in a great measure of children, nothing is more common than to see of an evening, an anxious mother, looking for a little wanderer, who has strayed from its parental home, to the vicinity of the mills, or the river. On Sunday evening last, an instance of this kind was witnessed at Valley Falls, in this vicinity. A Mrs. Carpenter missed, towards the close of the day, her little boy, aged four years. She waited until dark, with an anxiety that mothers only can know, and still her boy, her "dear boy," as she said, came not. At this time, a Mrs. Slocum, who resided in the same house, went with her to seek him. The village was alarmed, and every part of it searched without effect. And as a last resort the water was drawn from the flooms of the mills. The mother stood by, watching for the body of her son, when a murmur from the crowd said it was discovered—a corpse was drawn from the water—her soul almost left its frail tenement, when it was brought before her, and she strained her eyes to behold again the features of her lost baby—she gazed once, and again with ten-fold interest; then gave a shriek of joy, for it was not the child of her bosom, but the son of her neighbor, Mrs. Slocum, the very woman who had come with her to look for the lost one, and who had not entertained a fear for the safety of her own offspring. But short to her was that momentary triumph, for ere her surprise was over, another life-



less body was taken from the same trench, and she knew it, as a fond parent knows its own. They had been fishing, as was told by their fishing rods found near; one of them fell in, and the other was probably a victim, in the noble attempt to rescue him from a watery and untimely grave. Every attempt to resuscitate them proved fruitless.

On Monday a large concourse of people attended their funeral, and they were committed to the grave the very pictures, but for the blanch of death, of robust health. The Rev. Mr. Green addressed the people upon the occasion, pathetically and appropriately.

*The Spoiled Child.*—A "sweet little fellow," just turned of ten, has been amusing the town of Aix, France, with his lively vagaries. His mamma, a widow possessed of some little property, made a pet of him, as it was very natural she should do, from his infancy. Of late his demand for pocket money began to bear too hard upon her purse, and she with some difficulty mustered up courage enough to say "no" at the risk of making him very ill.—The poor boy sobbed and pouted, and then grew really angry; so he went to the cage, opened it, & wrung the neck of his mamma's favorite canary. This, it might have been imagined, would have brought her to her senses; but from stern necessity, or some other cause, she for once remained obstinate. The astonishing darling became still more irritated; he broke all the windows, and chased his mother and sister out of the house; barricaded himself in, and then commenced the demolition of the furniture, which he carried on with the most praiseworthy assiduity and perseverance. His mamma would now fain have purchased a peace, but it was too late; determined to teach her how to snub him another time, and having fully completed his job in the interior, the insulted Master—ran up stairs, clambered out upon the roof, tore off the tiles, and, seating himself astride upon a rafter, began to uncase the house, which he had expressed his intention of pulling down by degrees. When the post left the town the "dear child" had already made some progress, and was pelting the people assembled in the street with the bricks and mortar. It is much to be feared this interesting infant will meet with some accident before he has half completed his task.

*Anecdote from Dr. Franklin.*—"At my first admission into the printing-house, I was working at press; imagining I felt a want of the bodily exertions I had been used to in America, where press work is mixed with the composing, I drank only water; the other workmen, near fifty in number, were great lovers of beer. On one occasion, I carried up and down stairs a large form of types in each hand, when others carried up one in both hands; they wondered to see from this in several instances, that the *Water-American*, as they called me, was *stronger* than themselves who drank *strong beer*. We had an ale-house boy, who attended always in the house to supply the workmen. My companion at the press drank every day, a pint before breakfast; a pint at breakfast with his bread and cheese; a pint between breakfast and dinner; a pint at dinner; a pint in the afternoon about six o'clock, and another when he had done his day's work. I thought it a detestable custom; but it was necessary, he supposed, to drink *strong beer* that he might be *strong* to labor. I endeavored to convince him that the bodily strength afforded by beer, could only be in proportion to the grain or flour of the barley dissolved in the water of which it was made; and that there was more flour in a penny-worth of bread, and therefore if he could eat that with a pint of water, it would give him more strength than a quart of beer. He drank on, however, and had four or five shillings to pay out of his wages every Saturday night for that vile liquor; an expense I was free from."

*Cruel Child.*—Two children on Yonge Street were sent out to chop a stick of wood the other day—a boy and a girl. The girl had her hands

upon a piece of wood which the boy was about to chop, and he told her to take them off. She said, playfully, she would not. Her brother told her to take them off or else he would chop them off. She still delayed to do so, and the boy lifted up the axe and at one stroke severed her hand from the arm, cutting the other hand badly.—Colonial Advocate.

The hate which we all bear with the most Christian patience, is the hate of those who envy us.

## EDITORIAL.

### EXPLANATIONS OF SCRIPTURE.

*Usury.*—Some persons cannot reconcile different passages in the Bible where this word is employed. In some instances, the taking of usury seems to be condemned as wrong, in others it appears to be right. How shall we know what God designed to teach us, when his word seems to contradict itself?

Usury is often understood to be the same as *interest* for money lent. And it is perfectly just, that a man who borrows money of his neighbor should pay it back again; and also pay him something for the use of it, according to the time he had it. It is not right that he should have the use of money without paying for it, any more than to have the use and benefit of a house or a farm for nothing. Accordingly, it is a common practice and well understood, for the borrower to pay interest to the lender, and the debtor to the creditor. The practice among us is regulated by law, and the lender or creditor may sue for the *interest*, as well as for the sum lent.

But if a creditor takes more than a fair sum for interest, he can be punished by the laws of his country, and he is called a usurer or extortioner. We come then to this conclusion, that it is *right* to take *interest* for the use of money we lend, as much as it was *worth* to the borrower, according to law and the common sense of mankind; but that it is *wicked* to take *more* than it was worth, just as it is wicked to charge more than it is worth for any article that we sell. Now the passages in the parable of the talents, [Matt. 25, 27. Luke 19, 23.] would be better understood if the word *interest* was employed instead of *usury*. The Lord said to his negligent servant, "Thou oughtest to have put my money to the exchangers, and then at my coming I should have received mine own with" *interest*. Or, as it is in Luke, "Wherefore then gavest not thou my money into the bank, that at my coming I might have required mine own with" *interest*? It is evident that Christ here meant lawful interest, and that which it would be right to require.

In other places we suppose the word *usury* means, more interest money than was reasonable and right, and the taking of which was as bad as cheating or stealing. The prophet Jeremiah mentions it as a proof of his innocence and uprightness, that he had "not lent on usury," [Jer. 15. 10.] Solomon says, [Prov. 28. 8.] "He that by usury and unjust gain increaseth his substance, he shall gather it [not for himself, but] for him that hath pity on the poor." David speaks of the good man, as one who "putteth not out his money to usury, nor taketh reward against the innocent." These passages do not forbid taking a reasonable *interest*, but that which is *beyond* reason and right.

There is one other circumstance which will help to explain this matter. God gave many laws to the Israelites, which he did not to other people, because they were peculiarly his own nation; such were the laws concerning the offerings at the temple, the tithes [or tenths] of all they possessed, the year of release, and many others. Among these laws, was one concerning usury, in Deut. 23. 19, 20. "Unto a stranger thou mayest lend upon usury, but unto thy brother thou shalt not lend upon usury." Ex. 22: 25. "If thou lend money to any of my people that is poor by thee, thou shalt not be to him as a usurer, neither shalt thou lay upon him usury." Lev. 25, 35-37. "And if thy brother be waxed poor, and fallen in decay with thee, then thou shalt relieve him; yea, though he

be a stranger, or a sojourner; that he may live with thee. Take thou no usury of him, nor increase, but fear thy God; that thy brother may live with thee. Thou shalt not give him thy money upon usury, nor lend thy victuals for increase." These regulations show, that Jews might take reasonable interest from strangers, or foreigners, who might come to sojourn among them, but not of any brother of the house of Israel; and that the honest but poor man, who could not pay, should not be punished or oppressed, whether he were a Jew or a Gentile.

On the whole, it is right for people in this country to take a reasonable sum for money lent; but it is wicked to require more than it is worth. The former is taking *interest* that is justly due; the latter is *usury*, as the word is now commonly used and understood, which both the laws of the country and the word of God condemn.

## A NEW BOOK.

*Narratives of the Lives of Pious Indian Children*, who lived on Martha's Vineyard more than a hundred years since. By Rev. Experience Mayhew, Preacher to the Indians of Martha's Vineyard at that time. Boston: J. Loring.—This edition is carefully revised from the London edition, originally printed in 1727. It had at that time the "attestation" of eleven Boston ministers, C. Mather, Colman, Thacher, Sewall, Prince &c. to the correctness of the history, and especially to the veracity and piety of Mr. Mayhew. The work is adapted to the instruction and spiritual benefit of children; and at the same time shows, that our fathers were not strangers to the Missionary enterprise, and that God has in former days raised up children unto Abraham among the savages of the American wilderness. One of the narratives is copied in this week's Companion.

## POETRY.

### MORNING.

JANE.

Think of the music-meeting, Ma,  
I've dreamed about it all the night;  
I cannot keep it from my mind,  
Music, you know, is my delight.

'Tis said the pieces are so long,  
'Twill take them all the afternoon,  
And if it lasted all the night,  
I think my heart would keep in tune.

MAMMA.

I grieve to disappoint you, Jane,  
But here's a billet you may see—  
'Tis from your aunt, requesting you  
To spend the day with Emily.

You know she has been very sick,  
And in her chamber long confined  
From all those pleasant social scenes,  
Which interest the youthful mind.

And in her present feeble state,  
While anxious thought her mind employs,  
Friendship's kind soothing are among  
The sweetest comforts she enjoys.

JANE.

Oh, dear, Mamma, how can I lose  
What I have so depended on,  
And sit in that dark gloomy room  
All day with Emily alone.

If some one else would go to-day,  
Another time, if she requires,  
I'll stay with her a day and night,  
Or just as long as she desires.

MAMMA.

Your aunt applied to three or four—  
But Emily's young friends will go,  
(Whether she sits alone or not),  
To hear the oratorio.

Though self-denial is a cross  
We often must take up, my dear,  
The smiles of our approving God,  
Will lighten every cross we bear.

Whatever kind action you would wish  
Another should perform for you,  
That very action, if required,  
Is just the thing that you should do.

This is the golden rule, my child;  
Now think—were her afflictions yours,  
How would you feel if no kind friend  
Would come to cheer your lonely hours?

JANE.

You're right, Mamma, and I was wrong;  
I'll throw my selfishness away,  
And to that poor, sick, suffering child  
Most willingly devote the day.

[Mrs. Sprout.]



# YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Published Weekly, by WILLIS & RAND, at the Office of the Boston Recorder, No. 22, Congress-Street....Price One Dollar a year in advance, or \$1, 50, if not paid in advance.

No. 19.

BOSTON, SEPTEMBER 30, 1829.

VOL. III.

## NARRATIVE.

### THE YOUNG MOTHER.

"Her little world of happiness is there!" was the exclamation of Henry Howard, while his friend was observing the fondness of the young mother to her infant. "Where else should it be?" replied the friend, "for, in loving it, she manifests her affections for you, her husband; she fastens still stronger the ties of pure chaste esteem around the heart." "Think not," answered Henry, "that I entertain any fears of her infant daughter so absorbing her love, as that she should have little to bestow on others who have an equal right to possess it; I made the remark merely as a proof of my being blessed, in seeing her cherish the tender feelings of which her nature is susceptible. Charles, you know not the bliss that I have experienced, and the portion of good that has fallen to my lot, in being united with such a partner as my Caroline." "Indeed," replied Charles, "were I to judge from your animation and from the expressions of joy in your countenance, my decision must be, that you enjoy a supremacy of bliss." "I would not claim a superiority in this respect for myself," answered Henry, "but she is all that the most sanguine expectations can desire."

Such was the conversation that passed between Henry Howard and Charles Gorman, the latter of whom was on a visit at the residence of Henry. In former years an intimacy had commenced between them, and was continued and strengthened by their pursuing the same studies at college. When their researches at the seat of science were finished, Henry retired to the enjoyment of a legacy bequeathed by his father, and Charles engaged in mercantile pursuits.—Thus situated, and feeling the loneliness of his case, Henry resolved upon engaging the affections of one who might render his condition more joyous. It was not long before he was introduced to Caroline Bentley; a favorable impression was the result of this meeting; esteem grew stronger, attachment succeeded, and finally the tender passions swayed the hearts of both. Henry made known to her parents his situation: his proposals were acceded to by them; and in accordance with their wish, in compliance with his own feelings, and in obedience to the timid assent of Caroline, the vows of constancy and love were signed and sealed at the altar.—The solitariness of his residence now gave way to the blithesome notes, and, in the development of the virtues of his partner, his soul was knit still closer to her, and his heart glowed with gratitude to the Providence that had assigned him such a companion. The first pledge of affection increased their mutual love, and all their happiness centered in the little Mary. She had reached that age when infancy is most charming—when a child is most endeared to the beholder. The mother's anxious care and solicitude were displayed in teaching it to sustain its weight upon its little feet; and her joyous pride was great when the child first essayed to walk; then the mother kindly watched her tottering steps and gently rewarded her efforts with a kiss: then the smile departing over the features of Mary, and the clasping together of the tender hands, in joy unspeakable, as she reached her mother's arms, evinced the pleasure of the child; but when, in artless accents, she lisped the name most dear, the name of mother, thrilling transport seized the parent's heart; her eyes beamed with augmented tenderness—and pressing the infant to her bosom, she imprinted on her laughing cheek a "long sweet kiss," and with delight "from its mouth seemed honey to sip."

It was the sight of Caroline engaged in this

delightful occupation, that drew from the lips of her husband the exclamation, "Her little world of happiness is there." And who that ever witnessed a fond mother caressing her child, did not acknowledge that it was a sight beautiful to behold. Innocence in infancy always captivates. The little Mary grew in strength and height, rejoicing in the pleasures daily afforded and thoughtless of the coming morrow: but soon she was to leave these simple pleasures. Human nature is liable to ills, and the child sickened.—Her fine blue eyes, those tender orbs, lost their brightness, and paleness overspread the cheek whereon once bloomed the roseate hue of health. The imploring look which the child cast upon its mother—the outstretched arms that begged for relief—the groan, the convulsive sob, filled her with unutterable grief. The deepest solicitude; the noiseless step; the willingness and wish to suffer instead of the infant; the tear that stood trembling in her eye, as she leaned in speechless silent agony over her child; the prayer softly breathed to heaven, those tokens of sincere grief, showed how the mother's heart was riven. Her exertions to save the little sufferer, though arduous and long, were unavailing.—Death had marked her for his own. The child had struggled with pain during the night, and as the first streak of light appeared, in the east, she was departing. The sun was rising and his beams shone upon the room in which Caroline sat with the infant pillowed on her lap—a ray of light fell upon the countenance of the dying Mary. She gently smiled, as if to reward her mother for all her watchfulness. Her care, her love, and her eyes were closed forever. The small rosebud of beauty was transplanted to a more congenial climate, where it might bloom to eternal freshness, and impart sweet fragrance to the celestial plains. The now bereaved mother—shall I attempt to describe her feelings? Oh! no! her grief is too sacred for intrusion, and none but a mother can tell a mother's grief.

Wrapped in her snow-white shroud, and laid within a coffin, the child was soon to be removed to the narrow tomb. The mother was supported to the coffin.—She looked, and the smile on its features was still visible. She gazed silently upon it—raised her hand to her aching head; and that moment the lid closed, and inclosed the inmate of the narrow dwelling forever from sight. A silent shriek burst from the hitherto silent parent; she seemed for a moment to have awakened to a sense of her grievous condition, but soon relapsed into insensibility. The child was carried to the tomb.

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From the N. H. Observer.

### A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

To the young more than any class of men, life has almost irresistible attractions. They have not learned by experience that the cup of humanity is often filled with bitterness. When others speak of hopes forever blasted, and joys which have passed away like the morning dew, they either consider these sorrows altogether imaginary, or believe that by their superior prudence they shall escape them. They view life, as the lover of nature gazes upon a beautiful landscape, diversified on every side with fruitful fields, hills clothed with verdure, and vallies loaded with luxuriance. To them its charms have not been chilled by the frost of time. All is lovely, all enchanting. In their day dreams and their night visions, the same gay scene presents itself; till allured by its fascinations, the world fills their mental eye, and the great object of existence, the glory of God, and the salvation of the soul, cannot be discerned.

It was so with a young man, whom accident or

rather providence threw in my way a few years since, but who now sleeps in the "narrow house." He was the youngest son of his mother, and she a widow. He possessed a cultivated mind, and a warm imagination. Having received a thorough mercantile education, and obtained an unblemished character, his prospects were uncommonly flattering. The innocent pleasures of life, as they are sometimes called, solicited his attention, and found him a willing votary. He was not ignorant of the demands of religion, for he was a son of many prayers, but he believed like a thousand others, that there was "time enough yet." He would not venture to dash the chalice of earthly pleasure from his lips, while her wine was yet new; even for the infinite and exceeding great rewards of the Gospel. But the unhappy young man had not unrolled the scroll of coming events, nor had he ever allowed his imagination to picture what they *might* be. As the lamb sports on the verdure of the green field, and knows not that he is chosen from the flock, so, heedlessly did he pursue his fancied pleasures till a violent fever prostrated his strength, and shut him out from the world.

For several days, his case seemed to be hopeless, but afterwards his disorder appeared to yield to the power of medicine. His fears for the welfare of his soul were considerably excited in the commencement of his illness, but wore away as health seemed returning. His hopes however were illusive. The fever left him in a state of weakness and debility, which medicine could not remove. Though there was little reason to believe that he would ever recover, he still manifested no increased alarm for the awful future... During the twelve months which he lived after the commencement of his disorder, his chief anxiety appeared to be, to regain his health. For this he used every means, even when hope could be indulged by no one but himself. Journeys by land and excursions on the water; with the advice of the most skillful physicians, were tried to no purpose. I saw him when returning for the last time to his widowed mother. I never shall forget his countenance. Disease had moulded the features anew, and death had spread over them a livid paleness. The tears gushed from his eyes when I took his hand and bid him the last "farewell." It was a moment of anguish to each of us. I had often pressed upon his attention the importance of an interest in the Saviour; and I now took my leave of him, fearing that he still continued out of the ark of safety.

A few weeks closed the probation of this interesting young man. Life, to him, had been full of promise—disease and death came, and all his hopes were scattered like the leaves of autumn.

He requested his mother to inform me, as his last words, that he died in full conviction of the vanity of the world, and a humble hope that he had found peace, though in the last extremity, in the Lord Jesus as his only Saviour. ALPHA.

## RELIGION.

From Mayhew's "Lives of Indian Children."

### THE YOUTH WHO REFORMED HIS FATHER.

#### ELEAZAR OHHUMUH,

Who died at Gayhead in the year 1698, aged sixteen years.

The parents of Eleazar, viz. Caleb Ohhumuh, and Deborah his wife, sent him to school to learn to read and write while he was a young boy; and he made such proficiency that he soon read competently well, and could write a legible hand. He also learned his Catechism by heart, and was not ignorant of the first principles of the Oracles of God.



He was also taught to call upon the name of the Lord, while he was but a child, as many of our Indian children have been, which has proved of great advantage to some of them.

Not only his own parents, but Elisha also, an Indian minister of Gayhead formerly mentioned, who was his uncle, used to instruct and exhort him.

All that knew him, bear him witness, that he appeared sober and serious from his very childhood; and his mother, who was a professor of Godliness, and I hope a good woman, informed me, that he used frequently of his own accord, to pray to God while he was very young, and used also to tell others that they ought to do so.

I am likewise informed, that when he came to years of such discretion, as to be sensible that it would not be best for him to pray vocally where others were present, and yet not joining with him in the duty, he used frequently to withdraw himself into obscure places, whither it was supposed he went to pray in secret to God, being there sometimes found kneeling down, or lying prostrate on the ground, or otherwise leaning against some tree, as though he was praying.

He was diligent in reading his book, willing to go to meeting, and used often to repeat his Catechism, and that without being called to it, and was very obedient to his parents.

He frequently confessed the sinfulness of that state in which he was by nature, and expressed earnest desires of being delivered therefrom; and used to manifest a dislike to the sins of others, and would sometimes reprove them for their faults.

The father of this lad was somewhat addicted to follow strong drink while the son lived, so that he was by bad neighbors too often drawn into the company of such as inflame themselves therewith. This pious youth laid grievously to heart, his sin and error, therein, and several times went to the places where his father was drinking, and with such earnestness, and so many tears, entreated him to leave his drinking company and go home to his own house, that he was not able to withstand the importunity of his afflicted child, but at his desire left the drinking tribe; and when he came home, owned the victory which his son had obtained over him.

Such was the gravity of his deportment, that all who knew him took notice of it; and his behaviour while he attended the worship of God either in public or in the family to which he belonged, was remarkably serious.

It seems this youth thought it his duty sometimes, vocally to call upon God in the presence and hearing of others; for he often requested his honored father, when the hour for family prayer had come, to permit him to call on the name of the Lord; which desire his father willingly granting, he discharged the duty with that understanding, gravity and affection, which argued that he had the Spirit of God helping his infirmities, and that he was no stranger to the duty of prayer; though what his particular expressions were at such times, cannot now be remembered.

He was sick something more than half a year before he died; and soon after he was taken ill, he told his relatives, that he thought the time of his dissolution was now drawing on, and prayed them not to be much troubled at his death; for, that he hoped that God would, through his son Jesus Christ, have mercy on him, pardon his sins, and save his soul for ever. He told them that he bad from his childhood chosen God for his portion, and that beholding with grief the apostacy of that wicked generation among whom he had lived, he had earnestly entreated the Lord, of his mercy, to keep him from the company and society of such as they were, and not suffer him to go astray in their paths; and that he therefore hoped that God would, when he died, take him to himself. He requested them to be earnest seekers of that God in whom he trusted, and to depart from all iniquity, that they might also go to heaven, where they might again see him with comfort.

The good hopes that this youth had, that it would be well with him after death, did not make him grow remiss in his preparation for his end.

He, as long as he was able, made use of his books by reading in them, and meditating on what he read. He also called frequently and earnestly on God for the mercies he needed, especially for the pardon of his sins, through the mediation of Jesus Christ his only Saviour.

He also sent for the elders of the church, Mr. Japheth, and many others, to come and pray with him, not to request that he might be recovered and live any longer in the world, (for he thought that God had determined the contrary, and declared his willingness to submit to his sovereign pleasure therein) but that which he desired was, that he might be prepared for his great change, and that the same might be made safe and comfortable to him.

The Ministers, meeting on this occasion, discoursed with him about the state of his soul, and received great satisfaction respecting the reasons of that hope which he had in him; some of them declaring that they had seldom seen so bright an example of piety in so young a person.

Not long after this, the youth perceiving himself nigh to death, sent for some of the neighbors to come and commit him to God, and, as he expressed it, to give him a lift towards heaven; which, according to the desire, they did, then also singing a Psalm of praise to his God and Saviour; which he being well pleased at, and not being able to show it, by joining with his voice, showed his consent to what was done, by laying hold with his hand on the book out of which they read and sung, and keeping hold of it till the Psalm was finished, and looking all the while with a most cheerful countenance.

Soon after this exercise was over, the pious young man looking up towards heaven, and smiling as though he had seen something that did greatly delight and comfort him, surrendered his soul into the hands of his Redeemer.

Some who were with him when he died have told me, that they thought themselves as sure that he was gone into the kingdom of God, when he left this world, as though they had seen the angels of God come down and convey him to that world of glory.

I have now finished what I had to say of this godly youth; but considering what has been before said of his father, it may perhaps be grateful to my readers, if I here give some further account of him.

He was much affected at the sickness and death of his son, who had performed the part of a father towards him. He totally quitted his immoderate use of strong drink; he lived very inoffensively among his neighbors; he joined himself to the church in the place where he lived, and behaved himself like a good man among them, reproofing their sinful propensities, and trying to reform them; but at length, being extremely vexed and grieved at the evil conversation of many of his neighbors, he was so discouraged, that he would not hold communion with them any longer, but totally left them. After this, he seldom went to meeting; but when he did so, it was to another assembly than that to which he had belonged. Nor was he now so constant in praying in his family as he had formerly been; but he still continued in other respects a person of good morals. He dissuaded his family and friends from sinning against God, and heartily commended and pressed the internal duties of religion, and urged those of his house to be much in secret prayer to God; and in this course he continued some years, and then died very suddenly. I do not understand that he gave any account how he expected to be received in the other world.

## NATURAL HISTORY.

### THE SPARROW.

The Sparrow is one of the most familiar of the winged race, and is so well known in almost every country as to require but little description. The feathers of the House-Sparrow on the back are chiefly brown, but under the body they are much lighter. Sparrows are more courageous than any of the small feathered tribe; they will wait on the ground with so much confidence, as to suffer themselves in

be approached within a few yards before they take wing, and they will often settle on the ground again within a short distance. They generally build their nests under the eaves of houses or in holes in the walls, and the affection of the female towards her young is equally strong and interesting. The nest is formed of bay and straw, and is lined with feathers, and is so placed as to be screened from the sun and rain.

The Sparrow is universally feared by farmers and gardeners, yet it has been clearly proved to be more useful than injurious even to them, for it has been known that a single pair of sparrows, during the time they have to feed their young, have destroyed on an average every week between three and four thousand caterpillars, besides a variety of winged insects which would be the parents of myriads of caterpillars.

The Jews were well acquainted with the Sparrow, it was very common among them, as we may suppose from the circumstance that two were sold for one farthing. Yet small and worthless as this little bird may appear to us, our Saviour assured his followers that it is an object of almighty care, when he said, "are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall to the ground without your Father."

This truth is again stated by our Saviour in a manner which represents the Sparrow as still less in value than in the former case, and yet equal care is bestowed on its preservation. "Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before God?" And how kindly and affectionately does Jesus add, "Fear ye not, therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows."

What encouragement and consolation is this for us; whatever may be our trials and difficulties, or the dangers to which we may be exposed, we know that the eye of God is upon us, that his watchful care is continually over us, and that nothing can harm us without his permission. But we must remember that it is to his own children, that this kind protection is extended in a peculiar manner. If we are the children of God, by faith in Christ Jesus, then may we truly feel in safety. God careth for us, his arm of love is round about us, and if he sends us afflictions, it is only as a Father chasteneth the child whom he loveth. He has assured us that, although even the mother may forget the beloved son of her bosom, yet he will not forget, he will never forsake his people.

Dear children, who have never known a Saviour's love, whose hearts are at enmity with him, oh! think of your situation. Will you not hear his gentle voice? will you longer grieve his Holy Spirit? He is waiting to be gracious to you; he wills not the death of a sinner, oh! "turn ye, why will ye die?" If you die in your sins you must perish for ever.

[Youth's Friend.]

## REVIEW.

For the Youth's Companion.

"MUTIUS; AN HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE FOURTH CENTURY." BY A LADY OF VIRGINIA.—Published by the American S. S. Union, 1829.

In the preface, it is stated that "the life of the emperor Julian is prefixed to this work to show the reader the historical ground on which the narrative is founded;" yet, for aught that appears to the contrary, the work itself is entirely fabulous. It is a well known fact that Julian was a cruel persecutor of the Christians, and that he madly attempted, in order to overthrow the authority of the Christian religion, to rebuild Jerusalem; but, that there were ever such persons as Mutius, and Ptolemy of Antioch, and Mutia and Zipporah, and the wonderful dog Eros, who performed the actions attributed to them, are matters of great doubt. We have before seen accounts of dogs who manifested great sagacity, but this dog Eros has surpassed them all. Even the Arabian knights or the immortal Gulliver might have been proud of such an attendant. He seems to have had a very particular acquaintance with *matters and things* in Jerusalem, and, on the



whole, we must confess that we never have had the honor of being acquainted with a more faithful and sensible dog than this same Eros. For running of errands he was a *marvellous proper* dog. He is first introduced to our notice, as a "large shaggy dog," reposing in one corner of a cave, on the top of the Mount of Olives, with Ptolemy and others who had there found a refuge from the watchful eye of persecution. This dog provided food for them from the mountains, and one instance is recorded, in which he succeeded wonderfully in begging of Zipporah the Jew's daughter. By his strange behaviour she mistrusted that "he was catering for some human beings in distress." She accordingly wrapped up some food and wine in a napkin and gave it to him, for which he appeared to be very thankful.

The next we hear of Eros is his being sent from the cave to the cottage of Mutia. He made a "low whining noise" at her door, and was admitted, and did his errand very properly. Mutia understood his language so well that she concluded to accompany him to the cave, although it was late in the evening. This dog was also sent on an embassy to the house of Zipporah, when she was confined and guarded by two soldiers. He succeeded in gaining access to her, and after being loaded with provisions for his master, made his escape through a window. Some time after this, the dwellers in the cave, being concerned for the fate of Zipporah, sent Eros to gain further information. He found her guarded, and one of the soldiers in the act of cutting a cord from her arm. The dog, honestly thought that the soldier was about to do her an injury, and sprang upon him, so suddenly, that he, quite unintentionally, wounded the "beautiful arm" of the fair Zipporah. He did not stop, as he ought to have done, for an explanation, but seized the bloody cord and dashing through the crowd carried to the cave the most alarming intelligence. But we beg the reader's pardon. We did not mean to bestow so much attention upon a dog, for *dogs have no souls after all*.

Mutius was a skillful Christian mechanic, residing at Rome. Julian when he had determined to renounce publicly the Christian religion, began to make preparation for building a pagan temple of exquisite workmanship, at Jerusalem. He engaged Mutius to superintend this work, because he was reputed as a man of great skill, yet he concealed from him his purpose respecting this temple when it should be completed. Mutius, with his family, repaired to Jerusalem, where his daughter Mutia, who, as the author says, "was beautiful, but so regardless of her personal attractions, that she rather considered them as impediments than advantages," became acquainted with Ptolemy who inhabited a cave upon Mt. Olivet. Mutia also, formed an acquaintance with Zipporah, the daughter of a Jew, who, by her skill and bounty, saved the lives of Ptolemy and others. After Mutius had ascertained that he was engaged in making ornaments for a pagan temple, he burnt the fruit of all his labors, and sequestered himself with others in the cave. At this time the fires of persecution began to be kindled at Jerusalem. Great search was made for Mutius, who had grievously offended the Emperor by what he had done. Zipporah was apprehended, and for refusing to disclose his hiding place was doomed to public execution. When she was led out for that purpose, Mutius and his family presented themselves "to redeem the Jewish damsel whose heroic friendship would have met death to save" them. Here Zipporah avowed herself a Christian, and the family were doomed to the stake, and the Jewess to be beheaded. This execution was to take place immediately after laying the foundation of the temple of Jupiter. At the laying of the corner stone, the mason who was to perform that service, was smitten with blindness. Another who was called upon to perform the ceremony, fell upon the spot, and one of the instruments entered his temples, and he was taken up covered with blood. The centurion, in a great rage, now undertook to perform this work himself. With horrid execrations, he defied the Almighty, when "the earth trem-

bled visibly, the olive trees near the spot bowed and tottered, and finally fell with a heavy crash to the earth. Flashes of fire issued from the heaving earth, one of which stretched the centurion, a blackened corse, on the spot where he was standing." The people fled amazed and terrified, and the little band of Christians were left alone, in the midst of "silence the most profound," the voice of the aged Ptolemy was heard issuing from a fallen olive tree, where he, and as it seems, the Prefect also, had hid themselves, in order to witness the scene. They fell, as it appears, with one of the olive trees, which came down with such a heavy crash. What a marvel, that so old a man had not been hurt by the fall! Suffice it to say, that the Christians were soon released and returned to their cave, when none manifested more joy than the aforesaid dog Eros. About this time the death of Julian took place, and the Christians were permitted to return to their own homes. It must not be forgotten, however, that Zipporah was shortly after married to Flaminus, Mutia's brother; and Mutia gave her hand to a young man, to whom she had for some time been affianced, and whose life she had saved by carrying him to the cave of Ptolemy.

There are some good thoughts in this work, but they are too much interwoven with the romantic and marvellous. The fair authoress has shown herself capable of writing a better S. S. book than this, and we have no doubt she would do so, if she followed a better model—we mean, *the Bible*. Its narratives are simple, unvarnished, unaffected, and they never tire. If the writers of S. S. books would form their style more from the Bible and less from romance, we think they would succeed better, and parents, who are anxious for the salvation of their children, would not, as they sometimes now do, put a Sabbath School book into their hands with fear and trembling. They pass under the name of *religious books*, and whatever is found in them, the youthful reader is apt to receive as good; it behoves, therefore, those who superintend their publication, seriously to consider their tendency.

REVIEWER.

## OBITUARY.

For the Youth's Companion.

*Messrs. Editors.*—As the following is another tribute to the praise of the Lord's goodness, in answer to the prayers and pious instructions of Parents and Sabbath School Teachers; you would confer a kindness on the friends of the deceased, and perhaps interest some of your young readers, by inserting this obituary notice in your excellent little "Youth's Companion," of which the subject was a constant reader. B.

### ACCOUNT OF LEVINA F. HAMILTON,

*Daughter of Mr. Oliver Hamilton,\* who died of the typhus fever, in Pelham, Mass. Aug. 25, 1829, aged 16 years.*

Levina was an interesting girl from her childhood; possessed of a peaceful, happy disposition; always circumspect in her behaviour, and very attentive to the means of grace and instruction with which she was favored. She had, for some years, had seasons of serious reflection; but never indulged a hope, till her last illness. Soon after she was taken ill, she manifested great anxiety of mind, which her physician and friends feared would be injurious to the means used for her recovery; but they could not persuade her mind to rest, while her everlasting interests were at stake.—Her disease gained upon her rapidly; her distress of body was very great, and at times her mind was somewhat bewildered.—As her father was sitting by her bed, one day, when she was in great distress, she said to him, "O father, I am a great sinner! you must pray for me." And she wished to have all Christians pray for her. It was but about three days that she was permitted to remain in such distress of mind, before the Great Physician of souls applied the healing balm to her wounded spirit, and caused her to exclaim, "O, I have found a better friend than my physician!"

The next day, when a pious sister came into the room, "O Betsey," said she, "I was in great distress last night; I have had a view of hell, and

those infernal regions where I thought I must soon go; and behold I heard a voice call to me,\* saying, I am willing to receive all those who will come to me. And, looking round, I saw my Saviour; and behold, I was made willing, and did go to Christ. O Betsey, praise the Lord with me. O, what great things He has done for me!" She was so exhausted; she could proceed no further, at that time; but as soon as she had rested a few minutes, she would exert all her strength, in talking to her friends, and all who came in, of the goodness of God, and his willingness to save all those who put their trust in Him. Her sister asked if she thought she should get well; she said, "I think the Lord will spare me but a little longer." Being asked if she was willing to die, said "I am; but should like to live a little while, to warn my mates, and invite them to come, taste and see how good the Lord is." Observing that her sister wept, she looked at her with a smile, saying, "why weep for me, when going to that happy place, to sing praises forever! O happy! happy!" At another time as her father was standing by her bed, he observed she was smiling, and asked her what she smiled at. "O father," said she, "I am smiling to think how happy we shall be, when we get to heaven; never to part again."

The day before she died, a superintendent of the Sabbath school called in to see her; and remarked, that to her the streams of earthly comfort were now dried up. "Yes," said she, "and what should I now do, if it were not for the Lord Jesus?" "Do you think you realize his presence?" "Indeed I do." What would you now say to the Sabbath school, if you could see them again? "O I would say, go on, pray to the Lord, search the scriptures and re—:" here her strength failed, she being much distressed for breath. Her physician said to her, "Levina, I suppose you placed confidence in me, that I could help you; but I must tell you, with reluctance, it is not in my power." She looked at him with the greatest composure and said, "I am willing to die." She asked her father, if he was willing to part with her. He answered, "that is a very hard question." She replied, "O father, you ought to be willing that I should leave this wicked world; and I hope all my friends will be willing." She expressed much anxiety for the salvation of her mates, and especially for her youngest sister, who was not at home.

As her strength failed, her hope and confidence in her Saviour increased. Her mind seemed to be raised above this world, and above all fear, even of death, the King of terrors; and thus after nine days of very distressing sickness, her happy spirit took its flight, as we hope and trust, to the blest mansions of eternal rest, and to her Saviour whom she loved, without a struggle or a groan. Who would not say, "let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like her's?"

† Meaning, doubtless, that the words of Christ, "Come unto me, &c.," or others of the same meaning, were brought to her remembrance; and that her thoughts of Christ present were as real, as if she had seen him with her eyes. EDS.

## EDITORIAL.

### EXPLANATIONS OF SCRIPTURE.

*Let.*—The common meaning of this word is about the same as that of *permit*, or *allow*. When Jacob wrestled with the man or angel by the ford Jabbok, the man said, "Let me go, for the day breaketh;" and Jacob said, "I will not let thee go, except thou bless me." The angel meant, *Permit me to go*; and Jacob meant, *I will not permit, or allow thee to go*. The Jews cried to Pilate concerning Christ, "If thou let this man go, thou art not Caesar's friend;" that is, *If thou dost permit, or suffer this man to escape punishment*. We always use the word *let* in this sense now, unless we speak of a bargain concerning the use of a house or some other property. The owner of a house *lets it* to his tenant; a banker *lets money* to a borrower. So in Matthew, [25. 33.] Christ speaks of a "householder, who planted a vineyard, & let it out to husbandmen." But there are two or three places in the Bible, where the word

\* Mr. Hamilton himself died in 18 days after his daughter, by the same fever.



let is used in another sense, and children find it hard to understand the meaning. In Isa. 43. 13, Jehovah says, "There is none that can deliver out of my hand: I will work, and who shall let it?" It cannot be that God inquires who shall permit him to do what he purposes, for "his counsel shall stand, and he will do all his pleasure. None can stay his hand, or say unto him, What doest thou?" The meaning seems to be, "I will work, and who shall hinder or prevent it?" - - - So in Rom. 1. 13, Paul wrote to the saints at Rome, "Often times I purposed to come unto you, but was let hitherto." He had not been permitted to go; for, though he much desired and often resolved to visit that place, he had never done it. He had purposed or intended it, but had been prevented. We come therefore to this conclusion: that when the Bible was translated, the word *let* was sometimes used by our ancestors in the sense of *prevent* or *hinder*; though its more common meaning was then, as it is now, to *permit* or *allow*.

**Offend - - - Offence.**—There is a common use of these words at the present time, which is seldom if ever found in the Bible. We *offend* a person, when we make him *angry*, or give him cause for anger; and a person is *offended*, when he is made *angry* by the words or conduct of another. So the cause of anger is called an *offence*; and one person has *given offence*, when he has made his neighbor *angry*; and another has *taken offence*, because he has, or thinks he has, cause to be angry with his brother. But we do not always use the words in this way. Sometimes we mean that a person *does wrong* towards his neighbor, whether his neighbor is angry or not; we say he has *offended*, meaning that he has *sinned*; and his conduct is an *offence*, or a *transgression*. The latter use of the words is very common in the Bible. Hos. 5. 15, "Till they acknowledge their *offences*;" meaning their *sins*, or *iniquities*. Rom. 4. 25, "He was delivered for our *offences*," i. e. our *sins*. James 2. 10, "Who-soever shall keep the whole law, and yet *offend* in one point;" or *transgress* in one particular. James 3. 2, "In many things we all *offend* or commit sin."

There is, however, another meaning to these words in scripture. An *offence* signifies a *hindrance*, an *impediment*, a *stumbling-block*, or an *occasion of sin*. To *offend*, is to *make another person fall*, or to *make him commit sin*. Matt. 16. 23, Christ says to Peter, "Thou art an *offence* to me;" an *impediment*, a *hindrance* to my work. Matt. 18. 7, 8, "It must needs be that *offences* come; but wo to that man by whom the *offence* cometh. Wherefore, if thy hand or thy foot *offend* thee, cut them off." It must needs be that *stumbling-blocks* or *occasions of sin* should be laid in the way of men: but wo to the man that lays them in the way of his fellows. And if thy own hand or foot *make thee sin*, cut them off. Matt. 18. 6, "Whoso shall *offend* one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better for him that a mill stone were hanged about his neck, &c.;" that is, Whoso shall *make a child sin against God*. Let our readers turn to Is. 8. 14, Rom. 9. 33, 1 Pet. 2. 8, Matt. 16. 23, 1 Cor. 10. 32, Gal. 5. 11, Rom. 16. 17, 1 Cor. 8. 13, Matt. 11. 6, Matt. 13. 57, and 26. 33, for other passages where the words have the same import.

Let children remember, that it is an awful thing to sin against God, and still more if they tempt others to sin also.

## MISCELLANY.

### REFLECTIONS ON INFANT INNOCENCE.

"Youth has a sprightliness and fire to boast,  
Flint in the valley of decline are lost;  
And virtue with peculiar charms appears,  
Crowned with the garland of life's blooming years."

How calm and peaceful are the slumbers of infant years! How insensible to the cares, how unconscious of the troubles, which those of elder age are doomed to endure! That babe on whom my eye now rests, thinks not of future times, when care and trouble will as surely haunt his path as life is prolonged; and when they will often cause him to indulge the wish that heaven had never permitted

him to live beyond the days of infancy. He imagines not how many bitter pangs will assail him, how many crosses he will meet with, how much fatigue he will be called on to suffer, before he quits this state of being for one more pure and happy.

It fills me often with regret to see the days of infant innocence emerge in those of riper years—to view the loveliness, affection, and beauty of youth, lose themselves in the darkness, coldness, and formality of manhood. It grieves me to think of such a wreck of charms—of such a transformation of manners and feeling—of such a change of quietude and peace—for the bustle, and care, and anxiety of the world. It seems cruel that we should lose a happy state of insensibility, to obtain one of knowledge that can add nothing to our temporal happiness, and only make us feel of how little value is life, separate from the consideration that it is given us to prepare for the enjoyment of eternity.

N. Y. Mir.

**Anointing with Oil.**—"I confess (says Captain Wilson) that since my return from India I have been forcibly struck with many things which prove the Scriptures to be an Eastern book. For instance the language of one of the Psalms, where David says, "thou anointest my head with oil, my cup runneth over," most likely alludes to a custom which continues to this day. I once had this ceremony performed on myself in the house of a rich Indian, in the presence of a large company. The gentleman of the house poured upon my hands and arms a delightful perfume, put a golden cup into my hand, and poured wine into it, till it run over, assuring me at the same time, that it was a great pleasure to him to receive me, and that I should find a rich supply in his house. I think David expressed his sense of the divine goodness by this allusion."

**Force of Conscience.**—Plutarch tells a story of a Lacedæmonian who had killed his father, and escaped discovery—sometime after, being in company, he darted his spear into a nest of swallows. When asked the reason of that unaccountable act, his answer was, "that he thought those swallows were reproaching him with his father's death." The oddness of this answer begat suspicion, discovery and conviction.

**Weights.**—When Darius fled before Alexander, he threw away his imperial crown that he might run the faster. Thus St. Paul exhorts—"Let us lay aside every *weight*, and run with patience the race set before us."

**Industry.**—"Be always employed," said a laborious minister to a woman who complained much of the assaults of Satan, "when the devil comes to tempt me, I tell him plainly, that I am not at leisure to hearken; and thus I resist him."

**Indolence.**—At the close of a biographical sketch of William Paley, D. D. appended to the first volume of his works, is an amusing anecdote, which may also be useful to the indolent, in proving to them how far strong, high, and sudden resolution can go, in breaking off indolent habits and establishing those of industry in their stead. He relates the anecdote himself, and of himself. He says he spent the two first years of his undergraduate indolently and happily, but unprofitably.—He kept society which was not immoral, but idle and expensive. He was awakened one morning at five, by one of his lazy and extravagant companions. He said, "Paley, I have been thinking what a fool you are. I can afford the life I lead, and could do nothing were I to try. You cannot afford this kind of life, and you could do every thing. I have had no sleep all night on account of these reflections—and am now come, solemnly to inform you, that if you persist in your indolence, I must renounce your society." He says, that he was so struck with the visit and the visitor, that he wholly renounced his former mode of life, and became afterwards cheap in his habits of life, and eager, methodical, and closely studious in his modes of spending his time.—*Flint's Western Review.*

"A little good will do much good."—So said an amiable young lady, the other day, when speaking of the benevolent operations which bless the present age. Now, the kingdom of Christ is a kingdom of means, and the world is to be converted by means. As all can do a little towards the accomplishment of this glorious cause, let all be stimulated to action by the remark of this young lady, and inquire, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do," and the work of evangelizing the world will rapidly advance, and the moral wilderness will blossom as the rose.

[Com.]

**A solemn Warning for Children.**—The following incident recently occurred in Turin, N. Y.—A little boy aged four years, wandered from home on the Sabbath day and entered a field where some men were *hay*ing. As is usual on such occasions, they were provided with a *bottle of whiskey*; to which the child resorted, and drank a large quantity, before he was observed.—When found, he was lying on the ground, unable to stand or speak.—He was carried to his mother, "who is a widow;" medical aid was called, but in vain.—He remained torpid until evening, and then died.—What rendered the incident still more affecting, was the fact that the father of the child, a few years since, was drowned in a fit of intoxication.

"Tell me, ye advocates for *strong drink*," what equivalent will you render to this broken-hearted widow for the loss of her husband? How will you heal that heart which is torn with anguish for the death of her beloved child?—*Jour. of Humanity.*

**Beware of Passion.**—A Philadelphia paper states, that on the day preceding, a boy, in one of the Mathematical schools of Philadelphia, passionately, and with great violence, threw a pair of compasses at another boy of the name of Hart; the sharp points struck his left temple, and penetrating to the brain, caused death in a few minutes. The youth, who had left his parents but a few hours, in the vigor of health, was returned to them a corpse!

**Self-conceit** is as blind to the merit of others as it is to its own defects.

## POETRY.

### EVENING.

JANE.

Dear Mother, you don't know happy I feel,  
That I left my amusement to visit my friend;  
I did not reflect on what trivial things  
A sick person's comfort so much might depend.  
When Emily heard of the concert to-day,  
"Don't send," said she, "Mother, for dear cousin Jane;  
How can she relinquish a pleasure so sweet,  
To sit in this sick room and hear me complain.  
I ought not to wish it, and do not, I'm sure,  
Her fondness for music is much like my own;  
And before I'd deprive her of such a delight,  
I would stay all the day and the evening alone.  
Our hearts and our voices have mingled in praise;  
But, my Mother, those seasons with me are now o'er;  
And perhaps,—her lip quivered—"perhaps it is best  
That I should partake such enjoyments no more."  
She leaned on her hand, and sat buried in thought;  
As I entered the chamber she just raised her head;  
But you cannot conceive how her countenance changed;  
Her tears were all dried, and her gloom had all fled.  
"Dear Jane, what a sacrifice you must have made;  
How can I repay you such kindness as this?"—  
She caught both my hands and enclosed them in hers,  
While she pressed upon each an affectionate kiss.  
I talked to her cheerfully—sat by her side,  
Sung her favorite hymns in a low gentle strain,  
And led her to hope what I really believe,  
That yet we should sing them together again.  
When I had them good-night, my nunt tenderly said,  
"I have nothing to give but my thanks and my tears,  
My child's pallid cheeks you have covered with smiles;  
You have kindled her hopes, and diminished her fears."  
Believe me, dear Mother, I would not exchange  
The feelings that moment which gladden'd my heart,  
For any amusement the world could afford,  
Nor the pleasure that music itself would impart.  
I'm ashamed when I think how unfeeling I was,  
How unwilling to give up a darling pursuit;  
So dead to my duty, and wrapped up in self,  
I had like to have acted the part of a brute.  
But I hope 'tis a lesson I shall not forget,  
That to lighten one pang from the bosom of wo,  
Is a dearer delight to a rational mind,  
Than mean self-indulgence could ever bestow. [Mrs. Sproat.]



# YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Published Weekly, by WILLIS & RAND, at the Office of the Boston Recorder, No. 22, Congress-Street....Price One Dollar a year in advance, or \$1, 50, if not paid in advance.

No. 20.

BOSTON, OCTOBER 7, 1829.

VOL. III.

## NARRATIVE.

From the *Columbian Star*.

### PRIDE.

There is no passion on earth stronger or more prevalent, than pride. In some cases, it is not to be deprecated; but in nearly all the concerns of life, it has a fearful and destructive ascendancy. The pride of the world, is generally founded on mammon;—it is not the laudable pride\* of being distinguished in mind or character;—it is the absorbing pride of *gold*—it weighs down the spirits of the humble by overbearance, and crushes the aspirations of him who has nothing to recommend him but his genius or his good name. It is perhaps a sickening view of the world, to note the prevalence of such an evil, but it is a true one, nevertheless; and ability and reputation are more borne down, and their development prevented, by the pride of man, arising from the magic of a full purse and pocket, than from any other cause whatever. The same man who will pass a poor friend by in the street, and scarcely deign to notice him, although he may possess the very essence of all that makes human nature respectable, will fawn and smile upon a rich dolt. There is much of this spirit, we regret to say, among professing Christians, from whom better things are to be expected;—and there is reason to believe that it will long continue to be so. The fault is one of magnitude; and notwithstanding the *pretensions* of many to humility, a close examination will show that they *exhibit* much less of that quality, than they actually possess.

To the young in years it presents a most pernicious example, which aftertime cannot but discover; and which, even in early life, they are prone to follow. They will shun companions of merit and of worth, because they do not happen to possess so much of the riches—the passing treasures of a changing world. This creates a kind of dissatisfaction on the part of those companions, which results in distrust and enmity; and retards or completely checks the growth of every friendly feeling or congenial sentiment. So many instances have fallen under my observation, that the truth of the subject appears as clear to me as the noon-day sun. It also gives rise to the basest ingratitude; for whoever these proud people choose to smile upon, the persons who are the receivers of the smile, soon give the slip to their old companions; become servile to those, who, from interested motives, have admitted them into their *coterie*; while a corresponding contempt for former tried companions, also finds a place in the bosom of the aspirant. Abjectly bowing to those who are above himself, he is led by the same principle to scorn those who are below him; and he is consequently regarded as a tool of one party, and is despised by the other. I have a case exactly in point, which I think it may not be amiss to relate.

*John Vanderspigel* was the son of an honest old Dutch farmer, in Bucks county; and was from his boyhood counted one of the most ungainly beings and one of the greatest simpletons in the country round. The ladies sneered, and the young men laughed at him outright. He was generally known by the name of *promising John*. Besides being exceedingly silly, he had the knack of being impertinent and disagreeable. I remember well the period when we attended school together: I have assisted him in his drawling recitations by whispered promptings, more times than one; and I have observed him deceive the teacher, by marking down the declension of nouns in the palm of his hand. I

wrote all his compositions, which he was obliged to read once a fortnight, from one year's end to another, and for which I received apples in payment. How he subsequently came up in the world, and by what means, I am even now somewhat at a loss to know; but it must be solely owing to the supremacy of *cash*. His honest old father was one of those men, who think that learning is of little consequence; and that at the utmost a superficial display of it is sufficient at any rate; just enough to be fashionable. Between him and his wife, it was agreed, that their hopeful John should go to college, and then come to Philadelphia and read law. The old man could bear the expense; for he had risen to be one of the richest of his townsmen, by a wheat speculation with a flour merchant in the city.

The metamorphose of their son has been accomplished. The other day I met that hopeful youth in Chesnut-street. He was arrayed in the ludicrous fashion of the present day;—his sugar-loaf hat, a-la-mode London, rested on the outer verge of his head, his huge whiskers curled delectably over his round collar and his protruded chin; with white gloves, a rattan, a spy-glass and a plated chain—all indicating his adoption of the whole code of the laws of Dandyism. He was walking with another buck, apparently of the same calibre; and I came full upon him, with a companion, who as well as myself was once his acquaintance, though never his admirer.

"How are you, John," was our almost simultaneous inquiry. The biped stared.

"Do you not know us?" we asked;—and then, to strengthen his bad memory, we mentioned *Bucks County* and our old school hours.

"No, 'pon honor; I forget your faces—it's a long time since I have seen Bucks County. I am something in haste, gentlemen—I think you are mistaken in the person."

Touched with his pride, for he blushed as he spoke, at his fancied degradation, in the presence of his companion—my friend promptly replied to his confused denial, and his shameful refusal of recognition,

"Well—your memory is probably as poor as it was formerly. I am lately from Bucks County—your father is bustling briskly about the farm yet; and your mother makes as good cheese as ever.—Good morning."

I shall never forget the look of chagrin and mortification which the luckless John wore at that moment. He turned a kind of half-angry, half-beseeching glance at my friend, as if to beg him to desist; bowed in manifest confusion, and passed on.

I learned afterwards, that the *promising* young man was a regularly entered member of the *ton*;—that instead of attending to his studies, he was lounging about town, betting at the races, rolling nine-pins at the shuffle-board, and crying bravo! at the theatre. A brainless thing, valued only for his ready money, and as proud as it was possible for such a fool to be. Disdaining old friends, and recognizing in no case whatever, his former acquaintances in the country. Should his old father, or his venerable mother, meet him in the street, as they appear at home, he would, without doubt, pass them by as strangers.

Such is a fair picture of many; not only of those who have arisen by some unexpected success, but of many who inherit wealth, and have as little intellect to distinguish them, as the animal we have just described. There are thousands, too, with greater ability and worth, who give way to the same servile homage, to the narrow and contemptible weakness of pride. We would wish no man to prostrate his dignity of character, by associating

with the unworthy; but let him, under all the smiles of fortune, shew respect to those who deserve it; to those whom he has tried and known, and never suffer himself to be estranged from old and worthy friends, because they cannot count on so much gold as himself. It is in despising such distinctions, that the true gentleman is the soonest made manifest.

Look at the master-spirits who flourished in the American Revolution. They were *gentlemen*; but not in the acceptance of the word by many at the present day. There was by no means an equality in their fortunes—did they cease in consequence to co-operate and confer with each other, in matters relative to the welfare of their country? They were a band of brothers; and paltry distinctions formed no part of their creed. Why was not ROGER SHERMAN ashamed to own in Congress, that he had made shoes? Because he was a man, and knew that it was not dishonorable; because he was a Christian, and knew that Providence, for all-wise purposes, had meted out his portion unto him; and had given precept after precept in divine revelation, of the vanity of riches. Why did the celebrated GIFFORD, the editor of the London Quarterly Review, revert with pleasure to his apprenticeship as a cordwainer, and trace, from that humble situation, his progressive and praise-worthy march to emolument and renown? Because he knew that mind was to be valued above riches, and that the soul was the noblest part of man; and that its gifts, in wherever seen, are deserving of respect, and should elicit urbanity to the possessor.

I have pursued this subject farther than was at first my intention. It is coarsely drawn up; but I believe it contains facts, and I would that the evil complained of might find a remedy. Merit would then find its reward more speedily; brainless presumption would be placed on its proper level; and men would be constrained to feel that "the rich and the poor meet together—the Lord is the maker of them all."

HEBDOMAS.

### SOUL, TAKE THINE EASE.

[Communicated by a Member of the Medical profession.]

A few months ago, I was suddenly called upon to attend a person who was said to be alarmingly ill. It was on a winter evening. After hurrying through snow-drifts, I drew near to a neat cottage, the door of which was wide open: I knocked, but no one answered; I passed into what appeared to be a parlour; all was dark and still; neither voice nor complaint was heard. Gropping my way to the handle of a door on the other side of the room, I opened it, and beheld a woman standing like a statue, with hands clasped together, head bent down and eyes riveted in mute yet desperate grief upon the dead body of a man, who lay stretched at full length at her feet, across the hearth-stone of the kitchen fire. He lay flat on his back, with his face turned up, and eyes staring wide open: the breath had but just left him: he had on his usual dress: there had been no interference with his person—no bustle—no warning. My attention was suddenly called from the dead to the living, the female exclaimed in agony, "Oh my poor dear husband, are you indeed gone!" nature could not sustain any more; she was sinking to the earth; I caught her and placed her in a chair. By this time the messenger who had summoned me, and whom I had out-run, arrived; from her I learnt that the deceased had been seized, while in perfect health, with a fit, and that he sank down to the ground with a faint moan. He had just come in from removing some snow from the door-way, and was about to wash his hands, and sit down with his wife to a quiet cup of tea, when, before he could well turn

\* All kinds of pride are sinful. EDS.



himself round, his soul was at the bar of God! I mentally exclaimed, "So, then, that face so white and unmeaning, those eyes so blank and filmy, which stare so vacantly on the ceiling, were, but a few moments since, exchanging cordial and familiar glances with those near and dear to them; those limbs so firm and well knit, that frame so stout, which seemed to give pledge of great capability and enjoyment for many years to come, has, by one stroke been felled to the earth, and forced to give up its trust! Lord, what is man! at his best state he is altogether vanity."

It were needless to go further into detail of what took place around me; suffice it to say, that my mind, long accustomed to scenes of mortality, never felt more powerfully the danger of procrastination as to the concerns of the soul. An intimate friend of the parties informed me, that they had been shopkeepers in a large country town, and that, after several years of close application to business, they had succeeded so far as to be enabled to carry into execution a long-cherished and darling scheme of earthly happiness: (a scheme by the way, that flatters the imagination of every worldling, whose wishes are bounded by this life,) to retire from the cares and fatigues of business; to live without being obliged to labor for their livelihood; to take their own time for eating, sleeping, going out, and coming in; and to procure for their own peculiar enjoyment, all that their hoarded means could purchase. In the meantime, be it remembered, God was not in their thoughts; no part of their property was intended for his honor or cause upon earth, neither was their leisure and strength, nor any other capability that they possessed, to be devoted to him. No, their health was too good to be doubted; the world with all its quiet snug comforts was to be enjoyed a little longer, before such solemn topics as eternity, judgment, heaven, and hell, could be seriously attended to! They had said within their hearts, "Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years, take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry." Accordingly they had left off trade, had come to live in the respectable looking cottage which I have mentioned, had got all trimmed up in and about it to their satisfaction, and after a few months residence there, God said to one of them, "Thou fool, this night is thy soul required of thee." No time was given for parley; in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, the startled soul was called into the presence of Him, whose piercing eye had long scanned its every *thought* as well as deed. It is not for me to say what passed there, but I know the word of God, and believe it; and I greatly fear that its every page went point blank against him. That infallible word declares, "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish;" and again, "Except a man be born again, he cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven."—[*London Tract Magazine*.]

## RELIGION.

From Mayhew's "Lives of Indian Children."  
THE DEVOUT LITTLE BOY.

WILLIAM TUPHAUS,

Who died at Chilmark, in the year 1703, aged twelve years.

This child's parents, especially his mother, (being a very discreet and pious woman,) instructed both him and their other children while young, endeavoring to teach them to know God, and call upon him. And this boy had been, for a considerable time before his death, a very orderly and obedient child; and his friends observed, that he frequently retired into some place by himself, which was, as they supposed, for secret prayer to God.

Once when a brother of his, who was younger than himself, was suddenly taken very sick, and his mother had nobody else but him with her, who then stood by, observing the sickness and pain of his brother, and the affliction and distress of his mother on the account thereof, he on a sudden said to her, let us pray; and immediately putting himself into a proper posture for it, began audibly to call upon the Lord; and he did then in the first place humbly confess his own sins, and utter unworthi-

ness of the least of God's favors, and beg most devoutly the pardon of them; praying also that God would renew and sanctify him, and teach and enable him to do his duty. Then he prayed for his sick brother, that God would spare his life, and recover his health; and that he might be taught to know and serve the Lord; but that if otherwise, his brother were then to die, that yet God would have mercy on him, and save him with an eternal salvation. He also prayed for his poor, afflicted mother, that she might be comforted, and enabled to endure the trial which she was then under. He prayed also for his absent father, that God would preserve him, endue him with his grace, and make him meet for his eternal kingdom: then he prayed for all his other relations, for all mankind, and particularly for children, that they might be partakers of special and saving mercy with God; and in this prayer of his, he pleaded the merits and intercession of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, and only Saviour of sinners. This was when he was about ten years old.

After this youth had thus prayed, he appeared yet more grave and serious than he had formerly done. He did not any longer behave himself like a young boy; but rather like some man of years, who had his heart seasoned with the grace of God; he kept at home, and took care of the affairs of the house when his father was gone abroad to work, and was as dutiful to his parents as any child could be.

The mother of this lad took notice, that when his father began to eat without asking a blessing on the food prepared, (which though a good man, he sometimes did,) he used to go out and not begin to eat when the rest of the family did; but the reason of this she did not at first understand; but at length observing whither he went, and what he did, she perceived that he went by himself to pray to God, and she concluded it was to perform the duty which her husband neglected; because, as soon as he had done, he would come in and eat.

He was sick but three days before he died, in which time he called frequently and fervently upon God for mercy; but generally spoke so low, that but little of what he said could be understood by those who were with him.

On the day on which he died, a little before it was light, his mother perceived that he was awake, and heard him praying to God, though with but a low voice, as he had done before, during the time of his sickness. At length, when his prayer was ended, she spake to him, and asked him if he were awake; to which replying that he was, and was not sleepy, she told him that it was good to wake early in the morning, and to think upon God, and upon the things of another world, continuing her discourse till day-light; which having finished, he thanked her for what she had said to him. But then appearing very ill and full of pain, much more than he had hitherto been, he again began to call upon God, and that with a louder voice than he had before done, so that he might be plainly heard and understood. He prayed God to pardon all his sins, and to renew and sanctify him by his Holy Spirit, and so to fit him for his eternal and heavenly kingdom. He earnestly entreated that God would not cast him off and reject him; and in the whole, pleaded the merits and intercession of Jesus Christ, on whom he affirmed that he did put his trust, as the only Saviour of sinners, and refuge of his soul.

When he had thus prayed, his mother perceiving that he looked very earnestly upon her, asked him, if he desired any thing of her; yes, said he, I have a great desire you should once more pray for me. She very readily complied with his desire, there being none but children in the house with her; and she says, that God then enabled her, not only to ask for him the mercies which she then thought he needed, but did also help her to resign him up to that God who had lent him to her, and to give her consent that he should take him away from her, if so it seemed good in his sight.

Having thus resigned him to God, she, perceiving that he was nigh to death, presently sent for his

grandfather, Jonathan Amos, to come and pray with and for him; which he having with much affection done, the pious youth presently expired.

## MORALITY.

From the Western Luminary.

### NOVELS AND PLAYS.

SIR,—About forty years ago, early in the spring of the year, I was in Philadelphia, and dined with a commercial house formed by two brothers, who were both bachelors, and largely in business. The youngest of them had received a liberal education, was young, handsome, and accomplished, and had just returned from London, where he had spent the winter in business and gay company. This being his first trip to England, he intended this dinner principally for the sons of the first merchants in the city, upwards of twenty of whom were present. In the course of conversation after dinner, while sitting round the table drinking wine, theatrical performances were spoken of with great approbation, and eulogized as the best moral school in the world. Being silent myself on the subject, my opinion was asked. In giving it, I begged leave to differ from them entirely, and gave it as my opinion that theatrical performances were calculated to check in young ladies and gentlemen all solid moral improvement of the mind, and to introduce extravagance, dissipation, and a light frivolous conversation. In giving this opinion, it fixed the eyes of all the company upon me, with a sternness that convinced me that they thought it deserved their strongest reprobation. To satisfy them that I was right, I proposed to them to appoint two of their number, with whom I would go to the theatre two or three nights in the week for one month, on condition that they should introduce me the next morning to more or less of the young ladies that were at the play, and that those two gentlemen as a committee should report their opinions at the end of the month. The company assented to the proposition, and a fair experiment was made, and at the same time we agreed to dine at the same place, by invitation of the said firm, at the expiration of the month, when their committee should report to them on the subject. At the expiration of the month, their committee at this dinner reported to the company, that they had attended the plays with me two and three times a week during the month, and had introduced me to about eighty young ladies on the succeeding days of each play, out of which but one of them conversed on the moral of the play, and that the conversation of the others, was generally respecting the dresses and gestures of the actresses and actors, and that where there were two, three, or four ladies together, which frequently happened, a great part of their conversation turned on the fashionable dresses of the ladies forming the audience, such as, "Did you see such and such ladies' fine robes—fine bonnets, and fine earrings, and where can they be got,—have you read such and such novels, and have you been at such and such dances," &c. &c. This very light kind of conversation, convinced the committee that plays and novels were a very great injury to all solid moral improvement of their minds, and so concluded their report, which, with the reasons given by the committee, met the approbation of the company generally. As there is at present a considerable rage amongst the youth of both sexes for novels and plays, I have been induced to give you this plain statement of facts, which, should it meet your approbation, you are at liberty to publish in your very useful paper.

HONESTUS.

## THE NURSERY.

From the Youth's Friend.

### THE TWO MITES.

"Mother, why did Jesus say that the poor widow who threw in two mites gave more than all the rest who cast money into the treasury?"

"My dear Anna, there are two reasons why the Lord Jesus Christ should say this, which I will endeavour to explain to you. We are told that he sat over against or near the treasury, and beheld the



people as they came to bring their offerings. Now he not only saw them, but could read their hearts, and know what their thoughts were as they threw in their gifts. And it is not the amount we give, which is most acceptable to the Lord, but the motives that induce us to offer unto him of our substance; 'the Lord loveth a cheerful giver.' And the second is, that those who were rich, though they may have cast in a great deal, yet it was of their abundance; when they had given much, they had still much left; while the poor widow, who could give but one farthing, gave more than they, for it was 'all that she had, even all her living.' And when we give to the treasury of the Lord, we must give as he hath prospered us, or our offering is vain, and we are guilty before the Lord."

"Mother, ought every person to give?"

"Yes, my dear, and I am glad you have asked these questions, for I think that even so young a child as you are, should of the little you have give something to the Lord. We live in a day when great exertions are making by the people of God to spread abroad in the earth the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Bibles are translated into many languages; missionaries are preaching to the ignorant and destitute in our own country, and among the heathen of other countries; religious tracts are printed and are circulating from shore to shore; and the Sabbath school, that takes little children by the hand and leads them to the feet of Jesus,—all these and many more good works are now to be supported, that the blessed kingdom of God our Father may come, and fill the whole earth. And as it is the duty of all, whether young or old, to give something, I will propose a simple plan to you which has just occurred to me. I think that from your little pocket money you might spare every week, one cent. And I would advise you to have some small box or separate place to put it in, and be sure to do this every week: do not put it off, and think that at the end of a month, you will give four cents, you might thus neglect it altogether. And at the close of the year, while you continue in the Sabbath school, you may, if you please, add the contents of your box to the fund that is raised to aid in sending missionaries to establish schools in parts of the country where there now are none. You might do this, as a thank-offering to the Lord for his great goodness in allowing you to share the privileges and blessings of the Sabbath-school."

"I wish I could give more, mother."

"I wish you could, my dear, and if you are but willing to do what you can, perhaps you may. There are many little boys and girls whose parents are rich, who might save three or four cents every week for the treasury of the Lord; and they would know in their early years, that the saying of the Lord Jesus was true, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'"

Auburn, Cayuga co. N. Y.

## NATURAL HISTORY.

### CAPTAIN GREGG AND HIS DOG.

When very young, I took much delight in reading an anecdote, in the American Preceptor, of a dog who saved his master's life; and one of the earliest efforts of my memory was to repeat the concluding lines:

"My dog, the truest of his kind,  
With gratitude inflames my mind;  
I mark his true and faithful way,  
And in my service copy Tray."

In after life I heard it told, with many additional and interesting particulars, by the late General Dearborn; a man whose life would form half the history of his country, and whose memory was an inexhaustible fund of anecdote.

"I was," said he, "personally acquainted with Captain Gregg, and have seen the valuable dog to which he owed his life. Soon after the British and Indians, under General St. Legar, raised the siege of Fort Schuyler, so bravely defended by General Gainsvoort, Captain Gregg, of the New-York line, obtained permission to hunt, accompanied by a bro-

ther officer. They were successful in the expedition, and were returning with a load of fresh provision, of which the fort had a long time been destitute, when they were suddenly fired upon by an ambush of Indians. Both the officers fell; and the Indians coming up, knocked them down with a tomahawk, and scalped them, as their manner is, when they have time, from the forehead to the back of the neck; leaving only a couple of small locks of hair by the side of the ears.

Captain Gregg wore his hair in a club, by means of which they took off the scalp, after having passed the knife entirely round the head. In describing the operation, he said it felt as if molten lead were poured upon him. Yet he had the hardihood to be perfectly still, suppressing even his breath, lest his enemies should discover that life was in him; and the Indians, very naturally supposing their cruel work had been fatal, departed.

After lying in this situation some time, he felt his burning head touched gently and tenderly; and he immediately conjectured it was his favorite dog, which had accompanied him to the chase, and ran away at the first approach of the Indians. "Never," said he, "shall I forget how soothing the cool tongue of the faithful creature felt at that dreadful moment." Supposing by the fearlessness of the animal, that the Indians had gone, he raised his head, with difficulty, and looked around him. His brother officer lay dead near him; and his favorite spaniel, after a few indications of anxious sympathy, disappeared in the woods.

On attempting to rise, Captain Gregg found that he was wounded near the back bone by a musket shot, and was severely bruised on the forehead by the stroke of a tomahawk. The Indians always consider a blow of the tomahawk across the forehead as immediate death; and it would inevitably have put a sudden end to the suffering of the unfortunate officer, had not the cocked-hat which he wore, taken the principal weight of the stroke.

However, alone, and mangled as he was, he had no hopes of life. Having resigned himself to die, he crawled, as well as he was able, to his dead companion, and opening his waistcoat, he laid his throbbing head upon his soft, warm bosom; for the sticks and stones among which he lay, were torture to him.

But he was not forsaken in this trying hour; his faithful dog had not forgotten him! The officers at Fort Schuyler had already begun to entertain fears for the safety of the hunters, and were anxiously on the look-out for their return, when "Tray" was seen issuing from the wood, panting with eagerness and fatigue. "They are coming—for there is the dog!" was the universal exclamation. But their anxious eyes were bent towards the wood in vain; their friends did not appear; and the spaniel by whining, crouching, going to and fro, and looking up in the most supplicating manner, plainly indicated that some accident had befallen them. A detachment was immediately ordered to follow him. With unerring instinct the faithful creature guided them to the scene we have just described; ever and anon returning from a rapid race to reproach their unavoidable delay. The dying was found resting on the bosom of the dead—one was committed to the earth, and the other, under the care of the surgeon, borne carefully to the fort.

Eight weeks after this, during which time the capture of Burgoyne had taken place, General, then Colonel Dearborn, returned from the scenes of Saratoga to Albany, where he heard the story, just as we have related it, from the lips of Capt. Gregg. The dog in the meanwhile sat gravely at his side, looking wistfully in his face, as if conscious that he was the hero of the tale. "Well," said Colonel Dearborn, "I suppose you cannot be induced to part with him." "No," replied the officer, "not till I part with life: he shall never want for a friend, till my bones are in the dust." The dog wagged his tail, put his paw upon his master's foot, and nestled close to his side.

[Massachusetts Journal.

Question for Children.

Who did "Tray," in his conduct, as stated above, most resemble, the Priest, the Levite, or the Samaritan?

## REVIEW.

For the Youth's Companion.

THE LADY OF THE MANOR, VOL. 7. MRS. SHERWOOD.—Crocker & Brewster, 1829.

This volume is made up of sundry stories, only one of which we can attend to at this time. This story is entitled the "Shepherdess of the Alps." Its outlines are as follows. Emily, the heroine, was the daughter of the "remarkably handsome, but elegant and accomplished" Ernestus Muller. At her birth she lost her mother, "one of the most lovely as well as the most amiable of women." Mr. Muller was an infidel. Mrs. Muller seems not to have come to the knowledge of this fact, until after their marriage, although, the author says, she was "pious and penetrating!" Mr. Muller had also a son by a previous marriage, called Christopher. After the death of Emily's mother, Mr. M. returned to the army, and left his children to the care of Mrs. Courtney. After an absence of a number of years, he left the army an invalid, and came to reside with his children. His son, who could not bear the harsh treatment of his ill tempered father, ran away, and was not heard of for many years. Mrs. Courtney died—Mr. Muller and his daughter visited France, and on the death of his brother in Germany, they returned thither. After many years, Mr. M. renounced his infidelity and became pious.—His son was restored, and Emily married to Charles Harrington, the friend of her early days.

Little Emily was in her tenth year. And the author says "nothing can be conceived of in human nature more lovely than Emily was, at that time; she was so gentle, so fair, so simple, so smiling, and yet so intelligent." And she continues, "after these remarks it will not be doubted but this little girl had some proper feelings respecting religion!" Why? We have seen many little girls who were so gentle, and so fair, and so simple, and so smiling, who were not Christians. But, perhaps, Mrs. Sherwood, when she said that Emily had some "proper feelings respecting religion," did not mean that she was pious. Let us see. "Nevertheless," she continues, "Emily's religion was like that of her grandmother's." And what sort of religion was that? "It was not founded on an extensive knowledge of scriptural truths, though it was a sincere and pious approval of what was good." "She was habitually pious and resigned." If Emily's religion then, was like her grandmother's, she must have been a Christian; for nobody can be "habitually pious and resigned," without being a Christian. We are persuaded, however, that our author believes that something more is necessary, than being gentle and fair and simple and smiling and intelligent, to constitute a Christian; and what she has written concerning Emily's religious character in her tenth year, may have been done inadvertently. However this may be, its tendency must be injurious. We hear nothing more of Emily's piety for a number of years, although she occupies a large space in the story. While in France and Germany, she found relief in reading infidel books, and regarded the Bible "as the sick man does the surgeon's knife." She is represented, however, as maintaining her private devotions. What sort of piety must this be? Towards the winding up of the story, sighs and tears, and embraces and faintings begin to thicken. We knew that the writers of romance had discovered the secret fountains of sighs and tears, and had drawn from them largely. We had hoped, however, that they had monopolized these conveniences; but it seems that the writers of religious fiction have come in for a share in this discovery, and now we can have sighing, and weeping, and fainting, and embracing, and dying, done in the best style, in Sabbath School books. Our Puritan fathers were afraid even of the semblance of Popery. They would not even wear the surplice, nor administer the sacrament kneeling, nor allow a picture to hang in a church, and we wish that the writers of Sabbath school books were as much afraid of the costume and trickery of romance. In this connexion we would advert to the importance



which is attached to personal appearance. Mrs. Sherwood is faulty in this particular. All her heroes and heroines are *surprisingly beautiful*. She does not often forget to introduce them as "the elegant," "the accomplished," "the lovely;" and if a lady, the reader's attention is immediately directed to her sparkling eye, and beautiful hair, and heavenly countenance, and accomplished manners—"the fairest thing in nature." Just as if piety could not live under a homely garb. Those upon whom nature has not lavished her richest gifts may retire, for they never can figure in a religious novel. Perhaps it would be well to see what the Bible says of the personal appearance of its most important and interesting characters. If it were a matter of much consequence, one would think we should have had a particular description of the personal appearance of the "first woman," but we are not even told whether she were *white or black*. Sarah was a "fair woman to look upon." Rachel "was beautiful, and well favoured." Of the beauty of Deborah, one of the most interesting women of whom we have any account, we are not informed. "Then sang Deborah," is deemed a sufficient introduction. Joseph "was a goodly person and well favoured." "But in Israel there was none to be so much praised for his beauty as Absalom," the wicked Absalom. This is all we hear of the *beauty* of the persons above mentioned, and the example is worthy to be imitated. But we have not yet done with "the Shepherdess of the Alps." Emily received the appellation of shepherdess from the following circumstance. She was going one morning to visit an aged friend, who lived in a *romantic little cottage*, when she met a shepherd boy, who was crying bitterly because he had lost a book which belonged to his grandmother. Her natural sympathies were awakened, and she took the little shepherd's crook and engaged to tend his flock while he went to look for his lost book. Emily amused herself by entwining her person and her crook with flowers. This being done, and all things prepared for a scene, Charles Harrington, her future husband, and Christopher, her long lost brother, took her by surprise. "She burst into tears," of course, "and was with difficulty prevented from falling." On "recovering her recollections she found herself in the arms of her brother" and Charles "kneeling at her feet holding both her hands." "There are scenes in life which defy description." When Emily acquainted her father of the return of her brother, "she threw her arms around him, falling on her knees by his side. Emily," said her father "my Emily, and attempting to rise, his strength failed him, and his daughter, weeping aloud, could scarcely support him, till Charles and Christopher ran into the room." "O!" says the author, "who can describe the scene that took place."

We would not leave an impression that there is nothing said *about religion* in this story. There is something said; but we are free to affirm that the work is not suitable for a Sabbath School Library. We know that the work is popular, and sought after for the Sabbath School, but we are glad that it has not yet been admitted into the Mass. Sabbath School Depository.

REVIEWER.

#### EDITORIAL.

##### THE CHARACTER OF ABRAHAM.

"Ma," said little Mary to her mother, "was Abraham a good man?" "To be sure he was," said Mrs. V., "for he was called the friend of God, (James 2. 23;) and the father of all them that believe, (Rom. 4. 11;) and Christ himself assured the Jews, that they should see Abraham and Isaac and Jacob in the kingdom of God, (Luke 13. 28.) But why do you ask that question?" "Because," said Mary, "I have been reading here in Genesis (chap. 22,) about his attempting to kill his son: he bound Isaac his son, and laid him upon the altar upon the wood. And Abraham stretched forth his hand, and took the knife to slay his son."

Mother.—But he did not kill him.

Mary.—I know it; but he tried to do it. And you told me yesterday, that if I intended and tried

to do a wrong thing, I was wicked, although another person might prevent my doing it. Now I know that an angel called to Abraham and bade him stop, just at the instant he was going to cut Isaac's throat; but I am sure he was as wicked as if he had not been hindered.

Mother.—But you know that God commanded him to do it, and we must all obey the commands of God.

Mary.—Yes, Ma, I read that too; but one of God's commands is, "Thou shalt not kill," and it can never be right for a father to slay his son. God's telling Abraham to do so, makes it more strange still. It seems as if God did wrong too, as well as Abraham.

Mother.—You should not speak so, my daughter; shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?

Mary.—Yes, Ma; but I meant, it seems so to me, and I do not know how to make it appear right.

Mother.—You should say then that you do not understand it, and ask to have it explained. If you desire it, I will try to remove your difficulties about it.

Mary.—Do, Ma, for I want to know, very much. Mrs. V. then remarked as follows.

God says, "Thou shalt not kill;" and if a man hates another in his heart, and kills him on that account, he is a murderer. But, to put a person to death, is not always wicked. If I kill a man accidentally, I am not criminal for it. The sheriff, who hangs the murderer to prevent his killing others, is only doing his duty. A man who kills a robber, when defending his house and the lives of his family in the night, is not guilty. So a man who runs a great risk of losing his own life in the same way, is not a self-murderer. And God in his providence may require a Christian to defend his country, when invaded and pillaged in time of war; and thus he may cause the death of some of the enemy, and lose his own life, and not be wicked.

God is the Author of life, and has a perfect right to take it away when he pleases. He may destroy our lives by sickness, by lightning, by drowning, or in any way he chooses. He may also appoint, that one person shall fall by the hand of another, if it seems good in his sight. He gave his own Son, when he was a man upon earth, into the hands of wicked men, to be crucified and slain. He had given Isaac life, and had a right to take it away at any moment. He gave Abraham this son; and he had a right to remove him when he pleased.

You know too that Christ, though he was not a sinner himself, died on the cross to save sinners: that is, he was willing to suffer, that a great multitude of lost sinners might be pardoned and saved. The Father gave up his well-beloved Son to death, for the same purpose. So God has had some good and glorious purpose to be promoted by the death of good men. They must suffer, that they might do good. Now suppose the death of Isaac was necessary, for doing great good in the world; and God saw fit that he should die for that purpose. Ought not Isaac to be willing to die? And suppose it was God's will that his father should slay him, ought not Abraham to sacrifice his son? He would suffer more in slaying his son, than Isaac would in dying; but should he not be willing to suffer what God required that he should?

Still there seems to you to be one command of God against another. This is explained by my conduct towards yourself and the other children. I forbid your striking each other, or injuring each other in any way. That is my standing rule, or law, every day and hour; whether you are at home or abroad; whether I am present with you or absent from you. But now suppose your little brother has done a wicked thing and must be whipped. Suppose I am sick and feeble, or for some other cause I choose you should whip him for me. It would make your own heart ache, but ought you not to do it if I command you?

Mary. Yes, mother; but I ought not to kill him, if even you should bid me do it.

Mother. True, Mary, because I have no right, either to kill him myself, or to command you to do it. But God has a right; and you and I are to

obey him in all things, when he commands us.

But I was showing, that my particular command to whip your brother, when I saw fit, released you from the general command never to strike him; and for that time, and just as far as I commanded, made it right for you to strike him. Still, that particular command gave you no liberty to injure him at any other time, or indulge towards him the least unfriendly feeling. This was the case with Abraham. The command, "Thou shalt not kill," was always binding on him, except when God himself required him to kill. And then, you will observe, God did not require him to murder his son; that is, to hate him, and kill him from some bad motive. And Abraham doubtless loved his son more, when he bound him and laid him on the altar, than ever he did in his life before. But he obeyed God, who, for a good and glorious purpose, had required of him the most painful and trying duty.

Another circumstance is, that Abraham did not take up the notion of sacrificing his son of his own fancy. He did not infer it was his duty, from any supposed leadings of providence, or from any dreams or visions. He did not do it because any of his fellow men advised or commanded him. He had the special command directly from God himself; and was absolutely certain that God spoke to him, and required him to offer the sacrifice. Without certainty in this case, he would not have done right to offer it. Therefore, those persons in modern times who have thought God required them to kill some of their fellow men, were either crazy or most sadly deluded. God does not now speak to men by living prophets, or by a voice from heaven; and our whole duty must be learned from the Bible. The command, "Thou shalt not kill," is always binding upon us in its letter and spirit; and we cannot have a particular command to take the life of a fellow creature, as Abraham had. He did right to obey, because he knew that God spoke to him and required it; and God had a right to suspend the sixth commandment on that occasion, and to require, for a wise and benevolent purpose, that the affectionate father should bind his own son as a sacrifice and offer him upon his altar.

When the historian says, (Gen. 22. 1,) "God did tempt Abraham," the meaning is what we should now express by the word *try*. God tried Abraham, to see if he would obey him in that painful and self denying manner.

Let us admire and imitate the *faith* of Abraham. Though Isaac was to be the father of the Messiah, according to the promise of God, yet God now requires him to take his life before he has a child to leave behind him. "By faith Abraham, when he was tried, offered up Isaac, - - accounting that God was able to raise him up, even from the dead: from whence also he received him in a figure." (Heb. 11. 17, 19.) He believed the promise would not fail, but that Isaac would be raised to life again. And though his death was prevented, yet, figuratively speaking, the wondering father received him from the dead. He was as one alive from the dead, when he was saved so unexpectedly in the critical moment, and the victim arose from the altar alive & in vigor. O let us believe every promise & every word of Jehovah, though clouds and darkness seem to be round about him; for he will not suffer his faithfulness to fail, nor alter the thing that has gone out of his lips. Let us obey his plain directions and commands, whatever pain or suffering it may require, knowing that every sacrifice made from love to Christ, will be recompensed at the resurrection of the just.

Let us learn to exercise right feelings, when we are obliged to do that which is painful to others. Abraham had no murder in his heart, but the most intense parental affection, when he took the knife to slay his son! So should parents correct or reprove their offending children for their good, from love to God and to their souls, and not from passion or anger. So should Christians not suffer sin upon their brethren, but faithfully reprove them; and they should learn from Abraham to be faithful, while their hearts indulge no bitterness and wrath, and overflow with Christian love and compassion.



# YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Published Weekly, by WILLIS & RAND, at the Office of the Boston Recorder, No. 22, Congress-Street.... Price One Dollar a year in advance, or \$1, 50, if not paid in advance.

No. 21.

BOSTON, OCTOBER 14, 1829.

VOL. III.

## NARRATIVE.

From the Berkshire American.

### THE DISHONEST BANKRUPT.

We have not assumed this title as though it belonged to a character of rare occurrence. Unfortunately for mankind, it is but too common. Humanity has wept at its frequent appearance, and justice seems to have drawn closer the bandage over her eyes, that she might the more effectually hide from her view its hideous deformity.

We now refer to that species of bankrupt, who has fraudulently taken the benefit of the insolvent act, by concealing his wealth, or who has afterwards acquired riches, but still continues to withhold from his creditors their just dues, and derides the claims of equity, which, though like a chained lion, they cannot be divested of their strength, are rendered inert by the shackles of the law.

Among the creditors of the bankrupt are frequently to be found the widow and the orphan, the mechanic and the laborer, whose dues are kept back by fraud, and whose wretchedness is aggravated by seeing their wealthy creditor rolling in pleasure at their expense, and setting their honest claims at defiance. The law is equally absurd and unjust, which puts it in the power of a man to be rich, and yet withhold the payment of his debts. Better, in this case, would it be, if there were no law; for then the strong sense of native justice would rise against the wealthy bankrupt and compel him to surrender his ill-gotten or ill-retained treasure.

But the injustice of the law is no excuse for the frauds of bankruptcy; it does not, and cannot, alter the eternal nature of right and wrong; and he who takes the advantage of its provisions to cheat his creditors, is a villain of no feeble die—not having that shadow of excuse which even the murderer may sometimes plead, namely, injured honor, and the promptings of revenge. The poor thief, who attempts to better his condition by helping himself to your property, and the robber, who openly bids you stand and deliver, would be degraded by comparison with the dishonest bankrupt; the thief takes nothing but movables, and the robber may be resisted; the thief has the plea of poverty, and the robber at least the equivocal virtue of courage; but the dishonest bankrupt, under cover of the law, defrauds you of houses and lands, and without the excuse of want, does that beneath a legal subterfuge which he has not even the equivocal virtue of boldly attempting, like the robber, in defiance of danger and death.

But mark the difference in the fate of these different individuals. The lesser villain, who has unlawfully taken the value of a few paltry dollars, is dragged to the bar of justice, and thence consigned to hard labor and ignominy in the penitentiary; while the greater villain, who has, under cover of law, robbed the honest and industrious of thousands, rolls in the lap of luxury, and enjoys the caresses of the wealthy, and fashionable and giddy world!

L—, formerly an inhabitant of this village, is a notorious instance of the dishonest bankrupt. A neighbor of his, by industry and economy, had become the owner of two little farms. L— contrived to defraud him of both. One he purchased on credit, and induced the unsuspecting owner to become his surety for borrowed money to an amount that swallowed up the other—and becoming bankrupt immediately after, defrauded the honest farmer of his little all. Turned houseless and homeless on the world, ruined in fortune and broken in spirit, the poor man shortly ended an unhappy life, the

victim of dishonest bankruptcy—leaving a wife and children destitute of subsistence. How many others were defrauded, and are now suffering the consequences, we know not; we mention this case as one of singular aggravation.

L— went to the State of New York, and settled in one of the cities on the Hudson. Until this time the moral hue of his conduct seems to have been somewhat doubtful; there was, perhaps, nothing in it which could be pronounced absolutely villainous, unless it be proved that he borrowed money with the design of failing, and drew in the honest farmer to be his surety, with the previous knowledge that it must eventuate in his ruin.—But the darker part of the transaction, the after-piece of villainy, is yet to come. L— engaged in business, was successful, and in a few years rose to wealth. Now was the time to have repaired, at least as far as money would go, the miseries he had brought upon the family of the farmer. To restore the husband and the farmer, to recall the days ere the wife was a widow and the children orphans, was not in his power. But to raise the widow and orphans from want, was in his power; to pay what he owed, principal and interest, he was abundantly able; and this he should have done to the uttermost farthing—and would have done, if a spark either of honesty or humanity had remained unextinguished in his heart. He did not do it; he has not done it to this day. He approaches the sacred altar, he partakes of the communion cup, he professes faith in the name of Him who has commanded to “do unto others as you would have others do unto you,” and—yet he withholds the substance of the widow and the fatherless!

Near the close of a winter's day, a young female came to his house. She was clad in poor but clean apparel; she seemed to have been bred to better fortune, but to have passed her latter years in servitude. Meekness and humility, gentleness and resignation, were marked in her countenance and demeanor. She approached the master of the house with trembling diffidence; a tear stood in her eye; she begged to ask a favor—she hoped she should not give offence—she declared herself to be the eldest daughter of —, naming the farmer from whom L— had taken his all, and who in consequence had descended broken hearted to the grave.

At the mention of that name, and the sight of the orphan daughter, the conscience of L— was not untouched; but he suppressed the feeling by a strong effort. He had injured the family too deep for reparation—and felt no disposition to forgive where he had injured. He addressed the young woman in a stern voice, and asked what might be her business with him.

The orphan replied, that her mother, her brothers and sisters, were in want of the necessities of life; that she understood he was now wealthy and could easily repay what was justly their due—that however, she did not come to demand it, but would consider as a favor any, the smallest portion, which he might see fit to bestow.

“Young woman,” said he, “I am surprised that you should come here with such a plea. If I ever was indebted to your father, the law has discharged me from that obligation.”

“True, but justice,” said the girl.

“Who talks to me of justice?” interrupted L—; “if you or any of your family have any legal claim, let it be brought; but—”

“A legal claim we don't pretend,” said the trembling girl, “but I thought a sense of justice, urged by the plea of humanity, might have some weight.”

“Indeed!” said L—, “that's fine talk; but do you think I'm a fool?”

“I think of nothing,” feelingly answered the girl, “but the condition of my poor mother, my little brothers and sisters—once enjoying the comforts of life—now reduced to beggary. Oh think for a moment of their wants, and let it have some influence on your heart.—On my knees I beg you will pity their condition—it is for them alone I plead—I ask nothing for myself.”

“Plead till you are grey—kneel till you grow to the floor,” replied L—, and coldly turned away.

Night had now come; it was dark, and cold, and stormy.

“Will you be kind enough to allow me a shelter for the night?” said the girl, now almost exhausted by her feeling—“I have no money, I am a stranger, and know not where to go.”

“Young woman,” said L— sternly, “I do not wish to be troubled with you.”

“Is it your custom,” said the girl, “to turn the weak and penniless into the street, when the dreary night, the cold and the storm are so dreadful?”

“Girl,” replied the rich bankrupt, “you came upon a fool's errand, and may thank yourself for such reception as you meet with. I tell you once more, I don't wish to be troubled with you—there is the door.”

The young woman arose—she seemed to acquire energy with the occasion—she raised her eyes to heaven—“Mighty God,” said she, “is this a being created in thine image—this man who withholds from the widow and the fatherless their just dues—who denies the boon of a shelter, for one single night, to the weary, the weak and the penniless, whom he has beggared—is this the man—?”

While she was speaking, the countenance of L— grew dark with rage; he thrust her violently into the street, and closed the door! Immediately the tempest seemed to utter one long moaning sound—it struck dismay to the heart of L—; he sunk aghast upon a seat. But the sound ceased, and he forgot the warning. The next Sunday he took the sacramental cup; the widow and the orphan were not in all his thoughts.

This is but one instance, among a thousand, of the Dishonest Bankrupt.

[If any of our young readers are surprised that a man, who “partakes of the communion” and “professes faith” in Christ, should be guilty of such injustice and cruelty, let them remember, our Saviour informs us that many in the day of judgment will expect to be saved in consequence of their professed love to him, to whom he will say, “Depart from me ye workers of iniquity.” No man should be considered a Christian if his conduct belies his profession.]

## BIOGRAPHY.

### MEMOIR OF REV. JOHN NEWTON.

[Written partly by himself and partly by the Rev. Richard Cecil.]

“I was born in London, July 24th, 1725. My parents, though not wealthy, were respectable. My father was many years master of a ship in the Mediterranean trade. My mother was a dissenter, a pious woman, and a member of the late Dr. Jennings's church. She was of a weak, consumptive habit, loved retirement, and, as I was her only child, she made it the chief business and pleasure of her life to instruct me, and bring me up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. I have been told, that, from my birth, she had, in her mind, devoted me to the ministry; and that, had she lived till I was of a proper age, I was to have been



sent to St. Andrew's, in Scotland, to be educated. But the Lord had appointed otherwise. My mother died before I was seven years of age. I was rather of a sedentary turn, not active and playful, as boys commonly are, but seemed as willing to learn as my mother was to teach me. When I was four years old, I could read (hard names excepted) as well as I can now; and could likewise repeat the answers to the questions in the Assembly's Shorter Catechism, with the proofs; and all Dr. Watts's smaller catechisms, & his children's hymns." His excellent mother likewise stored his memory with whole chapters, and smaller portions of Scripture, and often commended him, with many prayers and tears, to God. After her death, these hopeful beginnings were apparently lost. His father was too stern, and kept him in a state of fear and bondage. This distance and severity greatly lessened his parental influence, and powerfully inclined the youth to break the yoke of early discipline, and to forsake the ways of God. During this period of his life, up to his fifteenth year, he was often visited by religious convictions; and being from a child fond of reading, he met with Bennet's Christian Oratory, and though he understood little of it, the course of life it recommended appeared very desirable. He therefore began to pray, to read the Scriptures, to keep a diary, and thought himself religious; but soon became weary of it, and gave it up. He then learned to curse and to blaspheme, and, when out of the view of his father and step-mother, ran greedily on in the paths of iniquity. Being exposed, at times, to imminent danger, he trembled at the idea of appearing, in his guilty state, before a just and holy God; and often indulged remorse, made vows of obedience, and changed his outward conduct; but returning temptations overcame him, again and again. At length being impressed, and obliged to serve on board a man of war, he fell into evil company, and particularly into the society of one who was a zealous, expert, plausible infidel. By objections, and arguments, young Newton's depraved heart was soon gained. He plunged into infidelity with all his spirit; and, like an unwary sailor who quits the harbour just before a rising storm, the hopes and comforts of the gospel were renounced at the very time when every other comfort was about to fail. This prodigal son now entered on a scene of guilt, danger, and misery, which has seldom been exceeded; but a kind providence visibly watched over him, and at length it pleased God to make him a vessel of his mercy, and a minister of his grace. March 21st, 1748, the ship in which he was returning to England, being in the most imminent danger, a deep and abiding impression was made upon his mind. "On that day," to use his own words, "the Lord sent from on high, and delivered me out of deep waters. I continued at the pump from three in the morning till near noon, and then I could do no more; I went and lay down upon my bed, uncertain, and almost indifferent, whether I should rise again. In an hour's time, I was called; and not being able to pump, I went to the helm, and steered the ship till midnight, excepting a small interval for refreshment. I had here leisure and convenient opportunity for reflection. I began to think of my former religious professions; the extraordinary turns of my life; the calls, warnings, and deliverances, I had met with; the licentious course of my conversation; particularly my unparalleled effrontery, in making the gospel history the constant subject of profane ridicule. I thought there never was, or could be, such a sinner as myself; and then, comparing the advantages I had broken through, I concluded, at first, that my sins were too great to be forgiven. The Scripture, likewise, seemed to say the same; for I had formerly been well acquainted with the Bible, and many passages, upon this occasion, returned upon my memory; particularly those awful passages, Prov. i. 24—31. Heb. vi. 4—6. 2d Peter, 2—20. which seemed so exactly to suit my case and character, as to bring with them a presumptive proof of a divine original. When I saw, beyond all probability, that there was still hope of respite, and heard, about six in the evening, that the ship was freed from water, there arose a gleam

of hope. I thought I saw the hand of God displayed in our favour. I began to pray; I could not utter the prayer of faith; I could not draw near to a reconciled God, and call him *Father*; my prayer was like the cry of the ravens, which yet the Lord does not disdain to hear. I now began to think of that Jesus whom I had so often derided; I recollected the particulars of his life, and of his death; *a death for sins not his own*, but, as I remembered, *for the sake of those, who, in their distress, should put their trust in him*. One of the first helps I received, in consequence of a determination to examine the New Testament more carefully, was from Luke, xi. 13. *If ye, then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children; how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him*. Here I found a Spirit spoken of, who was to be communicated to those who ask it. Upon this I reasoned thus; if this book be true the promise in this passage must be true likewise. I have need of that very Spirit, by which the whole was written, to understand it aright. He has engaged here to give that Spirit to those who ask; I must therefore pray for it; and if it be of God, he will make good his own word. My purposes were strengthened by John, vii. 17. "Their danger of shipwreck was not yet past, but rather became more imminent than before. However, at a time when they were ready to give up all for lost, and despair appeared in every countenance, they began to conceive hope from the wind's shifting to the desired point, so as best to suit that broken part of the ship, which must be kept out of the water, and so gently to blow, as their few remaining sails could bear. On the 19th of April, they anchored in Lough Swilly, Ireland. When they came into this port, their very last victuals were boiling in the pot, and before they had been there two hours, the wind, which seemed to have been providentially restrained till they were in a place of safety, began to blow with great violence; so that, if they had continued at sea that night, they must, in all human estimation, have gone to the bottom! "About this time," says Mr. N., "I began to know, that there is a God who hears and answers prayer." Speaking of the ship in which he lately sailed, he says, "There were no persons on board to whom I could open myself with freedom, concerning the state of my soul; none from whom I could ask advice. As to books, I had a New Testament, Stanhope's Thomas-a-Kempis, and a volume of Bishop Beveridge's Sermons, one of which, upon our Lord's passion, affected me much. In perusing the New Testament, I was struck with several passages, particularly that of the fig-tree, Luke, xiii.; the case of Paul, 1st Tim. i.; but above all, that of the prodigal, Luke xv. I thought that had never been so nearly exemplified as by myself; and then the goodness of the father in receiving, nay, in running to meet such a son, and this intended only to illustrate the Lord's goodness to returning sinners! Such reflections gaining upon me, I continued much in prayer. Outward circumstances helped, in this place, to make me still more serious and earnest, in crying to Him who alone could relieve me; and sometimes I thought I could be content to die, even for want of food, so I might but die a believer." The spiritual change thus happily begun, was evidently from above. Mr. Newton became an exemplary and devoted Christian, and was ordained by the bishop of Lincoln, in 1764. For more than forty years, he approved himself a faithful, judicious, and affectionate minister of Christ. The benevolence of his disposition, and the piety of his heart, will appear from his own words. "I see in this world two heaps, of human happiness and misery; now, if I can take but the smallest bit from one heap and add to the other, I carry a point. If, as I go home, a child has dropped a half-penny, and if, by giving it another, I can wipe away its tears, I feel I have done something. I should be glad, indeed, to do greater things, but I will not neglect this. When I hear a knock at my study door, I hear a message from God. It may be a lesson of instruction; perhaps a lesson of patience; but since it is *his* message, it must be interesting."

His house was open to Christians of all ranks and denominations. Here, like a father among his children, he used to entertain, encourage, and instruct, his friends; especially younger ministers, or candidates for the ministry. Here, also, the poor, the afflicted, and the tempted, found an asylum and a sympathy, which they could scarcely find, in an equal degree, any where besides. Not having any children of his own, he had no opportunity of discharging the duties of a parent; but he adopted two nieces into his family, towards whom he displayed the wisdom and affection of a pious father; while they, in return, loved & revered him as daughters.

My pen would still linger, while pouring a character so venerable and interesting; but I must forbear. I therefore only add, that Mr. Newton died in peace, Dec. 21st, 1807, in the eighty second year of his age. Behold, in his example, the efficacy of Christian instruction and prayer, even at a very early period. His pious mother died before he was seven years of age. Yet she sowed "precious seed," with weeping and supplication, in the mind of her son, which, though it appeared to be choked for a time, brought forth at length a rich and valuable harvest. She devoted him, in humility and faith, to the ministry; and though for a season he seemed of all men most unlikely, and unfit for the sacred office, yet God, by his grace, prepared him for it, made him a burning and a shining light, and enabled him successfully to build up the faith which once he laboured to destroy. Perhaps he might never have wandered into the paths of irreligion, had his father been pious, judicious, tender, and patient, like his mother. It is highly important that both parents should unite in the spiritual care of their children; that they may see their comfort and usefulness through life, and at last present them with joy before the God and father of all. Mark also the advantage of giving children a taste for reading. By this habit, Mr. Newton laid up a treasury of holy knowledge when very young. Reading, reflection, and prayer, through divine grace, turned him from darkness unto light, and from the power of Satan unto God; and by reading, he was qualified to be of eminent service to the church, during the whole course of his ministry. Parents, put judicious, evangelically, well chosen books, into the hands of your children; that they may grow up in wisdom, as well as in stature, and in favour with God and man. I conclude with an emphatical and pious address of Mr. Cecil, to those young persons who may read his memoirs of Newton; "Your parents, your most disinterested friends, are anxiously watching for your good; and they, perhaps, have put this book into your hand with a view of promoting it. The author has cause to thank God, who put it into the heart of his pious parent to make a similar attempt, and bless it with success; and he could tell of more such instances. May it please God that you may be added to the number!"

## REVIEW.

For the Youth's Companion.

THE PERSECUTED FAMILY. BY ROBERT POLLOCK.

We, who live in this free country, experience little of the horrors of persecution. We can repair to the house of God, unmolested, and sing his praise, and listen to his word, and send up our desires to heaven, unmixed with the fear of the rack or the gibbet. Time was, when it was death, even to profess the religion of Jesus Christ. The wild beasts were let loose upon the young and old, the male and female who would not abjure the Saviour. Savage beasts were goaded to the work of death by more savage men—men who gnashed their teeth on Jesus Christ in the persons of his followers. To gratify their malignity they prepared their racks, and kindled their faggots, and heated their iron chairs and bars, and with infernal ingenuity prepared new instruments of torture. Thus it was in the early ages of Christianity. Who, now, would be a Christian under such circumstances? Alas, in this our happy country, where a public profession of religion is not a prelude to the dungeon and the



rack, how few are willing to forsake the world and be the followers of Jesus? There was a time when those who called themselves *Christians* persecuted their brethren because they refused to wear the surplice, or kneel at the sacrament, or bow at the mention of the name of Jesus. Those whose consciences would not permit them to wear these badges of popery, as they called them, were driven from their churches, thrown into prisons, and many of them murdered. Thus it was when those, who called themselves Christians, persecuted one another. Readers, look, for a moment, at the delicate female as she is brought out to be torn in pieces by the wild beasts, because she will not renounce her Saviour; hear the taunts of an infuriated populace, hear their shameless jests, witness their demoniac rage,—hark! she is commending her spirit to her Saviour.—It is done.—Consider, now, the faithful minister of Jesus Christ, driven away from his beloved flock, forced to wander in the wilderness, and to hide himself in a cave. Look at him as the fires kindle around him, see him walking on heated bars, see him stretched upon the rack. In view of such sufferings, say, professing Christian, are you ready to go to the stake, are you ready to die a martyr to the cause you have professed to love? And you, who have no hope, would you deny, would you abjure the Saviour in such an hour as this? “Young men and maidens,” in whom the love of life is strong, would you turn pale in view of the torture, would your heart die within you, would you renounce the Saviour? Yes, you would, for you are afraid now, even, of the finger of scorn. Yes, you would, for now, although you know that Jesus is the “one altogether lovely,” you will not come to him that you might have life. Although he stretches out his hand to save, and although there is nothing in the way which ought to bear the name of persecution, you turn away and hasten on in the paths of vanity and destruction. Are you sure, that, rather than suffer for Christ, you would not even become persecutors yourselves? The time may be at hand when you will be called upon to settle this question.

The work to which we would call your attention, at this time is, “the Persecuted Family,” by the author of the *Course of Time*. The name of Pollok will be ever dear to the lover of religious poetry. The work, in question, is founded substantially on facts. The story is as follows. Mr. Bruce, a faithful clergyman, was pleasantly situated in a small village in Scotland, at the time of the restoration. He was much beloved by his people, and with his wife and two children (Andrew and Mary) lived a retired and happy life. When this new order of things commenced, he was “required to acknowledge the king as supreme head of the church; to submit to the diocesan jurisdiction of the bishops; to be reordained and converted into a curate and to introduce the episcopal mode of worship into the church.” “In a word,” said he “I am to renounce presbytery, preach not as the Bible and my own conscience direct me, but according to the wishes of a drunken and licentious court, and the dictates of a self-interested and domineering priesthood.” And he continues, “I would rather that my tongue should be forever dumb, than that it should utter one word from this sacred place, merely to please men of power, and secure my own worldly gratification.” This being his determination, he was soon driven away from his parish, and withdrew to a retired place, about four miles from the village. Thither his flock repaired, occasionally, and he preached to them, either in a private house or the open field. But “the violence of persecution every day increased. The ejected clergy were forbidden to preach, even in the fields; the people under the severest penalties were forbidden to shelter them, or even to give them a morsel of bread.” After residing a twelve-month at this farm house, Mr. Bruce and his family were forced to betake themselves to a wandering life. The place to which they most frequently resorted was, a cave about five miles above the village. Here, they kept themselves hid. Mr. B. with his family, ventured out, one Sabbath night to preach in a wild

glen, to some of his flock. Here, while in the midst of their services, they were surprised by those who had long watched for them, and as they attempted to escape, the soldiers fired upon them and killed Mrs. Bruce upon the spot. Not long after this, they succeeded in taking Andrew, about half a mile from the cave.

When they had carried him to the village, they tortured him, in order to make him reveal where his father was secreted, but he resolutely refused to give them any information concerning him. The thumbkin was an instrument of exquisite torture. This, they applied until he swooned, but he was firm. The next day they led him out to execution. In the midst of the preparation, Mary appeared among the crowd, and entreated, but all in vain, for her dear brother. He was executed. The stroke was too heavy for his loving sister to bear—she sunk under it, and died a few days after. The father was now left alone in his cave—but not long, for the inhuman monsters soon discovered his hiding-place. They entered his cave at midnight, and shot him through the heart. This is the end of the persecuted family. It is a book which may be read with profit by all. Those who have not read the history of the church, or the book of martyrs, may be inclined to doubt that men ever persecuted their fellow men after this manner, but it is too true. And now, we have only to say, reader, whoever thou art, when thou hast read “The Persecuted Family,” ask thyself this question—What sacrifice am I willing to make for Christ and his cause? REVIEWER.

#### MORALITY.

From the *Philadelphian*.

#### THE CRUEL MOTHER.

[From the *Journal of a Philadelphia Missionary*.]

Philadelphia, Wednesday, 1829. This evening I was called upon in great haste, to visit a sick female, who, I was told, “is lying at the point of death.” I immediately went to the house and found the sick person to be a young lady of about twenty-three years of age, in the last stage of the consumption. She was supported in the bed by a sister. Her half-closed eyes, her open mouth, and rattling throat, told me that she would soon be no more. I approached the bed—took her by the hand, and spoke to her. She opened her eyes, looked upon me, and closed them again. I said to her, “My sick friend, you appear to be very ill.” She assented by a nod, for her speech had left her. “Yes,” I replied, “you are very ill, you will not be long here—you must soon die.” Scarcely had I spoken these words, when up leaps her aged mother, who had been sitting by the fire-side, and said to me, “Oh! now, don’t speak to her so hard, do give her some little hope—she’s not as bad as all that—she’s getting better.” Then turning to her dying daughter she says: “You are my daughter—you shan’t die yet,” and then resumed her seat. She paid no attention to her mother, but threw her head back upon the bosom of her sister; her eyes turned upwards, and gasping for breath. I began again, “Soon you will be dead—” Up rises the mother again, and says, “I hope in God not, I hope I shall die first.” I replied, “You will soon die too, and are you prepared for death?” She asks “Are you Dr. —?” “No, madam,” said I. “Ah!” said she, “he’s a bad man, I don’t like him.” Her daughter then spoke and said, “Oh! mother, do sit down, and let the minister speak to sister, she wants to hear him.” The mother was silent. Again I resumed my conversation, “You must soon die, my friend; and the Bible tells us that after death comes the judgment. Do you feel convinced that you cannot get well?” She bowed her head. “Do you think you are fit to die?” She raised her languid eyes, fixed them on me, and with a despairing look, shook her head. “What! not fit to die!” She shook her head again. “How then can you be happy after death?” She closed her eyes and turned her head aside. I then told her, in as simple language as I could use, what was her condition as a sinner—tried to show her that she was a

great sinner, and how sinners might be saved; that Christ was able and willing to save the chief of sinners—that she must be born again, (which I explained to her)—that there is a heaven of joy for all Christians, and an awful hell for all who do not repent and believe, and who are not prepared to die, &c. When I mentioned the word *hell*, her mother, who had been all this time walking up and down the room, eyeing me, and muttering occasionally to herself, spoke out: “She shan’t go there, she has always been a good girl—she’s the best child I’ve got—she’s not bad,” &c. Her daughter said, “Oh! mother, do let the minister talk to sister—you know it is for her good—sister wants him to talk to her,” and turning to me with tears trickling down her cheeks, she said, “Don’t mind mother, do talk to her.” I again resumed my discourse, and after spending a few minutes in directing her to Jesus, we joined in prayer for her. I conversed afterwards with all in the room, and left them all in tears, (except the mother) promising to call on the morrow.

The morrow came, and I went to see her, but found that she had died about three hours after I left her. Her spirit had fled to the judgment: and shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?

As I returned home, I could not but think, that in all probability, many precious souls are lost through the *cruelty* of kind parents. They see their children sinking into the arms of death, and instead of urging them to make their peace with God, and showing them their real danger, they say to them, “Don’t be afraid, there is no danger—you are getting better.” Or, if they find they must die, they comfort them with false hopes, saying “that they have done nothing very bad—they don’t deserve to die.” Is not such conduct *cruel* and *wicked*?

#### THE NURSERY.

#### HOW TO KNOW WHETHER WE HAVE BAD HEARTS.

You may know what sort of hearts you have by seeing what is your conduct. Those who have holy hearts, love to talk about God, Christ, his kingdom, heaven, and angels, and other good subjects. To have such a talk they often meet each other. Now if you go out of the room when good people come to talk with you—if you dislike to converse with them about serious things, and if you try to make them talk about something else besides these things, you show the same spirit which the man had who was possessed of the devil and said “Let us alone.” If your heart felt any love towards God, you would like very much to talk about holy subjects. Good people too love to study and understand the Bible, and to think of its truth when they have done reading it. If you neglect reading it from day to day—if you do not try to get an insight into the meaning of it; or if after you have read it, you do not think over what you have read, what a cold wicked heart you must have! How unlike David! The word of God was sweeter to him than honey or the honey comb; and he meditated upon it in the night. If you had any love for God or his authority, you would not treat his Bible in this manner. Holy people find great delight in praying. The Psalmist and others who are mentioned in the Bible, prayed several times in the day. Good men, women and children love to go into their closet and to thank God for his mercies, and to confess their sins and seek forgiveness. Now if you do not love these things, your heart must be very bad; & it must be changed, or you cannot expect to go to heaven. [The News.]

#### YOUNG PEOPLE SHOULD TALK TOGETHER ABOUT GOOD THINGS.

If you wish to know how to spend your time when you visit each other, take for your example the conduct of the boys mentioned in this article. They sit in a lonely place talking about the goodness and power of God which they see in the trees and in many other beautiful things around them, and about the books which they have read. They ask one another such questions as they think of, that they may get more knowledge. They do not scuffle, hollow, knock off each other’s bats, and



have filthy conversation like some that we have seen. No, they are now fitting to be useful men, and to be greatly loved by those who know them. What a lovely sight! Those who visit one another for the purpose of telling tales, making fun and doing mischief, are fitting themselves for the goal, the state prison, and the gallows. When good people visit, you know that they speak about serious or useful things. It is said, Mal. iii. 16, 17, "Then they that feared the Lord, spake often one to another: and the Lord hearkened and heard it: and a book of remembrance was written before him for them that feared the Lord, & that thought upon his name. And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of Hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels; and I will spare them as a man spareth his own son that serveth him." The disciples conversed while on their way to Emmaus and their hearts burned within them. Two good women who had bad husbands, and who lived in a wicked neighborhood, visited each other in a woods, every week, that they might have pious conversation together. Little Charles Dexter, of Connecticut, used to meet several boys in his mother's garret, that they might talk about the Bible, and about doing good. Several Sunday School boys in New-York, have met together from time to time, to see if they could hit upon several plans of being useful. How much better such meetings are than those of boys who stand at the corners of some of our streets cursing, laughing and making sport! If you would be respected in life, if you would set a good example before those around you, and if you would do and get good, talk to your young friends when you meet them, about those things, which will tend to make you and their hearts and lives better than they now are.

[ib.]

#### THE GIRL WHO DID GOOD TO HER MOTHER.

A little girl aged eleven years, and having a very wicked, intemperate, mother, was placed in a Sunday School. It might well be supposed that the evil example of the mother would have a bad effect on the mind of her little daughter. But often when she had been intemperate and swore, her little girl has been known to reprove her in a very melting and tender manner. She would say to her mother, you are injuring yourself very much and committing a great sin against God.

After this child had been attending a prayer meeting for the teachers and scholars, she went into a room, where she found her mother alone. She opened a Bible and tried to explain the chapter, which she had just heard explained at the meeting. She then repeated the first lines of the hymns which had been sung, and gave an account of the manner in which the exercises of the evening had been conducted. She expressed much concern for the soul of her mother to the lady who instructed her; and with eyes filled with tears said, O mamma, I very often pray to God that he would take away mother's stony heart and give her a good one.

[Philadelphia.]

#### THE HAPPY SUNDAY SCHOLAR WHO DIED IN MARCH.

A girl at the age of ten who was a steady scholar, became serious by reading a piece from her reward book. In a little time it pleased the Lord to change her heart, and to make her a partaker of his pardoning love. After she was taken sick, she was very happy and called for her brothers and sisters and said to them—"Begin now to pray, to-morrow may be too late. If I die I shall go to heaven to praise the Lord with my little brother and grandfather and all my neighbors who have gone there." To a friend who went to get some honey for her, she said, "What I now feel is sweeter than honey." To her mother, who was weeping at the thought of her daughter's dying, she said, "Mother, do not grieve for me; prepare to follow me, for if the Lord takes me I shall go to heaven." The Sabbath before she died, some of the class to which she had belonged, came to see her, when she told them "to forsake their sins and turn to the Lord, and that he was ready to pardon them as he had pardoned her." She was very sick and at the same time very patient. Just before she had done breathing, she was asked

how she did, and she replied, "Happy in the Lord. I am going to heaven." These were her last words. Think of her now as being a little seraph, and as being glorious with all holy beings. [The News.]

### NATURAL HISTORY.

**Tiger Fight.**—A letter from Meerut in India, dated August 12, 1828, thus describes a tiger fight of recent occurrence in that vicinity:

"Towards the latter end of last month, I arrived at the banks of the Ganges, opposite to the Gurmukhteser ghaut, on my return from Bareilly, whither I had been despatched with treasure. In the middle of the night my slumbers were disturbed by loud shouts, proceeding from my servants, who, on my running to the door of the tent, directed my attention to a couple of tigers, which by the assistance of a bright moonshine, I could distinctly perceive. They were making for the jungle, and one had on its back a bullock, the other followed close after. Having well armed myself and two of the stoutest hearted of my servants, I sallied forth, but had not gone far when the most violent roaring became audible. I hurried on in the direction from which the sounds came, and these became every moment louder, and, I may say, more terrific. The tigers were on their hind legs fighting with the most determined fury, striking each other with their fore paws, any one blow of which would, I imagine, have been sufficient to smash the head of a human being. All this was accompanied by roaring and lashing of tails. At last they rolled together on the ground, when, after a severe struggle, one seized his adversary by the neck, and, judging from the increased roaring which followed immediately afterwards, must have inflicted a severe wound. This decided the combat, the other disengaging itself and skulking off to a short distance, whilst the victorious one seized upon the bullock. Nothing could be finer, or more imposing than the appearance of the latter tiger as it rested its fore paws on the animal, lashing its tail and growling, whilst watching its enemy. This shortly after disappeared. It was my turn to try: I fired, but only struck it on the side, and before I could re-load, the wary beast retreated with the bullock."

**Duck Hunting in Mexico.**—In the lakes of the valley of Mexico, wild geese are seldom seen, though ducks, snipes, and bitterns are found there in prodigious numbers. I have frequently shot 20 and 30 snipes in a morning, and a great *tiro de patos*, near Mexico, is one of the most curious scenes that it is possible to witness. The Indians, by whom it is principally conducted, prepare a battery composed of 70 or 80 musket barrels, arranged in two rows, one of which sweeps the water, while the other is a little elevated, so as to take the ducks as they rise upon the wing. The barrels are connected with each other, and fired by a train; but the whole apparatus, as well as the man who has charge of it, are concealed in the rushes, until the moment when, after many hours of cautious labor, one of the dense columns of ducks, which blacken, at times, the surface of the lake, is driven by the distant canoes of his associates sufficiently near the fatal spot. The double tier of guns is immediately fired; and the water remains strewn with the bodies of the killed and the wounded, whose escape is cut off by the circle of canoes beyond. Twelve hundred ducks are often brought in as the result of a single fire, and during the whole season they form the ordinary food of the lower classes in the capital, where they are sold for one or at most two reals each.—*Ward's Mexico.*

**The Wren.**—I was much pleased this day with detecting the stratagems of a common wren to conceal its nest from observation. It had formed a hollow space in the thatch on the inside of my cowshed, in which it had placed its nest by the side of a rafter, and finished it with its usual neatness; but lest the orifice of its cell should engage attention, it had negligently hung a ragged piece of moss on the straw work concealing the entrance, and apparent-

ly proceeding from the rafter: and so perfect was the deception that I should not have noticed it, though tolerably observant of such things, had not the bird betrayed her secret, and darted out. Now from what operative cause did this stratagem proceed? Habit it was not; it seemed like an afterthought; danger was perceived, and the contrivance which a contemplative being would have provided, was resorted to.—*Journal of a Naturalist.*

### MISCELLANY.

#### TWO QUESTIONS.

**What is life?** It is a mere shadow, a cloud of the morning, which is quickly gone. We just taste its comforts and then leave it no more to return. Its trials are sickness, loss of friends, disappointment, and snares. Its privileges are Sabbaths, Bibles, and opportunities for doing and getting good. Life is uncertain. It may close at a moment when we least expect it. Its end is solemn and trying. At its close, the soul leaves the body to enter upon an endless heaven, or an endless hell.

**What is eternity?** O pause and think! eternity! Forever it will be eternity to come! no end of the enjoyments of the righteous! no end of the miseries of the wicked. Eternity! how delightful to the pious! how painful to the impenitent! Reader, what think you of life and eternity? What does your conscience say? Does it sleep? O let it be aroused before the night of death overtake you, when it can no more slumber.—*Philadelphia.*

**A good book is the best of friends.**—You may be agreeably entertained by it, when you have not a living friend in whom you can confide. It teaches you wisdom, and will not reveal your secrets.

**Beauty.**—Beauty soon decays, but virtue and talents remain with us, and improve with the progress of time.

Beauty is worse than liquor; it intoxicates both the holder and the beholder. [Zimmerman.]

### POETRY.

#### SATURDAY NIGHT.

God over all, forever blest!  
Grant me thy grace within;  
That I may keep to-morrow's rest,  
A rest Ioded from sin.  
A rest from all my usual play,  
A holy rest in Thee;  
Then will thy blessed Sabbath day  
Be a sweet rest to me.  
Lord, sanctify my every thought!  
In these my days of youth;  
Make me remember what I'm taught,  
Out of thy Word of Truth.  
O, teach me how to pray aright,  
And what to ask of Thee;  
That when I'm kneeling in thy sight,  
I may not thoughtless be.  
But give me faith to look above  
And see my Jesus there,  
To feel a dying Saviour's love  
In answer to my prayer.

—From a French Annual.

#### THE BLIND BOY.

Ah, Mother, whither am I led?  
I feel the freshness of the fields:  
Oh! that on me one ray could shed  
The light and life that summer yields!  
Thou glorious nature, fare thee well!  
Why can I not forget thy hues,  
Forget the green and graceful dell,  
And every flower its turf that strews?  
My Mother, art thou lovely still?  
For me, I see thy face no more;  
But, through the shades mine eyes that fill  
I trace the look thou had'st before.  
Amid the wilderness of gloom  
That round me spreads where'er I see,  
My dreams thy gentle form assume,  
Fair as that morn I ne'er may see.  
Feelably he stooped and sought a rose,  
And, trembling, pluck'd the crimson crown;  
He stooped it in a shower of woes,  
And tore its leaves, and flung it down.  
He died when died the withering year;  
And, 'mid his last and fltering sighs,  
He murmured in his Mother's ear,  
"There is no blindness in the skies."



# YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Published Weekly, by WILLIS & RAND, at the Office of the Boston Recorder, No. 22, Congress-Street....Price One Dollar a year in advance, or \$1, 50, if not paid in advance.

No. 22.

BOSTON, OCTOBER 21, 1829.

VOL. III.

## NARRATIVE.

For the Youth's Companion.

### CHARLES DENHAM.

The Youth of the rising generation are *amused*, and we would hope instructed, by many interesting tales of good boys and girls, who observe and improve, by the advice of parents and teachers, grow up virtuous, and consequently become happy and prosperous. We read also of others, who, following the impulses of their own wicked hearts, scorning the precepts of the wise, and yielding to the influence of dissolute companions, bring sorrow and anguish to the hearts of parents, and final destruction to their prospects in this life, and misery in the world to come. It is of little use to read books, unless we pay such attention, that we *remember* and practise on the maxims and follow the good examples that are exhibited, and shun those bad examples which are set as a beacon to warn us where the danger lies. We know that virtue produces happiness, and vice brings wretchedness; but it takes some people a long time to be convinced, "that it is much better to get wisdom than gold, and to get understanding rather to be chosen than silver." We wish to make the youthful readers of the "Companion" acquainted with some incidents in the life of a young man, in this city, and they may depend upon it—it is "no fiction," but "*real, certain, true.*" We shall take the liberty to call the person Charles Denham. Every one must have a name, and we do not wish to make his family conspicuous by giving the real name. That might wound the feelings without any beneficial result.

Charles is one of a large family of children, chiefly sons; there were two brothers and two sisters older than himself, and several younger. His father was born of respectable parents, but was left early in life without fortune. He was highly valued among his acquaintance for his mental powers and acquirements, which were more than is common among young men who have received only the instructions of our city schools.—Unfortunately he had more pride than was good for himself or pleasant to others. He was put as an apprentice to a mechanic and when of age attempted to carry on the trade he had learned, but not being very successful he gave it up. He tried various methods for a living, and went at one time into an adjoining State upon a farm belonging to a relative.—That did not do well, and after a year or two he returned to the city. He had married in the meantime, had an increasing family, and found his means inadequate to the support of his household. What was he to do? His pride was so great that he could not endure his poverty. He felt as if others looked with contempt on his humble station, and did not consider, that

"Honor and shame from no condition rise,

"Act well your part, there all the honor lies."

His many painful reflections and disappointments seemed to paralyze his efforts; he made *bad worse* by neglecting what little business he had, sunk under his burden, and gave himself up to habits of intemperance.

At this period, a friend offered him a tract of land in Maine, and advised his removal. Friends aided him, and made the family comfortable for their voyage. A stock of provisions was purchased sufficient for a year to come, when it was expected they would be able to take care of themselves. He was now in a new situation, far away from all former associates and temptations. He now by the blessing of God determined to forsake those bad habits which had brought misery into their abode, begin anew,

be industrious, and exert himself with untiring efforts to provide for his family. He labored hard in the cultivation of the land, and in getting wood to the river to send by water to Boston and other places for fuel. They did as most people do in a new settlement, had a cabin built of logs, cut from the spruce. These had their rough bark peeled off, which left the interior of their house looking as clean and white as a new shingle. His wife, who was a pleasant, tidy, notable woman, did all in her power to make home pleasant. She arranged her furniture with great order and precision. The curtain to her one little window was of the purest white. She kept a clean hearth; and though her chimney was laid up with rough stones, the white-washed jambs and neatly sanded floor gave an air of pleasantness and comfort to their humble dwelling. When at night the husband returned from his labors in the forest or field, he was greeted with affection by the inmates of home; they partook of a frugal repast, and the evening was spent in reading the few books they had brought, or the perusal of a new paper, or periodical that some friend had sent to cheer the lone hours of their exile. The children strove all in their power to assist their father and mother. Their efforts were not in vain. The father felt encouraged to press forward in his course of industry, and as the children grew older, the benefits resulting from their labors were of increasing value to the parents.

My young readers will begin to inquire what has become of Charles, that I was going to tell them about. I have told them thus far about the father, that they might know some of the trials and hardships incident to such a situation, where they had no minister, no meeting house, and no schools. There were but few inhabitants in the township, and a large proportion of those were wicked and dissolute people, whose company was much worse than none.—Bye and bye the children began to think they must learn something that would enable them to support themselves, and do more for their family than they could do, were they all to remain at home. The eldest daughter went to the city and learned dress making; the eldest son was apprenticed to a black smith; the next son and daughter remained at home to help their parents. Our young friend Charles could not feel happy to remain in the seclusion of the country and incur all the fatigue of a farmer's life. He pondered long on the subject; it was his last thought when he laid his head on his pillow, and the first of his waking ideas in the morning. At last he told his parents that he could stay with them no longer; he was now fourteen years of age, and he must conclude what he *could* do. To remain there was entirely out of the question; *that he could not do*. His father had determined never to return to the scenes of his former life; he had too many painful reflections connected with early days, to be willing to revisit his native city. His mother prepared herself and son in the best manner in her power, took passage in one of the coasting sloops and arrived safe in Boston. Charles was resolved to make every effort possible to qualify himself to enter an English goods store; but he knew very well he was too ignorant and awkward for anything of that kind at present. About seven years had elapsed since he had gone to the wilds of Maine, where he had received no instruction but what his parents had given him in the evening, or in the few hours they could redeem from their daily labour. His mother procured him a place in the family of a gentleman, who lived about thirty miles from the city. Here he went to school part of the time, and when he had done his domestic work, could attend to his studies of an evening. He ardently applied

himself to his books, and made such proficiency that at the end of a year he left his place and went to Boston. Here he found himself among the multitude, an utter stranger to all the men of business. But nothing discouraged, he made inquiry of one and another for employment as a shop boy. At last he happened to offer himself to a merchant, who was wishing to take an apprentice. He liked the open, intelligent countenance of Charles, and took him on trial.

Now, thought Charles, every thing depends on the establishment of a character. No efforts shall be wanting on my part to gain the confidence and good will of my employer. He had been faithfully instructed by his mother, in the principles of religion. He did not consider himself acquainted with vital piety; but he well understood moral rectitude, and was determined at all times and in all places to be governed by its principles. Now he was behind the counter, the employment of all others the most to his taste, and he intended to devote himself with the most untiring zeal to the interests of his master. He had a decent suit of clothes, that was given him where he had passed the last year. He hoped by care to make them serve him till he was able to replenish his wardrobe by his own labor. He thought he was old enough to support himself. Had his father been able to do any thing for him, he was too far off to lend his aid at the present time, so he neatly brushed his coat & bat, and stepped lightly for fear of wearing out his only pair of shoes. No young gentleman could be more scrupulously nice in his person, than was our little apprentice. After he had swept the store, arranged the goods ready for customers, and taken his breakfast, he combed his hair, washed himself and cleaned his nails, and was ready with a smiling face and obliging manner to serve any one who should come to look at the merchandize. He soon became an adept in handing down and displaying the goods; and if a lady made a purchase and wished to have the parcel carried to her house, he would whip on his hat and be off in a twinkling. He was not one of those who has every body's business but his own to attend to; no stopping to look after a military show, or stumbling along gazing one way while going another; but when he had done his errand, he was back to his post, ready to wait on the next customer. Well, at the expiration of a month, the gentlemen of the firm were so well pleased with his honesty, diligence and assiduity, that they in addition to paying his board, gave him a pair of shoes and a dollar. Instead of spending the money for fruit, confectionary, or some other trifling gratification, he bought a large lot of coarse wrapping. This, my young friends, is an article that comes round packages of English Goods, and is bought by the country merchants to wrap their merchandize in when removed to the country, or housekeepers buy it to make towels for kitchen use. Charles was quite fortunate in his sales; that which he gave a dollar for, he sold for a dollar and thirty-seven cents. This enabled him to purchase a larger quantity. He kept a supply of this article, and as he increased his capital, he would vest it in other little things that were saleable, which did not interfere with the business of the store. In a few months his gains were sufficient to permit him to buy a barrel of flour and some corn to send to his parents. It seemed as if the blessing of heaven attended him, for his care and efforts in behalf of his family. He continued to apply himself close to his business; made the interests of his employers his own; and before he was eighteen, he rendered himself so useful to them, that they allowed him a salary sufficient to pay his board and clothe himself genteely.—At nineteen he



was a fine tall young man, with a frank intelligent countenance, capable of transacting any business, and so useful to his masters that they made him an offer to become one of the firm. Thus he became a partner in a large mercantile house, where he had entered a few years previous, a poor, forlorn, friendless boy, with but one suit of clothes in the world, and no other inheritance than his good principles. Think of this, my youthful readers; this success was the result of sustaining a good character. He had always been diligent, attentive & honest. He had carefully saved all the money he had obtained from the little perquisites of his situation, and when the store was shut at night, he did not spend the evening in lounging about the doors of the theatre, or go into it if he had a few shillings to buy a ticket. No, he retired to his room; and his grammar, geography, arithmetic, or history employed every moment. He sometimes in the winter attended a school, and of a stormy day and other leisure hours at the store, he took great pains to improve in writing. At the period when he was taken into partnership, his acquirements were equal, if not superior, to those of any young man of business in the street.

We have now followed our young friend, and given an outline of his history from his boyhood, when he left the log cabin and woods of Maine, till he has become a respectable merchant. Through the whole he has sustained a character for capability and integrity, enjoyed the confidence of the gentlemen in whose service he has been, and now stands on equal terms with them. He still supports this character. Prosperity has attended their business. A few months ago he was married to an amiable young lady, and I have no doubt that the same principles that have made him a dutiful son, an affectionate brother, and a diligent faithful apprentice, will make him a kind husband, and a worthy citizen of our good city of Boston.

## BIOGRAPHY.

From the London Cottage Magazine.

### MEMOIR OF REV. RICHARD CECIL.

Mr. Cecil was born in Chiswell-street, London, Nov. 8th, 1748. His father and grandfather were scarlet dyers to the East India Company. His mother was the only child of Mr. Grosvenor, a merchant, in London, and brother to the Rev. Dr. Grosvenor, the well known author of the "Mourner." Richard was born after his mother was fifty years old. Yet this child was the comfort and honor of her latter days! In his childhood, Mr. Cecil was often exposed to imminent danger, and only preserved by evident divine interposition. The following is a remarkable instance. His father had, in the ground near his dye-house, several large backs of water, one of which was sunk into the earth, and in winter was frequently covered with ice. A hole was made in the ice, for the purpose of supplying the horses with water. At this hole Richard was playing with a stick, till he suddenly plunged under the ice. The men had received particular orders over night, to go to work in a part of the dyehouse from which this piece of water was not visible; but for reasons which could not be assigned, they went to work at an opposite part, where it was directly before their eyes. One of the men thought he saw a scarlet cloak appear at the hole broke in the ice, and resolved to go and see what it was; in attempting to take it out, he discovered it to be the scarlet coat of his young master. He was taken out apparently dead; but after long effort, was recovered. This child of Providence had early religious impressions. There were first received from Jane-way's "Token for Children," which his mother gave him when he was about six years of age. "I was much affected by this book," said he, "and recollect that I wept, and got into a corner, where I prayed that I also might have 'an interest in Christ,' like one of the children there mentioned, though I did not then know what the expression meant." Those impressions, however, wore away. He fell into the follies and vices of youth, and, by degrees, began to listen to infidel principles, till he avowed

himself openly an unbeliever. Even at this period, and indeed throughout his whole life, he acted on principles of honor and integrity. One instance is both singular and pleasing. When he was but a little boy, his father went on business to the India House, and took Richard with him. While he was transacting his business, his son was dismissed, and directed to wait for him at one of the doors. His father, on finishing his business, went out at another door, and entirely forgot that he had ordered his son to wait for him. In the evening, his mother, missing the child, inquired where he was; on which his father, recollecting his directions, said, "You may depend on it, he is still waiting where I appointed him." He immediately returned to the India House, and found him on the spot where he had been ordered to wait. He knew that his father expected him to wait, and would not disappoint him. Though he had cast off the yoke of religion, yet the effect of parental influence, and of early education, was still powerful and salutary. He himself said afterwards to parents, "*The spirit and tone of your house will have great influence on your children.*" If it is what it ought to be, it will often fasten conviction on their minds, however wicked they may become; I have felt the truth of this in my own case; I said, 'My father is right and I am wrong! Oh, let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!' The bye conversations of a family are, in this view, of unspeakable importance. On the whole, arguments addressed to the heart press more forcibly than those addressed to the head. When I was a child, and a very wicked one too, one of Dr. Watts's hymns sent me to weep in a corner. I felt the influence of faith in suffering Christians. The character of young Samuel came home to me, when nothing else had any hold on my mind." And again, "Where parental influence does not convert, it hampers. It hangs on the wheels of evil. *I had a pious mother; who dropped things in my way; I could never rid myself of them.* I liked to be an infidel in company rather than when alone. I was wretched when by myself. I could not divest myself of my better principles. I went with one of my companions to see 'The Minor.' The ridicule on regeneration was high sport to him; to me, it was none; it could not move my features. He knew no difference between regeneration and transubstantiation. I did; I knew there was such a thing. I was afraid and ashamed to laugh at it. Parental influence thus cleaves to a man; it harasses him; it throws itself continually in his way. My mother would talk to me, and weep as she talked. I flung out of the house with an oath; but wept too when I got into the street. My father had a religious servant. I frequently cursed and reviled him. He would only smile on me. That went to my heart; I felt that he looked on me as a deluded creature; I felt that he thought he had something which I knew not how to value, and that he was therefore greatly my superior; I felt there was real dignity in his conduct. It made me appear little even in my own eyes." For this daring offender, however, God had mercy in reserve. *He was the child of many tears, instructions, admissions, and prayers;* and though now a prodigal, grace soon restored and saved him. Lying one night in bed, he was contemplating the case of his mother. "I see," said he, within myself, "two unquestionable facts: first, my mother is greatly afflicted in circumstances, body, and mind; and yet I see that she cheerfully bears up under all, by the support she derives from constantly retiring to her closet and her Bible: secondly, that she has a secret spring of comfort of which I know nothing; while I, who give an unbounded loose to my appetites, and seek pleasure by every means, seldom or never find it. If, however, there is any such secret in religion, why may I not attain it as well as my mother? I will immediately seek it of God." He instantly rose in his bed, and began to pray. But he was soon damped in his attempt, by recollecting that much of his mother's comfort seemed to arise from her faith in Christ. "Now," thought he, "this Christ have I ridiculed; he stands much in my way, and can form no part of my prayers." In utter con-

fusion of mind, therefore, he lay down again. Next day, he continued to pray to the "Supreme Being;" he began to consult books, and to attend preachers; his difficulties were gradually removed, and his objections answered; and his course of life began to amend. He now listened to the pious admonitions of his mother, which he had before affected to receive with pride and scorn; yet they had fixed themselves in his heart, like a barbed arrow. Now, he would discourse with her, and hear her, without outrage; which led her to hope that a gracious principle was forming in his heart. Light broke into his mind, till he found that Jesus Christ was the only way, the truth, and the life, to all that come unto God through him. At the desire of his father, he now went to Queen's College, Oxford, in 1773. He was ordained in 1776, and entered on his ministry with zeal, faithfulness, and success. In June, 1777, he lost his pious mother, whose death was made of singular benefit to him. His father also died in Feb. 1779.

As a husband, a father, a master, Mr. Cecil was most exemplary. His mourning widow says, "In our family worship, the Scripture was read by one of the children. While the passage was reading, he frequently interspersed short, pithy, and instructive remarks in the most easy and familiar manner. Of his prayers, I can only say, that I never did, nor do I ever expect to hear any like them, in simplicity, unction, and devotion, and in that filial fear, affection, and reverence, which bespoke much nearness and close friendship with his God and Saviour. While his prayers comprehended much, they were always short. He aimed to make his family worship useful, without becoming tiresome. Latterly, they were often alarming, as well as edifying, to my own heart, while I discerned him rapidly maturing for that world where prayer is exchanged for endless praise." In a letter to his wife, he observes, "I shall not forget you, when I call upon MY BEST FRIEND, who has often heard me for you, in your trying hours. Oh, that we might both unite with one heart in that high and heavenly pursuit; and thereby soon meet the end of pain, sickness, and sorrow." To his son Israel, he writes thus, "May you go forward, my dear child, in the best progress, till you become an *Israel* indeed, that is, a *prince prevailing with God.*" And again, "God bless you, my dear, and breathe by his Spirit into your heart; till you come out another witness in my family that God is with us. Your brother and yourself are graciously provided for, as to a favorable and respectable entrance on the present world; but even that needs care and industry to prove successful. But, after all is done, and however you may succeed, it is but for a moment; and an ETERNITY of joy unspeakable, or of sorrow unutterable, must follow: may God impress this consideration deeply on both your hearts!"

His children regarded him with veneration and love. Hence, his son Israel, in a letter written from Chobham, while Mr. Cecil was at Bath, thus expresses his filial regard:—"I assure you I feel, notwithstanding the number and kindness of my friends, a very unaccountable depression of spirits. In all my companions, no father! In all my conversations, none like him! In all my doubts, no oracle like him! In all my fears and anxieties, no refuge like his generosity! *I feel his loss*—though surrounded with the prodigality of liberality and kindness." This is as it should be. Children should ever learn to consider parents as their best friends, their kindest and most prudent advisers, their choicest treasure upon earth.

Mr. Cecil's solicitude for the welfare of his children, in all their various interests, was entire, anxious, and unabating. He excited them by precept and by example, encouraged the smallest indications of piety which he observed in them, and held up religion to their view, not only as excellent in itself, but as highly ornamental. No parent could be more benevolent towards his family, according to his power. He stored their minds with a rich fund of moral reflections; and, in this view, they had received a high education; for, as he used to remark, "More accomplishment is a temporary



possession; while one maxim of moral wisdom, received, and brought into practice, goes forth and travels with us through eternity." He ever labored to impress on all his children the advantage of industry and effort, of which he was himself their example. Hints of this kind were interspersed among a variety of other invaluable instruction to his children; and in proportion to their high privilege, is their irreparable loss, that such a parent was removed before they could be launched upon the dangerous ocean of the world. On a leaf in an old common-place book, were found, after his death, the following devout, serious, and pathetic reflections:—"Blessed God! how does nature cleave to a family! How shall I leave them destitute—in weakness—in sin—and in the world! Blessed be thy name, 'Thou hast overcome the sharpness of death, and opened the kingdom of heaven to all believers.' There shall I find all that I wish to find—my wife, if thine, in perfect love inseparably united—my children, if thine, without cause of anger or grief—my children that are now thine. Our views, joys, and praises, object and state, eternally the same. Our sins, sorrows, and sighing for ever fled away!"

The vigorous frame of Mr. Cecil sunk under his excessive labors, and the last years of his useful life were marked by severe affliction. In June, 1810, he wrote to his son in the East:—"My dear son, I have received your letters, and they would have been duly answered; but for the last two years a severe illness has so occupied both your mother and me, that we have had no opportunity. I am only able now, in a dying state, to send my blessing, and prayers for your welfare. I wish to say that Christ is your all, in time and eternity. I have been in a most affecting state, by a paralytic stroke; but Christ is all that can profit you or me. A whole volume could not contain more, or so much. Oh pray day and night for an interest in him! and this is all I can say; it being more than having the Indies." Throughout his illness, his whole mind was riveted on spiritual objects. The value of his soul, the emptiness of the world, the nearness and solemnity of death, were ever on his lips. He spent his whole time in reading the Scriptures, and one or two old divines, particularly Archbishop Leighton. All he said and did was as a man on the brink of an eternal state. His humility, also, evidently ripened as he approached his end. His view of his own misery and helplessness as a sinner, and of the necessity of being entirely indebted to divine grace, and being saved as the greatest monument of its efficacy, was continually on the increase. His simplicity and fervour, in speaking of the Saviour, were also very remarkable. As he drew nearer to death, his one topic was—Jesus Christ. All his anxiety and care were centred in this grand point. His apprehensions of the work and glory of Christ, of the extent and suitability of his salvation, and of the unspeakable importance of being spiritually united to him, were more distinct and simple, if possible, than at any period of his life. He spake of him to his family, with the feeling, and interest, and seriousness, of the aged and dying believer. "I know myself to be a wretched, worthless sinner, having nothing in myself but poverty and sin. I know Jesus Christ to be a glorious and almighty Saviour. I see the full efficacy of his atonement and grace; and I cast myself entirely on him, and wait at his foot stool. I am aware that my diseased and broken mind makes me incapable of receiving consolation; but I submit myself wholly to the merciful and wise dispensations of God." A short time before his decease, he requested one of his family to write down for him in a book the following sentence:—"None but Christ, none but Christ, said Lambert, dying at a stake; the same, in dying circumstances, with his whole heart, saith Richard Cecil." The name was signed by himself, with his left hand, in a manner hardly legible through infirmity. Death was a subject familiar to the beloved character of whom I write. He had fought the good fight, kept the faith, and was ready to be offered up. He gradually declined, protesting

his unshaken confidence in the truths which he had so long preached, and endeavored to impress on his family and others. By a fit of apoplexy, his spirit was released from the body of death, Aug. 15th, 1810. A bereavement to his family, to the church, and to the world, irreparable.

### THE NURSERY.

From the Youth's Friend.

#### THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

This is one of the most beautiful names which our Saviour makes use of, to represent to us his own blessed character. The beloved disciple John, in the tenth chapter of his gospel, has related to us the interesting conversation which Jesus held with the Jews on this subject. As he was discoursing with them in the porch, or covered way round the temple, (called Solomon's porch) he spoke of himself as the *Door*, or the only way of access to God; and as the *Good Shepherd* who so loved the sheep, as to lay down his life for their ransom. No doubt you have often heard of the love of the shepherd for his little flock, how he watches over them, and guards them from all danger. So it is said of our blessed Redeemer, "He shall gather the lambs in his arms and carry them in his bosom." And he himself says, "I am the good Shepherd," "my sheep know my voice and I know them, and they follow me."

Children, are you so happy as to belong to the little flock of the Good Shepherd? Think for a moment, those who love and believe in Jesus, are called the little flock, and to them he has promised to give the kingdom. Must you answer, "no! I am still in my sins; I have never turned my back upon the world and its vanities, I have never given myself to the Lord; I do not love the Saviour"—is this your answer, dear children? If this is the case, you are unhappy indeed. And will you continue to refuse his offered love? If you do, you must perish. Is there nothing dreadful to you in the thought of eternal misery? Can you dwell with devouring fire, and with everlasting burning?

And why do you delay your escape? To-morrow may never be yours. "My time is all lost. My life is wasted away, and I have done nothing for God," said a young person a few days ago, on his dying bed; and bitterly he lamented that he had not early given his heart to God. Dear young readers, the time is all lost that you do not live for God. If you do not believe it to be so, in this world, you will in the next. Oh! how does my heart earnestly desire that each and every one of you might be wise in time. There is a crown of glory which the Lord, the Chief Shepherd will give in the great day to all those who love his appearing. May He grant for His own blessed name's sake, that many among the readers of the Youth's Friend may that day shine as stars in the firmament, and be numbered among those who shall rejoice with exceeding great joy.

### RELIGION.

#### ORIGINAL ANECDOTE OF WASHINGTON.

The following interesting anecdote which, it is believed, has never before been given to the public, is from the appendix of a work just published, entitled, "Memoir of De Witt Clinton, by David Hosack, M. D." Dr. Hosack received it from a venerable clergyman who had it from the lips of the Rev. Dr. Jones himself. It will be read with interest by all Christians:

"While the American Army, under command of Washington, lay encamped in the environs of Morristown, N. J. it occurred that the service of the communion, (there observed semi-annually only) was to be administered in the Presbyterian church of that village. In a morning of the previous week, the General, after his accustomed inspection of the camp, visited the house of the Rev. Dr. Jones, then pastor of that church, and after the usual preliminaries, thus accosted him. 'Doctor, I understand that the Lord's supper is to be celebrated with you next Sunday; I would learn if it accords with the

canons of your church to admit communicants of another denomination?' The Doctor rejoined—'Most certainly; ours is not the Presbyterian table, General, but the Lord's table; and we hence give the Lord's invitation to all his followers of whatever name.' The General replied, 'I am glad of it; that is as it ought to be; but as I was not quite sure of the fact, I thought I would ascertain it from yourself, as I propose to join with you on that occasion. Though a member of the church of England, I have no exclusive partialities.' The Doctor re-assured him of a cordial welcome, and, the General was found seated with the communicants the next Sabbath."

### MORALITY.

#### DANGER OF PROFANING THE SABBATH.

Mr. —, some years ago, was a member of a Baptist church. It happened that a situation of employment by which his income might be improved, fell in his way; but he felt an objection to it, arising from the obligation it would impose on him to work on the Lord's-day. With this scruple of conscience, he waited on his pastor to ask his opinion. The answer was, "You certainly ought not to accept the offer." The temptation, however, was too powerful for his principles. He entered into the place; and from that time, his religion began to lose its savor. The public worship of God was gradually neglected, even when he could have attended it; the company of his brethren was shunned; habits of intemperance were contracted; and at length it became necessary to expel him from communion. About a fortnight after his expulsion, he fell into the river, near the scene of his labor, and perished in the waters. His wife also having sunk into the same poor state with her husband, was excluded at the same time, and died within a month from the period of his death.

Another instance, illustrating the evil of treating the Lord's-day with contempt, may be mentioned. The person now referred to, was once a hopeful member of the same church, serious in his deportment, regular in his attendance on the means, active and useful; but, through entering into a similar situation, he experienced the same sorrowful change of character. Both he and his wife have been excluded; and though they are still in the land of the living, one of them has frequently confessed, that since their exclusion, every thing has gone wrong with them. O! ye temporizing professors, who spend part of your Sabbaths, or the whole of them in seeking the pleasures or the profits of this world, tremble at the danger in which you are placing your immortal souls; for there is great reason to believe that you will bring upon your heads that awful judgment and fiery indignation which will devour those who crucify to themselves the Son of God afresh, and put him to an open shame.

[Columbian Star.]

### THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

#### SABBATH SCHOOL FACTS.

A girl at the age of twelve, who was a Sunday scholar in one of our cities, died not long ago, and gave evidence that she had become pious. As her parents were wicked people, her religious privileges had been very few. Her sense of sin was so great, that she was often seen to weep, and heard to break forth in earnest cries for mercy. One morning she found that the Saviour was precious to her soul; and her cries were changed into songs of praise. The glory and love of Jesus were her constant themes. Several teachers and scholars visited her; and she had much sweet conversation with them about divine things. By her request, her parents knelt by her dying bed; and she prayed for their eternal salvation. To her mother she said, "attend to religion, seek the Saviour, prepare to follow me." Amid her pains and groans, her hopes were bright; and we trust that her spirit has gone to a happy heaven.

[Philadelphia.]

At the close of a monthly prayer meeting for teachers, parents and children, the mother of a



Sunday scholar came to the superintendent, and said, "Sir, here is my boy, he has been to your school a few Sabbaths, and I have reason to bless God for it. On his return he always informs me what the teacher has said to him. Among other things, he has said that his teacher has told him that 'he must be much engaged in prayer.' On hearing his father swear one morning, he said to him, 'father, it is wicked to swear, I must pray for you.' This mother was so much delighted with the school, that she persuaded other parents to send their children. *ib.*

### BENEVOLENCE.

For the Youth's Companion.

#### JUVENILE LIBERALITY.

A little boy about nine years of age in W—, Mass. had a cosset which he sold for Two Dollars. On the first Sabbath in October, he heard a discourse "on the subject of supplying in two years all the destitute families in the United States with the Holy Scriptures." When this little boy reached his home, he said to his mother, "I believe I will give Mr. — one of my Dollars for the Bible Society." Accordingly he called early on Monday morning at the lodgings of the writer, and apparently with great satisfaction presented one of his silver Dollars, as a donation to the Bible Society. It was not known to me at the time, under what interesting circumstances this little boy gave so much of his money to extend the circulation of the blessed Bible over the whole nation. This early and cheerful liberality, affords much encouragement to hope, that if his life should be spared, he will become an ornament to society, and a benefactor to his country and the world. Many of the young readers of the Youth's Companion never had a Dollar which they could give to the Bible Society, or any other good object. But if they are careful not to spend unnecessarily the little sums of money placed at their disposal, they too may enjoy the sweet satisfaction of casting something into the treasury of that Saviour, who will never permit the offerings of little children, or any of his friends, when proportioned to their ability, to pass unnoticed or unrewarded. A FATHER.

### EDITORIAL.

#### TO-MORROW.

There is, in fact, no such day as *to-morrow*, and we should form all our plans and shape all our actions accordingly. There *will be* a day which we now call *to-morrow*; but when it has come, we shall call it *to-day*, and drop the word *to-morrow*, or rather apply it to the following day. And that following day when it has arrived, will not be *to-morrow*. There will be many days and months and years more, before the world will be burnt up, and during all that time there will be people alive upon the earth; for the Bible assures us of many great events which are yet to take place in the world, "before that great and notable day of the Lord come." But every successive day will be a *present* day when it comes, and it will never be proper to say that *to-morrow* is now in being. Besides, though we are quite sure that the earth will continue a long time, and that the sun will rise and set, and that winter and spring and summer and autumn will still follow one another in delightful succession, yet we know not who shall live to behold it. The sun, when it sinks below the western hills, will be absent but a few hours before he rises again in the east: but who shall survive to see his light, we cannot tell. The earth will remain a long period, but "our days on the earth are as a shadow, and there is none abiding." "Our life is a vapor, which appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away." It is like "the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven."

In regard to the wishes and comforts of this life, therefore, we should not be anxious, nor labor and toil to lay up for another time, neglecting the business of this day. In these things, says our kind Saviour, "take no thought for the morrow; for the

morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof."

In the pursuit of knowledge, and in every lawful and important undertaking, we should do the work of this day while it lasts. Children, and many older people who might have learned better, are very much inclined to postpone the business of the day and defer it to a more convenient season. They say of their studies and labors, 'it will do as well another time, I will attend to it to-morrow.' This is but little better than saying 'I will never do it.' Suppose *this* day be given to idleness, and a very useful and important business is delayed till to-morrow. Perhaps it is then forgotten, or neglected and delayed again, and so on from day to day is put off and is never done, or is done in a very poor manner, a little at a time. But suppose it is delayed but once, and when the second day has come the business is done and done well. Still, *a day is lost* that will never return. The first day might have had its employment, and the second another; but now only one of them is secured to a valuable use, and the other is lost forever. Instead of securing two benefits, only one is kept and the other is gone beyond recovery. Instead of taking two steps in knowledge, the delaying child has taken but one; and if this is often repeated, his progress in knowledge must be extremely slow, and his mind when he becomes a man will be barren and weak. And all this is the effect of saying, Let it alone till to-morrow.

Another bad effect of postponing present duties till to-morrow is, that it lays the foundation for a most pernicious and ruinous habit. It is a habit of idleness, indecision, irresolution. The child that says 'I will do it to-morrow,' will say the same more readily at another time; and then another and another, till he gets to be a very idle, lazy child. He will never be a learned, or industrious, or happy man. He will belong to the company of the drones or the drunkards, and make himself and his family poor and wretched. A habit of delay in one thing, also makes way for it in every other thing; so that the whole character is affected by it, and the person is one that you never can depend on, to be found in his place when he is wanted.

There is no to-morrow in the concerns of the soul; and the sinners who say they will repent and pray tomorrow, are grievously offending God and ruining their immortal souls. God commands them to repent to-day; and to-day invites them to the arms of a Saviour's love. They say, to-morrow, or at some future convenient season, we will hearken and come; and so neglect the eternal safety of their souls, while they know not that they shall ever see the day which they call to-morrow among the living. God warns them in mercy, saying, "Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day shall bring forth." But they say "to-morrow will be as this day, and much more abundant" in privileges and blessings. In the same way hundreds before them delayed and neglected the great salvation, till the last day of God's forbearance came and they died without hope. How true it is, that "Now is the accepted time." May all our readers do that *to-day*, which they believe they would do if they knew it was the last day of their life. Then would they instantly secure eternal life, through Jesus Christ, and be ready to live or to die.

### MISCELLANY.

**Ingratitude.**—Ingratitude is a crime so shameful, that there never was a man found who would own himself guilty of it. Ingratitude perverts all the measures of religion and society, by making it dangerous to be charitable and good natured: however, it is better to expose ourselves to ingratitude than to be wanting to the distressed. He that promotes gratitude pleads the cause both of God and man, for without it, we can neither be sociable nor religious. An ungrateful man is a reproach to the creation; an exception from all the visible world; neither the heavens above, nor the earth beneath, affording any thing like him; and there-

fore, if he would find his parallel, he must go to the regions of darkness; for, besides himself, there is nothing but hell that is *receiving and never restoring*.

**King William and Bishop Burnet.**—Bishop Burnet, the Arminian prelate, affected to wonder how a person of King William's piety and good sense could so rootedly believe the doctrine of *predestination*. The Royal Calvinist replied, "Did I not believe predestination, I could not believe a Providence: for it would be most absurd to suppose, that a Being of infinite wisdom would act without a plan! For which plan, predestination is only another name."

**The wrath to come.**—What a heart affecting, yea, soul affecting description of that wrath, which doth await every wicked and impenitent sinner, is here presented: it is a *wrath to come*: after thousands, yea, millions of years, that sinners have been under it, still it is a *wrath to come*; and they are as far from being delivered from it, as at the first hour they fell under it. [Burkitt.]

**Remarkable Escape.**—Some years ago, a carpenter, employed in shingling the roof of a three story house, in this city, saved himself from probable destruction by a very remarkable exercise of presence of mind, with which he must have been gifted in no ordinary degree. Losing his foot-hold near the point of the roof, he fell and was sliding rapidly towards the eaves. His hatchet had not slipped from his grasp; and, when apparently about to fall to the pavement, he stopped himself by striking this implement of his trade so strongly into the roof that it stayed him till he was relieved from his perilous position. Phil. paper.

### POETRY.

From a Liverpool paper.

#### CHILDHOOD AND HIS VISITERS.

Once on a time, when sunny May  
Was kissing at the April showers,  
I saw fair Childhood hard at play  
Upon a bank of blushing flowers;  
Happy,—he knew not whence or how;  
And smiling—who could choose but love him?  
For not more glad than Childhood's brow,  
Was the blue heaven that breath'd above him.

Old Time, in most appalling wrath,  
That valley's green repose invaded;  
The brooks grew dry upon his path,  
The birds were mute, the lilies faded;  
But Time so swiftly winged his flight  
In haste a Grecian tomb to batter,  
That Childhood watch'd his paper kite,  
And knew just nothing of the matter.

With curling lip, and glancing eye,  
Guilt gaz'd upon the scene a minute,  
But Childhood's glance of purity,  
Had such a holy spell within it,  
That the dark demon to the air  
Spread forth again his baffled pinion,  
And hid his envy and despair,  
Self-tortured, in his own dominion.

Then stepped a gloomy phantom up,  
Pale, cypress-crown'd, Night's awful daughter,  
And proffer'd him a fearful cup,  
Full to the brim of bitter water;  
Poor Childhood bid her tell her name,  
And when the beldame mutter'd "Sorrow,"  
He said—"Don't interrupt my game,  
I'll taste it, if I must—to-morrow."

The Muse of Pindus thither came,  
And wooed him with the softest numbers  
That ever scattered wealth and fame  
Upon a youthful poet's slumbers;  
Though sweet the music of the lay,  
To Childhood it was all a riddle,  
And "Oh," he cried "do send away  
That noisy woman with the fiddle."

Then Wisdom stole his bat and ball,  
And taught him with most sage endeavour,  
Why bubbles rise and acorns fall,  
And why no toy may last forever;  
She talked of all the wondrous laws  
Which Nature's open book discloses,  
And Childhood, ere she made a pause,  
Was fast asleep among the roses.

Sleep on, sleep on!—Oh Manhood's dreams  
Are all of earthly pain or pleasure,  
Of Glory's toils, Ambition's schemes,  
Of cherish'd love, or hoarded treasure:  
But to the couch where Childhood lies,  
A more delicious trance is given,  
Lit up by rays from Seraph eyes,  
And glimpses of remembered heaven.



# YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Published Weekly, by WILLIS & RAND, at the Office of the Boston Recorder, No. 22, Congress-Street....Price One Dollar a year in advance, or \$1, 50; if not paid in advance.

No. 23.

BOSTON, OCTOBER 28, 1829.

VOL. III.

## NARRATIVE.

*From the Episcopal Register.*

### THE STORM.

It was a balmy evening in June, when an anxious and devoted wife sat before an open window which overlooked part of a beautiful bay that formed the harbor of the seaport in which she resided. Her eye had never rested on a scene more lovely. The pure blue sky without a cloud, and the calm clear water sleeping beneath it, in its loveliness like the baby-boy that was pillowed on her own fair breast.

But it was not the beauty of the scene that made it so attractive to her. Her's was not the delighted gaze of one whose feelings are all absorbed in the loveliness of nature. On the contrary, her anxious, eager eye, told that she was not satisfied with the scene before her, though so fair; but that she was looking for an object of greater interest than any that appeared.—But not a speck was to be seen on the silvery expanse before her, and she turned away with a disappointed look and a heart-sickening feeling.

Emma had looked forth many times in the day for several weeks on the same scene, sometimes as fair as now, and sometimes deformed by storms, for the ship which contained her dearest treasure. Still the husband and the father came not, and her thoughts grew troubled and her heart sad, and now the tears fell fast on the dear face of her sleeping infant. But Emma was a christian, and the sweet promise, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee," came over her spirit so soothingly, and with a power so divine, that her heart rested on the promise of her Almighty Father, and her perturbed and anxious feelings were hushed to repose.

While she still sat at the window, her little boy of about ten years, ran into the room exclaiming, "O mother! dear mother! father is coming!" "What do you mean, my child?" said Emma, turning very pale. "Why, look mother! don't you see that pilot boat? Well, the men on board say that the ship Anne is in the offing, and will be in the harbor before morning."—"O my dear boy," said Emma, tears of joy now filling her eyes, "what gratitude do we owe to our heavenly Parent! But are you sure, are you quite sure it was the vessel that contains your father?" "O yes mother, the men said they could not be mistaken—and see, one of them is coming this way now, I do believe, to tell you about it himself."—It was as William had conjectured; the man soon arrived with the blessed intelligence that the vessel would undoubtedly be in the harbor before morning.

"What do you think father will say to you, little Charley," said William to his lovely little brother, as he opened his soft blue eyes and smiled upon him: "I am sure he will give you so many kisses as to make you cry, for I don't think you like to be kissed much." "Don't you believe," said he, turning to his mother, "that father will think him the finest little fellow he ever saw? I expect he will love him even better than I do," added he, pressing his lips tenderly to his fair soft cheek.

The grateful mother smiled upon her precious boys, while her heart was lifted in adoring thankfulness to him who had bestowed these gifts, and was about restoring to them and to her the life of all other joys.

William's exuberance of joy continued to overflow at his lips, whilst the mother's, chastened but far more deep, kept her silent and thoughtful, though she listened with complacency and would now and then reply to the playful remarks of her child. They

were sitting in this way, when a peal of thunder, long and loud, rolled over their heads, and in a moment Emma and her boy were at the window. Their eyes having been directed only towards the water, they had not observed the cloud which had arisen in the east, and which they now perceived had nearly covered the heavens.—"God in mercy preserve the father!" exclaimed Emma, "for I fear the storm is close at hand. Or if"—she checked herself, and only added, "He who has hitherto preserved him can keep him in safety," and "thee in perfect peace, if the mind is stayed on me," was whispered by the blessed spirit.

"Compassionate Father," she responded inwardly, "I will lean upon thee, I will trust in thee, I will repose on thy faithfulness."—Again her spirit was calmed, and the painful throbbings of her anxious heart quieted, although the storm was evidently increasing fearfully. In one short hour how had the scene before her changed.—Dark and heavy clouds were driven with frightful rapidity across the heavens, and the water was lashed to foaming fury by the violence of the wind. It seemed indeed impossible that a vessel could live for a moment on the heaving billows of that stormy sea.

What a change too in the joyous feelings of William's little affectionate heart. The big tears clasped each other down his sweet pale cheeks, and all his childish prattle was forgotten. "Kneel with me, my dear boy," said his mother, taking his hand, "and let us pray for your dear father's safety in this dreadful hour." The mother and child sank on their knees together, and with the eloquence of woman whose fears for the beloved of her heart were all awake, and with the devotion of a Christian whose trust was in the living God, she poured out her soul before him. Such a sweet and holy calm was diffused over her spirit, and so absorbed were all her feelings in this divine exercise, that the continued ravings of the relentless storm were scarcely heard, and when she arose from her knees and looked abroad, she almost expected to see the sky and the waters as serene as her trusting heart. But its fury abated not, and so weak and faithless is the human heart, even when it leans the most confidently on God, that her agitating forebodings in a great measure returned.

It was now nearly bed time, but poor Emma thought not of retiring. Her unconscious baby laid to rest in its little cradle, was softly breathing and sweetly sleeping, and William wearied with watching and weeping, sank beside him on the floor, and for a while forgot his sorrows in the profound slumbers of childhood. But not to the wife and mother came this soothing balm.—Her aching head pressed not that night the pillow of repose. How could she hear to recline on that bed where she had so often rested on the dear bosom of him who was now perhaps stretched on the rocky bed of the ocean, with the cold and stormy waves for his covering?

The long, long hours of that dreadful night were passed in walking the room or kneeling in prayer. "O my Saviour!" would she cry, "thou hast the same Almighty power, and the same compassionate heart that thou hast while on earth, and by thy sovereign word didst thou then still the raging tempest. O listen! listen to the importunate cry of an agonized wife, and save, in mercy save the beloved of her soul! Or else say 'peace, be still,' to the tempest within my own bosom, and let me rest with all the confidence of a redeemed child on thy faithfulness and love!" Sweetly soothing to her heart were some of those moments of prayer; calmly and quietly could she stay herself on God, and praise him even with tears of gratitude that her husband was a Christian, and that the sea as well as the

earth would yield its dead, and she again behold him clad in the vestments of immortality, and adorned with his Saviour's likeness. But O! there were moments when even prayer afforded little relief, and she in the anguish of her spirit refused to be comforted.

The sun which had so long gazed on the fairest scenes of earth, never looked forth on a lovelier morning than that which succeeded this night of storm and tempest. The balminess of the soft air, the serenity of the blue sky, and the beauty of the bright water, were never exceeded. But when the glad rays of that glorious morning penetrated the sad chamber of Emma, she covered her face and groaned in the bitterness of her heart; for where was he in whose arms at this very hour she hoped to have been enfolded?—The mother's deep agonizing groan, broke the slumbers of her boy, who starting on his feet, exclaimed, "has father come?" "Oh, no! my child," answered Emma, bursting for the first time into a passionate fit of weeping, "nor will he, I fear, ever come back again."

Several weeks passed, and as nothing was heard of the ship which contained the husband of Emma, and as more than one vessel was known to have perished during the storm, the faint hopes that were entertained of her safety entirely vanished, and Emma felt that she was indeed a widow.

On much such an evening as that which closed with the fatal storm, she was sitting at the window which overlooked the water, sad, very sad, but quiet and resigned, stricken to the dust as to her earthly hopes, but sweetly resting on Him who is the widow's God and Judge. Her eldest boy was pensively leaning his head on his mother's arm while his baby brother was using it for a play-thing, and twining his tiny fingers in the silken curls which adorned it, the only joyous one of the group, for William was still sorrowful when his thoughts turned as now to his lost father.

The mother's eye, as it was sadly bent on the water, rested on a group of men who were standing on its very edge, and at this moment one of them raised a spy-glass to his face. Emma, shuddering, turned hastily away, and a sick, faint feeling came over her, but she almost immediately compelled herself to look again, ashamed of the selfishness which would not permit her to rejoice in the safety, and happiness of others, while herself was bereaved and desolate.—Some beating hearts, thought she, are waiting with tremulous joy the approach of the dear objects of their love. Shall I not rejoice with them?—"Run, William, and see what vessel has arrived, for those men are watching, I am sure, the approach of one." William obeyed, though reluctantly, for his little heart was grieved, whenever his eyes rested on the water. His mother watched his tardy footsteps as he approached the group, who at this moment spying him, one went to meet him. Scarcely had they come near enough to speak, when, as though words of magical influence had been pronounced, William, who before scarcely moved, now tossed his hands high in the air, and turning his face towards his mother's dwelling, seemed borne along by the wings of the wind. The man as swiftly followed, and almost breathless, they both entered at the same time the abode of Emma. "O mother! mother!" exclaimed William: "Stop my boy," said his companion, "let me speak to your mother first," and turning to Emma, he added, "Be calm, madam, for we have glorious news, wonderful news for you—the ship Anne is close at hand!" Emma spoke not, but her heaving bosom and wildly rolling eye frightened her boy, who running to her and throwing himself on her neck, exclaimed, "Why I thought you would be so glad,



mother, that father after all is alive and coming to us, but you don't look so at all: what is the matter? why do you look so strangely?" Emma buried her face in the bosom of her child and relieved her bursting heart by weeping aloud. Locked in each other's arms they mingled their tears and their touching thanksgivings to God for his unspeakable mercy, while the man who stood by, though quite unused to the melting mood, himself wept like an infant.

"But how is it?" exclaimed Emma, her recollections returning as her agitation partly subsided, "has the ocean given up its dead?" "No doubt," replied the man, "they were driven out to sea, and have been detained at some port to repair damages."

Soon to the waiting eager eyes of the wife and child appeared that stately ship, her white sails filled by a gentle breeze, and bearing her majestically along over the soft ripple of the sparkling waves. Soon was she safely moored in the quiet harbor, and a familiar, beloved form seemed to step from her decks and approach the house. Soon were they folded to that heart which but an hour or two before they had thought no longer heat for them; and dear little Charley praised and an hundred times kissed by those lips they had deemed cold in death.

And oh! what sweet and blessed notes of thanksgiving and praise ascended that night from this abode of joy and love, to that God who saveth all those who put their trust in him!

## BIOGRAPHY.

*From the London Youth's Guardian.*

### MEMOIR OF THE REV. PLINY FISK, Late Missionary to Palestine.

Pliny Fisk was born at Shelburne, Massachusetts, June 24, 1792. He was the fourth son of parents who were pious and worthy, and who lived retired, in moderate circumstances. Pliny was from early life distinguished by an engaging disposition, and unusual sobriety. Pleasure as well as duty moved him to meet the wishes of his parents. Though generally disinclined to youthful vanities, he was not destitute of vivacity and humour. A prominent trait in his early character was *persevering application*. Whatever the business might be that called for his attention, he did not shrink from it, but promptly applied himself to it, and persevered till his work was done. His literary advantages were confined to a common school, during the first seventeen years of his life; but these were diligently improved.

The Christian example and counsel of pious parents made deep impressions on his mind. In his sixteenth year he was led to realize his lost condition, and to feel that he must be in earnest about his salvation. After a season of much conviction and anxiety of mind, he was led to discover, with the eye of faith, "the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world;" and believing in Him, "he rejoiced with joy unspeakable." And it was perceived by his friends that his piety would be ardent and active. After a season of trial, Pliny was received into the church in his native town, under the care of the Rev. Dr. Packard. From this time, he discovered a deep concern for the salvation of sinners, and affectionately exhorted them to immediate repentance. He soon felt an earnest desire to devote himself to the work of the ministry; and his parents now acceded to his wishes. And after completing a year of preparatory study, he was admitted to Middlebury college, Vermont.

Of his collegiate course, few occurrences transpired. Here his ruling passion was rather to be good than great. His talents were respectable, though as a scholar, he never distinguished himself. He had an aversion to the ancient languages, which in after life he lamented. He pursued natural philosophy and the mathematics, with more eagerness and success. But he feared the influence which intense application to the sciences might have on his piety. His poverty, however, rather than want of intellectual power, was another cause of his imper-

fect classical education. Yet his piety never slumbered nor slept. Like the vestal fire, it was always alive, always bright. In forwarding the cause of Christ he was ever active and energetic. And by his Christian example and exhortations, he made a deep impression on the minds of many—an impression that some will never forget.—Through afflictions in his family, he was often embarrassed for supplies; but at one time when severely tried, a gentleman sent him 30 dollars—"So Providence," said he, "provides for me."—In August 1814, he received his first degree; and after this he returned to his father's house, and studied theology under Dr. Packard.

In January, 1815, he received a license to preach from the Franklin Association of Ministers; and from his recorded prayers and experience, it was evident how much Mr. Fisk felt of the solemn responsibilities of the sacred office. He officiated for eight months during this year at Wilmington, in Vermont. And his first labors in the pulpit, with his visits from house to house, were eminently blessed to the revival of religion in that place. But he declined the proposal of the people to settle with them, assuring them that it was his fixed intention to resume his theological studies, to qualify himself for the work of a Missionary to the heathen. From *this object*, which became dearer to him the more it was contemplated, nothing could divert his mind.

In November, 1815, Mr. Fisk became a member of the Theological Seminary at Andover, and was soon admitted to the charity fund. To the prescribed course of studies, he devoted a punctual attention, and acquitted himself with respectability. But it was in the art of *holy living*, and in devising and executing plans of *usefulness*, that Mr. F. excelled. Here he was seen in his strength, and here was discovered the secret of that influence which he afterwards exerted in the world. He was so pious and exemplary, so prudent and amiable, that his influence was great over the minds of his fellow-students. His intercourse with the Professors was always modest and respectful. He went to them, as one would go to a father, for the counsel they were enabled to give.—He also extended his plans for doing good, not only to the inhabitants of the town, but to the people in adjacent towns. His great efforts were directed to the improvement of young people. He proposed various Bible classes, and pursued his plans with zeal and success. And he would at convenient times extend his walks of usefulness to the distance of from six to ten miles; for he loved to preach the gospel to the poor.—Mr. F.'s devotional habits were remarkable. He was eminently a man of prayer. On the Sabbath, particularly, his soul seemed to draw near to God and heaven. Prayer and praise, and benevolent labors constituted his uniform employment on the day of sacred rest.—A species of prayer frequent with him, and which he inculcated much on others, was intercession. If he wrote a letter to a friend, he prayed for him, and on receiving a letter, he instantly repaired to his closet.—In prayer and meditation, he usually directed his attention to some *specific subject*; some duty, or besetting sin, or plan of usefulness. He kept distinct journals, in which he recorded his feelings on various subjects and inquiries. He closely examined his heart, as to the origin of religion in his soul; his progress in the divine life; and with respect to his missionary prospects and duties.

From Mr. F.'s journal, it appears that he sat down in his closet, and with many inquiries, prayers and tears, counted the cost of becoming a Missionary; and he was led to a satisfactory result, that it was his duty. And after a public examination in September, 1818, he was accepted, and appointed with Mr. Parsons to the Palestine Mission.

Mr. Fisk spent about a year in pleading the cause of missions in the Southern States; and Mr. Parsons and himself then proceeded to Smyrna, and after this to Scio to study the languages. During the period of the first year, that is in 1820, they visited "the seven churches of Asia," or rather the ruined cities where they were planted. By mutual agreement, Mr. Parsons proceeded to Judea, but

returned, after a year's absence, to Smyrna. And on account of the feeble state of Mr. P.'s health, they embarked for Egypt, where he died in peace, in February, 1822, to the very great grief of Mr. Fisk, who was sincerely attached to him. For various reasons, Mr. Fisk returned to Malta, to join a young missionary of the name of Temple; and in connection with Messrs. King and Wolff went back again to Egypt, and commenced his labors. From Egypt, in April, 1823, they proceeded on their journey to Jerusalem, through the same desert in which the children of Israel wandered, and where, after a long protracted 'day of provocation,' they fell. From Jerusalem, Messrs. Fisk and King went to Beyrout and Lebanon to spend the summer months. He accompanied Mr. Jowett to Jerusalem, and after some time visited with Mr. King the principal cities in the north of Syria; and finally returned to Beyrout. Here Mr. Fisk was attacked by a fever, and after struggling with his disease for about eleven days, he departed this life, in the house of a brother Missionary, October 23d, 1825. At intervals, and when he could speak, his language was that of a dying believer, who could converse about death, and Christ, and heaven, with composure and joy.

The state of his mind may be learnt from the following epistle to Mr. King, by his dictation:—

"My beloved brother King! Little did we think when we parted, that nearly the first intelligence concerning me would be the news of my death. Yet, at present, this is likely to be the case. I write to you as from my dying bed. The Saviour, whom I have imperfectly served, I trust now grants me his aid; and to his faithful care, I commit my immortal spirit. May your life be prolonged, and be made abundantly useful. Live a life of prayer. 'Let your conversation be in heaven.' Labor abundantly for Christ. Whatever treatment you meet with; whatever difficulties you encounter; whatever vexations fall to your lot, and from whatever source, possess your soul in patience; yea, 'let patience have her perfect work.' I think of you in my dying moments, and remember many happy hours we have spent together. And I die in the glorious hope of meeting you where we shall be freed from all sin! Till that happy meeting, dear brother, farewell!"

People of different nations witnessed his dying behaviour, with amazement; and they followed him to the grave weeping. They felt that they had lost a friend. Such was the impression that his godly life and conversation had made on their minds.—His labor in acquiring languages; his affectionate spirit; his pious conversation; his distribution of Bibles, and tracts innumerable; his private and public labors; his excellent letters; his affecting account of Jerusalem, and other places; and above all, his humanity and zeal, are amply recorded in the work of Mr. Bond. It contains the records of a Christian and a missionary, whose holy and heroic example cannot be exhibited to the Christian world in vain.

## BENEVOLENCE.

*From the Juvenile Miscellany.*

### THE MUTE BOY.

I will talk to you about a little deaf and dumb boy, who had the misfortune to lose his father, at an early age. The bereaved mother took the kindest care of him, and an infant sister, with whom it was his chief delight to play, from morning till night. After a few years, the village where they resided, was visited with a dangerous fever, and this family all lay sick at the same time. The mother and daughter died, but the poor little deaf and dumb orphan recovered. He had an aged grandmother who took him to her home, and seemed to love him better for his infirmities. She fed him carefully, and laid him in his bed with tenderness; and in her lonely situation, he was all the world to her. A great part of every day she labored to understand his signs, and to communicate some new idea to his imprisoned mind. She endeavored to instruct him that there was a Great Being, who caused the sun to shine, and the grass



to grow; who sent forth the lightning and the rain, and was the Maker of man and beast. She taught him the three letters G O and D,—and when he saw in a book this name of the Almighty, he was accustomed to bow down his head with the deepest reverence. But when she sought to inform him that he had a soul, accountable, and immortal when the body died, she was grieved that he seemed not to comprehend her. The little silent boy loved his kind grandmother, and would sit for hours looking earnestly in her wrinkled face, smiling, and endeavoring to sustain the conversation. He was anxious to perform any service for her that might testify his affection—he would fly to pick up her knitting-bag, or her snuff-box when they fell, and traverse the neighboring meadows and woods, to gather such flowers and plants as pleased her. Yet he was sometimes pensive and wept—she knew not why. She supposed he might be grieving for the relatives he had lost, and redoubled her marks of tenderness. She often perused with great interest, accounts of the intelligence and happiness of the deaf and dumb, who enjoy a system of education, adapted to their necessities, and thought if anything could separate her from her beloved charge, it would be that he might share such an inestimable privilege.

At length the eyes of this benevolent lady grew dim through age, and when the little suppliant, by his dialect of gestures, besought her attention, she was unable to distinguish the movements of his hands, or scarcely the form of his features. It was then her earnest request that he might be placed at the American Asylum for the education of the deaf and dumb. There, when his first regrets at separation had subsided, he began to make rapid improvement. He became attached to his companions and teachers, and both in his studies and sports, was happy. When he had nearly completed the period allotted for a full course of instruction there—a conversation like the following took place one evening, between him and a preceptor whom he loved, viz.

"I have frequently desired to ask what were some of your opinions, before you became a pupil in this Institution. What, for instance, were your ideas of the sun and moon?"

"I supposed that the sun was a king and a warrior, who ruled over, and slew the people, as he pleased. When I saw brightness in the west, at closing day, I thought it was the flame and smoke of cities which he had destroyed in his wrath. The moon, I much disliked. I considered her prying and officious, because she looked into my chamber when I wished to sleep. One evening, I walked in the garden, and the half-moon seemed to follow me. I sought the shade of some large trees, but found she was there before me. I turned to go into the house, and advised her not to come, because I hated her. But when I laid down in my bed, she was there. I arose and closed my shutters. Still there were some crevices through which she peeped. I bade her go away, and wept with passion, because she disregarded my wishes. I thought she gazed at me, more than at others, because I was deaf and dumb. I feared also, that she would tell strangers of it, for I felt ashamed of being different from other children."

"What did you think of the stars?"

"They were more agreeable to me. I imagined that they were fair and well dressed ladies, who gave brilliant parties in the sky; and that they sometimes rode for amusement, on beautiful horses, while their attendants carried torches in their hands."

"Had you any conception of death?"

"When my little sister died, I wondered why she lay still so long. I thought she was lazy to be sleeping when the sun had arisen. I gathered my hands full of violets, and threw them in her face, and said in my dialect of signs, 'Wake up; wake up!' And I was displeased at her, and went so far as to say, 'What a fool you are!' when she permitted them to put her in a box, and carry her away, instead of getting up to play with me."

"Afterwards, when my mother died, they told me

repeatedly that she was *dead, dead*; and tried to explain to me what death meant. But I was distressed when I asked her for bread, that she did not give it to me; and when she was buried, I went every day where they had laid her, waiting, and expecting that she would rise. Sometimes I grew impatient, and rolled upon the turf that covered her, striking my forehead against it, weeping and saying, "Mother, get up! get up! why do you sleep there so long with the child? I am sick, and hungry, and alone. Oh, Mother! mother!" When I was taken to my grandmother's house, I could no longer visit the grave, and it grieved me; for I believed if I continued to go and cry there, she would at length hear me and come up."

"I know that more pains were taken to instil religious principles into your mind, than are commonly bestowed on the deaf and dumb. Will you tell me what was your opinion of the Supreme Being?"

"My kind grandmother laboured without ceasing, to impress me with reverence for the Almighty. Through her efforts I obtained some idea of the power and goodness which are visible in the creation; but of *Him*, who wrought in the storm and in the sunshine, I was doubtful whether it were a strong man, a huge animal, or a vast machine. I was in all the ignorance of heathen sin, until by patient attendance on your judicious course of instruction, knowledge entered into my soul."

He then expressed to his teacher, the gratitude he felt for the blessings of education, and affectionately wishing him a good night, retired to his repose.

L. H. S.—Hartford.

## REVIEW.

For the Youth's Companion.

THE MILLENNIUM.—By Mrs. SHERWOOD. Crocker & Brewster, 1829.

We saw at the Sabbath School Depository an eminent minister of the gospel, selecting books for a Sabbath school library. On taking the subject of the present review as one of the number, the boy attending observed that they were not yet prepared to sell that book, as it had not been examined. "Never mind," said the minister, "I can trust Mrs. Sherwood." Take a Sabbath school book upon trust!! Will ministers of the gospel, those who have solemnly promised to feed the lambs of the flock—will they place a book in their Sabbath school library which has not been examined and approved? Perhaps we ought, in justice to the Sabbath school Depository to state, that when this book was examined, it was returned to the publishers as unworthy of a place on their shelves.

It is our present intention, to give some account of the contents of this book, and leave the question of its merits or demerits to the reader. The design of the book may be learned from its title. It is to describe the "latter day's glory." Mrs. Sherwood's theory of the millennium is not entirely new, yet we believe that Christians have generally considered it as unsustained by the Bible, and visionary. It is this. In the millennium, Jesus Christ will reign, personally, on the earth; and all the dead who died in the Lord, will rise and reign with him. She thinks that old and young, "little children and lovely babes, will then be renewed in the likeness of their Saviour, and exhort each other to go up to the mountain of the Lord's house, there to learn his holy ways, to study his law, and to sing his praises."

"Men and women will then be more beautiful in their appearance, because they will be holy and modest; and levity and vanity, or ill-temper will not appear in their countenances. The mournings of unhappy infants will not then be heard, nor the channels of tears be ever traced on the dimpled face of children: for all such of them as died before they had committed actual sin will have partaken of the benefits of salvation, and will in this blessed period be restored again, in immortal freshness to their believing parents." The above, and much more on the same subject, is addressed to a little company of children, by a very old gentleman, named Bernardo. They came and listened to him every

day, and were very much interested while he explained many passages to favor this hypothesis. He tells his children that "the pleasures we enjoy this day are innocent pleasures;—such as we may hope to enjoy in the happy days of the millennium." At the commencement of the millennium, all the saints who have ever lived on the earth, together with all infants who have died before they committed actual sin, will, *literally*, rise from the dead, and dwell on the earth a thousand years. These are they who have part in the first resurrection. Pious families will live together as they once did, and Jesus Christ shall personally reign over them all, as their king; and it would seem as if all the righteous who live on the earth in that day, will literally go up to Jerusalem to worship.

We will now leave the general subject of the book, and consider a few other particulars, which, while we were perusing it, arrested our attention. The children, introduced into the story, thirteen in number, the author says, "knew nothing about God." This you will find on the 8th page. She afterwards mentions that "only one among them possessed a Bible," and he "was a *very holy and lovely child*." His name was Henry Martyn. As Bernardo proceeded in his instructions, the children were very civil and attentive, and the author says, "You may always know whether little boys fear God, by their civility to every body." Do all little boys who are civil fear God? Bernardo, one day, discoursed upon the glories of that day when the earth should be filled with the knowledge of the Lord. Henry Martyn was surprised, for though he was "very holy" and had read his Bible every day since he was five years old, yet he did not know that such a day was spoken of. Page 21. Henry Martyn says that his parents informed him about God and about his wicked heart and about Jesus Christ, yet, at the time he was speaking, he had very indefinite notions about these things. This is the child who, at the commencement of the book was "very holy"! We mention this apparent inconsistency, because we think it very important that when the phrase "very holy" is applied to a person it ought to have a definite meaning—it should mean *very holy*. When a *new heart* is spoken of, authors of Sabbath school books especially, should be careful that they do not leave the impression on the minds of children that it consists in being civil, and kind, and beautiful. If there is a very great difference between the righteous and the wicked, the saint and the sinner, it is necessary that that distinction should be made plain, so plain that children cannot but see it. We should suppose that those authors who introduce characters of their own making, ought to know whether they mean to have them good or bad. At one time all these children are spoken of in such language that the reader is led to suppose that they were converted, at least in the estimation of Bernardo, for he says, "were I to depart to-morrow, I should die in the full assurance of their final happiness," yet at other times it seems to be a matter of doubt, whether any of them were Christians.

We will now quote from the 23d page. "The first step in true religion, is to understand that there is one holy and true God; and the next is to know, what we might naturally expect from a perfectly holy and powerful God." Really! Then the devil has taken two steps in "true religion," for he knows all this. We thought that repentance was the first step in true religion.

At page 27. Lucy asks, if what Christ has done to save sinners is not "as if I were to owe a great debt to the king, and he was forced not to forgive me because of the laws; and my sister was to pay it for me; and the king was willing to take my sister's money instead of mine; I should then be free from my debt and the king would have his money and all would be right?" "Exactly so, replied Bernardo." Perhaps this representation accords with the views of many Christians. We have quoted it merely to show the author's views on that subject.

We now leave the question, whether the "Millennium" is worthy of a place in the Sabbath school library, to the decision of the reader. REVIEWER.



## EDITORIAL.

## NOTICE OF BOOKS.

*Peter Parley's Method of telling about Geography to Children.* With nine maps and seventy-five engravings. Principally for the use of Schools. Hartford, H. & F. J. Huntington, 1829.—Those readers of the Companion who received and read it in August, 1828, will recollect Peter Parley, and his Tales about America and Europe. He was quite a friend of children, and seemed qualified to "talk" with them in a very familiar and instructive way. They will therefore be glad to see him again, when he comes to "tell them about Geography." Children find it difficult to understand Geography as they read about it in books, and as it is commonly taught in schools. But we think they could understand Peter Parley very well. We therefore advise them to get the book, and hear him "tell" the thing in his own way. He first gives a "general description of the earth;" then "general divisions." He then tells "how nations and countries differ;" "how the animals and vegetables, of countries differ," and "various matters and things." Parley then "tells of his travels" in various parts of the world, and of what he saw; and so keeps on through the book. The title page tells us there are "seventy-five engravings." Many of these are pictures, representing the people of different countries, with their features, size and dress. Some of them represent scenes in history, as the landing of Columbus, the death of Gen. Wolfe, the deluge, and some others. There are also several pictures, representing various ceremonies of worship, by different denominations of Christians and other religious sects. It is a small book, containing 122 pages, neatly printed; very entertaining for small children, and we think it will be very useful.

*The Little Philosopher, or the Infant School at Home.* No. II. By Erodore. Boston, Carter & Hendee, 1829.—The Little Philosopher, too, has come again. See *Youth's Companion* of September 16, where we told the children of a small book with this title, which was No. I; and we told them that more were coming. No. II. is now printed, and it is very similar to the first; we mean, it goes on to teach children about philosophy, in the same pleasant and easy way that No. I. did. The chapters tell about the air, heat and cold, the weather, the sun, the moon, and the stars. Then at the end are "miscellaneous experiments and questions," on the same subjects as have been mentioned before in both the numbers. We wonder that "Erodore" used those long words "miscellaneous" and "experiment" when he was making a book for "little" folks; but we will tell them what he means. An "experiment" is what we do, so as to find out something by it. You try an "experiment," when you ring a small bell; and while it is sounding, touch it with your finger. You find out that your touching it stops the sound. "Miscellaneous" experiments are those on different subjects mixed up together, not all belonging to one subject.—But almost all the words in this book are very plain, even for young children; and we hope a great many will read it the coming winter, at school and at home, and become little philosophers in their infant years.

*The Squirrel's Family.*—Boston, Peirce & Williams, 1829.—This is a fabulous history of a squirrel and his mate and their four little ones, who were very happy together in the hollow of an oak tree, "living upon love, and what else they could find in the woods." One of the young squirrels, however, became a selfish and quarrelsome little churl, and gave a great deal of trouble to the whole house; till his mother shut him up alone, in another and gloomy hole, where she kept him on short allowance and almost forsok him for two or three days. At length he is reclaimed and brought home; and in his conduct afterwards proves a very decent sort of a squirrel.—The story is well told, and we think

it likely it is intended to hold up to some children a picture of themselves, who are selfish and unkind, and render their parents and friends unhappy. If any of our readers are acquainted with such children, we hope they will contrive to put this book into their hands, and let the squirrel teach them to reform.

## MISCELLANY.

## THE NEGRO BOY.

During the American war, a gentleman and his lady were going from the East Indies to England. The lady died on the passage, and left two infants, the charge of which fell to a negro boy of seventeen years of age. The gentleman went on board the Commodore's ship with which they sailed. There came on a violent gale, and the vessel in which the children were on board was on the point of being lost; a boat was despatched from the Commodore's ship to save as many as they could; they had almost filled the boat, and there was just room for the two infants, or the negro boy. What did he do? He did not hesitate a moment, but put the children in the boat, and said, "Tell my master that Coffin has done his duty;" and that instant he was received in the bosom of the ocean, never more to rise till the ocean and the graves give up their dead.

The late Queen Charlotte requested Mrs. Hannah More to write a poem on this incident; but she declined it, saying that no art could embellish an action in itself so noble. [*Youth's Instructor.*]

*The Female Heart.*—The female heart may be compared to a garden, which when cultivated, presents a continued succession of fruits and flowers, to regale the soul, and delight the eye: but, when neglected, producing a crop of the most noxious weeds; large and flourishing, because their growth is in proportion to the warmth and richness of the soil from which they spring. Then let this ground be faithfully cultivated; let the mind of the young and lovely female be stored with useful knowledge, and the influence of women, though undiminished in power, will be like "the diamond of the desert," sparkling and pure, whether surrounded by the sands of desolation, forgotten and unknown, or pouring its refreshing streams through every avenue of the social and moral fabric.

*Wealth.*—Riches are the instruments of good and evil, according to the disposition of the possessor. A good fortune is an edged tool, which a hundred may get for one that knows how to use it. Humanity, good nature, magnanimity, and a sense of honor, should be the qualifications of the rich; humility and patience, industry and temperance, those of the poor. Wealth is apt to betray a man into arrogance, pride, and luxury; let us therefore, ever remember, it is a talent given us of God; and as we have nothing but what we receive from him, we should imitate his love to us, by being always ready and willing to communicate his gifts to others.

*Matrimony.*—The happiness of the married life depends on a power of making small sacrifices with readiness and cheerfulness. Few persons are ever called upon to make great sacrifices or to confer great favors; but affection is kept alive and happiness secured, by keeping up a constant warfare against little selfishness.

## NATURAL HISTORY.

## SINGULAR ASSOCIATION OF ANIMALS.

All associations between animals of opposite natures are exceedingly interesting; and those who train animals for public exhibition, know how attractive are such displays of the power of discipline over the strength of instinct. These extraordinary arrangements, are sometimes the effect of accident, and sometimes of the greater force of one instinct over the less force of another. A rat catcher, having caught a brood of young rats alive, gave them to his cat, who had just had her kittens taken

from her to be drowned. A few days afterwards he was surprised to find the rats in the place of the drowned kittens, being suckled by their natural enemy. The cat had a hatred to rats, but she spared these young rats to afford her the relief which she required as a mother. The rat catcher exhibited the cat and her nurslings to considerable advantage. A somewhat similar exhibition exists at Broderip. There is a little menagerie in London where such odd associations may be witnessed on a more extensive scale, and more systematically conducted than in any other collection of animals with which we are acquainted. Upon the Surrey side of Waterloo bridge, or sometimes, though not so often, on the same side of Southwark bridge, may be daily seen a cage about five feet square, containing quadrupeds and birds. The keeper of this collection, John Austin, states, that he has employed seventeen years in this business of training creatures of opposite natures, to live together in content & affection; and those years have not been unprofitably employed. It is not too much to believe that many a person who has given his half-penny to look upon this show, may have had his mind awakened to the extraordinary effects of habit and discipline, when he has thus seen the cat, the rat, the mouse, the hawk, the rabbit, the guinea pig, the owl, the pigeon, the startling, and the sparrow, each enjoying, as far as can be enjoyed in confinement, its respective modes of life in the company of others—the weak without fear, the strong without desire to injure. It is impossible to imagine any prettier exhibition of kindness than is here shown. The rabbit and the pigeon playfully contending for a lock of hay to make their nest: the sparrow sometimes, perched on the head of the cat, and sometimes on that of the owl, each its natural enemy; and the mice playing about with perfect indifference to the presence of the cat, the hawk, or owl. The modes by which this man has effected this are, first, by keeping all the creatures well fed, and secondly, by accustoming one species to the society of the other, at a very early period of their lives. The ferocious instincts of those who prey on the weaker, are never called into action; their nature is subdued to a systematic gentleness: the circumstances by which they are surrounded, is favorable to the cultivation of their kinder dispositions; all their desires & pleasures are bounded by their little cage; & though the old cat sometimes takes a stately walk on the parapet of the bridge, he duly returns to his companions, with whom he has so long been happy, without at all thinking that he was born to devour any of them.—This is an example, and a powerful one, of what may be accomplished by a proper education, which rightly estimates the force of habit, and confirms, by judicious management, that habit, which is most desirable to be made a rule of conduct. The principle is the same, whether it be applied to children, or to brutes.—*Library of Entertaining Knowledge.*

## POETRY.

## FATHER'S COMING.

Jane and Lucy, and Charley dear,  
All love the noisy Tray;  
And quick they spring his bark to hear,  
At close of Summer's day.

For when Tray jumps the orchard wall,  
Their hearts are full of bliss;  
And forth they scamper, one and all,  
To gain a father's kiss!

Dearly the farmer loves to take  
His babes upon his knee;  
While one calls out for "patty cake,"  
Another shouts with glee.

Jane runs to bring the milk and bread  
And Lucy takes his hat,  
While Charley shakes his silky head  
At sight of pussy cat.

The happy boy, and Lucy too,  
Will father's supper share;  
Ere Jane unties each little shoe,  
And mother combs their hair.

This is why, at the setting sun,  
They every one will hark,  
To see who first will call, "Run? Run!"  
For Tray begins to bark!" [*Juv. Miscellany.*]



# YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Published Weekly, by WILLIS & RAND, at the Office of the Boston Recorder, No. 22, Congress-Street....Price One Dollar a year in advance, or \$1, 50, if not paid in advance.

No. 24.

BOSTON, NOVEMBER 4, 1829.

VOL. III.

## NARRATIVE.

*From the American Pastor's Journal.*

### THE DESOLATE FAMILY.

The writer of this lives in one of the happy valleys of Vermont. Far up the hill side, to the west of my dwelling, was the cottage and snug little farm of neighbor D. He was a sprightly good-looking man, not very well informed, and rather passionate, but still very kind to his family, and untiring in his efforts to provide for their wants. I used occasionally to visit his family, and while I sat in friendly conversation with them, was always pleased with the neatness of their cottage, with the air of content on the countenances of the parents, and the beauty, sprightliness, and good manners of their children. When I came out, the good garden and flourishing little nursery on one hand, and the green field and young orchard, enriched with its first fruits, on the other, presented a lovely prospect; and I could not but wish that the industrious owners might long enjoy the works of their hands.

Mrs. D. was a professor of religion, and though she lived at a considerable distance from the house of God, and had no means of conveyance, was as constant as possible in her attendance on public worship. Being feeble, she not unfrequently, when performing her Sabbath day's journey, would call at my house to rest awhile. It was noticed, from time to time, that her accustomed cheerfulness seemed to be wearing away, and a sadness of heart and of countenance, which she appeared studious to conceal, was settling upon her. It was not merely because she was obliged to take her wearisome walk alone, for her husband had never been in the habit of going with her. As I knew of no alteration whatever in her circumstances, and she manifested no disposition to disclose the cause of her grief, I was willing that the secret should remain with herself, and carefully avoided alluding to the change in her appearance. Not many months, however, had elapsed before it was said that Mr. D. was deeply involved in debt; that his farm was mortgaged, and there was no probability that he could redeem it. But as I had heard of no abatement of his industry, I was unwilling to believe that things were so bad as represented, and could not but hope that he would ultimately free himself from his embarrassments. His health, however, soon began to decline, his creditors pressed hard upon him, and he was obliged to leave his farm and habitation, and seek another dwelling. To begin the world anew with a broken constitution, and a family of young children to be supported, was very trying. When Mrs. D. learned that this adverse change in their situation was bringing her family nearer to her loved place of public worship, she was cheered with the hope that she should be able to persuade her husband to go with her, and that this trying event might prove in the end to be an instance of special mercy, both to her husband and family. A change of situation, however, effected no change in Mr. D.'s moral feelings and habits. The place where the people of God met to praise, and pray, and listen to the declaration of his truth, had no delights for him. Nor indeed was it long that he was able to attend public worship, had he been disposed. His health rapidly declined, his appetite failed, his limbs once uncommonly strong, grew weak and tremulous, and he was cast on a bed of long and distressing sickness. His family having now no means of support, were reduced to the necessity of applying to the charity of the town for relief. This, to the feeling heart of Mrs. D., was very cutting. She was careful not to wound her husband with useless reproaches.—But she could not forget the money

which he had formerly misspent in vain company, and the happiness it would afford himself and family had it been reserved for that time of need. When a young man, Mr. D. had sometimes spent fifty dollars in one winter in the ball room. Of the greater sums spent of late years, in *another way*, she had no heart to speak, or even think. Poor woman! she thought it was still a secret to others, and she would fain have been ignorant of it herself.

In Mr. D.'s sickness I visited him often, and was deeply affected to witness his distress and see him sinking into the grave, without giving any evidence of piety or even serious concern about his salvation. He, however, was willing to hear religious discourse, to have the scriptures read to him, and prayer offered to God for his support and salvation. At length he began to express a hope that his heart had been changed and his sins forgiven. At first I dared not encourage him: I greatly feared he was deceiving himself. But as he continued, from day to day, to talk more and more like a Christian, I began to hope that he might indeed be a subject of grace. He now viewed himself, as all his acquaintance did, to be on the very brink of eternity, and appeared anxious to have every thing ready for his departure. He looked on his beloved children with all the apparent concern of a dying parent, and implored the blessing of Heaven upon them. His wife had long desired to devote them to God in baptism, but their father had always, till now, opposed it. But now he desired, before he closed his eyes in death, to see it done. The minister readily consented to perform the sacred rite. The children (the eldest at home being about fourteen years of age, and the youngest a babe in its mother's arms) were assembled around their father's bed, and one after another solemnly dedicated to a covenant God in baptism. The father seemed now to see and feel the propriety and importance of what was done; and to the minister's counsel added his own, enjoining it on his children henceforth to consider themselves the Lord's; to east themselves on his mercy, and acknowledge him in all their ways. This scene, to the mother, was almost overwhelming. On finding her cup of affliction mingled with such rich ingredients of mercy, tears of joy freely flowed, and her tongue spoke forth the praises of God.

Mr. D. subsequently to this spoke freely on religious subjects, and expressed a strong desire to be able to go to the places where he used to misspend his evenings, and faithfully warn his former companions in folly. Neither their sneers nor frowns, he thought, would daunt him; but he could talk to them as freely as to his own little children. The time of his departure, however, appeared to be drawing near, and he again gave to his family what he wished them to consider as his dying counsel. His weeping wife caused the garments which were to dress her husband's lifeless remains for the grave, to be prepared. Still, however, he lingered, day after day; and still she persevered in her efforts to relieve his distress, to comfort his spirit, and smooth his passage to the tomb. It was too much for her delicate constitution to endure; and she fell into a violent fever, which, in a few days, terminated her mortal existence. Concerned still for her husband, she continued with him to the last, and expired lying in such a situation that she could cast upon him her last look of love. The vestments of death, which she had prepared for him, were now wrapped about herself; and, with many a sigh and tear, her lifeless remains were borne from the sight of her sick husband, and from the desolate circle of her orphans, to the resting place of the dead. The Spirit hath said, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord;" and it was truly consolatory to believe that this blessedness now was hers. But who

could look on the family she had left behind without emotions of pity? The case of the dear little infant, torn so young from its mother's bosom, was peculiarly affecting. It was removed from one kind-hearted woman to another; but no one could cherish and nourish it as its mother had done; and in the course of a few weeks the delicate little thing went down to sleep by her side in the grave.

Mr. D. still lived, and, to the surprise of his acquaintance, seemed to be slowly regaining his health. He was removed by the overseers of the poor to another habitation; the children distributed into different places, and the family was entirely broken up. I continued to visit him, and found him still willing to talk on the subject of religion, but I thought a declension in pious feeling was very obvious. After some months he was able to walk abroad, leaning on his staff, and on those occasions would frequently direct his tottering steps to one or other of the neighboring stores. During his illness he had longed to go there to warn his old companions in folly; but, alas! his heart was now grown cold, his courage was gone, and I was grieved to hear that he sat down with them, and partook of their cheer as he had used to do in the days of his health. When gently admonished of his danger of relapsing into a course which had already nearly destroyed him, he seemed to think the warning quite unnecessary. He knew better than any one else what his constitution required, and what were his feelings in regard to religion. He saw not why it should be thought he gave less evidence of piety now, than he had done before. His hopes of recovery were of but short duration. His health again rapidly declined, and he was confined once more to his bed with distressing sickness, which continued for many weeks. At length the springs of life failed, and the weary spirit dropped its earthly cares and pains, and left its shattered and loathsome tenement to crumble into dust. Some of the surviving friends of Mr. D. cherished some hope that death had proved gain to him; but in the minds of the more reflecting, and those who were best acquainted with the circumstances, this hope was attended with many fears. So many dark clouds had settled on his path, the footsteps of a true follower of Jesus could not be distinctly ascertained.

The same clergyman who had attended the funeral of his wife and child was called to perform the last religious offices over the remains of Mr. D. The crowded little cottage seemed to be regarded by all as the house of the dead; rendered peculiarly solemn by the sight of three of the little orphans, who had been collected from different families, to shed their tears upon the cold face of their parent, before the coffin should conceal it from their eyes. They were commended to God in feeling and earnest supplication; and when their little cheeks were wet with tears, and all our hearts were melting with love and pity for them, and we knew we could not repair their loss—it came like heavenly music over our souls to hear a youthful band sweetly sing the following orphan hymn.

"Where shall the child of sorrow find  
A place for calm repose?  
Thou Father of the fatherless,  
Relieve the orphan's woes.  
"Thy gracious promise now fulfil,  
And bid their trouble cease;  
In Thee the fatherless shall find  
Rich mercy, grace, and peace.  
"They've not a secret care or pain,  
But He that secret knows;  
The Father of the fatherless  
Will soothe the orphans' woes."

The funeral being ended, the loved orphans were again scattered abroad, seldom to see each other's faces; and the aged parents of the deceased, bending under the weight of numerous years, returned



to their humble habitation to weep that the only son they had to lean upon was dead; that their beloved daughter-in-law was gone; the dear babe laid by their side in the grave; and the rest of "the dear little birds," as they called them, all cast out upon the world, exposed to its blasts and storms, without a home, without a parent to whom they could tell their sorrows, or apply for protection or support.

Would any inquire the cause of the accumulated distresses of this once flourishing and happy family? It was **INTEMPERANCE**. Not that Mr. D. was reputed a drunkard: I know not that he was ever intoxicated to such a degree that he could not return to his home without assistance; but he had an ardent thirst for spirituous liquors, and was a man of strength to mingle strong drink. It was this which drew him from the successful prosecution of his business, and blighted all his fair prospects of worldly good, and turned him, with his family out of their pleasant home, and cast them upon the charity of the public. It was this which oppressed so long the heart and the countenance of his amiable wife with melancholy, and finally operated to bring her, with her innocent babe, to an untimely grave. It was this which broke down his own strong constitution, made him helpless as an infant, and fastened upon his vitals a disorder which preyed there, a quenchless fire, until death closed the scene. This was the enemy which utterly desolated his innocent and interesting family. Had it not been for this one vicious propensity, for aught that man can tell, those orphans might now have been living in their former habitation, in the full enjoyment of a father's protection and of a mother's love.

Reader, hearer, have you the same appetite? remember the tremendous denunciation of Jehovah—"Wo unto them that are mighty to drink wine, and men of strength to mingle strong drink! their root shall be as rottenness, and their blossom shall go up as dust: because they have cast away the law of the Lord of hosts, and despised the word of the Holy One of Israel." He hath spoken, and will do it. S. M.

## RELIGION.

For the Youth's Companion.

### ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE PARABLES.

No. I.

"Children," said Mr. Richmond to a fine group that had just risen with him from the tea-table. "Children, it is New Year's night you know, and I will now reveal the plan I promised;—follow me to the study."

A son and three daughters sprang to the door and with faces full of expectation followed their parent thro' the long entry, now illuminated by the evening lamp, into the study at the farther extremity. It was a large square room, lined on two sides with books; another side contained a desk filled with papers and every convenience for writing. Near the fire stood an armed chair with a broad leaf, for the wearied student, and there were maps and prints hung around the two remaining walls which were not occupied with books. The windows of this pleasant room, looked out upon an extensive yard, which, grassed in summer, and iced in winter, served these happy children for a delightful playground. A January fire was this evening burning on the hearth, and before it stood a table spread with green, and having the chairs of the apartment arranged around it.

"Be seated, my children," said Mr. R. as he placed himself in one of the chairs at the head of the table. Mrs. R. soon entered and occupied the other—the table is now surrounded. Before each one is laid a small green Testament, and in the title page each child has already discovered its *own* name, traced by the pen of its parent.

"My dear children," commenced Mr. R., "these are our *New-Year's gifts* to you. It is the scriptures of Jesus Christ our only Saviour and Lord. It contains the simple recital of his pure and spotless life, of the miracles he wrought, of the pre-

cepts he enjoined, of the sufferings he endured and of the ignominious death, to which he submitted, to save us, the guilty and the lost. If you have heretofore read this volume with carelessness, my children, I pray that you may commence the study of it now, with the deepest attention. Upon its truths do your parents rest all their hopes, and here must you ground yours, if you desire life eternal. Consult it with lowly minds, at all times and in all circumstances, and you shall find it a light unto your feet and a lamp unto your path. In order to assist you in this pursuit, your mother and I propose spending an hour with you around this table, as frequently as our other duties will permit; and we will, my dear children, with this sacred book before us, endeavor to comply with this command of our Saviour, "Search the scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and they are they which testify of me."

The children began to turn over the leaves as if eager to begin.

"But first," said their father, "we will ask God for his assistance and blessing."

The children bowed their heads with deep attention, while the father with uplifted hand and eye, in a low voice, said, "Our Father who art in heaven, we thy humble children pray of thee to look upon us and bear our petition—send us now thine Holy Spirit to guide us into all truth; for thy word is truth. We ask this in our Saviour's name, for we have his promise.—'Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, he shall give it you.'"

The children resumed their former attitudes, and little Mary, the youngest, who was seated by her mother's side, said, "Mamma, will you find the place for me?"

"Presently, my dear," said her mother, "wait until your father has named it to us."

"Open at the title page," said Mr. R.

The children all turned the leaf.

Charles, you may read it.

(Charles reads.) The New Testament of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

"Now, my children," said Mr. R., "when a man dies, he writes what is called his *will* or *testament*, i. e. he writes down upon paper all that he wishes his friends or family to remember and do when he is gone; they can then frequently read it over after his death, and are in no danger of forgetting or mistaking any of his wishes. So our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, when he parted from his disciples and ascended to heaven, left them and us his *will*, or *Testament*, or a written account of what he wished us to *remember* and *do* when he was gone."

"Did he write it *himself*, papa?" asked Elizabeth quickly.

"No, my dear, I was going to say he did not write it down himself, but he commanded his disciples to do it when he was gone, and he promised to give them the power to write his wishes correctly, and to *remember* every thing that he had said unto them. We find this command and this promise in the book of John. Turn to the 14th chapter. In the preceding chapter he has been telling his disciples that he must die. He commences this with telling them, not to be grieved or troubled at heart because he must go away, for he is going to his Father's house in heaven, where there are many mansions, to prepare a place for them; and that soon he will come again and take them to himself, that where he is, there they may be also. He also tells them, that "if they love him they will keep his commandments," or remember and comply with his wishes when he is gone. He also promises "If ye shall ask any thing in my name I will do it." Now, Harriet, you may read the 16, 17, 25, and 26th verses."

(Harriet, the eldest daughter, with low and timid voice reads,) "And I will pray the Father and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you forever. Even the Spirit of truth, whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him; but ye know him; for he dwelleth with you and shall be in you. These things have I spoken unto you, being yet present with you. But the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom

the Father will send in my name, he shall *teach* you *all things* and *bring all things* to your remembrance *whatsoever I have said unto you.*"

"He then continues to give them his last and most affectionate instructions, until we reach the 26th verse of the 15th chapter, where he again speaks of the Comforter or Spirit of truth which he would send. Elizabeth may read these two verses."

(Elizabeth strokes back the loose ringlets that are falling over her face, and audibly and distinctly reads.)

"But when the Comforter is come, whom I will send unto you from the Father, even the Spirit of truth, which proceedeth from the Father, he shall *testify* of me."

"Now comes the command, Elizabeth, in the next verse."

(Elizabeth continues.) "And ye also shall *bear witness*, because ye have *been with me* from the beginning."

"So you see, my dear children, how plain is the promise that the Holy Spirit or Spirit of truth should be sent to the disciples, to enable them without any mistake to comply with the command which our Saviour had given them, that they should *testify* or *bear witness* of him. But lest it should still be forgotten by the world, that his power should be *with* or *inspire* the disciples, he repeats it again and again, not only in the next chapter, but in various parts of the New Testament. We cannot now notice all the passages, but there is one in the second epistle or letter to Timothy, 3d chap. 16th verse, to which you may all turn, and little Mary may read it; and I hope we are all prepared, by those passages we have already examined, to receive the words of St. Paul or any of the sacred writers, as the words of Christ himself."

(Each finger points to the verse; and little Mary, leaning on her mother's arm, slowly and with hesitation reads.)

"All scripture is given by *inspiration* of God; and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, and for instruction in righteousness."

"So you see, my dear children, that Jesus Christ is as much the author of this book as if he had written it with his own hand before he returned to Heaven, because he gave his disciples the *power* or *inspiration* to write it exactly as he desired. "It is profitable for instruction in righteousness." Let us then attend to its instructions, that we may become wise unto salvation.

"This volume is composed of several parts. The first four books, as I have already told you, contain the Life of Jesus Christ, written by four different individuals. Next comes the Acts of the Apostles, i. e. the *actions* or *lives* of the Apostles or *first ministers*, whom Jesus sent forth to preach to the world. They first waited at Jerusalem to receive the Comforter or Holy Spirit that Christ had promised them, and then they travelled about and preached in different cities and countries as the Saviour had commanded them. This book then gives a particular account of their travels and preaching. Then follows a number of epistles or *letters* which they wrote to the inhabitants of the countries and cities, where they preached, after they had left them.

"Some of them were written to particular individuals, as the Epistles to Timothy and Titus. The last book of the volume is the revelation of St. John the Divine, which you will study at some future time, as you are not yet old enough to understand it. We will now return to the four gospels or life of Christ, for it is a portion of these books which your mother and I now wish to assist you in studying;—I mean that portion called the *parables*. But we will defer the commencement of this subject until another evening."

"Yes," said Mrs. R., "I think we had better return to the parlor now, for little Mary's eyes begin to twinkle and her hour for going to rest has come. Come, Mary, say your good night and come with me."

Little Mary slowly leaves her chair, rubbing open her sleepy eyes; and seizing her new Testament to take to bed with her, says, "good night, papa."

"Good night, my dear," said her father, "but



leave your book as you do not want it in bed, and Elizabeth will lay it by carefully with the others." The little girl gives up the point though with some reluctance; and again half saying good night, leaves the room with her mamma.

Charles and Harriet in the mean time have walked to the window that overlooks the play ground, now reposing in the bright moonlight. The deep folds of the curtain hid their forms from sight, but the soft voices that spoke within penetrated the apartment.

"Oh what an evening this is," said Charles; "when the moon is out so bright, I always think of some lines which I once learned to speak at school."

"What are they, Charles? can you say them now?"

"Yes, I will say two of the verses, for those are what I most think of."

"Soon as the evening shades prevail,  
The moon takes up the wondrous tale;  
And nightly, to the list'ning earth  
Repeats the story of her birth;

"Whilst all the stars that round her burn,  
And all the planets in their turn,  
Confirm the tidings as they roll  
And spread the truth from pole to pole."

"Now, Harriet, do not the moon and stars seem to be singing, 'the God of heaven made me—praise him!—praise him'? and see! the earth—how still, just as if it was *listening* to the song."

"Oh yes, Charles, it does seem so—I must learn all those verses to-morrow if you will tell me where to find them."

"I will," said Charles, as they emerged from behind the curtain, "I will find them for you."

Elizabeth had gathered up all the books, and laid them on the shelf which her papa had prepared for them; and now, joining Charles and Harriet, they all three left the apartment. [*To be continued.*]

## MORALITY.

*For the Youth's Companion.*

### THE CONTRAST.

[Written by a young Miss at School.]

Mr. Bently, upon becoming heir to a large fortune, removed with his family from the retired and delightful village of N., where they had hitherto lived, to take possession of his new estate in the city of C. Most of their friends resided there, which rendered a removal thither desirable; and some circumstances occurred which made it necessary; although the noise and gaiety of the city were far less congenial to their feelings, than the retirement and sobriety of their native village, for their minds were too much engrossed with concerns of more importance, to suffer them to regard either with pleasure or approbation, the gaiety and mirth generally found in cities.

Their principal objection, however, to removing to the city, was the injurious effect which they feared its fashions and gaieties would have upon their two daughters, Ellen and Sophia.

They had endeavored to instil into their minds moral and virtuous principles, and taught them to look above this world for happiness; and they feared the numberless temptations of the city, so unlike any thing they had hitherto known, would counteract all their instructions.

Their fears respecting Sophia, were comparatively few; for her attachment was already weaned from the world to a considerable extent. She seemed to possess every virtue calculated to render her beloved and happy. Her disposition was of that amiable, even kind, which is a great source of enjoyment to its possessor, and gains the love and esteem of all. She found her greatest delight in obeying her parents and gratifying their wishes, while nothing caused her more pain than to know that she had occasioned them any unhappiness.

On the other hand, they were particularly anxious for Ellen. Her disposition being naturally gay, she was already too much given to the world's vanities. She possessed many valuable and interest-

ing traits of character; but so perverse and unyielding was her temper, so little regard had she for the feelings of her parents, that their entreaties to persuade her to renounce the sinful pleasures of the world, had hitherto proved unavailing. It is not surprising, then, that they soon found their painful fears too fully realized. Scarcely had they entered the city, when they perceived that its fascinations had already caught her attention. She immediately began to enumerate the variety of new dresses and ornaments she must have before she could appear to advantage in the higher circles, the frequent balls and parties she hoped to attend, with numberless other similar plans which greatly grieved and wounded the hearts of her fond parents and sister. She accordingly purchased, as soon as possible, the necessary requisites, and was soon immersed in all the gaieties the city afforded. From this time, she lost all relish for any thing of a serious nature, and all interest for the concerns of the family. If her mother or sister requested any little assistance from her, she had some dresses to see to, some shopping to do, or some calls to return, which must be attended to first. Dress, parties, balls, and the theatre demanded all her time and attention.

Meanwhile, Sophia had so heeded the precepts she had received from her parents, that, though she was placed in the very heart of the city, its fascinations, instead of exerting the unhappy influence they had feared, seemed to fix their instructions more firmly in her mind. The more she saw of the fashions and gaiety of the city, the more she felt their vanity. Her attachment to them was daily lessening, and her desire to experience the joys of religion, which she shortly did, was proportionally increasing. She felt the deepest solicitude for her sister's eternal welfare. Frequently, and with the greatest earnestness, did she entreat her to forsake these scenes of revelry, which she was sure would end in her destruction, while contempt and ridicule were the returns she constantly received for her kindness. Often, too, did she supplicate the throne of Grace, that her sister might be reclaimed; but Ellen seemed bent on her own destruction. She despised the touching importunity of a father's and a mother's love, and resolved to pursue her wonted pleasures, until something irresistible should prevent. But this was not long. From frequent exposures to damp weather, she at length caught a severe cold, which produced an alarming cough, and soon brought her upon her dying bed. Oh, what was her distress, when told she must in a few days be summoned into the unseen world! With what horrors of mind did she survey her past life! With what agony did she reflect upon the many blessings and mercies she had rejected, the faithful warnings of pious parents, which she had scorned, the entreaties of an only sister which she had despised! Now it was, that she felt the need of religion; of something more than the festivities of the city, to support her in her dying hour. But it was too late. A dying bed, she found, was no place to prepare for death. Ellen's remaining days were few, and the horrors of despair which tormented her to the last, can better be conceived, than described.

Sophia was soon to follow her sister to the world of spirits. She was seized with a violent cold while following Ellen's remains to the grave, which produced a distressing fever. Her physician soon declared her case hopeless. She received the information with a striking composure. She appeared perfectly calm and resigned. No look or feeling of uneasiness displayed itself; but on the contrary, a smile seemed to play upon that brow already marked with death. The thought, that she was soon to inherit the rest for which she had been preparing, almost transported her. Agonizing was the idea that she could not meet her sister there, but she felt it was by the grace of God alone, who was her support in this trying hour, that she was permitted to share in this rest. Sophia remained perfectly tranquil to the closing scene, when she bid a last adieu to her weeping friends, and sweetly expired on the bosom of Jesus.

Thus we see in some degree the insufficiency of

the pleasures of the world for yielding support in the hour of death, and the peace and joy which religion gives even on the threshold of eternity. Which then is most desirable, religion or the world? M.

## REVIEW.

*For the Youth's Companion.*

RUTH LEE.—Published by Am. S. S. Union, 1829.

This interesting little work is worthy of the attention of both old and young. And although there is not so much religious instruction in it as we should like to see in a Sabbath School book, yet real life is portrayed, and every reader will seem to be acquainted with most of the characters. We commend the author for the following information, which he gives at the close of the book. "The story which you have finished is not true, nor is it intended to make you believe that it is true. The object of the writer is to present that which is true and important in such a manner as will be most likely to engage your attention." Some have doubted the propriety of spreading fictitious narratives before the minds of children. The objection is, that they are so seldom faithful to nature, and so often too much akin to a class of writings, of which, all good people disapprove—we mean novels and romances. The labors of those engaged in the Sabbath School cause are likely to be in vain, if their books are written in such a manner that children will be induced to read them merely for the gratification of curiosity. And though we have said it before, yet we would say it again, that those who write Sabbath School books ought ever to bear in mind that they are laboring for the salvation of souls.

Ruth Lee was the daughter of Jane Lee, who was a woman of so ardent piety, and so irreproachable life, that she provoked the envy of her neighbors. This envy they manifested by their conversation at a quilting in the neighborhood, when Jane was not present. They threw out many unjust insinuations as to her real character. One traduced her because she kept her husband's clothes mended so neatly. One thought it was the result of fear, and another of pride. Margaret Bates wondered that she was always so lively, when she had such a cross child to take care of as little Ruth. Betsey Wilts thought that was no wonderment, for it was well known that Jane had *no temper*, by nature. Nelly Tilson thought, that she was *very religious*, and set herself up as a pattern. This is the way envy shows itself, and the women were wicked in indulging such a hateful passion. Envious people ought to remember that they feel just as Satan did when he said, "does Job fear God for nought?" Ruth Lee, after her mother's death, went to live with Nancy Ridley, who indulged her more than she ought, as her mother, although she was a good woman in many other respects, had done. In the course of a couple of years, her father married Martha Anson, and Ruth was taken home to live with her new mother. "Martha soon saw the task she was to have in managing the self-willed Ruth; but she thought seriously of her duty, and resolved to endeavor to perform it faithfully. She seldom failed in such resolves, for they were always made with a feeling of her own weakness, and an humble, earnest prayer for the grace of God to strengthen and guide her." Once, when Martha had punished Ruth for very improper conduct, she ran over to make her complaint to "mammy Ridley," who had thrown out a few hints, among her neighbors, about step-mothers. She declared that she should keep an eye upon Ruth, and she should not be abused. There are too many *mammy Ridelys* in the world who are ever ready to interfere with the government of step-mothers. Martha, however, followed her wayward child, and brought her back, and by her prudence and firmness, made an obedient child of her, notwithstanding *mammy Ridley's* complaints of her severity. This excellent woman was soon removed by death, and Ruth went again to live with, and be indulged by "mammy Ridley." By and by, her father mar-



ried again, but he made a sad bargain of it, for although "she (Hester) was a healthy, good looking girl, tidy and industrious, yet her temper was very bad." She and her mother made and sold cake and beer to travellers, and Ruth's father having occasion to pass by their house frequently, sometimes called to get a drink of beer and a cake. Here he became acquainted with Hester, who "took care never to let Richard see her in a bad humor." This is a species of deception sometimes practised by others, in similar circumstances, but they have abundant occasion to lament their folly and wickedness when it is too late. This was the case with Richard and his wife, for soon after they were married, Hester's temper began to show itself, and he began to spend his evenings at the tavern. Little Ruth was now brought to her new home, where she was abused in good earnest. She was not allowed to have a book, and if she did not do every thing exactly to Hester's mind, she was called a good-for-nothing hussy, and whipped and treated as a slave. This was a sad reverse to poor Ruth, and she cried frequently, for she could not help it, in view of her wretched condition.

At some distance from the house, Hester had spread a piece of cloth to whiten. It was Ruth's business to attend to this piece of cloth, and wet it every time it became dry. Here she staid from day to day, and sometimes her cruel mother made her stay by it, to watch all night. Here she would have been very lonesome, had she not discovered upon the *top shelf in the cupboard*, some loose leaves of an old Bible. These she carried, one by one into the field and read them. If her mother had known this, she would have beaten her, for she hated the Bible, as you may well suppose, because she was so wicked. When it was time for her mother to come to take up the cloth, which she generally did every night, Ruth hid the leaves of her Bible under the roots of a tree. At first, she could understand but little, for she had no one to teach her, and she was only about seven years old. All that she knew about the Bible was taught her by her good mother, Martha. The leaves which she carried into the field belonged to different parts of the Bible, and it was a good while before she could understand about God and his commandments, yet she learned something. Soon after, the cloth was whitened, and Ruth was permitted to stay in the house again. Hester died in a fit of anger. It was an awful death, and Richard by the means of Ruth and her Bible, became a good man. A Sunday School was soon established in the neighborhood, and Ruth after some years became a teacher, and, we hope, a teacher of the right kind—one who could lead little children to Jesus because she knew the way.

The book before us is, generally speaking, true to nature; there are many like Hester, who hate religion, and give full vent to their wicked hearts. There are many also, like Nelly Tilson, Margaret Bates and Betsey Wilts, who love to talk scandal about their neighbors; but there are few like Martha and Jane, and if the Lord were not on the side of such people, their enemies would swallow them up. The true disciples of Jesus Christ must suffer persecution, but the Bible says that such are the *salt of the earth*. Put, then, your trust in the Lord, and fear not what man can do unto you.

#### REVIEWER.

[Our Reviewer has undertaken a useful, and at the same time a delicate task. With all the benefits which may result from a candid and faithful inquiry into the merits of our Sabbath School Books, some injurious effects will be intermingled, unless great caution be used. Thus far, the importance of the writer's object and the obvious justice of his remarks generally, have secured the insertion of anonymous communications. We deem it proper, however, now to request an interview with him, in order to obtain a more perfect knowledge of his views and of the extent of his plan.—Editors.]

### BIOGRAPHY.

#### ACCOUNT OF SAMUEL JOHN MILLS.

[Editorial Abridgement.]

Samuel John Mills was a very devoted servant of our Lord Jesus Christ, an ardent lover of the souls of men, and a man who "counted not his life dear unto himself" when he could do good. He was

born in Torrington, Conn. April 21st, 1783; entered Williams College in the spring of 1806; became a member of the Theological Seminary at Andover, in the spring of 1810, where he remained till the autumn of 1812; and died on the Atlantic ocean June 16, 1818, when his redeemed soul returned to God and his body was committed to the deep. He lived on earth but little more than 35 years; one half of which time was consumed in childhood and youth, and another large portion in obtaining his education. His period of active life was only six years; or at the most ten or twelve, reckoning from the time when he entered College; yet very few men have done half as much good in the longest life. We will tell our young readers some of his good deeds; and try to inform them why Mills could do so much, when more than half the people in the world are little better than cumberers of the ground.

While he was in College, his life of holiness and kindness was a living reproof to sinners and strength to Christians. By his prayers and efforts he did much to promote order, morals and piety among the students, and so early as his first year, he was very useful in a revival of religion. It commenced in his class, and it was the general opinion, "that Mr. Mills was principally instrumental in the hands of God, in producing the blessed work.—Certain it is, that no one was so much resorted to as he, by those under serious impressions. He was singularly devoted and engaged, a little before the revival commenced, and while it lasted." See what a youth can do to convert sinners and save souls from death.

Our readers know, that a vast portion of the globe has been till lately covered with gross darkness; and that it is only thirty or forty years since Christians began to wake up and send the gospel to the perishing heathen. Before the year 1800, some Christians in Europe had begun the work; but in this country we sent missionaries only to the Indians, before 1812. Since that time, almost every denomination of Christians in the United States has engaged in the cause. The American Board alone had, in 1828, forty six missionary stations, two hundred and twenty three missionary laborers, thirty six native assistants, about six hundred native teachers of free schools, five hundred and twenty three members of mission churches besides the members of the mission families, thirty two thousand nine hundred and nineteen pupils in the mission schools, and seven printing presses employed in printing school books the holy scriptures and religious tracts. These operations are increasing and extending from year to year, and no doubt will continue to diffuse the light and blessings of the gospel of Christ, till millions of souls are converted to God. Now the first conception of this great plan was in the mind of Jehovah from everlasting; but the first impulse given on earth was to the mind and heart of the youthful Mills. Others had had compassion for the heathen, and had prayed for their salvation. He also, from his first conversion, had ardent desires and purposes concerning them. After he became a member of College, the subject of missions fastened upon his attention, and became the burden of his prayers, his inquiries, and his conversation with others. A few of his fellow-students drank in the same spirit. They carried it with them to Andover. They offered themselves to the work, called on their fathers in the ministry for counsel and direction, roused the churches to action, and in February 1812, the first messengers of mercy set sail from Boston for heathen shores in Asia. Mills did not go himself; but, as an instrument, he put the missionary enterprise in motion. The work was the Lord's; but Mills will ever be remembered as an honored "laborer together with him."

After he left College, Mills resided a few months at Yale College, in New-Haven. Here, he became acquainted with Obookiah, an interesting youth from the Sandwich Islands, then an ignorant and friendless wanderer upon our shores. The sight of this heathen youth suggested to Mills the thought of giving him an education, and of sending him back if he became a Christian, to teach his benighted

countrymen the knowledge of redemption. He took the stranger to his father's in Torrington, procured him friends and helpers, and set him forward till he became a real Christian and an enlightened man. This case was the occasion of establishing the Foreign Mission School, at Cornwall in Connecticut, where young men from different heathen nations were instructed for several years. That school has since been dissolved, and Obookiah died before he was prepared to preach Christ in his native Islands; but both the school and the converted heathen have been and still are great blessings to the church and to the heathen nations in various parts of the world.\*

In our rapidly-growing country, there are many large districts almost destitute of ministers and churches, and even of Bibles. These are most numerous and extensive in the southern and western States. Much has been done to supply preachers for these wastes in the eastern States, but very little for the vast field beyond the Alleghany mountains. Christians indeed did not *know* what desolations there were. Mills went and searched out the land. In connection with Mr. Schermerhorn, he accomplished a very extensive tour. They travelled through New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Kentucky, Tennessee, down to New Orleans; then through Mississippi, Georgia, the Carolinas and Virginia. Five or six hundred miles of this route was a mere wilderness. Trace their course upon a map, and see what they did for the good of the people. The principal objects of their mission were, "to preach the gospel to the destitute; to explore the country, and learn its moral and religious state; and to promote the establishment of Bible Societies, and of other religious and charitable institutions." This was done in 1812 and 1813. In 1814 and 1815, Mr. Mills went over nearly the same route again, with the Rev. Daniel Smith. The results of their inquiries were published, and gave a new impulse to the prayers and efforts of God's people, in behalf of these destitute regions of our own favored country. The impulse has not yet ceased, and will not cease to operate till that whole country of the west shall submit to Christ.

Our readers know that there is now a large Society, meeting at New-York, called the American Bible Society, which has a large number of auxiliaries in all parts of the country, and prepares hundreds of Bibles and Testaments in a day. They know that this Society are attempting, according to a resolution they adopted last May, to supply every destitute family in the Union with the Scriptures within two years from that time. They know also that there are many Societies for Domestic Missions, particularly the Home Missionary Society, which is attempting to supply all the Congregational and Presbyterian people in the western and southern states with missionaries, so far as poverty hinders them from supplying themselves. Now both these great societies owe their origin to this same benevolent man.

His biographer says, "the plan of the existing American Bible Society originated in the bosom of Mr. Mills." "Though he concealed the hand that moved it forward, he was himself the principal mover of the design, and a principal agent in inducing others of greater weight of character to become its abettors." "It was on his mind for years before it was formed. He continued to take a deep interest in its formation, and to use all his exertions with his friends in favor of it, until the very day arrived on which it was organized. It was on the 8th day of May, 1816, a day long to be remembered in the annals of the American people." He was present at the Convention, but not active in its public proceedings. When it was no longer doubtful that the Society would be formed, "then you might have seen him, elevated on a distant seat behind the crowd, contemplating the scene with a look of divine delight." His efforts also gave a new impulse to Domestic Missions, and led on at last to the formation of the Home Missionary Society. *Remainder next week.*

\* A Memoir of Obookiah has been published, and we intend to give our readers an abridgement of it ere long.



# YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Published Weekly, by WILLIS & RAND, at the Office of the Boston Recorder, No. 22, Congress-Street....Price One Dollar a year in advance, or \$1, 50, if not paid in advance.

No. 25.

BOSTON, NOVEMBER 11, 1829.

VOL. III.

## NARRATIVE.

*From the New York Christian Herald.*

### THE MOUNTAIN COTTAGE.

"The natural scenery of Scotland is celebrated, wherever the name of that beautiful country is known. But after making proper allowances for early prejudices, I believe there are many parts of our country whose scenery is inferior to none in the world. He who has stood on the heights of the Catskill—or admired the shores of our northern lakes—or wandered over the often abrupt and broken mountains which extend from Canada to Connecticut—or trod the sublime scenes which stretch along the Great Valley of Virginia, needs not to be informed how many and diversified are the natural beauties of our native land. Many of these scenes are at a great distance from each other; they have never been celebrated in story or song; they stand wild in their native dress, and too little known to be admired. I confess myself an admirer of the sublime and beautiful works wrought by the fingers of Deity, and scattered over our land: whether exhibited in the wide world of waters as they leap down the cataract—or the majestic river as it rolls its mighty burden of waters in silence through the lofty forest—or the spreading vales and swelling hills, freshened by a thousand rivulets.

"For the purpose of enjoying some romantic scenery on a warm afternoon in June, I left the little village where I had been residing, for a solitary walk. It was in the southern part of New England, about a dozen miles from Long Island Sound. After roaming from hill to hill, now gazing at the fertile plains covered with the richest garments, and now looking at the dark blue waters at a distance, with here and there a white sail slowly moving upon their surface, I found myself among the wildest works of nature. I had wandered over a mountain covered with timber of different kinds, so steep that it could with difficulty be climbed by seizing the bushes which grew on its sides, and now found myself in a gap between two ranges of steep mountains. Delayed on the hills in search of minerals, it was not till near sunset that I came into this gap, sometimes known by the name of "The Den." It is a fearful place, extending several miles, with high and steep hills on each side, separated just wide enough to admit a foaming stream between them, while their dark shaggy tops seemed to scowl, as if in disdain, at the waters that were dashing at their feet. The stream is dark and deep, now whirling in eddies ere it bounds and dashes over opposing rocks, and now silently and sullenly moving along, as if indignant at the obstacles which stood in its way.—There was a little path along the side of the river, trodden chiefly by single persons, though sometimes passed by a team. Besides this, you could see no traces of man. The frowning pines sighed on the tops of the mountains—the rocks reared their eternal breast-works—the savage stream dashed along in its pride, and all around was solitude. Besides this, it was just sunset; and there is an indescribable stillness attending the setting of a summer's sun, which every feeling bosom notices. He threw a veil of gold over the heads of the aged pines on the hills at my left, and sank with a stillness that seemed like a stop of the wheels of nature. It seemed as if the wild flood murmured with a less hoarse voice at this moment, and the heron on its banks forgot his screaming. I might not have remembered this moment had it not, in a measure, prepared me for what followed.

"About a mile from my entrance of the 'Den,' was a little opening on the side of the eastern moun-

tain, and nearly half way up its summit stood a small but neat cottage. It was in the midst of woods, save a place cleared around it for a little barn, a garden, a sheep-cote, and the little winding path which led to the door. The small habitation, the garden, &c. were not only neat and in good repair, but I noticed they even had something like ornament; for a lovely honeysuckle was creeping over the mossy roof, and some beautiful flowers were waving in the garden. Though somewhat surprised at seeing these signs of life, I recollected that this must be the habitation of JAMES ORWELL, the 'Mountain Cottager,' whose character I had lately learnt and in whose history I had taken a lively interest.

"James Orwell, whose house I was now approaching, was a native of Scotland. He had come to this country some fifty years before in the hope of becoming rich. This country was then new, and he had but little experience that was of any value. During the revolutionary war he had a little shop in a village near the sea, where he traded on a small scale. He had acquired a pretty property, when the village was burnt by the enemy, and in an hour he lost all his earnings. This stroke was heavy to one who had placed his whole heart upon property, and the more so as it was unexpected. For a time he was cheered with the hope of remuneration by Government; but this hope was soon dashed, and he was discouraged. He gradually became morose and disgusted with mankind; and with a wife whom he had lately married, and an infant son, he retired to the lonely retreat where his cottage now stands. Here he had lived unmolested for more than twenty years, having little to do with the world, save when he went to the neighboring village once a fortnight to dispose of the wooden dishes which he made at home. He was unsocial, and rather repulsive during all this time. But about three years ago his wife was suddenly taken sick and in a few days died. At the time this event took place there was a revival of religion in the next village. The old man invited the neighboring minister to attend the funeral of his wife. It was then that the minister endeavored to soften and sympathize with him; and there are but few whose hearts will not soften at such a season. He gradually gained his confidence, and more gradually drew his attention to the great subject of personal religion. At the time of his wife's death the old man had an only daughter with him, then about fourteen years of age. His only son had the restless disposition of his father: and at the age of fifteen had left his home and gone to sea. Before the revival had gone by, the good pastor had the pleasure of numbering the hardy Orwell and his daughter among the subjects of the work, and of rejoicing that these sheep upon the mountains were gathered into the fold of Christ. From this time the appearance of the old man was greatly altered. Instead of sauntering over the hills on the Sabbath, and selecting the best maple trees to make his wooden dishes, he was regularly seen going to the village church with his cheerful daughter hanging on his arm. Every Lord's day he was seen in season at his seat, dressed in his threadbare drab coat, with his silvery hair hanging in ringlets over his shoulders. His neck was surrounded by a red silk handkerchief; a black vest and pantaloons, and a smooth worn cane, completed his dress. As the people saw how great was the change in the old man, how devout was his attention to the duties of religion, and saw his daughter sitting by his side, and both mingling their notes of praise in the sanctuary, they all felt that there must be something in religion. I said that from the time of the death of his wife the old man and daughter were both regularly

seen at their humble seats on the Sabbath; but for a few Sabbaths previous to my visits at the cottage they had both been missing; and the reason was known, because the daughter had been too unwell to go out.

"Possessing naturally a slender constitution, she had of late been drooping, and the people of the village who loved her much on account her many amiable qualities, all shook their heads with a sigh and declared they feared she was not long for this world. Her first symptoms were those of a cold; but it was soon discovered that she had a fixed cough; and the little burning, hectic spot which played over her cheek in the early part of the day, told that the worm of disease was playing at the vitals. Yet this mountain floweret was wasting so gradually, that many of her friends hoped it would recover and flourish. The father looked upon the decaying form of his child, and saw that her days were marked by the finger of death, and that she could not pass their limits. From the hour of her close confinement he scarcely ever left the side of her bed; as if by paternal kindness he wished to ease the last moments of the spirit which he could not detain. The daughter saw that she could not live; but she looked upon the disease which was fast conquering the body, as a deliverer who was to lead her from captivity to glory. When her father was by, she was cheerful and apparently composed; yet when he was absent, a tear was often seen to stand in her eye, as she looked out of her window upon her little garden before the house, and thought how lonely she should leave her poor father. The father, too, seemed occasionally to have the same reflections, as he gazed upon the sunken face of his child with an earnestness that showed how much he felt.

"They talked of their little earthly plans, as if each was unwilling to realize that they were soon to be separated. Thus week after week went by, every hour of which left the few moments of her life still fever, till the afternoon on which I visited them, when it was believed her last hour had come.

"Thus much I knew of the inhabitants of this little dwelling ere I entered it. On entering, I found the daughter lying in one corner of one of the two small rooms which the house contained, on a neat small bed, at the foot of which sat the disconsolate father. The good clergyman was sitting at its head. After a needless apology for my intrusion, I became a silent spectator, and felt how great was the privilege. The pastor was in close conversation with this lamb of his flock which was about to leave him, and he was conversing about her departure. When he ceased, there was silence for a few minutes.—'Just raise my head,' said the dying girl, 'and let me look out of my little window once more.' Then turning to her minister, she said with feeling, 'Notwithstanding our troubles, there are many delights in our world; and I am fast remembering all that bind me to earth. There is my poor flower-garden—it will soon be grown over with weeds; there is the river—it will continue to run and murmur as if I were here; I hoped I should have seen the sun once more before he set—but he is already behind the mountain: then there are my two poor pet lambs that I have fed so long—poor things, they will not have any one to love them, and take care of them as I have done; O, it is hard to leave all these—but hardest of all to leave my poor father! O, what will he do when I am gone—who will take care of him when he is sick, and love him as I can? O my dear father, I hoped I should do all this, and repay some of the many, many kindnesses I have received from you! But the will of God be done!' 'I pray it may be,'



said the old man, 'though I am stript of every and all my earthly comforts. But compose yourself, my dear child, God will provide for me while I stay—it will not be long before I follow you—I am almost ready to be taken. I thought I could never meet this hour; but God gives me strength according to my day! 'Your father shall never suffer,' said the minister, 'and God will deal kindly towards him. You are exhausted, and had better be quiet awhile.' 'But, father, I had forgotten one thing—it is my poor brother Henry; he may not be alive now; and if he is, he is not thinking of us. I cannot remember much about him; but I have often prayed that he might return to you in your old age—that we might both live to see him: but more have I prayed that God would make this wanderer his child. Should he ever return, I wish you to give him my Bible and Hymn-book—there they are—they both have his sister's name in them: tell him that it was my dying request that he would read those places where the leaves are turned down; and tell him that he was made for eternity—to repent, and prepare to follow me. O, that we might all meet in heaven! Now, Mr. S. I wish you would pray with me, for I am almost gone: pray for my poor brother—for my father—that my brother, who is far away, might return to him—O pray that Christ would receive my soul, for I have done with earth.' The clergyman opened the Bible, and read that consoling portion of scripture which is recorded in the 14th chapter of John. We then knelt by the bed-side, and he fervently addressed the throne of Mercy.

"While we were engaged in this sacred duty, the door softly turned upon its hinges, and a fine, well-dressed young man came in. He looked wild at first; but by the time the prayer was finished, the whole scene before him was fully explained. We arose from our knees, and no one spoke. The stranger was standing and gazing in a kind of stupid surprise: he looked at the old man and then at the daughter—and his eyes filled with tears. 'It is my Henry!' said the father, stretching out his aged arms, and unable to rise. 'My father, do you live, and do you yet remember me?'—and in a moment he was in his father's arms. The sister gave a hectic sob, and fainted away; but when she revived, her hand was within that of her brother. 'My dear Charlotte, I did not hope to find you so sick; but we will nurse you up, and you will be well again in a few days.' 'You deceive yourself, my dear Henry, I have but a short time to live: but I am glad to see your face once more. O, I feel I now have a new tie to bind me to earth, but it must be rent. O Henry! it would be a dreadful thing to die but for a hope that I am a Christian, and the Christian can never die. How long is it since you left us, Henry?'—'It is six years this spring; you was then a little girl—and I hoped when I kissed you and my poor mother, when we parted, that we should all meet again: but one is gone, and my sister is just going, and I must still be a stranger below—and friendless.' 'Not friendless, Henry, if you put your trust in God: he will be your friend, and we shall all meet again in heaven.' 'It is all the hope I have left, my sister?' 'It is! then are you a Christian, Henry?' 'I am a great sinner, and a poor Christian.' 'You are? O, Henry, how happy shall I die! But I wish you to promise me one thing; promise that you will stay at home and take care of our poor father, after I am gone.' 'I will.' 'Now,' said the fainting sister, 'am I happy. But Mr. S.' said she, turning to the minister, 'will friends in heaven know each other? It seems as if I shall want to know my brother more.' 'We shall all be happy, and be as the angels in heaven,' said the Minister. 'Tell me, brother, where, and how you became a Christian; for I greatly desire to know.'

"We all drew our chairs near the bed as the young man related the various situations in which he had been placed since he left his father's dwelling. How he had been a very wicked wanderer from one part of the world to another, alike regardless of home and his Maker; how at length, he met with a Missionary in the East, who had taken great

pains to instruct him, and by whose means he had been brought to reflect on his ways and prospects. This Missionary had given him a Bible, which had been his constant companion ever since. After his hopeful conversion, he had made several profitable voyages, and had brought home his wages to his poor parents, to comfort them in their age. He had not heard any thing from them since he left the little cot on the mountain; but often, as he sat at the top of the mast, or clung to the yards, had he prayed earnestly for his friends at home. He concluded his interesting narrative with many tears; partly out of joy, that he had been so distinguished by the mercy of God, and partly out of sorrow, that he found none to comfort but his aged father. We were greatly affected at his narrative; but still more so as we turned to the dying Charlotte. A smile of joy and hope was still playing over her features, but her heart had ceased its throbbings, and was cold in death. She had listened to her brother's voice, till the blood ceased to flow in her veins, and so peacefully did her spirit leave its marble tenement, that we knew not the moment of its departure. We saw the body, calm and placid, laid in slumbers, while the soul had gone to everlasting rest. O. E.

## RELIGION.

For the Youth's Companion.

### ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE PARABLES. No. II.

About a week after this there came a day of dark heavy clouds, from which the snow began to fall slowly and with reluctance. It first came at intervals in small thin flakes which increased as the day advanced, so that the thick and fast falling shower of the afternoon had already overlaid the paths; and as the day shut in, the snow flakes gathering thicker and faster, seemed to say to Mr. Richmond, as he looked out from his parlor window—no visitor or friend to-night; and he inwardly replied—I will then give the unbroken evening to my children.—One hour has passed by; and now let us peep into the study—see, here they are! surrounding the green table as before, not one is missing. Little Mary's curls are bending over the table at her mother's side, and her blue eye is traversing the pages of her Testament as she turns leaf after leaf in rapid succession, searching vainly for the lesson. But the quick movement of the little hand is soon checked, and then it is gently raised to support the bending head of the little girl, while God's blessing is implored upon the hour of sacred study just commencing.

The preparations thus finished, Mrs. R. says to her husband. "I believe we are to speak of the parables to night, are we not?"

"Yes, my dear, and can any of our children tell us what is a parable?"

"Is it a Bible story, papa?" said Charles.

"Yes, my son, it is a Bible story; but it is also something more than that. It is a Bible story which teaches important truth. The truth is so woven into the story that at first perhaps you can scarcely perceive it. It is so concealed in the story that for some time you cannot find it; but when it is found it cannot easily be lost again or forgotten, because the beautiful story in which it lays, keeps it in memory. This then is a parable, a story with two meanings; the one, and the most important is hidden. But it should be carefully sought out, because it was for this hidden truth that the story was written. This is the reason why your parents have undertaken the study of the parables with you, that where you cannot discover the hidden meaning or concealed truth, they may point it out to you without mistake. And then, my children, you will not only admire the beautiful story which you read, but you will learn to love the truth which lies there concealed; and by making this truth the guide of your life, your hearts will become sanctified and happy.

"It was very customary in ancient times to teach by parables, much more so than it is now. There are several of great beauty in the Old Testament, but we will look principally to those spoken by our

blessed Saviour in the New. We will take them successively as they are given in the four gospels, without regarding the order of time in which they were spoken, as that is not important for you at present. I believe we shall find the first in the 12th chapter of Matthew, beginning at the 43rd verse; *The Travels of the Unclean Spirit*.

"But before we commence the examination of this parable, I should like to read to you a short story which I met with the other day."

[All the children fix their eyes upon him in mute attention, while Mr. Richmond reads]

### THE STORY OF GEORGE.

George was eight years old. His papa had died; and his mamma, who was now left in humble circumstances, felt herself obliged to place her son in a situation where he could do something towards earning his own livelihood, and at the same time could receive moral and religious instruction. After making many inquiries she succeeded in obtaining him a place in the family of a gentleman, who was wanting a little errand boy.

Mrs. Scott carried her son to his new home and there, after giving him her last injunctions respecting his future conduct, and telling the gentleman she hoped he would find him a good and obedient boy, she left him and returned. She was a religious woman and had given George a great deal of very good instruction; and she desired nothing so much as to have him grow up a pious man.

After she had gone, Mr. Appleton, the gentleman with whom George was now to live, gave him leave to look about the house and garden for his amusement. He went therefore into the barn, and shed, and up into the shed chamber, where he found a great many old things stowed away which he wished to examine; and he thought that some day after he had done his work, he would ask leave to come up and look at them again.

He then went into the orchard and garden; and while he was looking at the beds in the garden he heard some one call him, and as he looked up he saw Mr. Appleton crossing the large yard near the house and coming towards him.

George immediately left the garden and ran to meet him, and as he approached, Mr. Appleton said, "George, should you like to see my work shop? I am going to work there for half an hour, and you may come with me and see the tools if you like."

"Yes sir, I should like to go," said George.

So they went into the shop together; and Mr. Appleton showed George some of the tools and explained their uses. He then went to work upon the box he was making, while George stood looking on; and very often he would ask Mr. Appleton questions about the work he was doing, and at last he said, "I wish I could make a box like this."

"Well," said Mr. Appleton, "if you are a good boy and attentive to the work that Mrs. Appleton gives you to do, I think I shall take you out here with me sometimes and teach you to use some of these tools; and then if you take pains, you will by degrees be able to make a box I think. But you must be very attentive to your daily task, if you expect me to do this. But the bell is ringing, so you may now run into the house, for Mrs. Appleton said she should want you about this time."

"Yes sir," said George, and he set off at full speed and ran directly to the kitchen. Mrs. Appleton came out of the parlour to give him her directions. It was to be his business to run of the errands, lay the cloth, and tend table, besides doing other little chores which would from time to time be given him. George found his new duties rather difficult at first, and he had so many things to remember that he very often forgot some. He found it particularly difficult to remember to lay the cloth right. Sometimes he would put the large dinner plates on for breakfast, and sometimes he would put the coffee cups on for dinner. But Mrs. Appleton was very patient with him, for she considered he was but a little boy; and as she was so patient and kind, and took so much pains to tell him over and over again, George felt that he would try to remember; and by degrees he became



thoroughly acquainted with the mystery of laying the cloth both for dinner and breakfast. He also overcame most of his other difficulties, and began in a few months to feel quite at ease in his new home and amidst his new duties. Mr. Appleton made him a writing-book, and set it with copies; and as he had taken so much pains to try to do his work right, he gave him a writing desk to keep it in. George was to write a copy every day and show it to Mr. Appleton. Mrs. Appleton was so kind as to hear him read; so that he was now going on with his studies, and learning industry and useful work at the same time. So George began to be very happy.

But all this time George did not love God or think much about him. It is true he had been instructed by his mother on the Sabbath day in the truths of religion; but he was too apt to consider it as a *lesson* which he need not think much about on any other day of the week, therefore these instructions made no good impression upon him. When he came into Mr. Appleton's family, he was conversed with on these subjects a little every day, not only at his lessons but when he was about his work. And often when they were in the garden or work shop together, Mr. Appleton would seize opportunities for telling him about God who made the heavens and the earth and all things therein; who gave to George his life and all the enjoyments and blessings with which it was filled. He also told him often about Jesus Christ, who came to die for children who do not love God or think about him, although he is their kind and heavenly Father. And he told him how sinful it was not to love God and our Saviour Jesus Christ, when they have done so much for us. He taught him that he ought to pray to God every day to make him good, and thank him for all his goodness.

George hardly knew what to think of all this. He was conscious that he did not think much about God, but then he was a good boy. He did not do any *very* wicked actions, and he tried to obey Mr. and Mrs. Appleton in all things. So he told Mr. Appleton he knew he did not love God much; but he thought he was a good boy in every thing else, for he tried to be obedient to him, and he did not tell falsehoods or steal as some other boys did.

"Yes," said Mr. Appleton, "I believe you do not tell falsehoods or steal. I never knew you to do either; and I am happy to say, that you are generally obedient. But do you not know that the first and most important thing is to love God, which you acknowledge is not the case with you; and next that all these good things which you say you do, are not good unless you do them because God has commanded you to, and because you *love* to keep his commandments."

When George went to bed that night he thought a great deal about what Mr. Appleton had been telling him, and he began to fear that he had not been quite so good as he supposed. He began to suspect that all his good deeds had been performed so that he might be called good, and might be praised by Mr. and Mrs. Appleton. And as he thought more and more about it, he was almost certain, that instead of seeking to perform God's will he had been seeking to be admired for his correct conduct. He now began to feel mortified and sorry, that his motives had been so base, and that he had no true goodness; and he prayed to God to give him a better heart.

The next morning when he went to read his Testament lesson to Mrs. Appleton he told her of what he had been thinking; and she said "it was ingratitude and vanity that he had discovered in his heart. It was an *unclean spirit* that possessed him; and it possessed the heart of every human being until it was driven out by the *Spirit of God*. In some, this *unclean spirit* is vanity; in others, it is pride; in some, it is anger; in others, it is envy; and in all it is ingratitude to God; and so it assumes a thousand forms and shapes to deceive mankind. But it is the self-same spirit of evil, that first entered paradise and ruined our world. And it still remains, wandering over our earth, to destroy as many as it can of its willing inhabitants. I say

its *willing* inhabitants; for it has power to destroy none but those who are willing. God has given us the scripture to tell us of the evil enemy that dwells within, and to inform us by what way we can escape destruction. His Holy Spirit is our only safe guard. If we invite it, it will come and drive out this unclean spirit and take up its abode with us and bless us. The Holy Spirit will teach us to love God and practise all good actions from right motives, and it will help us to cast off every wrong motive and unholy feeling. "And now, George," said she, "which of these spirits do you desire to have dwelling in your heart and ruling your life; God's Holy Spirit, or the unclean Spirit of Evil?—The former we are told will lead us to everlasting life, but the latter will conduct us to eternal death." "Oh, God's Holy Spirit, ma'am," said George, earnestly and with tears in his eyes. "I want that to come and cure me of all my vanity, and I will pray God to give it to me every day."

[Remainder next week.]

## MORALITY.

For the Youth's Companion.

### GOING TO THE FIRE.

The bells rung the alarm—John and James sprung for their hats, and were soon in the streets, crying "Fire! Fire!" with a host of other boys, as noisy as themselves. "Why is it," said Mrs. Jones, "that boys take such delight in going to a fire? They never do any good there."

Mr. J.—They go for the same reason that many grown people do—to look on.

Mrs. J.—But I wish to know why they love to look on. I cannot conceive what pleasure there can be in witnessing the destruction of property.

Mr. J.—I am not prepared to answer the question now. When John and James return, we will ask them.

In the course of an hour, the boys returned in high glee, and Mr. Jones began—

Boys, will you tell me why you take so much delight in going to a fire? You do no good there.

John.—I don't know, Sir; all the boys go.

Mr. J.—No, John, all the boys do not go. I know some boys who do not love to see houses and stores burn.

John.—But we do not go because we love to see houses and stores burn, for we know that sometimes people get burnt, and that is awful to think of—and sometimes people are made very poor, by having their stores burnt.

Mr. J.—Well, John, if you do not love to see buildings burn, why are you always so anxious to run, as soon as the bell rings?

John.—I know that I want to go, but I never stopped to think what makes me. When I hear the Engine rattling, and the boys crying *Fire! Fire!* I want to run and cry *Fire too*, but I can't tell why.

James.—We go, because we love to see a great blaze—it looks so grand.

Mr. J.—Don't you think, James, that our house would make a great blaze, if it were all on fire? Your books and maps, of which you are so careful, your bed, and all your clothes—don't you think they would help to make a great blaze?

James.—I hope our house will not be burnt.

Mr. J.—I hope not, James, but it would make a great blaze, if it should, would it not?

James.—But the engines would come and put out the fire.

Mr. J.—Perhaps they would, but if they did not come, our house would make a great blaze, would it not?

James.—I suppose it would.

Mr. J.—And you would be glad to see it, because you love to see a great blaze!

James.—I am sure I should be very sorry to see our house burn.

Mr. J.—And why are you not very sorry to see your neighbor's house burn?

James.—I am.

Mr. J.—Why then are you so anxious to go and see what makes you very sorry? and why did you come home in such glee. Were you glad that the houses were burnt?

The boys were both silent.

Mr. J.—Now John, I am going to ask you one question. When you have been standing to enjoy the sight of a building on fire, thinking what a grand appearance it makes, have you not sometimes been sorry to see the engines come and put it all out?

John.—I confess I felt so, to-night. Henry Lindsey and I were standing together on the roof of an old shed, looking at the fire, which was raging terribly. The sky was full of the sparks, and it was very light all around. But few of the engines had come. I said, "all that block of houses must be burnt." "O no, they will not," said Henry. "The engines will soon put out the fire, when they come. I will bet you a great apple, that there will be but one house burnt." "I will stand you," said I. Then we stood and watched the fire. Soon it began to kindle on the roof of the second house, and then on the third,—thinks I, I shall win the apple. Presently, men appeared on the roof and put out the fire, but soon it kindled again. By and by, more engines came and put the fire all out. "There," said Henry, "you have lost your apple." Now I confess, that I, somehow, wanted that all the houses should burn, and when I saw that the fire was put out so soon, I felt sorry; but it was only because I had lost my bet.

Mr. J.—Ab! John, did you care more for your apple than for other people's houses? R.

## OBITUARY.

For the Youth's Companion.

Died at Brookfield, October 5th, *Phebe Parsons Hammond*, aged 12 years and 7 months, one of the pupils in the American Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb at Hartford, Conn. The following particulars of the sickness and death of this interesting and beloved child are communicated by a friend who was with her much of the time during her sickness.

"She returned to her parents the last of June. I was at that time in a feeble state of health and used daily to ride, and this dear child always accompanied me. These were the opportunities I first sought to know the exercises of her mind. She discovered great unwillingness or aversion to speak of death, and of the depravity of our natures.—And in the first part of her sickness she was impatient and un-reconciled to her situation. Being much attached to her from her infancy, I requested her, as she loved me, to converse freely with me, and inform me what were her feelings towards her teachers and companions at the Asylum, and whether she studied her Bible, and prayed to her heavenly Father. With an animated countenance, she assured me of her happiness at the Asylum, of her respect and affection for all her teachers and companions, and that she was instructed to read her Bible and pray.—She said she was taught, that we were all sinners; that Jesus Christ died to save *penitent sinners*; that our hearts are evil and wicked, till the Holy Spirit makes us love God, that God requires us to pray, to love him, and to be afraid of sin.—At other times I frequently inquired to know if she prayed daily, and for what she prayed. She uniformly replied, "I pray I may love God, and trust in Jesus Christ." Still she flattered herself she would recover.

The following conversation passed between us Sept. 2d.—Does Phebe expect to recover? P. I cannot tell. Who made you sick? P. God. Is it right that you should be sick? She made a sign of the *justice* of God, and then said,—God is good, I love God. Who are sinners? P. All are sinners. How can we be saved? P. Jesus Christ died to save sinners. Where shall we go when we die? P. If the Holy Spirit makes us love God, we shall go to Heaven. If we do not repent and love God, where shall we go? P. To Hell. What will the wicked do in Hell? P. Weep and burn; they cannot see God. What will those do who go to Heaven? P. Love and praise God. Is your heart good, or bad? P. Bad. I pray the Holy Spirit may make me good. Does Phebe often pray? P. Yes, morn-



ing and night, and when I sit up.—And here I would remark, that for two weeks previous, she had desired to be carried into her chamber between the hours of four and five in the afternoon and left alone for hours, often till the family retired for the night. At these seasons, unobserved by her, I have seen her supplicate pardoning mercy.—I pointed her to many precious invitations to the penitent and believing, and retired.—Late in the evening, Phebe called her mother, kissed her, told her God was good—that she had prayed for the Holy Spirit, and repeated the 18th verse of the 1st chapter of Isaiah.

Sept. 9.—She awoke late in the evening, in excessive elevation of mind, said she loved God, and trusted in Jesus Christ; that the Holy Spirit had made her heart *holy*—that she should go to Heaven—should take no more medicine—she wished to be with her Saviour—desired that her father and mother, brothers and sisters, should pray, and serve the Lord.—She said there were babes in Heaven; children, and persons of every age—She said she saw this in her mind—that she dreamed.—She appeared perfectly happy—Her happiness deeply affected her friends.

Sept. 13.—She was very desirous that the Sabbath should be regarded as God appointed; a day of rest from worldly care and conversation—wished her sister to read the Bible and pray. Frances (who is also deaf and dumb, and a pupil in the Asylum) read to me part of the 3d chapter of St. John.—She inquired the meaning of being *born* again—Phebe lay near us, and readily told her, “to be sorry for her sin, and trust in the Lord Jesus Christ.”

Sept. 16.—Phebe says, I am so weak I shall die—I pray to go to heaven—God is good—Shall I see Mr. P.’s babe in Heaven? I love Mr. Gallaudet, and all my teachers, and all the deaf and dumb. I pray we may all love God, and go to Heaven. I wish Frances to love God—she is my good sister. Sept. 25.—She shewed me a letter from Mr. Gallaudet, and said, I love Mr. Gallaudet,—I pray for him—wish you to write to him. Tell him I love his letter—I am glad for it—I do trust in Jesus Christ and pray to God in my mind—I shall go to Heaven. I wish to see all the deaf and dumb in Heaven. Sept. 28.—She was restless as she was much emaciated, and had no appetite and a tedious cough. I pointed to that sentence in Mr. G.’s letter, “be patient.” She was grieved—said she was weak,—that God was good—She called for the engravings of Abbe Sicard and three others on the same paper. She pressed the paper to her bosom, and said, three were in Heaven and one in Hartford.—She said, I love all my teachers; told me the name and sign for each, the names of their children, and her love for them. Oct. 2nd.—I now desired to leave her for a few hours—she objected.—I then told her a few ladies met to pray—asked her if she wished them to pray for her? She answered yes. I inquired, shall they pray God to restore you to health? P. No, I wish to see Jesus Christ—Shall they pray that you may soon die? P. Yes, and go to Heaven. Oct. 5th.—She appeared to sink gradually—spoke of the goodness of God, and her wish to die. Rev. Mr. F. called in—I told her he was a clergyman, and inquired if she wished him to pray—she appeared animated, and answered yes, immediately. In the evening the Rev. Mr. Foot called—she seemed pleased and requested him to pray—made signs of attachment to him—He had often prayed with her—She continued to sink, but had her reason to the last, and at 20 minutes past 11 o’clock at night, her immortal spirit quitted its clay tenement, and as we humbly hope, soared away to realms of light.

## BIOGRAPHY.

### ACCOUNT OF SAMUEL JOHN MILLS.

[Editorial Abridgement.—Concluded.]

In our narrative of the good deeds of this devoted man, we have already mentioned that he performed two extensive tours in the western and southern States; and that he had much to do in establishing the American Board of Foreign Missions,

the Foreign Mission School, the American Bible Society, and another Association which has since been changed into the American Home Missionary Society. It might have been added, that the same Association which sent missionaries to the new settlements at home, was also to send others to the Indians and to pagans in foreign lands; and that this body, which was supported by the Presbyterian churches, is now connected with the American Board. We now proceed to other works of kindness and “labors of love,” which he performed during his short pilgrimage on earth.

Mills spent a few months in the city of New-York, the largest city in the United States. There, he was not ambitious to appear in a splendid church, preaching to a polite and admiring audience. More like his Master, “he went about doing good;” “visiting the fatherless and widows in their affliction;” “teaching publicly” at some times, but more commonly “from house to house;” “having compassion on them that were ignorant and out of the way;” and “going out into the highways and lanes of the city, to compel them to come in” to the gospel feast. “He devoted himself,” says his biographer, “to inquiries into the moral condition of the poor, with a particular view to supply them with Bibles and tracts.” During this season, there can be no doubt that the “blessing” of some “that were ready to perish came upon him.”

Mills was a friend to the enslaved negroes; and to save them from slavery and ruin, and restore them to their own country, was, among all his benevolent schemes, “his darling object.” In promoting this plan, he wrote, and talked, and preached, and travelled, to awaken the attention of Christians and make them act. At length his labors produced some visible effect, and benevolent men established a School, to qualify young men of color for preachers and teachers to the African race. He was also the chief instrument in forming the American Colonization Society, which carries back to Africa those free blacks who are willing to go, where they may enjoy liberty and happiness in a community separate from white people. When the Society was formed, they appointed him to go out to Africa, to find “a place of habitation” for the future emigrants. He had the liberty also of choosing an associate, and selected Mr. Ebenezer Burgess, now the Rev. Mr. Burgess, of Dedham, Mass. They were directed to go by the way of London, and obtain all the information they could there; for the English had before formed a colony of free blacks in Western Africa, at Sierra Leone. They were then to proceed to that place, and make it their principal station while on the coast. They were to visit the coast as extensively as possible; to consult with the natives, and especially the chiefs, and ascertain whether an eligible spot could be found, which might be purchased at a fair price for the purposes of the colony.

These benevolent men left America on the 16th of November, 1817; and, after some stay in England, arrived off the coast of Africa on the 12th of March, 1818. From this time till the 22d of May following, they encountered various toils, and sufferings, and dangers, in that unhealthy climate, and often among the uncivilized negro tribes. They prepared the way for the commencement of the colony, which was afterwards located at Liberia, the capital of which is Monrovia. There, many of the free blacks of America have already found a refuge; and there we trust many who are now in bondage, with their children and their children’s children will in future years enjoy the sweets of freedom and the blessings of the gospel of peace.—But Mills, the philanthropist, never returned to his native land. His health was slender before he left the United States, having a stricture on the lungs and a dangerous cough. While in England, he complained much of the moisture of the air; though on the Atlantic and during his residence in Africa he enjoyed excellent health. On the evening of June 5th, two weeks after he sailed from Sierra Leone to return home, he took a heavy cold, became ill, and expressed some apprehensions of a fever. The ordinary antidotes were employed with appar-

ent success. He sat up daily, read his letters, manuscripts and books, and occasionally walked on deck. He confined himself to a light, nutritive diet, and sometimes took a little medicine according to his own prescriptions. An irregular fever, however, lodged about him, disturbing his rest, and sometimes attended with severe pains in his head. It was soon evident that he began to decline.

From this time his disorder increased, till the morning of the eleventh day. Then the hiccup, with which he had been much distressed, abated. “He slept,” says his biographer, “with short intervals of wakefulness—and, though his strength was gradually declining, he knew those who were around him, and gave correct answers to all their inquiries. About noon he spoke with some freedom, and his sentiments were full of piety and trust in God. Death had no terrors. He seemed to be looking forward to the immediate presence and enjoyment of God in heaven, and to be in constant expectancy of that inheritance which is incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away. Between 2 and 3, P. M. his hiccup ceased. There was no convulsion—no deep groan.—He gently closed his hands on his breast, as if to engage in some act of devotion; and, while a celestial smile settled upon his countenance, and every feature expressed the serenity and meekness of his soul, he ceased to breathe.—Mark the righteous man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace.”

Thus, on the sixteenth day of June, 1818, in the thirty-sixth year of his age, did this beloved man close his life of distinguished piety and usefulness, and leave Africa and the world to mourn! No monumental marble records his worth—no fragrant dews shall descend upon his tomb. His dust sleeps unseen amid the pearls and coral of the ocean, and long shall his name swell upon the breeze, and be echoed from the wave. As the sun was going down, all on board assembled with great seriousness—a circle of mourners—when, with painful solemnity, and tender supplications to the God of heaven, his body was deposited beneath the mighty waters, there to rest till that Great Day when the sea shall give up her dead.”

## POETRY.

From the Youth's Friend.

### SAMUEL'S CALL.

In Israel's fane, by silent night,  
The Lamp of God was burning bright;  
And there by viewless angels kept,  
Samuel, the child, securely slept.

A voice unknown the stillness broke,  
“Samuel,” it called, and thrice it spoke;  
He rose,—he ask'd, whence came the word?  
From Eli?—No—it was the Lord.

Thus early call'd to serve his God;  
In paths of righteousness he trod:  
Prophetic visions fired his breast,  
And all the chosen tribes were blessed.

Speak, Lord! and from our earliest days,  
Incline our hearts to love thy ways;  
Thy wakening voice hath reach'd our ear,  
Speak, Lord, to us; thy children hear.

### THE MOTHER AND HER CHILD.

“Mother, who made the stars which light  
The beautiful blue sky?  
Who made the moon so clear and bright,  
That rises up on high?”

“’Twas God, my child, the glorious One—  
He formed them by his power;  
He made alike the brilliant sun,  
And every leaf and flower.

“He made your little feet to walk;  
Your sparkling eyes to see;  
Your husy, prattling tongue to talk;  
And limbs so light and free.

“He paints each fragrant flower that blows  
With loveliness and bloom;  
He gives the violet and rose,  
Their beauty and perfume.

“Our various wants, his hands supply;  
His care protects us every hour;  
We're kept beneath his watchful eye,  
And always guarded by his power.

“Then let your little heart, my love,  
Its grateful homage pay,  
To this kind Friend, who from above,  
So gently guides you every day.”

Stockbridge.

[See Miscellaneous.



# YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Published Weekly, by WILLIS & RAND, at the Office of the Boston Recorder, No. 22, Congress-Street....Price One Dollar a year in advance, or \$1, 50, if not paid in advance.

No. 26.

BOSTON, NOVEMBER 18, 1829.

VOL. III.

## NARRATIVE.

From the Youth's Friend.

### MY GRANDFATHER GREGORY.

[Continued from page 69.]

It was in the spring that my cousin Lucy came to spend a little time with my Grandfather Gregory. Lucy had lived at a distance, and my grandfather did not know so much of her as he did of his other grandchildren, he therefore took the earliest opportunity of talking with her, that he might know her mind and disposition. I will give you one of their conversations as they were together in an arbour: the gardener was at work at a little distance, and a thousand flowers spread their beautiful colors to the mid-day sun.

*Lucy.*—O, Grandpapa! I forgot to tell you that I am going to have a new friend, and shall be so happy. I spent an afternoon with her, and liked her so much that I asked mamma's leave to be very intimate with her. I wish you did but know her.

*Grandfather.*—I wish I did, Lucy, for the choice of a friend is a very important thing; but did your mamma give her consent?

*Lucy.*—Not exactly, for she is to consider of it; but I dare say that she will, for Amelia Gordon is so clever!

*Grand.*—I am glad that she is clever, but perhaps you will tell me in what her talents consist. What are the things that she does so cleverly?

*Lucy.*—I can hardly tell you, for she is clever at every thing; she can sing, I don't know how many pretty songs, and is always trying to turn every thing into a joke to amuse her friends.

*Grand.*—Indeed!

*Lucy.*—She can cross the skipping rope over her head fifty times without stopping.

*Grand.*—Wonderful!

*Lucy.*—Oh! that is not half—she counted twenty backwards as fast as I could forwards; and as for cup and ball, nobody plays like her.

*Grand.*—What an astonishing girl!

*Lucy.*—She makes the most beautiful doll's dresses, and cuts paper into all manner of fancy forms; and then, she is so generous! Do you not think, Grandpapa, that I shall be very happy in having such a friend?

*Grand.*—Why, my dear Lucy, you have described her in a wonderful manner! But there are a few questions that I should like to put before I can recommend you to seek her acquaintance, and yet, you may not know enough of her to answer them.

*Lucy.*—O! I dare say I do, for I know her very well indeed, I assure you. She talked to me about every thing, when we walked in the garden together, and said that she would open all her heart to me.

*Grand.*—What, the first time you ever spent an afternoon in her company! Why she must have had as good an opinion of you as you appear to have formed of her; but come, my dear Lucy, if you think you are so well acquainted with your friend, I will ask you a few questions about her. You have named a great many things that you say Amelia Gordon can do, is there anything else that you have not named in which she excels?

*Lucy.*—O, yes; there are many things: it would take all day to tell you of them all. She talks delightfully, and uses such elegant words that I do not know the meaning of one half of them.

*Grand.*—I am sorry for that, because you can hardly learn much from a person whom you cannot understand. I suppose she reads very well?

*Lucy.*—Not exactly to my liking, Grandpapa; she gets on so fast, and skips over so many words: but she considers reading a very dull amusement, and prefers something more lively. She says there is nothing so bad as moping over a book all day long.

*Grand.*—In that she is perhaps right. To mope over a book all day long must be a bad thing, no doubt; and yet I should hardly think that she knew much about it, otherwise she would at least have learned to read correctly. Do you think she writes well?

*Lucy.*—There, Grandpapa, you puzzle me a little. She wrote me a few lines on paper, but I could not read them, and I thought that she had written them in French on purpose to trick me; but she read it to me afterwards, and told me that all genteel people wrote badly. She may write a fashionable hand, and I have no doubt she does, but it is a little awkward to read.

*Grand.*—But, my dear little Lucy, it will be of very little use if your papa pays money for your instruction in writing, unless you learn to write so that people can read it. If, after all, your writing in English is to be taken for French, why you may as well give over learning at once. She may say it is very fashionable to write so that another cannot read it; but I should doubt it, and at all events, it is not very useful. What was it that you said about her counting twenty?

*Lucy.*—I said that she counted twenty backwards as fast as I could forwards; and indeed she did, Grandpapa.

*Grand.*—In that case perhaps she may be very clever at figures. Do you know what she understands of arithmetic?

*Lucy.*—I am really afraid that she knows less of arithmetic than of any thing; for she told me that she hated figuring and never could learn it.

*Grand.*—Why it is rather strange that I should happen to ask about so many things of which she appears to be ignorant. But you said something about her cleverness in making doll's dresses, and netting silk purses; I expect, then, that she is a famous needle woman in her family, and makes all their shirts, and knits all her stockings.

*Lucy.*—Grandpapa, Grandpapa! You quite mistake her cleverness. Why she says every common person can do these things; there is no cleverness in them. I do not believe that she could mend a pair of stockings well, much less knit a whole pair, or make a shirt.

*Grand.*—No! that is a little unfortunate; for how she can be so exceedingly clever, and yet not be able to do what you say every common person can do, a little puzzles me; but I must inquire further.

*Grand.*—Do you know, my dear Lucy, whether Miss Gordon attends any Sunday-school, to teach the young and the ignorant to read the Bible, and explain it to them?

*Lucy.*—No, Grandpapa! She does not do that, to be sure, for she cannot have time to do every thing: but, perhaps, one reason may be that she is not very fond of her Bible. I told her how many psalms I could say by heart, but she said she could not sit listening while I repeated them; if I would sing her a song, she would listen to me; so, by that, I perceived that she was not very fond of her Bible.

*Grand.*—Not fond of her Bible! Why, my dear Lucy, this is the worst news I have heard yet. Not fond of her Bible! How can this be?—Surely there must have been something wrong in the manner in which she has been brought up. What place of worship does she usually attend on a Sunday?

*Lucy.*—It is not very often that she goes to a place of worship at all.

*Grand.*—No! My dear Lucy, I have but one other question to ask you about your friend. You said that she loved every body, now do you really think that she loves God?

*Lucy.*—I hardly know what to say about that, Grandpapa, for she did not tell me.

*Grand.*—But do you think, from what you have seen in her and heard from her, that in her heart she does really love God; and that she is anxious to do what he has commanded, and to avoid all that he has forbidden?

*Lucy.*—Why, to speak the truth, I believe she thinks nothing about these things; but, indeed, Grandpapa, she is very clever, and so you would say if you did but know her.

*Grand.*—Perhaps I might; but the question is not as to her being clever, but whether or not she will be a valuable and useful friend to you. If you were to go to a shoemaker for a pair of shoes, who knew so little of his business that he could not make them to fit you; what should you think if he told you that he was very clever in playing the fiddle?—Why, you would say it was of no use to you, for that you wanted a good pair of shoes and not a good tune on the fiddle.

*Lucy.*—Yes, that I should, and should tell him to give over his fiddle playing and attend to his business.

*Grand.*—But why should a shoemaker playing the fiddle, when you wanted him to make a good pair of shoes, be more ridiculous than a friend counting twenty backwards, when you wanted her to assist you in a difficulty, or to comfort you in affliction.

*Lucy.*—Ah! I see now what you mean, Grandpapa; but then Miss Amelia Gordon can do many other things.

*Grand.*—Indeed, I hope so; and now then to the point. There is nothing wrong that I know of in a person playing on the fiddle, provided this employment has not prevented him from learning the duties of his calling; and if your friend is acquainted with all that she ought to know, why I will not blame her for counting twenty, which ever way she pleases; nor for amusing herself, in a proper manner and at proper times. Now then let me see what are the qualifications of Miss Amelia Gordon, to prove her a valuable companion? We live in a world wherein, though there is much of joy, there is also much of sorrow, and it becomes us all, not only to be enabled to rejoice with those that do rejoice, but to weep with those that weep. Believe me, my dear Lucy, if it be a kindness to add to the pleasures of the happy, it is a greater kindness to relieve the sorrows of the afflicted. I hope you understand me?

*Lucy.*—Indeed I do, Grandpapa, and am thinking of what you have said.

*Grand.*—We have not only to live, but to die; and after death we shall live again forever, in happiness or woe. We are sinners, and can only be saved from the punishment due to sin, by faith in our blessed Lord and Saviour, who became sin for us that we might be made righteous, and who died that we might live forever. We know all this from the Bible. Do you not think then, my dear Lucy, that all ought to know and love the Bible?

*Lucy.*—Certainly I do, and I wish that Miss Amelia Gordon loved the Bible.

*Grand.*—I dare say you do, and I hope she may love it in time to come; but as it is my duty to give you my best advice respecting the choice of a friend, I wish you fairly to judge whether she is at the present time a fit person to be your particular friend or not.



*Lucy.*—Really, Grandpapa, after what you have said, I hardly like to hear you speak of her; for I am afraid that you do not think her so clever as I thought you would.

*Grand.*—What then, my dear Lucy, would you think of me, if I commended as a very clever person, one who is unintelligible in her conversation, and can neither read nor write with propriety? One who knows nothing of accounts, and is ignorant of domestic duties? and who knows not how to make a shirt or mend a stocking?

*Lucy.*—I see that she has made a sad mistake in not knowing these things, and I have made another in thinking her so very clever.

*Grand.*—And what would my Lucy say of her grandpapa, if he advised her to adopt as her particular friend, one who gave no instruction to the ignorant; who seldom attended a place of worship; valued not her Bible; and who *did not love God, and was not anxious to keep his commandments?*

*Lucy.*—What a picture you have drawn! I could never have thought that so much could be said against her, and so little in her favor; and yet you have only said what I told you myself. Do you not think, Grandpapa, that something may be done to make her know what she ought to know; and to love what she ought to love? You must not think her to be a wicked girl! I do think, if she knew you, and you would take the trouble to talk to her, she would do all these things.

*Grand.*—My dear Lucy, I should not act justly or kindly, if I did not tell you that I thought her weak and thoughtless. There are many, who neither value the Bible nor love God, who yet have much in them that is agreeable; but it is an awful thing to live in neglect of Him who gave us all we possess, and who requires us to love Him with all our heart, our mind, and our strength; and an awful thing it is to despise his holy word; for by that only, through the teaching of the Holy Spirit, can we know that we are sinners, and seek aright for salvation through Christ. You speak of my talking to Amelia; why cannot you talk to her yourself?

*Lucy.*—(Holding down her head.) O, Grandpapa! I cannot talk to her, for I feel that I am very ignorant myself; much more need is there that I should learn, than that I should attempt to instruct another.

*Grand.*—I am glad to hear you acknowledge this, and I am not without hope that you and your friend (for such I trust I may one day call her) will yet be well instructed in what it is most necessary that you should know, both as to this life and that which is to come.

But we have talked enough of these matters now, and I want to tell the gardener what I wish him to do to those flower beds. But remember my dear girl, the advice of your Grandfather Gregory: that, though many questions should be asked in the choice of a friend, the first and most important will ever be, not, *Is she clever?* but, *Does she love God and keep his commandments?*

## RELIGION.

For the Youth's Companion.

### ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE PARABLES.

No. III.

From this time George seemed to be an altered boy, his deportment was more humble, he talked less and seemed to think more, and Mr. and Mrs. Appleton really began to hope that his heart was swept and garnished from impurity and sin.

This state of things continued some weeks, when George was unexpectedly called to leave this happy family. His mother had some wealthy relations living in a distant part of the country and they had lately sent to her to come and reside with them, promising her a comfortable support for herself and also for her little boy, whom they desired she would bring with her. They were relatives of her husband, and lived in one of the Southern States. Mrs. Scott felt it to be her duty to go and take her son with her.

George felt really sorry to leave Mr. and Mrs.

Appleton, to whom he had become very much attached, and the pleasant home where he had been so happy—and yet he was pleased with the idea of travelling and going to his rich relations.

He walked around sorrowfully to take leave of all his old haunts, namely, the shed chamber, the work shop, the garden and the orchard, where he had spent so many happy hours. But when he came to say good by to Mr. and Mrs. Appleton he could not keep back the tears; the faster he brushed them away, the faster they fell, and it was some time before he could collect his voice to speak. Mr. Appleton presented him with a new Bible, and Mrs. Appleton gave him a little Hymn Book, and they both charged him not to forget the good resolutions he had lately made, but to pray constantly that God would send the Holy Spirit to dwell in his heart and to drive out the unclean spirit of ingratitude and vanity.

They gave him much more good advice with regard to his future conduct, and George after thanking them for all their kindness, got into the waggon which was to carry him away.

Many years have now rolled by and another little boy is living at Mr. Appleton's, attending to his instructions, and praying daily for the Spirit of God to make him good and holy. But where is George Scott? Oh you will be surprised to hear that he is grown into an idle and wicked man. Can it be possible that the boy who made so many good resolutions has broken them all? Can it be possible that so good a boy has made a wicked man? Yes, my dear young readers, it is so, and I will tell you how it happened. George's vanity was not cured when he left Mr. Appleton's—there were still some lurking remains of it, for it was his besetting sin. The unclean spirit had departed for a time; but it very unwillingly departed, and it was watching the least opening by which it might get back again. George should have kept a constant and a strict watch over it, and his only safety was in cherishing the Holy Spirit. But this he did not do, he relaxed his endeavors; the Holy Spirit was grieved and departed, and the unclean spirit returned again with more force than ever. The change first began by his listening gradually more and more to the flatteries of those friends with whom he had gone to live. They saw he was a clever boy and praised him most immoderately when he had done a thing well. This coarse flattery at first disgusted him, and he resolved not to think about it—then he used to read his Bible night and morning, and offer up his prayer to God. But by and by his morning and evening duties began to grow irksome to him. There was no religious worship in the family, and his cousin began to laugh at him for reading his Bible and saying his prayers as he called it; and George began to think that nobody did it in this part of the country, and that his Uncle who was very rich and seemed to know a great deal, would certainly attend to it if it was of any use. So he first began by performing his devotions in a hurried and indifferent manner, as if he felt ashamed of them, and he ended by neglecting them altogether. Now he had grieved away the Holy Spirit and had nothing to protect him from his vanity. His indiscreet friends flattered, and he listened to and enjoyed their flatteries; he soon became very conceited and for the sake of the praise which he loved, he would often take to himself the credit of doing a thing which was in reality done by another. This you see was adding falsehood to his other sins.

His cousin was a bad boy, and he introduced George to other bad boys.—George liked their company because they were expert at playing tricks, and they would often go about the neighborhood of a dark evening doing a great deal of mischief. George excelled them all in contriving schemes for mischief, and the boys who saw what was his ruling passion, flattered him for contriving such grand jokes as they called them, and this puffed him up so much the more, and he began to grow very insolent and disagreeable. He also soon learned from them to use profane language, and in the midst of his wicked conversation, the thought of Mr. and Mrs. Appleton would come into his mind,

he would crowd it out again as fast as possible. So George went on from bad to worse, till at last having got into a quarrel with one of his companions in the street they fell to settling it by blows, when his uncle who happened to pass by at that time, put a speedy stop to the affray by ordering George to go directly home.

His uncle returned immediately after and sent for George and his mother to come to him.

"Mrs. Scott," said he, "I am sorry to bring you such evil accounts of your son. But I have long suspected his bad conduct and have been for some time watching his movements and making inquiry.

I have been told many of his bad practices which have exceedingly surprised me; and I had in the street this morning abundant proof that the sad reports were not unfounded."

"George," said he, "I have no hope of you now. As you have good abilities I had intended sending you to College and giving you a profession, but it will be worse than useless now. Knowledge by giving you more power would make you a more dangerous and wicked man, besides there is not the least probability that you would pay any attention to your studies; you would only spend your time in idleness, dissipation and crime.

I shall therefore not throw away my money in this way. I shall take immediate steps to bind you over to some trade where you can if you choose get a living, and where you may if you please reform. Your mother I shall take care of, for I see you will never support or be a comfort to her. As soon as these arrangements are completed you will leave my family."

George left the room angry but not repenting—he went into the service of a black smith which he considered a great degradation—his cousin and his former idle associates forsook him now and took no notice of him—his spirit was irritated and angry with himself and all the world, and he gave himself up entirely to his passions and vices.

His poor mother died of a broken heart.

"Charles, my son," said Mr. R. as he folded up the leaf from which he had been reading, "will you now read the parable slowly and distinctly that all may hear."

[Each finger points to the Testament page, and every eye is following Charles as he reads.]

"When the unclean spirit is gone out of a man, he walketh thro' dry places, seeking rest, and findeth none."

"Then he saith, I will return into my house from whence I came out; and when he is come he findeth it empty, swept, and garnished."

"Then goeth he, and taketh with himself seven other spirits more wicked than himself, and they enter in and dwell there: and the last state of that man is worse than the first."

## MORALITY.

From the Juvenile Miscellany.

### TIME AND MONEY.

"O Mother, when will this long, long winter be gone," said Lucy Waters, as she looked out one cold bleak morning in March. "I do wish the spring would come. I am tired to death of seeing the trees all bare, and the mountains covered with snow. Do you think it ever will come?"

"And why are you in such haste for the spring?" said her mother.

"For many reasons. One is, that I want to hear the birds sing, the lambs bleat, and the frogs, the very frogs. It seems to me, that their croaking, which used to annoy me so much, would be delightful now. The sweet murmur of the waters, too. O! I do long to hear all these sounds again, just as much as I sometimes long, when I wake up in the morning after a winter night's sleep, and am tired of lying in bed, to hear some stirring sound in the house. Do not you wish to have the spring come, mother?"

"I anticipate it with a great deal of pleasure, dear; and have no doubt that I shall enjoy it as much as you. But I do not feel quite as impatient."

"And why not?"

"Because, my eagerness is somewhat checked



by the reflection that each revolution of the seasons, adds another to the years of my life, which are passing rapidly away; and I am more anxious to seize and improve the present moment, than to hasten the future."

"But, mother, you have time enough, and to spare, I am sure. You are what is called a lady of leisure, are you not?"

"I may, perhaps, deserve that title in its common acceptation," said her mother, "but I should be very sorry to acknowledge it, in any other sense."

"Why, you are never very much hurried; you have no work to do, unless you please. Are you not glad that father is rich, so that you are not obliged to work?"

"It is, perhaps, desirable to have fortune, my dear; but, not chiefly, for the reason you mention. There are other things far more valuable."

"What are they, mother?"

"In the first place, health, and a good conscience."

"Oh! I know that. If a person be sick, he cannot enjoy much from any thing; and if he be wicked, I do not suppose that money could make him happy. But what else is there, that is more valuable than money?"

"Something my dear that every living being has—Time!"

"Time, mother? I cannot conceive, why you should consider that more valuable than money. If I have a dollar, I can go and spend it, and get what I like—but very often, I have an hour, and perhaps, a whole day, that I do not know what to do with."

"That is because you are ignorant of their value. Children are apt to squander it, as the natives of Spanish America squandered their gold; which they exchanged, you know, for bits of broken china, glass beads, little bells, and other trifles; but their folly was nothing in comparison with that of children, who waste away their time in idleness, or for trifling purposes. The pleasures which these propose to themselves, in the stead of a wise and diligent improvement of time, are, but as broken china and glass beads, in comparison with gold."

"I don't know exactly, what you mean, mother. In what does the great value of time consist?"

"I will answer your question by another. Lucy, for what is life given to us?"

"That we may enjoy ourselves, and be useful, I suppose."

"Your answer is perfectly correct, said her mother, except that I should just reverse the order of the sentence; because usefulness, and not happiness, should be the *first* object which we propose to ourselves."

"Well then, mother, I don't see, after all, why money is not more valuable than time; for I am sure, people can do a great deal more good with their money, than with their time."

"Who does the most good? He who contributes of his abundance to the wants of the poor heathen,—or the good missionary, who goes among them, and devotes his time to them?"

"The missionary, certainly; and now, mother, I remember what old Mrs. Warren said to you, the last time we went to see her, that she would not give up your visits, if you would offer her money instead of them, because seeing you did her heart good."

"You have often heard the name of Howard, an eminent philanthropist, who, almost literally, took up his abode in filthy prisons, to which he repaired, on errands of benevolence; and Mrs. Fry, an English lady, is at the present day, distinguishing herself in the same manner. She actually goes into the vilest places of confinement, and spends her days in communicating instruction to their wretched inmates. I have somewhere seen a beautiful account of her labors among them; and a gentleman who witnessed the exercises of a single morning, spoke of the hymn which she sung at the conclusion, as being 'like the song of a mother to her suffering child.' What could Mrs. Fry give to these miserable beings, one half so valuable as her time? Money could not purchase such devotion as hers."

Indeed, except as a material for the industrious and benevolent to work with, gold might as well remain in the bowels of the earth."

"Mother, now I think of it, it seems to me that Uncle Haynes is a much more useful man, than Mr. Layton, though he has not much money, and Mr. Layton has a great deal, and gives away a great deal, too; but then every body seems to depend upon Uncle Haynes for kindness, sympathy, and counsel, and to desire his good opinion,—so that they must be better for knowing him. Every face brightens when he comes in sight; and he seems to have a care for the interests of the whole neighborhood."

"I am glad to see, my dear, that you appreciate your Uncle's character; but amiable, and excellent as he is, he would never do half the good he is daily accomplishing, were it not for his indefatigable activity; and this is a good instance, to show that the influence which a man derives from his weight of character, is far more valuable than any which money can give him. It is not those who owe their consequence to riches; but those who are wise lawgivers, able statesmen, learned and conscientious lawyers, skillful physicians, devoted and exemplary clergymen, laborious teachers, honest and enterprising tradesmen, industrious mechanics, and virtuous farmers; who are the most valuable members of society; and among our own sex, those who make useful wives and mothers. But to constitute all these, a wise and diligent improvement of time is indispensable."

"The other day, I heard some one saying, 'time is money.' What did he mean?"

"The very bees might explain that. They are quite a money making generation."

"O! I see what you mean; they spend their time in making honey; which is sold for money—that is rhyme and reason too."

"But, remember, though time can procure money, money cannot purchase time; and, though without money, much use may be made of time; yet without time, nothing can be done with money. As, for instance—what would become of *interest*, without the days, months, and years, by which to calculate it? There would in that case be no occasion for you to understand the sums which puzzled you so much this morning."

"Still, as I happen to have a greater stock of time, than of money," said Lucy, laughing, "I wish you would show me how I can convert some of it into money."

"That is far from being the most valuable use you can make of it. If time is money, time is knowledge, too; and knowledge in connexion with virtue, is the best means of happiness, as well as usefulness. It is among the treasures "that neither moth nor rust corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal"—it is imperishable, and its stores are inexhaustible. Therefore, I hope, dear, never again to hear you say, that you don't know what to do with your time."

"Mother, you don't expect children to improve every moment of their time; do you?"

"No, my dear, they must have hours of play and relaxation, for the sake of their health; but they ought to be a great deal more diligent than they are apt to be, and to learn a great deal more than they are apt to know. I can recollect how school mates of mine used completely to squander their time at school; and I have often remarked in families where I visited, children, who wasted many precious hours in mere listlessness. The loss of time, in such instances, is not the worst evil—the *habits* of idleness, which are acquired, are far more to be apprehended."

MATER.

## REVIEW.

For the Youth's Companion.

THE PARENT'S MONITOR AND TEACHER'S ASSISTANT, Compiled by Artemas Bullard, Published by the Mass. S. S. Union, 1829.

This valuable work was compiled by the agent of the Mass. S. S. Union. In the first volume, to which our attention has been particularly directed, the author has followed the plan of an excel-

lent Sabbath School book, now almost out of print—We mean "Janeway's Token." "All the biographical notices of this work are authentic." At this day, when fiction has put on the garb of religion, and threatens to usurp the empire of truth, we think that such a work should be peculiarly acceptable to the religious public. We fear that the taste of Sabbath School children has already become vitiated by the class of writings to which we have adverted, and hope that ministers of the gospel and teachers of Sabbath Schools will be watchful of this enemy, before it is too late. We would have them follow the example of Miss Sarah Blackburn, whose memoir is contained in the book under consideration. "When she was between three and four years of age, and had learned to read a little, an acquaintance brought her a half penny book, the whole of which she attentively read. With great concern, she showed it to her father, saying, 'Father, here is nothing about the Lord in this book.' He looked at it and answered, 'no, love, this is not a book of that kind.' She seemed still more disappointed; and without speaking, went out of her parent's presence, and *threw the little book away.*" It appears that the Mass. S. S. Union are following the little girl's example, for they say in their last report, "that many books have been removed" from the Depository, "and others which had been offered, by publishers, for review, have been rejected as unworthy a place in Sabbath School Libraries." If Sabbath School teachers would take the trouble to examine their Sabbath School books, we believe, that many of them would also share the fate of the little Miss Blackburn's half-penny book. If the Sabbath School Union are determined to *throw away* all those books in which there is "nothing about the Lord," we advise all superintendents and teachers to do the same, and soon our Sabbath School Libraries will be purified. And in your examination be not deceived by the frequent recurrence of the words "Lord"—"religion"—"a new heart"—"heaven" & the like—perhaps somebody has thrown them in, just to *make novels sell for Sabbath School Books.* We would not charge any author or publisher with such baseness, but we have read Sabbath School books, in which the subject of religion was introduced so inappropriately and unexpectedly that we could not help thinking there was some other reason for it, besides the *good of souls.* Such books have "crept in unawares," and we are glad that the persevering agent of the Mass. S. S. Union, has manifested a determination to *turn them out.* Not long since, we found our children on their return from the Sabbath School almost quarrelling over a Sabbath School book, which they had just taken from the Library. One said, "I will have it first," and the other said, "I will have it first." Surely it augurs well to posterity when children are thus anxious to store their minds with religious instruction! The next day, we took the book and read it, and the mystery was unriddled. It was as arrant a novel as ever wasted the midnight lamp. There were many good words in it, it is true, but they were lost and forgotten amid the all-absorbing subjects of love and jealousy. It is true, there were some good sentiments in it, but the thoughtless reader shunned them as intruders, and seized with greater avidity on the visions of beauty, and the pleasures of the world.

This volume is enriched with short memoirs of Pliny Fisk, Mrs. Huntington and S. J. Mills. In the latter, those feelings of opposition to God, as the sovereign disposer of all events, which rise in the natural heart, under deep conviction of sin, are portrayed in their true colors. At the age of fifteen, young Mills had such "views of his own sinfulness," and felt such "opposition to God," that he would sometimes break out in expressions of unyielding rebellion. With nothing was his dissatisfaction more painful, than the discriminations of the divine favor in showing mercy to those who were around him, while he himself was apparently left to obduracy and ruin. "Two full years he remained in this dismal frame of mind, still refusing to bow at the footstool of mercy; at



heart, still cursing the day in which he was born." One morning, on leaving home to spend winter at an academy, "his mother took an opportunity of inquiring into the state of his mind, and begged him to make an ingenuous disclosure of his feelings. For a moment he was silent and wept; but his heart was too full, long to suppress the emotions produced by so affecting a request. He raised his head, and with eyes streaming with tears, exclaimed, O that I had never been born! O that I had never been born! For two years I have been sorry God ever made me." Thousands have felt thus, and among them, doubtless, are many of the young readers of the "Youth's Companion." To feel thus, indicates a state of awful rebellion in the heart to God. Hear the reply of young Mills' mother. "My son, said she, you are born, and you can never throw off your existence, nor your everlasting accountability for all your conduct." "This heavy thought was like a dagger to his soul." Think not, young friends, that this was a hard-hearted mother. She was not a hard-hearted mother, for she prayed for her son. It was the truth, the awful truth, to the sinner, that he cannot escape out of the hands of God, which was "like a dagger to his soul." Had she allayed his fears and told him all would yet be well, or had she encouraged him to hope in any thing short of entire submission to his Creator and moral Governor, she had indeed been a hard-hearted mother, for *there is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked.*

We would gladly go on and quote from this and other memoirs contained in this volume, but we have only room to say to our young readers, if the Parent's Monitor is in your S. S. Library, take it out, and read it. And we would say, also, to parents, who plead that they have no time to examine children's books, when they bring this from the Sabbath School Library, read it, for it is "the Parent's monitor." REVIEWER.

### THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

**WHAT CHILDREN EXPECT OF TEACHERS.**  
Extract from a letter to the Editor of the Treasury, dated Westfield, (Mass.) September 11, 1829.

DEAR SIR—A Sabbath school was commenced here in 1816, and has been kept up amidst many discouragements, to the present time. It remained eight years without a library, and for ten years was continued only four months in a year. The number of scholars has varied from one hundred to three hundred. There has been, since the school was first established, a gradual improvement in the general management, order, and instruction of the school. Many have felt; however, that Sabbath schools were useless, and have lent their aid, only as they have been impelled by the exhortations and arguments of others. In this we have received much help by occasional visits from agents of S. S. Societies. There have been some among us, that have felt that religious instruction imparted to children, must have a salutary, if not a saving influence; that if they should never become Christians, they would certainly be better members of society. Others have felt that the seed sown might lie buried long, but would eventually spring up, and bear precious fruit.

Such our Sabbath school has been. Now, we believe the Lord by his Spirit has come nigh, and touched the hearts of some of its members. Within the last three months, five teachers and nine scholars have given evidence of a change of heart. Others seem disposed to seek salvation, and we hope that many of them may be brought to embrace the Saviour. There has been no excitement, no noise; but a silent operation of the Spirit of God—the still small voice saying to, here and there, an individual—"This is the way, walk ye in it."

We feel more than ever the benefit of Sabbath schools. They are beneficial, we know, although they should not prove the immediate instrument of the conversion of a single individual; they do prepare the way to render other means of grace effectual. The children, by attending Sabbath school, acquire a habit of attending church regularly on

the Sabbath, and a regard for serious things, which may, at some distant period, be the means of bringing them within the reach of some means of grace that may be sanctified to them.

We believe, too, that if teachers are faithful, no school will long remain without hearing some of their pupils inquire, what they must do to be saved. *The children expect and choose to be dealt with faithfully.* In proof of this, I can mention two facts that have fallen under my observation. A little girl complained of her teacher; she said, she only asked the questions in the book, without saying any thing of the duty and necessity of seeking an interest in the Saviour. A short time after, the teacher became pious, and conversed personally with her class. The little girl went home apparently much delighted, and said that she had a new teacher. At the commencement of our school, this year, several children applied to a teacher who they supposed would deal faithfully with them, to be members of her class. Let teachers remember, that children expect them to care for their souls.

### EDITORIAL.

#### "HE WAS A GOOD MAN."

It is written of Barnabas, (Acts XI, 24,) that "he was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith." And the next expression of the sacred writer shows, that good men are useful in the world. For he says, "And much people was added unto the Lord." They were convinced of sin, and brought to repentance, and so added to the church of Christ, the Lord; and this was done by the blessing of God on the labors of that good man, Barnabas; the labors which he performed because he was "full of the Holy Ghost and of faith." We do not know the hearts of men; but we cannot doubt that Samuel John Mills also "was a good man," and that strong faith dwelt in him, by the gift of a great measure of the spirit of Christ. We have given our readers some account of his life and death, and of some of the good deeds which he did, with their happy effects. Now we want that every one of them should get a great deal of benefit from reading this account, and become good like Mr. Mills. So we shall make a few remarks about his goodness, or the spirit that was in him, and hope that many will imitate his example.

Mills was not always good; for in his childhood he did not love God. He was sometimes deeply affected when he thought of his ruined condition as a sinner, but he did not repent. He was not a rude and profane boy; but then he was not a Christian. Thus he continued till he was fifteen years of age, without God in the world. At that time there was a revival in the town, under the ministry of his father; and Samuel was awakened. But see the hardness of a perverse heart. For two whole years he was very unhappy, because he knew he must be lost without repentance, and yet would not repent. So great was his distress, that when his pious and tender mother inquired one day about his feelings, he exclaimed, "O that I had never been born. For two years I have been sorry God ever made me." There was rebellion in the wish, which the faithful parent could not encourage. "My son," said he, "you are born, and you can never throw off your existence, or your everlasting accountability for all your conduct." This heavy thought was like a dagger to his soul; and, through the abounding grace of God, and the wrestling prayer of her that bore him, he was that very day brought to the feet of Jesus a penitent and humble sinner. From that day, he was the friend of God and of man.

This good man loved his fellow men, and wished to do them good in every possible way; especially did he desire to save them from ruin and prepare them for heaven. While yet a youth, and soon after his conversion, he thought of the poor heathen, even when few others cared for their souls. The first idea his father had of his own change of mind, arose from hearing him remark, how pleasant a life it would be to go and preach the gospel to the heathen. And from the first hour of his conversion,

he never lost sight of his darling object. It will be recollected, how he exhorted his fellow-students at College and prayed for them, and how his efforts were blest in the salvation of many. While he was in College too, he thought specially of the degraded blacks, and said in his diary, "I long to have the time arrive, when the gospel shall be preached to the poor Africans, and likewise to all nations." He was a very modest man; but so great was his desire for doing good that he once said to a confidential friend, "Brother C—, though you and I are very little beings, we must not rest satisfied till we have made our influence extend to the remotest corner of this ruined world." At another time he said, "O that we could enter [the heathen world] at a thousand gates; that every limb were a tongue, and every tongue a trumpet, to spread the gospel sound."

It was evidently this benevolent spirit, this love to his fellow men, which bore him on to so many labors, and toils, and sufferings; and which made his mind so active, for inventing measures for promoting their salvation. Now this is not the disposition of men in general. They cry, Who will show us any good? They live and labor to gratify themselves; and they attend to religion for the purpose of saving their own souls. If they do any thing for the poor and afflicted, or for those who are perishing in sin and darkness, they do it grudgingly, and think they are very benevolent. But Mills did not live unto himself, or die unto himself. He seemed to forget there was such a being as little I, only as that little I might be a blessing to others, and go as an angel of mercy among the wretched and the ruined. This it was that made him a good and a useful man. This also made him a happy man, more than pleasures, and riches and honors could have done.

This good man loved Christ. Christ had died for him and for other poor sinners; he could never forget it, and never rest till he and multitudes of others should love their Redeemer and show forth his praise. Christ had long borne with his hardness of heart, and when he repented had forgiven him all. As he was forgiven much, he loved much. He loved his fellow sinners for Christ's sake. He loved the church for Christ's sake. He counted all things but loss for Christ. It was his daily prayer, and the labor of his whole life, to make known to perishing sinners the unsearchable riches of Christ, and to extend over the wide world the kingdom of his beloved Saviour who had bought him by his blood.

Mills was willing to labor; he was ardent, diligent and persevering in all his undertakings. Some people will pray for others, and perhaps give money to send them the gospel, but do not put their own hands to the work of doing good. They are unwilling to toil and to deny themselves, either for Christ or for the souls of men. Not so with Mills. Whatsoever his hands found to do, he did it with his might, for he did it with all his heart. Many labor for the meat that perisheth; Mills labored for that which endureth to everlasting life.

This devoted man loved to pray; and this was his light to guide him and his strength to sustain him. God was pleased to teach one so willing to be taught his will, that he might do it. Christ delighted to strengthen to every good work, one who so felt his own weakness, and confided in his almighty arm. The secret of the Lord was with him, for he feared and loved God above many; he committed all his ways unto the Lord, and dwelt in the secret place of the Most High. He eminently walked with God, and he was not, for God took him to himself, and now he rests in the bosom of his adorable Redeemer.

Children, who will be like Mills? Who will become penitent and humble Christians, loving the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, and their fellow men with a pure heart fervently? Who of you will delight in benevolence; and give your whole life and soul, in active and self-denying service, to God and your generation? Who of you will rise up to take the place of the departed and lamented Mills, to glorify God and do good in this miserable and sinful world?



# YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Published Weekly, by WILLIS & RAND, at the Office of the Boston Recorder, No. 22, Congress-Street....Price One Dollar a year in advance, or \$1, 50, if not paid in advance.

No. 27.

BOSTON, NOVEMBER 25, 1829.

VOL. III.

## NARRATIVE.

The following article is republished at the request of one acquainted with the parties, of whom it speaks, who assures us that the facts therein set forth are literally true.—*Mass. Spy.*

*From the Boston Evening Gazette.*

MISS A. M. S.

### A VICTIM OF CONJUGAL UNFAITHFULNESS.

A. M. was the only child of Mr. S., a respectable gentleman of New York, at which place she was born. Her father died when she was yet an infant; her mother afterwards married Mr. W., who was possessed of a little wealth, by whom she had two children, a son and a daughter. At an early age her step-father sent her to a school of deserved reputation, where being an apt scholar, she soon became initiated into the rudiments of an English education; and, ere many years had passed, she was the brightest ornament of the school, not only for application to her studies, but also for her mild demeanor and gentle and obliging disposition. Mr. W., being a man of plain and industrious habits, thought she had now sufficiently advanced in education; and knowing it might be his misfortune to be deprived of the little wealth he had accumulated by his industry—and sickness or death would disable him from providing for the necessary wants of his little family—he thought it prudent to give to each of the children, three in number, a trade, which at a later period of life, they might resort to, should fortune frown upon them.

I will pass over the trivial incidents which filled the history of the earlier part of her life, and hasten to the period when she became acquainted with him whose name should be blotted from this page.

She had now attained the twenty-fifth year of her age, when she was introduced to E— who boarded in the same house where she then resided. To be nearer to her place of business, she had left her parent's residence. A mutual esteem was founded on this introduction, for she was one to whom a stranger to her heart could not refuse to acknowledge there was something in her looks and manners that entitled her to his respect, yes, his love; and E—, too, was gifted with a prepossessing appearance, and seemed to possess a heart open to the gentle impulse of their most tender & endearing claims of honor and of virtue.

A few months after their acquaintance she was seized with a violent attack of fever, which confined her about six months to her bed, and threatened her life. Here it was that E— displayed that kindness and attachment, which gained the love of her, for whom he cherished the warmest regard. He was the first to relieve her trifling wants, and to bring her such dainties as the nature of her complaint would permit her to partake of. On her restoration to health, his attention to her was not forgotten; and he was made her bosom friend, the partaker in her joys and griefs; and, ere many months had fled, she requited his attachment with her heart and hand. By this act of heartfelt gratitude, she forfeited the care and love of her mother and step-father for ever—who, not liking E—, deeming him unworthy of her hand, were averse to the union—but love overruled all objections, and they were wedded.

A year passed on, and she was now a mother, and the tender pledge of their affection, a daughter, repaid her for the loss of a parent's love; and again she felt happy, when at eve, the toils and perplexities of the day being banished, with her infant in her arms, thus seated by her husband, she would recount the events of the preceding hours, and speak

of pleasures and joys they would behold in days to come—in days when they should behold their little innocent ripened to a maturer age, and basking in the sunshine of halcyon hours of happiness—hours, alas, she never was to see.

Two years had now gone by, and the prospect of more lucrative business offering in Boston, they made all necessary arrangements for their departure, and in a few days arrived at this city, which was to become the place of their permanent residence. E— soon obtained employment in one of the many large clothing establishments of this place, as the foreman thereof; the duties appertaining to which he was fully competent to discharge in a faithful manner. About three weeks after their arrival, an incident occurred, which was the ultimate cause of the death of her whose tale I now recount. E— accompanied by one of his companions, went to the theatre, and during his stay there, missed forty dollars, which he stated he had with him at the time of entering the place, and which he said must have been stolen from him. This was on a Thursday evening, on which night he returned home in ill humour, and his conduct then led his wife to think he had been drinking: this she told him; (which appeared from the letter she afterwards received, to have affected him). During the whole of that night his conduct was different from what it had ever been. The next day and night he absented himself from his home, which alarmed Mrs. E—, fearing some accident had befallen him. The third day and night arrived, and as yet E— had not come home; inquiries were made respecting him; and it afterwards appeared that he had left the city that night, (Saturday), taking with him a sum of money deposited in his hands by his employer, for the payment of the females under his charge, who were thus defrauded of their small but hard-bought earnings.

This strange behaviour of E—'s was the cause of much distress to Mrs. E—, who could not account for his unfeeling conduct. She was conscious that she now was as deserving of his love as she had ever been; for she had ever behaved to him in the most affectionate manner, and never for a moment forgot the respect and attention which is due from a loving and dutiful wife—and she now, too, was in that situation which called from him the most assiduous and gentle treatment.

A few days after his departure, she received a letter from him, apologizing for his late behaviour, stating that he was then in Providence, where he intended she should shortly come; and requesting her to state to the females, whose money he had taken, his intention of refunding the same when he should acquire the means of so doing. This letter was answered immediately, and received the following reply—the last she ever had.

*Providence, (R.I.) April 27, 1829.*

*My Dear Wife*—I received your kind letter of the 25th, which I can assure you gave me great satisfaction, and I hope it will be but a very short time before I shall see you and my dear little child. I am glad to hear that you both are as well as could be expected. My dear, I know that you are anxious to change your situation. I feel worried enough about you, depend upon it, both day and night; but I am now accumulating, as fast as I can, money to defray your expenses to this town, which I shall accomplish by the first of next week. You know you are in want of some necessities which you must have before you leave Boston. I am glad to inform you that I have got plenty of work, and with a very good man, although the prices are not so great here for the work. I think I can live as comfortably here as in any other place. I like the town very

much indeed, and I think that you will like it also. Boarding is cheaper here than in Boston; and the foreman says in the course of a month or so, he will let me have a part of his house, and furniture sufficient to furnish it—so that we can keep house once more, and I hope never to depart from it. We are now in an unsettled situation I know, but never fear. I hope before many days all things will be right.

P. S.—You made a very great mistake in directing your letter. Examine my letter and you will find it M—'s instead of W. V—'s Coffee House.

I am still your unaltered husband, E— E—.

Mrs. A— E—.

*To the care of Mrs. O—, No. —, Marshall st., Boston.*

Some weeks elapsed since the receipt of the above letter, and as yet Mrs. E— had heard nothing further from her husband—she wrote to him; but mail after mail arrived without bringing an answer. She now became alarmed at her destitute situation—a settled melancholy had fastened on her spirits—and the intense poignancy of her feelings added to her delicate state of health, were making dreadful havoc with her constitution. "Surely," she exclaimed, as she sat beside her child, caressing the little innocent prattler, whilst tears fell down her pallid cheek, "surely E— could not be so cruel as to leave me thus alone—sick and friendless—dependent on the charity of strangers for nourishment and necessities for my little one—at least, he might have provided for *thee*, my poor babe!" she said, as she kissed its unconscious lips. "Oh, E—! is *this* the reward I meet for all my care for thee?—*thee*, for whom I left my fond mother and my home!—Oh, E—, you could not be so cruel!" It was the only time she ever murmured, or gave utterance to her grief—but the inward emotions of her heart, in its hidden recess of sorrow, told, in the saddened eye and downcast look, of *feeling*, which tongue or lip were too feeble to express!

Again, a letter was despatched to Providence, and still remained unanswered, when a friend in her distress volunteered his services in her behalf, and after a fruitless search for the object of his mission, he returned with the tidings of his secret departure from thence—and whither he had gone none could tell. This was a death-blow to the remaining hope which she had cherished—cruel as he had been, she did not expect this—but thought the day was not far distant when he would return, and by his love requite her for the anguish she had felt;—but 'twas not so!—she knew her hopes were blasted—she felt that she was now alone, upon a desert world, deserted and forgotten!

The period of her confinement approached—disease had made fast inroads on her frame—her health declined each day, and death had placed his signet on her brow. Among strangers, remote from friends, and those who should have been near her in that trying hour, she gave birth to a daughter. Each day still nearer drew her on to eternity. Her kind landlady did every thing in her power to alleviate her sufferings, and did all a mother could have done, for she loved her as her own child. Poor A— felt the kindness thus shown her by this good lady, when all on whom she could have called for assistance had left her to perish: and she expressed her gratitude. On the tenth day from the birth of her child, symptoms of approaching dissolution had made their appearance. A— felt that she was dying—but she was calm—she knew that she *must* die—yet a flush upon that cheek told that *something* still lingered at her heart—need I say?—'twas a mother's deep and painful feeling—her little helpless orphans—her dear children, the pledge of that affection which was now so soon to terminate—must she leave *them* to suffer for a mother's tender care!—'Twas this



that made her bosom throb!—that brought the flush of feeling to her blanched cheek, and caused that precious tear of sweet affection thus silently to flow!—Oh! what must have been that mother's feelings at that dreadful hour!—Oh! where are words to portray the agony of a mother's love at such a moment!—and E—, too! although forsaken, she cherished still his memory nearest to her heart—

"She never blam'd him, never."

Oh, no!—she spoke kindly of him; she forgave him! "Tell him," said she, "when I am gone, how much I suffered—tell him to watch over and protect my children, and teach them to shun their mother's errors—ask him to forgive my faults—and when the cold earth is laid upon my body, oh, tell him to shed a tear for her who never wronged him, and whose greatest crime was loving him too well. Tell him this, as the last dying prayer of his fond, deserted wife—but do not say that I reproached him!" She now beckoned for her children—they were brought to her—she pressed the eldest to her lips, and imparted on her youthful cheek the last fond kiss she would ever receive from her who brought her into being; the child was taken from her, and her sleeping infant placed beside its dying mother—she kissed it—and with its little head reclining on her bosom—her moistened eye cast on Heaven, as though to invoke a blessing on her babe—sighing—she breathed her last!

## RELIGION.

### THE PRAYING SAILOR.

At the first formation of the "Liverpool Seamen's Friend Society," one of the secretaries had given to him, by a friend in London, a large packet of tracts, to be distributed among seamen, conformable to the plan adopted by the society with which he was connected. A small selection was presented to the mate of a vessel, who had been several times at the Bethel prayer meetings, and who promised to circulate them among the crew of the vessel he sailed in. This young man, after a lapse of nearly four years, has returned to Liverpool, master of the brig Ceres, lying in Salthouse dock. Seeing the secretary passing, he invited him into his cabin, and put him in remembrance of his having given the tracts. He stated that he had fulfilled his promise by handing the tracts to the men and boys on board. One of the apprentices, a youth of bad character for swearing and profaning the name of God, after reading a tract called "Serious Thoughts on Eternity," was observed for several days, by the mate, to be very thoughtful and serious, and sighed at times, as if something lay heavy on his mind. The mate asked him what caused him to look so sorrowful. "O, Mr. —, Eternity! Eternity! that awful word rings in my ears all day, and night too! What will become of me in eternity?" The mate observed he was but a poor hand to speak to the lad on religious feelings, being but little acquainted with them; but said, "You have been a wicked lad; but if you pray to God he may have mercy on you: do your duty, and refrain from swearing; read good books, and particularly the Bible." He would, after this, often be seen, when the ship's duty did not interfere, leaning over the gunwale of the vessel, evidently at prayer. The scoffs and jeers of the men, on account of his seriousness and dejection, and when reading the Bible, would sometimes drive him from his purpose, when seeking retirement, but could not shake him from his stability. He had a soul to be saved; the work was of God; and, by the assistance of his Holy Spirit, he bore all, determined to secure an earnest of a blissful eternity. On one occasion, seeking to avoid the scoffs of the crew, he crept (as he thought, unperceived) down the fore-hatch, and knelt down, leaning over the chest of one of the men, in prayer. The man to whom the chest belonged having seen him, as he said, go down with a suspicious appearance, waited a few seconds, followed him, and, seeing him by his chest, dragged him on deck, and with oaths declared he was opening his chest to rob him: the boy denied the accusation: the bustle thus caused, brought the

mate forward to inquire the reason. The man accused,—the boy denied: the mate feeling in favor of the lad, and supposing some religious cause for his being thus found, encouraged him to explain: the boy, bursting into tears, answered, "I was trying to do what my accuser ought to do; I was kneeling against his chest in prayer." The man was so struck by the boy's manner of confession, and the sincerity of his look, that he replied in a softened tone, "Why did you not say so at first?"

"Because," the boy answered, "I thought you would sneer, and ridicule me." "No, far from it, I will never ridicule you again; and will, as far as I can, prevent others from doing so. I sincerely believe you innocent; and when you pray, remember me." The boy continued to hold fast his faith; he stood firm in his religious profession; and, on his return from his voyage, became a member of a Christian church in the west of England; and, to this day, appears to adorn the profession he makes, devoting his best services to promote the glory of God.—*Report of the Liverpool Seamen's Friend So.*

## MORALITY.

*From a London Paper.*

### A DISTRESSING CASE.

Henry Newbury, a lad of 13 years, and Edward Chidley, aged 17, were committed for trial, charged with stealing a silver teapot from the house of R. H. Cocks, Esq. Grosvenor place.

There was nothing extraordinary in the case itself, but it was made peculiarly interesting by the unsophisticated distress of Newbury's father.

The poor old man, who it seems has been a soldier, and is now a journeyman pavier, refused at first to believe that his son had committed the crime imputed to him, and was very clamorous against the witnesses, but as their evidences proceeded, he himself appeared to become gradually convinced. He listened with intense anxiety to the various details—but when they were finished, he fixed his eyes in silence, for a second or two upon his son, and turning to the magistrate, with his eyes swimming in tears, he exclaimed, "I have carried him many a score miles on my knapsack, your honour."

There was something so deeply pathetic in the tone with which this fond remonstrance was uttered by the old soldier, that every person present even to the very jailor himself was affected by it. "I have carried him many score miles on my knapsack, your honour," repeated the poor fellow, whilst he brushed away the tears from his cheek with his rough unwashed hand, and then continued, "But it's all over now—he has done—and so have I!"

The magistrate asked him something of his story.

He said he had formerly driven a stage coach in the north of Ireland, and that he had a small share in the proprietorship of the coach. About that time he married a young woman with a little property, but he failed in business, and after enduring many troubles, he enlisted as a soldier in the 18th or royal regiment of Irish foot, and went on service with his wife and four children. Henry (the prisoner) was his second son, and his "darling pride." At the end of nine years he was discharged in this country without a pension, or a friend in the world—and coming to London, he with some trouble got employment as a pavier, by "the gentlemen who manage the streets of Mary-le-bone."

"Two years ago, your honour," he continued, "my poor wife was wearied with the world, and she deceased from me, and I was left alone with the children, and every night I came home I washed their faces and put them to bed, and washed their little bits o' things and hanged them o' the line to dry myself—for I'd no money, your honour, and so I could not have a housekeeper to do them, you know. Well, your honour, I was as happy as I could well be, considering my wife was deceased from me; but some bad people came to live at the back of us, and they were always striving to get Henry amongst them, and I was terribly afraid something bad would come of it, as it was but poorly I could do for them—and so I'd made up my

mind to take all my children to Ireland. If he had only held out another week, your honour, we should have gone, and he would have been saved. But now—"

Here the poor man looked at his boy again and wept—and when the magistrate endeavored to console him by observing that his son would sail for Botany Bay; and probably do well there—he replied somewhat impatiently, "Aye, its fine talking, your worship—I pray to the great God he may never sail any where, unless he sails with me to Ireland;" and then, after a moments thought, he asked, in the humblest tone imaginable, "Doesn't your honor think a little bit of a petition might help him?"

The magistrate replied, it possibly might, and added, "if you attend his trial at Old Bailey, and plead for him as eloquently in words and actions as you have done here, I think it would help him still more."

"Aye, but then you won't be there, I suppose, will you?" he asked, with that familiarity which is in some degree sanctioned by extreme distress—and when his worship replied that he should not be present, he immediately rejoined, "Then what's the use of it? There will be nobody there who knows me—and what stranger will listen to a poor broken hearted old fellow, who can't speak for crying?"

The prisoners were now removed from the bar to be conducted to the prison, and his son, who had wept incessantly all the time, called to him "Father, father!" repeatedly, as though he wished him to follow; but the old man stood, rivetted, as it were, to the spot on which he stood, with his eyes fixed on the lad; and when the door had closed upon him, he put on his hat, as if unconscious where he was, and crushing it down over his eyes, he began wandering about the room in a state of stupor. The officers in waiting reminded him that he should not wear his hat in the presence of the magistrate, and he instantly removed it—but he still seemed lost to every thing around him, and tho' one or two gentlemen present put money into his hands, he scarcely noticed it.

At length he slowly sauntered out of the office, apparently reckless of every thing.

Let every child who reads this tale of sorrow, avoid the company of the idle and the vicious; lest, in an evil hour, they be led to the commission of crimes which will bring down the gray hairs of their friends with sorrow to the grave, and expose their own souls to the burnings of that fire which never will be quenched, and to the gnawings of that worm which will never die!

## LEARNING.

*From the Juvenile Miscellany.*

### IDLE HENRY.

Come little children, come sit by me, and I will tell you a story. Will you believe that any little boy can have been so silly as not to love his book? I know a little boy who has a pretty book, in which his dear mamma has taught him to read; he is five years old now, and ought to be quite manly. Pray, do not you think that he is now too large to cry and fret, when he is dressed to go to school; that pleasant school, where there are so many pretty things to see, and so many new things to learn? If Henry were a little baby, you know that we should not think it such folly to cry; but he is so old,—five years old last April; yet he cries. I wonder if he will ever grow to be a wise man!

One bright, sunny morning, little Henry's mamma told him to get his hat, and his book, and she would walk with him to school; and she gave her little son a bunch of pretty flowers, to carry to the good lady who was so very kind as to teach him and other little children their lessons.

The flowers had been just gathered from a fine garden, and they were fresh when Henry took them; but he was such a long time in getting his hat, and then longer still, in finding his book, that there was danger of his losing the freshly opened buds, and fully expanded blossoms. But at last,



all things were in order, and away he went with his mamma.

Henry should not have kept his mother so long in waiting. Careful children put their books and other things always in one place; and that is a very good habit.

By and by, Henry reached his school-house, and he gave the flowers to the lady who was going to teach him his lesson. This lady was called dear aunt Mary, by her little scholars; she took the flowers which Henry gave her, and was pleased with them; she kissed the little boy, and placed him in a pleasant seat, where he might now learn his lesson.

But poor Henry, I am grieved to say, was an *idle child*; he played with his book, and did not know his lesson, when the time came for him to recite it. The other children were more attentive; they learnt all aunt Mary desired, and then, oh, how happy they felt; just as you do, dear children, when you have been good.

Henry heard his companions begin and end their lessons; he saw them receive the kiss, which expressed aunt Mary's approval of them; he would have joined them, when they produced their ivory blocks and numbers, and began a very pleasant lesson in Arithmetic; but he had not been good, so he could not go to them now. Then he sat alone, and doing nothing for a long time; at last he looked at the flowers which he had brought aunt Mary, in the morning; they were still pretty, and he wondered if they would live till the next day.

Aunt Mary told him that in a short time, they would fade and die: "Now," said she, "they are like good and beautiful children; to-morrow they will not be like my little scholars here, for they will have lost all their beauty; but you, dear children, can keep your loveliness by being very, very good."

Then Henry began to think that perhaps nobody would care for him more than for a dead flower, unless he learned to be good tempered, obedient, and attentive to his book: and after a little time, he began to study his lesson very diligently. As soon as he had learnt it, he went to aunt Mary, and begged that she would hear him say it. Then the kind lady was pleased with Henry; and she told him that every body would be pleased with him, if he became industrious, and that all his friends would love him, too.

Dear children, Henry did become industrious; he forsook all his idle ways, and now, any day, if you were to look into the school-room, you would not see his book on the floor, or beneath the bench, injured and unused; nor his slate and pencil either lost or broken: you would see an obedient, cheerful little boy, busied with his companions, either studying his lessons, or listening to aunt Mary's pleasant stories, and learning such things as will help to make him a wise man by and by.

Henry gets a kiss every day; not from aunt Mary only, but from dear papa and mamma, at home. He does not cry now, just like a very little baby, when he is bid to do any thing: no, he tries to be pleasant, and all his friends are pleased with him. I think that you will try to be good like him; will you not? Make haste, and learn to read well, and you will have plenty of pretty books, and you will be very happy.

Good bye to you for to-day; perhaps we shall meet again soon. D\*\*

## THE NURSERY.

*From the Children's Magazine.*  
SUN SET.

It was at the close of a summer's day, that little Harry — sat with his father at the door of their cottage. The birds were seeking their nests, the cattle were returning from the fields where they had been feeding during the day, and the smoke from the cottage-roof ascended through the quiet air like the prayers of the good, calm, and unobtrusive.

At length the sun went down bright and glowing, and star after star came forth in the sky, as if to look down upon the fair scene which nature presented; the dew-drops gathered on the leaves; the little in-

sects began to chirp among the grass, and Harry thought he had never seen so pleasant an evening. "How bright the sun has set!" said he to his father, "and how quiet every thing looks!"

"Yes, my son, that same great light, which during the day, has warmed us and our fellow-beings, has now set calm and bright. The great and good God, my child, who placed it in the sky to light and nourish the earth, has told us, that such shall be the death of the good man. After passing through life, and comforting and assisting all who are near him, he shall depart from the world like that sun, calm and bright—full of hope and joy.

"But, my child, that sun, you know, will rise on the morrow. So, after death, the good man will rise again to life, and never die: and the wicked also will rise; but God will reward the good, while the wicked he will punish, and banish them from his presence for ever."

Little Harry lived many years after this conversation with his father, and he often saw wicked men rich and prosperous, while the good were sometimes poor and distressed; but Harry never wished to be in the place of the prosperous wicked man, for he remembered what his father had told him, and what he had himself since read in the Bible, that after this life, the good would be rewarded, but the bad punished.

Harry often met, too, with those who injured him without cause. When he felt disposed to be angry with them, he remembered that after death we shall all again live, and, if good in this life, be rewarded; but, if bad, punished; and, instead of becoming angry, he would pray to God to forgive those who injured him, for he thought they did not know the great danger they were bringing on themselves.

He remembered reading in his Bible, that the Son of God, who came to earth to do good to men, and yet was put to death by them, prayed for his enemies even while they were crucifying him; and he thought with himself, "If my Saviour, who was without sin, thus forgave his enemies, how much more ought I to be forgiving, who am myself a sinner, and have so much more need of mercy in my own behalf?"

Thus Harry grew up in the fear and love of God, for he always remembered the good advice which was given him. Do you, my little reader, strive to be like him: for you also shall live after death, and either, through faith in Christ, receive a reward of glory; or else, if wicked, suffer the terrible punishment of your sins. H. M.

## ABRAM AND LOT.

"And Abram said unto Lot, Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee, and between my herdmen and thy herdmen; for we be brethren.

"Is not the whole land before thee? Separate thyself, I pray thee, from me: if thou wilt take the left hand, then I will go to the right; or, if thou depart to the right hand, then I will go to the left." —Genesis xiii. 8, 9.

The riches of people, in those days, were mostly in cattle, of which they had great numbers. "And Abram was very rich in cattle, in silver, and in gold." "And Lot, also, which went with Abram, had flocks, and herds, and tents. And the land was not able to bear them;" (that is, it was not large enough just in that part,) "that they might dwell together. And there was a strife between the herdmen of Abram's cattle, and the herdmen of Lot's cattle."

In that country, water was not always to be got at, as it is here, and wells were dug with great pains, to find water. To those wells the cattle were driven, and water was drawn and given them to drink. If two parties got to a well at the same time, they often quarrelled who should get the water first, or who only should have it. This was most likely the case with Lot and Abram's servants; but they were wrong to quarrel, and, by so doing, they made Lot and Abram leave one another, when they might still have lived together in love and peace; for the land would have been large enough, if they had been kind to each other.

And now Abram showed how good a man he was. As Lot and he must part, he gave Lot his choice. He was willing to do any thing for the sake of peace; and he told him, if he would go to the country on the left hand, then he would go to the right; or if he went to the right hand, then he would go to the left.

How much was this unlike those children who are pleased with nothing; and, if they are offered one thing, want another, and fling and show their airs if they cannot get it! If this spirit remain with them till they are men, they will always be quarrelling, and, by their obstinacy, will be disliked by every body. ib.

## NATURAL HISTORY.

*From the N. Y. Evening Post.*

### ANECDOTES OF A MONKEY.

Many pranks have been recorded as being the work of that most inimitable imitator, the Monkey. It has been my desire to add a few anecdotes to those upon record. The following were related to me by a gentleman from St. Domingo, who was the owner of the animal of which I am about to speak.

*A few of the feats of Jacko; a favorite Monkey.*

The cook was one day very busy picking chickens and preparing them for roasting. Jacko, seated on the window of the kitchen, paid particular attention to all these operations. No further notice was taken of him till the next morning, when he was found diligently rolling in the ashes four small ducks, which he had picked and skewered, *secundum artem*.

His principal amusement was to set dogs to fighting.—Sometimes, whilst walking on the roof of the house, he would perceive a strange dog on the plantation. He would immediately give a shrill cry, with which the dogs of the house were so well acquainted, as immediately to flock around him. The whole gang, with Jacko at their head, then sallied out to encounter and drive away the intruder. So soon as the combat was engaged, Jacko would run to some small hillock, some fence or some low tree, and there testify his joy by a laughing and chattering, interrupted only from time to time, to hiss the dogs on.

Having once, while accompanying his master on a visit, seen a gentleman's son take his lesson in writing, Jacko the moment he reached his home, flew to the ink pot, daubed his paws well with the liquid it contained, and proceeded to draw his pot hooks and lades on a white bed quilt, which unfortunately was near him.

He was often seen in the garden, digging up plants, and again burying them root upwards.

Some masons were busy repairing the ceiling of the apartment in which Jacko with his mistress usually passed the night. Jacko eyed their work with signs of great pleasure, and immediately running to the milk house, he paddled up the butter and cream cheese together, and then plastered the wall with this mixture for several feet.

The exploit in which he showed the most instinct was in fishing. He was several times seen occupied in this employment—his method was this:—He placed a small basket in the water near the edge of a brook. After making it fast by piling stones behind it, he would go about ten yards above the basket, there getting in the water and agitating it very violently, he would suddenly leave the occupation; then running to the basket would smartly throw it upon the grass to a distance from the water. In this manner he never failed to obtain numbers of the small fry, which were driven into the basket by his agitation of the water. C. G.

### THE DELICACY OF THE MARIKINA.

The Marikina is a pretty little animal which has often been brought into Europe.—Its elegant form, graceful and easy motions, beautiful fur, intelligent physiognomy, soft voice, and affectionate disposition, have always constituted it an object of attraction.

The Marikina, or silken monkey, can be preserved in European climates only by the utmost care



in guarding it from the operation of atmospheric temperature. The cold and humidity of our winters are fatally injurious to its health. Neatness and cleanliness in a fastidious degree, are constitutional traits of the marikina, and the greatest possible attention must be paid to it in this way, in a state of captivity. The slightest degree of dirt annoys them beyond measure; they lose their gaiety and die of melancholy and disgust. They cannot accustom themselves to live alone, and solitude is pernicious to them in an exact proportion to the degree of tenderness and care with which they have been habitually treated. The most certain means of preserving their existence is to unite them to other individuals of their own species, and more especially to those of an opposite sex. They will soon accustom themselves to live on milk, biscuit, &c. but mild and ripe fruit is most agreeable to their taste, which, to a certain degree, is also insectivorous.

## BIOGRAPHY.

### MEMOIR OF LEVI PARSONS.

[Editorial Abridgment.]

"Levi Parsons, the Missionary," is a more honorable title than "the Rev. Levi Parsons," or "the Rev. Dr. Parsons," or "the Right Rev. Bishop Parsons," or any other of those splendid titles by which the ministers of Christ have been called in the language of the world. It was the glory of Abraham, that "he was called the friend of God;" of David, that he was "a man after God's own heart;" of Paul, the very chief of the Apostles, that he was a "servant of Christ," was "a debtor both to the Jews and the Greeks" to "spend and be spent" for their salvation. Mills, if he had lived to the age of seventy, would never have been enrolled among the dignitaries of the church; but "his name is in the book of life," as one bought with the blood of Christ; and it is his memorial there that "he did what he could" in our wicked world to bring his fellow sinners to a knowledge of the truth, that they might be saved. Parsons was a man of like spirit. He "sought not great things for himself." But he ardently longed to "testify the gospel of the grace of God" to perishing men; and it was his delightful privilege to carry back these glad tidings to Palestine itself, and once more to proffer the Saviour to the seed of Abraham in their own land of promise.

Our readers know, that our Lord and his Apostles first proclaimed the gospel in Judea, and that from that country it "sounded out" to other lands, till in fifteen or sixteen hundred years it was first heard on these western shores. They know also, that a great portion of the Jews rejected Christ, and that he has rejected them unto this day. They are scattered among all nations, and are exceedingly oppressed and degraded. Some of them remain in their own land, dwelling in the midst of Mahometans and others, very few of whom are Christians so much as in name. The goodly heritage of ancient Israel is now a land of gross darkness, even as the shadow of death. It was to this land that Fisk and Parsons endeavored to carry back the gospel of Christ, and they have been followed by Goodell, and Bird, and Temple, and Smith, and Brewer, and Gridley, and several female missionaries of the cross. Some of these, having obtained help of God, continue to this time, toiling and suffering for Christ's sake. But Fisk, and Parsons, and Gridley, and Mrs. Temple, have been called home to their everlasting rest. Asia Minor, and other countries near Judea, where Christian churches once flourished, are now in nearly the same condition with Judea itself. At some places in these countries, more can be done for the cause than in the Holy Land; so the missionaries to Palestine, reside, or sojourn for a considerable time, at Malta, Smyrna, Beyroot, and other places.

Levi Parsons was born at Goshen, Mass., July 18, 1792. He was the second son of Rev. Justin Parsons; and while he was yet in his cradle his parents selected him for a preacher, and devoted him to Christ for that purpose. In 1808, when he was

not quite sixteen years of age, he was hopefully renewed by the divine Spirit, and soon after entered into public covenant with God & his people. In 1810, Mr. Justin Parsons was ordained pastor of the Congregational church in Whiting, Vt.; and in August of the same year, Levi became a member of Middlebury College in that State. During a revival there, in the course of that and the following year, his hope was severely tried, and the tone of his piety became more deep and solemn. The first mention of a missionary purpose in his journal, was on the 5th of April, 1812; when he says, "I frequently think of spending my life as a missionary to the heathen." He revolved the purpose often in his mind and prayed over it continually; but he concealed it from his most intimate friends for more than two years, when he disclosed it in a letter to his parents. He trembled when he looked on his own weakness and unworthiness; but he exclaimed, "Must I no longer indulge the thought of becoming a missionary or a minister? Then death (I speak with awe) would be more desirable than life. Become a missionary? O blessed thought! May I indulge it? Labor, toil, suffer and die for souls? O the honor is too great. 'Tis an angel's trust. Here I pause and wonder." Beloved man. His ardent desire was granted. After a course of study at Andover, and benevolent labors for some time in his own country, he set sail from Boston on the 3d of November 1819, and arrived on the island of Malta on the 26th of November following. In February after, while at Smyrna, he sketched his "plan" as follows. "Stay in Smyrna two or three months; then reside at Scio till autumn; then visit the seven churches; lay the foundation if possible for a permanent mission in this city; visit Palestine, study Arabic, and establish a printing press, if circumstances permit." This plan was carried into effect, so far as to visit the places mentioned. In Feb. 1821, "his feet stood within the gates of Jerusalem," and in April he travelled as far east as Jericho, the river Jordan and the Dead Sea.

Mr. Parsons' residence in Judea was shortened by civil commotions; and on the 8th of May he left Jerusalem, "the dearest spot on earth," to return to the Archipelago. He visited the islands of Samos, Tino and Syra; on the last of which he had a long and distressing sickness, when he was left twenty days at one time without reason. Recovering in a measure he went to Smyrna, where he "had a precious month with his brother Fisk." This was Pliny Fisk, who had been his companion at Middlebury, at Andover, and on his mission for some time; but they had been separated for a year, for Fisk did not go with him to Judea. In January he set sail for Egypt, hoping to recover health and proceed by land to visit Palestine again; but he laid his bones in Egypt. Fisk went with him, watched and soothed him in his sickness at Alexandria, and on the 10th of February saw him give up his spirit into the hands of his Redeemer.

Mr. Fisk did not long survive his lamented brother. He twice visited Jerusalem; but was soon taken to the "city of peace" above, where they who were fellow laborers and sufferers on earth, are joint worshippers of God and the Lamb forever.

We could set Mr. Parsons before our readers for their imitation, in many things, if we had room. One, however, we cannot omit,—his *ardent and grateful affection to his pious parents*. On his 20th birth day, the time when many young men feel as if they were free from obligations to love and honor their parents, Parsons wrote thus in his journal:

"This Sabbath morning is the commencement of an interesting period of my life; twenty years are past. My obligations to love and respect my parents were never greater, and never more gratefully reviewed. How often they prayed for me, and wept over me, when I was too young to know the value of their instructions, or to express the gratitude which they merited. With what faithfulness did they instruct me in the knowledge of my own heart, and in the great plan of salvation through the sufferings and death of Jesus Christ. And when I was led captive at the will of Satan, and heedlessly pursued the road to ruin, they continued to warn

and reprove with many tears. To the latest period of my life, it shall be my care to administer to their happiness."

## MISCELLANY.

### ANECDOTES OF CHILDREN.

A little boy reading to his mamma about the Lion, in a book of natural history, said, "Mamma, the Lion is a noble animal, but I love the Lamb better—and I will tell you why I love it better; because Jesus Christ is called the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world."

A very little girl who was frequently reading her Bible, often gave proof that she considered it her duty to obey its precepts. One day she came delighted to her mother, showing some plums that a friend had given to her. The mother answered, "she was very kind and has given you a great many." "Yes," said the child, "very indeed; and she gave me more than these, but I have given some away." The mother asked to whom she had given them? when the child replied: "I gave them to a girl who pushes me off the path and makes faces at me." Upon being asked why she gave them to her, she answered, "Because I thought that would make her know, that I wished to be kind to her, and she will not perhaps be unkind and rude to me again." How sweetly and simply did this dear little one obey the injunction to "overcome evil with good."

### A Little Girl's Compassion for the Heathen.

At a recent meeting of the Naval and Missionary Bible Society in England, a British officer who had served in India, related the following incident which occurred during his residence there.

In the course of his public duties, he was on a visit in a part of the country near where stood the famous temple of the idol Juggernaut. A brother officer returning home, one evening with his family, on a large elephant, they observed a number of people, about celebrating one of their grand festivals, called the Mohurum. The elephant was conducted close to the spot, in order that the ceremonies might be conveniently seen. A little girl, who was expected to take a lively interest in the pomp displayed, was silent and appeared very thoughtful. As soon as she got home, she earnestly entreated her mother to allow her to offer up a prayer to her heavenly Father, that he would have compassion on the poor natives, remove the gross superstition and darkness which surrounded them, and teach them that there is no other name given under heaven by which they can be saved but the name of the Lord Jesus! Such was the deep interest felt by this dear child, for the spiritual welfare of the deluded people!

Some months afterward, two missionaries at the hazard of their lives, came to Juggernaut; and there the gospel has been faithfully preached ever since. [Youth's Friend.]

## POETRY.

For the Youth's Companion.

### THANKSGIVING DAY.

What is't to keep Thanksgiving Day?  
Is it to eat and drink and play—  
Our work to leave, our friends to meet,  
And please our taste with every sweet?

No. 'Tis a day of pious joy;  
And we should every hour employ  
In speaking of God's mercies given,  
And raising grateful thoughts to Heaven.

This day good people meet to praise  
The God who lengthens out their days;  
Who gives them health and food and friends,  
And every precious comfort sends.

He spreads our table, fills our cup,  
And lifts our hearts with gladness up:  
And now we count his mercies o'er,  
That we may learn to love him more.

The friends we meet, the food we share,  
The fire we feel, the clothes we wear,  
And all the blessings that we prove,  
Should fill our hearts with grateful love.

O! may we evermore delight  
To do what's pleasing in his sight;  
And be prepared, through endless days,  
To feel his love and sing his praise.



# YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Published Weekly, by WILLIS & RAND, at the Office of the Boston Recorder, No. 22, Congress-Street....Price One Dollar a year in advance, or \$1, 50, if not paid in advance.

No. 28.

BOSTON, DECEMBER 2, 1829.

VOL. III.

## NARRATIVE.

*For the Youth's Companion.*

### ADVENTURES OF A BIBLE.

*[Written by a young Miss at School.]*

The first distinct recollection I have of myself is, that of standing on one of the shelves of a large bookstore in the city of London. I was surrounded by a multitude of companions, all possessing a character different from mine. It was mine to tell mankind of a God, but it was their's to say there was none. It was mine to tell them they were sinners, and it was their's to say they were not. It was mine to shew them a heaven, but it was their's to say there was no such place. It was mine to tell them of a hell, but it was their's to say this was false. It was mine to point out to them the path to everlasting felicity, the way to shun eternal woe, but it was their's to show the road to hell, the way to lose this heaven. It was mine to tell them their souls were immortal, but it was their's to say the soul would cease to exist with the body. They seemed a most abandoned, vicious collection. I knew their words were false, but that mine were true, because they were the words of One who could not lie. I wondered why I was placed among a group so unlike myself. I had stood in the same spot entirely neglected so long, while my companions were constantly exhibited to people who called, that I was quite discontented, being anxious to be placed where I could be useful. My companions might be useful in some respects, but it was my office to save the souls of men. Standing in this forlorn condition, I saw a gentleman of a more sedate and thoughtful appearance than most who called here, enter the room. The moment I saw him, a gleam of hope passed through me. He was taking a cursory view of my companions, and looking up, perceived me standing solitary and alone. He requested the bookseller to take me down. Upon complying with his request, he said he bought me by mistake, and as I was rather unpopular, he seldom offered me for sale. The gentleman, pleased with my external appearance, without becoming much acquainted with me, concluded to take me home with him. Immediately after we arrived, he began to consult me. He soon became quite interested in what I told him, though many things were dark and mysterious, and contrary to the natural propensities of his heart. But his own experience convinced him that I was true. When I painted his character in the most alarming colors, and pointed out the ruin that would soon overtake him, and above all, the way of escape, he determined to forsake his sins, and seek pardon and forgiveness. This resolution he did not forsake, but found acceptance with the Being against whom he had so heinously sinned. From this time, he regarded me as the dearest friend on earth, & said repeatedly he would not part with me for worlds beside. He thought a kind Providence had placed me in the shop where he found me, purposely for him. My good friend was soon brought upon a sick bed. He kept me constantly by his side, and would not part with me for a moment. I was his only comfort during his sickness, and his solace till death.

I now began to be quite anxious respecting my future lot, and soon found myself in the possession of my friend's only daughter. She was young and very gay. She consulted me occasionally after her father's death, but soon forsook me entirely, declaring she could derive no pleasure or comfort from my society, that I was tedious and uninteresting, a burthen and torment. The obvious reason why she considered me such an undesirable companion, was, that as often as she consulted me, her con-

science sharply reproved her for her past life. She felt what I said to be true, and that if she followed my advice, she must renounce her darling pleasures. The thought of this was so extremely painful, that she banished me from her sight, determined to have nothing more to do with me.

It happened, after some months had elapsed, that some friends of the family came to visit them from a distance. Among them was a little boy, with whose first appearance I was so well pleased, that I hoped by some means or other to fall into his possession. He was looking over the library one day, trying to find something useful and interesting to read. He had become almost wearied with the search, when happening to cast his eye up in one obscure corner, he espied me, and hastily grasped me, saying I was just the one he wanted. He said he left a good friend like myself at home, and was very happy to find one of the same kind here. He sat down with me, and we spent several hours together every day, for some weeks. He was then very anxious that a cousin of his in America should be favored with the same kind friend. The young lady requested him to send me, saying she had done with me, and would be very glad to have me out of the way. My little friend endeavored to persuade her to keep me, asserting that if she was only disposed, she would find my society very pleasant and useful. But all in vain. He accordingly put me on board the first ship bound to America, where after a long and tedious voyage, I at length arrived. I brought a letter of introduction to the young man from my little friend, expressing great anxiety that I should be carefully studied, and prove a lasting benefit. Feelings of indignation inflamed his breast the moment he saw me, for he had heard of me before. Regard to his little cousin, however, induced him to consult me occasionally. But I was often the sport and jest of himself and companions in iniquity. Such words as they spoke of me and my Author, I dare not repeat. I told them I was from God, and had a message to deliver them, even the way to eternal life. This only served to heighten their resentment, and they threatened to commit me to the flames. But that faithful monitor within would not permit. The young man continued his blasphemies of me, till brought upon his dying bed. He was overpowered with the enormity of his guilt. He attempted to consult me, but all seemed to aggravate his terror. He felt now that my words were truth. He would have given worlds, had he listened to my dictates. His mother felt greatly afflicted after his death, and resorted to me for consolation. She found in me all she wished, and from this time, daily resorted to me for advice and comfort. She lent me to a friend of hers, hoping I should prove the same rich supply for all her wants. The lady was advanced in sin as well as in age, though not wholly destitute of sensibility or serious thoughts. I was resolved to be faithful to her soul, and she soon became convinced of the truth of what I told her. I was now quite encouraged, and determined not to leave her, till she had become my friend. She continued in this state for some time, would sit and converse with me for hours together. She sometimes felt that she had grown so old in sin, that I could do her no good. I said to her, Strive hard. Seek, and ye shall find. Is this true, thought she. I will seek; peradventure I may find. I bade her persevere and not be weary. She followed my advice, till she experienced the truth of my promise. She then bitterly lamented her past life, and declared she would not forsake me till death, and was enabled to keep her resolution. But after her death, I was hid in one corner of an old garret, where I have been ever since, and am likely to remain here for years to come.

## BENEVOLENCE.

*From Blackwood's Magazine.*

### THE IDIOT BOY.

A poor widow, in a small town in the north of England, kept a booth or stall of apples and sweetmeats. She had an idiot child, so utterly helpless and dependent, that he did not appear to be ever alive to anger or self-defence.

He sat all day at her feet, and seemed to be possessed of no other sentiment of the human kind than confidence in his mother's love and a dread of the schoolboys, by whom he was often annoyed. His whole occupation, as he sat on the ground, was in swinging backwards and forwards, singing "pal lal" in a low pathetic voice, only interrupted at intervals on the appearance of any of his tormentors, when he clung to his mother in alarm.

From morning to evening he sung his plaintive and aimless ditty; at night, when his poor mother gathered up her little wares to return home, so deplorable did his defects appear, that while she carried the table on her head, her little stock of merchandize in her lap, and her stool in one hand, she was obliged to lead him by the other. Ever and anon as any of the schoolboys appeared in view, the harmless thing clung close to her, and bid his face in her bosom for protection.

A human creature so far below the standard of humanity was nowhere ever seen; he had not even the shallow cunning which is often found among these unfinished beings: and his simplicity could not even be measured by the standard we would apply to the capacity of a lamb. Yet it had a feeling rarely manifested even in the affectionate dog, and a knowledge never shown by any mere animal.

He was sensible of his mother's kindness, and how much he owed to her care. At night when she spread his humble pallet, though he knew not prayer, nor could comprehend the solemnities of worship, he prostrated himself at her feet, and as he kissed them, mumbled a kind of mental orison, as if in fund and holy devotion. In the morning, before she went abroad to resume her station in the market place, he peeped anxiously out to reconnoitre the street, and as often as he saw any of the schoolboys in the way, he held her firmly back, and sang his sorrowful "pal lal."

One day the poor woman and her idiot boy were missed from the market-place, and the charity of some of the neighbors induced them to visit her hovel. They found her dead on her sorry couch, and the boy sitting beside her, holding her hand, swinging and singing his lay more sorrowfully than he had ever done before. He could not speak, but only utter a brutish gabble; sometimes, however, he looked as if he comprehended something of what was said. On this occasion, when the neighbors spoke to him, he looked up with the tear in his eye, and clasping the cold hand more tenderly, sung the strain of his mournful "pal lal" into a softer and sadder key.

The spectators, deeply affected, raised him from the body, and he surrendered his hold of the earthly hand without resistance, retiring in silence to an obscure corner of the room. One of them, looking towards the others, said to them, "Poor wretch! what shall we do with him?" At that moment he resumed his chaunt, and lifting two handfuls of dust from the floor, sprinkled it on his head, and sang with a wild and heart piercing pathos, "pal lal, pal lal."

[Why is it, that the reader of this story is not like the poor Idiot Boy? Because God has given him reason, and kind parents and friends. Let him therefore be thankful to God for his goodness—obedient and respectful to his parents—and when he sees a poor Idiot, let him try to comfort him & relieve his wants.]



## RELIGION.

From the Juvenile Miscellany.

## THE SABBATH DAY.

Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy. GEN. II. 3.

This command must be very familiar to you, my dear young friends; and most, if not all of you, can turn to that part of the sacred writings where its words are recorded.

You are taught from your infancy to know and make a distinction between the employments of this day, and those of the remaining week. You go to church with your parents and friends;—you lay aside your work; your books of study; your general amusements;—but allow me to ask whether you have ever seriously considered why you do this; why do you rest from these duties, and these pleasures on the Christian Sabbath, and assemble in your Sabbath schools and your churches for other occupations, and more serious thoughts?

It is well, as we walk through the paths of life, now and then to pause and learn by what rules we are guided and governed.

The Sabbath in its first institution, was made for rest;—rest for man and beast from bodily toil, and by consulting the passages which precede and follow the words of our text, you learn, that it was to be observed every seventh day in memory of the creation of the world. Through the wickedness of mankind, this blessed institution was for very many years neglected and forgotten: but its commands were renewed on Mount Sinai; and we find the Israelites in the wilderness, acknowledging its Divine origin by the most rigid observance of its appointments.

But it is not now my purpose to speak at length of the Sabbath, as instituted for, or observed by, that ancient people. We, my youthful friends, are more nearly concerned with the history of that day set apart by Christians as their period of rest, and time of public religious worship: that day when we are permitted to give more particular heed to the concerns of our immortal souls; to receiving public instruction, & offering to God, our Heavenly Friend, united prayer and praise.

As Christians, we keep holy the Sabbath in remembrance of the resurrection of Jesus Christ, whom God sent into the world, to teach us a better religion than that dispensed to the Israelites by Moses. It was also on this "first day of the week," that the promised gift of the Holy Spirit, the Comforter, which was to come unto them, was imparted to the early disciples, who were assembled at Jerusalem on the "first day of the week."

The early Christians consecrated the day to prayer, exhortation, and mutual efforts after that knowledge 'which maketh wise unto salvation'; and we should imitate their example and strive to perfect ourselves more and more in all that is excellent.

You will perhaps tell me that you are children yet; that you go to church, it is true, but that you cannot be expected to take a part in the services performed there; that you will do this when you are grown to men's and women's estate; and that as for attending to the sermon, it is not addressed to you. But before you further urge such pleas, let me tell you, that though you are young, you are not uninstructed: you have a power of thought and of attention; and when you read an entertaining book, or listen to an interesting narrative, you find no difficulty in understanding the one, or remembering the other. You know that you possess thinking, active minds, and you should know that your powers, by determined effort, can be directed to any subject, and aided by a will to improve, may be benefitted; yes, very much benefitted, by sermons at church, even though they may be directed to maturer minds than yours. Never forget this; that something may be attained every Sabbath, if you are rightly disposed; and since a good God has given you the gift of a rational, immortal soul, be careful to use it well, so shall a great reward be yours.

You may think, perhaps, that as the sermon is

not a part of the worship at church, you are excused from attending much to it. Let me tell you again that you err. The time, the interest, the whole life of your minister is given to the promotion of your spiritual good: he studies; he writes; he preaches, that he may benefit you, and that in the highest sense; for he would aid in making you "wise unto salvation." Listen to him attentively, and seriously, and if now, as children, you cannot understand all he says, you will, by a habit of attention, be able every week, to comprehend more and more, and to be more and more benefitted by his lessons.

Again, though young, you can join in the more solemn services of the sanctuary,—prayer and praise: you can pray in your hearts:—and oh, believe me, a calm and holy happiness will follow, whenever your thoughts are given to this exercise.

You can aid yet farther in the public services, by uniting with those who sing hymns of praise; or if you can neither sing, nor are gifted with the power of learning, you can give your feeling to the service; and think if your heart is sincere. God can see and know all that you think and feel, and thereby will he accept you.

Children, let the Christian Sabbath be a day of holiness, peace, and love. Do not misapprehend me; I would not have this blessed day changed into a period of dulness and weariness. I would have you enjoy it,—enjoy it in its best manner. I would witness a face radiant with happiness, every Sabbath day, from every one of you. It was meant to be a happy day, and it should be one: but be careful and not mistake the right way of attaining this happiness. Learn to love and interest yourselves in its occupations for sacred hours, and your own peaceful minds will witness that you "have chosen that good part which cannot be taken from you."

I have been particularly led to these brief remarks, by noticing how many there are at church whose minds and eyes are wandering, and if not vacant, not disposed to suitable attention there. I have felt that these errors might be corrected;—that they would be,—could you be made sensible how much you lose by such faulty inattention. Remember that you do not go to church as a mere ceremony: but you go there to serve God; there to learn how you may better serve your Almighty Benefactor and Friend; and when you return home, it is there to do good by your example, by your goodness, by your right disposal of your remaining holy hours.

Children, listen to the voice of a friend; listen to the teachings of the Bible.—"Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy;" so shall your conscience be eased of offence here, and you be fitted for a higher and better state of happiness hereafter. D.

## MORALITY.

## JUVENILE DEPRAVITY.

*New York Court of Sessions.*—Saturday being the day appointed for the prisoners to receive sentence, the Sessions room was unusually crowded. The scene was very impressive. The youthful appearance of James Allen, excited more than ordinary interest. The Recorder stated that the Court had received the following letter from him:

*To the Honorable Richard Riker:*—I have been tried by a Jury of my country and found guilty of Burglary, a crime that I must acknowledge I am guilty of—though let me tell your Honors in the language of Solomon, I did not know before my trial the meaning of the term that is Burglary—for I have been told by many that were older than myself that there was no such crime.—But I now see that I have been wrongly misled in that as well in other things. Allow me to tell your honors I have been led astray by older ones than myself and I am sorry to say it.—But by old counsels or those that have been tried and found guilty of numerous crimes. My being a young boy, they thought I could be easily led away and be a good one to enter houses through the windows which I did in the case that I stand convicted. Mr. Centoo came to my

mother's house, the evening the robbery was committed and insisted of my going with him and others.—They told me so many fine stories that I consented to go with them—I am a young boy of no trade and but little education and if I must be punished I pray your Honors to sentence me to the House of Refuge, where I hope ere long to become a good citizen.—My age is between 13 and 14 years—I therefore close with an assurance that your honors will lend a listening ear to my prayers and make my sentence as low as the law will admit.

*New-York, Nov. 13, 1829.* JAMES ALLEN.

The judge observed that the law was peremptory, allowing the Court, in cases of burglary, no discretion. It was their duty to adjudge John Gray alias Centoo, James Allen, and William Small, to be imprisoned in the State Prison at Sing Sing, at hard labor, during the term of their natural lives. The case of Allen is a melancholy and affecting instance of the corrupting influence of evil associates. We are informed by Mr. Hays, an excellent judge of character, that he has no equal, within his knowledge, of his years, in the city. He is remarkably shrewd and sagacious, and on Friday challenged some of the jurors as they came to the book to be sworn, because he noticed in their faces something which he thought unfavorable to himself. The history of the whole family is but a record of wickedness and crime. His father is now in the State Prison, his mother is sentenced to the Penitentiary for six years, and his brother, Thomas Allen, was saved from the same fate only by being allowed to become State's evidence. [*New-York paper.*]

[Truly, "the way of transgressors is hard." Let Children, therefore, beware of the "beginnings of evil."]

## THE NURSERY.

*A Little Book may do a great deal of Good.*

There is more truth in this than my little reader would think, at first sight. A little money may be of some use to buy food and clothing, but it will soon be gone, and we must have more, or starve. A little coat, or frock, may serve very well to keep you warm and comfortable, till you grow so large that it will not fit you; but that time will soon come, and, very likely, even before that time, it may wear out. It is just so with every thing that is meant for the good of our bodies only. But a book serves to feed the mind. The food of the mind is knowledge—the knowledge of whatever concerns ourselves, or our duty to God and to one another. All good books are made to give us some part or other of this knowledge. Now when we feed the body, you know, we soon become hungry again, and are as much in want of food as ever. But it is not so with the mind. What is once well learned, belongs to us for ever. We know it, and will never need to be taught that thing again. But, perhaps, you are ready to ask me, "What does all this show? How does this teach us the use of a little book?"—Why, if knowledge is of such great value, whatever helps us to it, must be worth a great deal to us. A few words may give us a great deal of knowledge. One chapter of God's Holy Word, has in it more true knowledge, than all the books that men ever wrote. Now, if a book tells you about what God teaches us in his Word, and makes it plain to you, and helps you to understand it, and apply it to your own good, that book will be of great use to you, however little it may be.

Something of this kind, I dare to say, was in the mind of a little girl, whom I heard the other day saying to her younger brother: "Oh! James! how can you tear your good book? Don't you know it's wicked to tear your book?" "Wicked!" said the boy, "why, it's only this little book: what harm can there be in tearing such a little book?"—That 'little book' might have taught him to be a better boy, and set more store by what had been given him to do him good, if he had read it, instead of tearing it to pieces; for it was the History of Little John & his Noddy of Honeysuckles.

Perhaps some foolish boy or girl, who loves to tear a book better than to read it, except just



when it is new, may see this. Let him or her take notice of a story which I will tell them, to show how much good a *little* book may do, when it is in the hands of one who is willing to profit by it.

There was in England, ten years ago, a family so poor as to be obliged to apply to a Society for help. The mother of the family, when she was telling the Managers of the society about their misery, said, that in all their distresses, she and her husband had "*one* comfort." Of course, the managers asked her, what that was? She said, "We have a little boy, only nine years old, and there is *such* a change in him!" They asked her, what made the change? She answered, "That one of her little girls went to help a poor woman to clean a butcher's shop; and that woman had no money, but gave her a little book, and it had made *such* a change with the boy!"—Now this family had not been brought up in the fear of God; and the father and mother had never taught their children to pray. The little book that the boy got, was the history of a negro slave, who had learned to read the Bible, and to love our Saviour, and to pray to him for the pardon of his sins. The boy read this, and said, how good it was to fear God, and love him, and pray to him. He could not be satisfied, till he had learned to pray as the slave did. His mother tried to teach him, and prayed with him, telling him that God himself would teach him still better than she could, what to pray for, and how to pray.—All this his mother told the managers of the society.

One of the gentlemen was so much pleased with the history, that he sent for the little boy to come to him. When the boy came, he gave him a book, but first asked him several questions. He asked the boy if he ever prayed? "Yes, sir," he answered, with great modesty. "What do you pray for?" was the next question. The boy said, "For God's holy Spirit, and for the pardon of my sins." "You are very young, have you ever sinned?" asked the gentleman. "Oh, yes, sir!" said the boy, shaking his head, with much seriousness. Among other questions, the gentleman asked him, "How he thought God would forgive him?" He said, "Because Christ died for sinners." The next question was, "Whether he could tell what made the black man happy?" "Yes, sir," he said, "he was carried far from home to hear of his Saviour's love."—All this, my young reader, that boy had learned from the single *little book* that God, in his goodness, had put into the heart of the woman to give his sister. He had been sadly neglected, and knew nothing of what was needful to save his soul. Yet, as soon as he had any opportunity, he made the best use he could of God's blessing; and see what was the consequence! He was happy himself, and the comfort of his parents, and got the love of all who knew him.—The gentleman who questioned him, got his parents to put him to a Sunday School; and you may be sure he did not neglect the chance of becoming "wise unto salvation." No doubt, he read diligently God's Holy Word, and learned to use, with his heart, as well as with his lips, the excellent prayers for blessings of every kind, that are in our Book of Common Prayer. E.

### THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

From the Christian Advocate.

#### A SABBATH SCHOOL SCENE.

One pleasant Sunday afternoon, in the month of August, a teacher in Sunday school No. 1, in the city of New York, gathered the scholars around him, to tell them about something that had happened the week before. It was the death of a little girl who had belonged to a Sunday school in this city for a long time. He stated that on the Sabbath when she was lying dead at her home, the superintendent carried her school mates there that they might once more see their little friend before she should be laid in the narrow house. Some of them were a good deal affected by the sight.

This story seemed to interest the scholars considerably; but they little thought that they would

so soon be called themselves to take part in the same thing which they had been hearing about, with one of their own school mates. Such, however, was the case. In about an hour's time a note was received from Mrs. Titus, stating that her son, Joseph Varrick Titus, who belonged to our school, had died that morning, and inviting the teachers and scholars to attend his funeral in the afternoon. So they all went down when the school was dismissed to take their farewell look of him as he lay in his coffin, and before he should be carried to the silent tomb. It was an interesting scene, and we trust that such a visible evidence of death in one of their own fellow scholars will not be without some good effect upon them.

Joseph V. Titus was nearly ten years old at his death. On Friday morning he was taken ill of a fever, which continued to increase upon him until Sunday morning, when he died, and his spirit returned unto God who gave it. His disorder was so violent as almost to prevent his speaking; and, indeed, the last day of his life he was in an agony of pain, so that although a tender and delicate child, his convulsions were so strong that it was impossible for one person to hold him. This prevented his leaving much evidence of the frame of his mind while in view of death. Once, however, he expressed a wish to see his teacher. He had been a member of the school for a number of years, and lately had seemed to pay a good deal of attention to religious instruction, so that his teacher was very well pleased with him, and seemed to hope that his mind was preparing to receive religion. A week or two before his death, the Tract called *Queneh not the Spirit*, was read in our school, and his mother relates that he gave a very full account of it to her on returning home, and seemed to be much interested in it. He was a very active and playful child, and yet he would sometimes weep over the interesting little histories that were read to him, or at the instructions of his teachers. These things lead us to hope, that though little Joseph has quit this world, it is only to go to a better; for God, who once said, "Suffer little children to come unto me," is not an unkind being, and he promises great mercy to such as try to serve him. And perhaps even while the school mates of Joseph were standing around his coffin, and touching his pale, cold, motionless cheek, his spirit was happier than ever it had been while he was living here upon earth. E. R. WILEY.

### REVIEW.

For the Youth's Companion.

THE SOLDIER'S ORPHAN, OR HISTORY OF MARIA WEST. Portland:—Shirley & Hyde, 1828.

We should think that parent very unwise, if not very wicked, who should send his son, at seven years of age, to live with a pirate or a highwayman; although his object might be to produce in his mind an aversion to their wickedness. The poor boy might shudder, at first, at the enormities which they committed, but in the end, he would rob and murder without fear or compassion. We should also think it very strange and wicked in a mother who should send her daughter to live with an abandoned woman, that she might become acquainted with the ways of the world—the arts of seduction, and with the seducer himself; although her object might be that she might learn how to resist them. *Can a man take fire into his bosom and not be burned?* And can children go into the company of the most abandoned and not be destroyed?

If it is pernicious to associate with robbers and seducers, it is also pernicious to read their histories. Those who introduce into Sabbath School books, minute and protracted accounts of the various and wicked arts of the seducer, and the destruction of his victim, seem to think that they make ample amends, if they punish him by visiting him with the stings of a guilty conscience, or perhaps, make him take away his own life. But the remedy comes too late. The mind has been poisoned by its intercourse with accomplished wickedness, and though deserved justice overtakes the wretch, yet it does

not heal the wound. The mind often returns and dwells upon the scene. It clothes the wretch with all the fascinations and accomplishments, which can be imagined, in order to palliate the guilt of the victim; and in the beauty and innocence of the seduced it finds an excuse for the seducer. But these writers plead the authority of the Bible. The Bible records instances of great wickedness. True, it does, but it is done in a word.—It is a short simple statement of facts. The circumstances attending the fall of our first parents are recorded in a very few words. The account of its consequences extend through the Bible. Mark the difference. The novelist fills his whole book in narrating the circumstances attending the destruction of innocence, and punishes the destroyer on the last page. All that is necessary to be known concerning the fall of David is recorded in *three verses*. A writer of a religious novel employs a volume in recording a similar event. The Bible records plain unvarnished facts, with regard to the actions of wicked men; but with these authors, all the temptations must be brought into view and rendered *so irresistible*, as almost to take away the enormity of the crime. *So irresistible* that the reader almost wishes to be in similar circumstances that he might have an excuse for sin. O, what would be the moral influence of the Bible, if its narratives were remodeled to suit the taste of some of our writers of Sabbath School books.

We have been led to make these remarks by perusing the book whose title stands at the head of this article. We will only advert to what we deem objectionable. It is a detailed account of the arts of seduction. The seducers name is Mr. Bettsworth.—Messrs. Editors, we were going to quote from various places in this book, in which an account is given of Mr. Bettsworth's attacks upon a virtuous girl—his success in destroying a "poor young Lady," who had been religiously brought up—his having recourse to "female agency to lure the unsuspecting game into the fatal snare," but we never saw any such language in the "Youth's Companion," and we will forbear.

We noticed a conversation between Maria and one of Mr. Bettsworth's victims who was drawing near the grave. Maria was a pious girl and had been conversing with the young Lady on the subject of religion. The Lady observed "I already feel a pleasing something in my heart, a ray, a glimmering of hope I never before experienced." "Oh! then," said Maria, "for the glory of God, encourage that hope, Christ who opened the eyes of the blind, and raised the dead, will open the eyes of your understanding; he will raise the *principles of virtue which lie dead in your breast*, and revive the hope of salvation in your despairing bosom." What the author means by *dead principles of virtue*, we cannot tell. If he means that we possess *natural* goodness or holiness—the sentiment is far from being orthodox.

We would call the attention of superintendants and teachers to this book—Read it for yourselves. We do this, because the book may be found in some Sabbath School Libraries, but not at the Sabbath School Depository. This fact ought to have some weight with those who select books for Sabbath School Libraries. If the Depository is what it should be, it will contain the most unexceptionable Sabbath School books; and the fact that a book is not to be found there should lead purchasers to inquire the reason. It is known that the Mass. Sabbath School Union have published but few books themselves, but if they accomplish the end designed, they will supply themselves with the most suitable books which are published by others.

P. S. This book is sent forth as a companion of another, entitled "Susan Gray," which is of the same character, only, somewhat more exceptionable. We have read them both and think they are suitable companions, and we hope they will be banished, together, from all Sabbath School Libraries, and go together into perpetual exile. We heard a Sabbath School girl say, the other evening, "It seems to me that all the Sabbath School books I read, lately, tell of the men's attempting to *carry off* the girls." This is a sad comment upon Sabbath School books. REVIEWER.



## BIOGRAPHY.

## MEMOIR OF MRS. GRAHAM.

[Editorial Abridgment.]

The following is an article of *Female* biography, intended more especially for our *Female* readers. All the memoirs we have published in this way for several weeks, have given account of *Men*. But there have been many *Women* also, who were eminent for piety, and who were very useful in the world. And we wish to have good examples placed before young people of every class.

Mrs. Isabella Graham was born and educated in Scotland; but she came over to this country twice, and spent a great portion of her life in the city of New York. There she died on the 27th of July, 1814, aged 72, "coming in like a shock of corn fully ripe."

This lady saw many changes during her pilgrimage; and as they illustrate her character, and also show the faithfulness and mercy of God towards her, we will briefly recount them. Her parents' name was Marshall, and they were pious people, who cared for the souls of their children. Under their instruction, and that of a pious school-mistress, Isabella became a child of God in her early days. "She had no distinct recollection of the period, at which her heart first tasted that the Lord was gracious. As long as she could remember, she took delight in pouring out her soul to her God. In the woods she selected a bush, to which she resorted in seasons of devotion; under this bush she was enabled to devote herself to God, through faith in her Redeemer, before she attained to her tenth year. To this favorite and sacred spot she would repair, when exposed to temptation or oppressed with childish troubles. From thence she caused her prayers to ascend, and always found peace and consolation." What a lovely example to all children, and what an encouragement to seek the Lord early, while he may be found. At the age of seventeen, she was admitted to communion by the Rev. Dr. Witherspoon, then one of the ministers of Paisley, afterwards President of Princeton College in America.

At the age of 23 she was married to Dr. John Graham, who was then in practice at Paisley; but who went in about a year as surgeon of a regiment to Canada. They resided several months at Montreal, and then were in garrison four years at Fort Niagara, on Lake Ontario. When war commenced between Britain and America, this regiment was ordered to the island of Antigua. Thither the affectionate Mrs. G. followed her husband; and there she remained several years in a land of strangers, but happy in the society of this beloved friend, and in communion with God. But in November, 1774, her husband was removed from her into the land of silence, after only five days' sickness; and she was left, far from her kindred and home, with little property, and three little daughters around her, the eldest of whom was not over five years old. How thankful should our little readers be, if they have not been bereaved of their father in such a trying situation. Yet how thankful should they be, if when their father has forsaken them they have had a mother like Mrs. G.; a mother who could pray for her helpless orphans,—a widow who could trust in God. She bowed with humble submission to the will of her heavenly Father, resolved to be a widow indeed while she lived, and devoted herself renewedly to the service and glory of God.

After the death of her husband, her only son was born, whom she named John. As soon as she was able, Mrs. G. embarked for Ireland, on her way home to Scotland; and after a stormy voyage, arrived in safety. But on the short passage from one of those countries to the other, a great storm arose, and the vessel struck in the night upon a rock. "The greatest confusion pervaded the passengers and crew. . . . Some were swearing, some praying, and all were in despair. The widow only remained composed. With her babe in her arms, she hushed her weeping family; and told them that in a few minutes they should all go to join their father in a better world." See what faith and the

love of God can do, in a time of awful extremity.—God preserved them all, however, and they were brought safe on shore. In a few days she entered her father's dwelling; "not the large ancient mansion in which she had left him, but a thatched cottage," for her father had become poor and supported himself by labor. In a short time after his health failed, and Mrs. G. had him added like another child to those who depended on her for support. She "requited him" for his early kindness to herself, and maintained and cherished him while he lived. A few religious friends called to welcome her home; the gay and wealthy part of her former acquaintances . . . found not their way to the lonely cottage of an afflicted widow." No matter: if they had come, they would have been "miserable comforters." The widow needed not their empty mirth. In the sympathy and counsel of the saints, and in communion with God, she had "meat to eat that they knew not of."

It is written, "The Lord will provide." Mrs. G. trusted in this promise in her loneliness and poverty, and the Lord provided for her and her dependent family. "At Paisley, for a season, her breakfast and supper was porridge, and her dinner potatoes and salt." She fared thus because she preferred "to eat her own bread, however coarse, and to owe no person any thing but love." Thus she was prepared by her own sufferings to pity and relieve the poor and the fatherless, at another period of her life when she had the power. By teaching a small school at Paisley, she obtained a living, and was very useful and highly esteemed. God raised her up friends; and after a few years, brought her into a larger sphere of usefulness in Edinburgh. She commenced a school there in 1780, and continued it till she removed to New York in 1789. She was honored with the friendship and counsel of many persons of distinction & piety in Scotland; and many years after there were many persons, who dated their first religious impressions from her early instructions in her seminary. Many in that country, as afterwards in America, "rose up and called her blessed."

[Remainder next week.]

## LEARNING.

## MIND YOUR STOPS.

An article illustrating the necessity of care in punctuation, and composed with considerable ingenuity, has attracted our attention in the miscellaneous department of a western paper. It is probably very old; but never having seen it before ourselves, we presume it may be new to some of our readers also. The books of law might furnish some very interesting instances of the important results which sometimes ensue from inaccuracy of punctuation. It has been more than once that the intention of a will has been frustrated by the misplacing of a comma; and we believe that cases have occurred, in which lives have both been lost and saved by as trifling an inaccuracy. We quote a part of the paragraph which has occasioned these observations, that the reader may see how dependent the sense of an article sometimes is on the proper placing of the pause:

"He is an old experienced MAN in vice and wickedness he is never FOUND in opposing the workers of iniquity he takes DELIGHT in the downfall of his neighbors he never REJOICES in the prosperity of his fellow creatures he is always PLEASED when the poor are in distress he is always READY to ASSIST in destroying the peace and happiness of society he takes NO PLEASURE in serving the Lord he is uncommonly OBLIGENT in sowing discord among his friends and acquaintances, &c."

The character of the individual thus described depends, as the reader will see, upon the disposition of a few semicolons. If they be placed after the words which are printed in small CAPITALS, it is one which every man should emulate; but the case is quite the reverse if they are inserted after those printed in italics.

N. B. Read the sentence both ways.

## MISCELLANY.

## Anecdotes of Sabbath Scholars.

A young lad, who had been in a school for a year, had become so profane and noisy, that the teachers were obliged to dismiss him. A few Sabbaths after his dismissal, he called at the door of the school room and hearing a few words in an address which was made to the scholars, he was awakened to a sense of his sins and soon obtained comfort. He was shortly received back to the school and is now one of the best scholars. [Philadelphia.]

A boy, at the age of ten, who attended a school but a short distance from the one which had been attended by the above boy, showed in a high degree, the good effects of the instruction which he had received. He had much anxiety about the salvation of his soul. In the early part of his sickness, he seemed to pray with great anxiety, that God would give him a new heart, and prepare him for heaven. His head was so much affected by his disease, that he in a measure lost his reason. There were certain seasons, however, when he was heard to converse on the subject of religion, and to pray that he might become good, love God, & go to heaven. When his teacher visited him the last time, he found his distress to be so great that he said nothing to him. A few hours after he had gone, his mother asked him if he wished to see his teacher. He replied "yes, but if I don't, tell him that I am happy." On the day of his death, he talked to one of his companions; and reaching to him his parting hand, he bade him farewell. At the time of his departure he exclaimed; "I am going to see Jesus." Having said this, his spirit returned to God who gave it. *ib.*

A girl at the age of twelve, who was a Sunday Scholar in one of our large cities, died not long ago, and gave evidence that she had become pious. As her parents were very wicked people, her religious privileges had been very few. Her sense of sin was so great, that she was often seen to weep, and heard to break forth in earnest cries for mercy. One morning she found that the Saviour was precious to her soul; and her cries were changed into songs of praise. The glory and love of Jesus, were her constant themes. Several teachers and scholars visited her; and she had much sweet conversation with them about divine things. By her request, her parents knelt by her dying bed; and she prayed for their eternal salvation. To her mother she said, "attend to religion, seek the Saviour, and prepare to follow me." Amid her pains and groans, her hopes were bright; and we trust that her spirit has gone to a happy heaven. *ib.*

*Difficult Things.*—The three things most difficult are, to keep a secret, to forget an injury, and to make good use of leisure. *Chilo.*

## POETRY.

## LITTLE BIRD! LITTLE BIRD!

"Little bird! little bird! come to me!  
I have a green cage ready for thee—  
Beanty-bright flowers I'll bring to you,  
And fresh, ripe cherries all wet with dew."  
"Thanks, little maiden, for all thy care—  
But I dearly love the clear, cool air,  
And my snug little nest in the old oak tree  
Is better than golden cage for me."  
"Little bird! little bird! where wilt thou go,  
When the fields are all buried in snow?  
The ice will cover the old oak tree—  
Little bird! little bird! stay with me."  
"Nay, little damsel; away I'll fly  
To greener fields and a warmer sky;  
When Spring returns with pattering rain  
You will hear my merry song again."  
"Little bird! little bird! who'll guide thee  
Over the hills, and over the sea?  
Foolish one, come in the house to stay;  
For I am very sure you'll lose your way."  
"Ah, no, little maiden! God guides me  
Over the hills, and over the sea:  
I will be free as the rushing air,  
Chasing the sun-light every where!"

[Juvenile Miscellany.]



# YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Published Weekly, by WILLIS & RAND, at the Office of the Boston Recorder, No. 127, Washington-Street....Price One Dollar a year in advance, or \$1, 50, if not paid in advance.

No. 29.

BOSTON, DECEMBER 9, 1829.

VOL. III.

## NARRATIVE.

*From the Youth's Friend.*

### HOW TO SHOW CHARITY WITHOUT BEING RICH.

In a lonely house, half-way up a mountain, there lived an old and very desolate woman, than whom no living being could seem to be more dreary and forlorn! She had not a single creature in the world belonging to her, as she had out-lived her few poor relations: and the only living thing that seemed to have any love for her, was an old gray cat; it shared her scanty morsel, (which the kindness of a neighbor, or the bounty of the rich afforded her,) and sat with her beside the few embers of her small fire.

What was the saddest part of all, this poor old creature had none of that comfort which warms the inside of the heart—I mean the knowledge of that blessed Saviour who came to “lighten our darkness.” Not that she had obstinately turned her ear away from the good tidings of salvation, but she had been brought up in such dark ignorance, that she knew little even of the sound of the gospel, and had never been taught to read!

But that God who looks down on the desolate places of the earth, had prepared a friend for this distressed creature. Just at this time there came a farmer and all his family to settle on some land that lay at the foot of the mountain, not far below the dreary cabin of the old woman. This farmer had a large family of fine children; the eldest of whom was now nearly a grown up girl; and she was such a one as gave joy to her parents. Through the divine blessing, all the good instructions that had been given her, and the precious seed that had been sown in her heart out of the good word of God, (whilst she had been a constant attendant at the Sunday school,) were now springing up in pleasant fruit.

The Lord had opened her heart to feel that kindness and tender pity for the poorest of her fellow-creatures, which made her willing to show compassion to the most destitute. It is a great mistake when the children of those who are not very rich, think that there can be no charity to the poor expected from them. The meaning of the word *charity*, is *love*; and there are many little offices of love, or kindness, which such might show towards the desolate, that would bring gladness to a widow's heart, even without having one farthing of money to give away. A kind word and look, a patient listening to the complaints of the wretched, half an hour spent in the cabins of such, lightens the misery of some poor heart that is without any friend, upon earth! and if the love of Christ has truly touched the heart of any persons, young or old, it will teach them many ways of trying to comfort the miserable.

Sarah Williams, (for that was the name of the farmer's daughter,) had not been long in their new home, before she began to look about to find who seemed to be the most desolate and poorest human creature living near them. This she was not long in finding out, for every cabin had some little comfort about it, except the solitary tottering one of the poor old woman on the hill. To that dreary spot Sarah directed her steps, one fine April morning; having first asked her mother's leave; taking with her a little basket, into which she put some pieces of brown bread, (which she always saved at breakfast time,) and her Testament and some Tracts. A little climbing brought her to this poor dwelling, the door of which was open, so she had no need of knocking for entrance. And there, looking in, she saw the figure of a very old and very miserable looking wo-

man, sitting on the side of a low pallet-bed; her head resting on her hands, with such an air of dejected indifference to every thing around her, that Sarah felt the tenderest pity whilst she looked at her, and stood a moment in doubt as to what she should say to her. The old woman looked up on hearing footsteps approach her door, with a look that told Sarah she was very miserable. Sarah needed no other invitation into her poor cabin than this sorrowful look; so stepping in, and coming up near to her, she said in a voice that sounded sweeter than music in the old woman's ear, because it was the voice of *pity* and *love*, “I fear that you are very dreary in this solitary place. Have you no one to live with you? Tell me what is your name, that I may talk a little to you?”

“My name?” said the poor woman. “Ah! who has put it into your young heart to speak a kind word to one who has not a living creature in this world to care for her? My name is Frances Green.”

“Shall I tell you who it was that put it into my heart to come and visit you?” said the kind young Sarah, making a place for herself among some broken sticks, and sitting down. “It was One that has done more for you and me than we can ever repay, if we were to spend every day in thanking Him.”

“And who is that?” said the old woman, with a look of surprise that had seldom passed across her face before. “He must be a very unknown friend to me, for I did not believe, that in or about this large world was one who cared whether I was alive or dead. But yet, when I look in your young face, and see that look of pity and love in it, it warms my old heart with something like *comfort*, and it *must* have been a *true friend* to me, that bid you come and see me.”

“Well, Frances,” said Sarah, “it was indeed a true friend. If you knew a little about him, it would warm your poor heart a thousand times more than my pity and love could do; and long as you have lived without knowing him, yet I am come to bring you a message from this friend, and if you will accept it, you may be much happier than you now are. This friend, Frances, is the Lord Jesus Christ, the Great Saviour, who left his kingdom of glory, and came down to this world to be poor and despised in it, for no other purpose but to ‘*save sinners*,’ to comfort them that mourn; to shed his own precious blood, which is the only thing that can wash the soul clean from sin! And after he had done all this,—he died—and rose again. He is now gone back to heaven, where he sits at the right hand of God the Father,—and he pleads for sinners. And he has left on earth his gospel, which is full of such messages of love and mercy to the poor and needy, that every poor soul who will listen to it shall be made to ‘sing for joy’; these were his own words, ‘To the poor, the gospel (that is, good news) shall be preached.’ And if you like it, Frances, I can read you some of those kind messages he sends you,—here, out of the very book I have been telling you of; and I will come often to read them over and over to you, because they are such precious words that they ought to be read very often. Hear one of them, ‘Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.’”

Then Sarah waited a moment to hear what the old woman would say. Many changes had passed over her aged features while Sarah spoke; and the look that remained, was a gleam of comfort; as if something like a ray of heavenly light was stealing into this habitation of misery: it was a look that gave young Sarah a hope, that she might be allowed

to be the messenger of better blessings to this poor creature, than silver or gold can bring.

The old woman remained for a few moments quite silent, as if she were trying to understand all she had just heard, and then said, “Well, young lady, you have told me wonderful things, which I never thought of before; but I cannot take them all into my mind at once; yet I like to hear of one that bids me be comforted. And if you will read me all about Him, who you say has been caring for me when I never thought of Him, I will listen to you with all my heart, and ask you to tell me what I do not understand: But, ah! you are very kind to look so pitifully on me, and sit down here with such a poor forsaken old creature.”

Sarah read but very little that day, and tried to explain, in easy words, some of the plainest parts of the Christian religion. And though she saw there were some, even of the simple words, that were dark to her; yet a few comforting things found their way into her miserable heart, and cheered it, even on this first visit. When Sarah got up to go away, she took out of her basket the pieces of bread, and put them into the old woman's lap, promising to come soon again. This promise was faithfully kept; three times a week this kind girl spent half an hour with old Frances Green, and was allowed, by the blessing of God, to bring peace and comfort into her little cabin. The light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ, shined upon her desolate heart, and made glad the solitary place; so that in her latter days she learned to know *who* is “the Friend of sinners,” and found him her friend, to the great joy of Sarah Williams. Oh! you that are young and happy, and have learned the good word of God, remember the poor and miserable.

## RELIGION.

### JESUS RESTORING SIGHT TO THE BLIND.

The blessed Saviour when he was upon the earth, ever willing and anxious, to do good both to the bodies and souls of men, frequently manifested his feelings of pity and compassion for the poor and blind.

The case related in the Gospel, is one of a man blind from his birth, who sat by the way-side begging, as Jesus and his disciples passed by. The disciples, who seem to have indulged the mistaken idea that outward afflictions are signs of God's displeasure, asked of Jesus, who it was, that in this case, had provoked the anger of God? Was it as a punishment on his parents, or on himself, that this man was born blind? Our Lord corrected this mistake, and told them that it was not as a token of anger for any particular sin, but rather as an occasion to show forth the mighty works of God, that this affliction was permitted.

Jesus, intending to exert his miraculous power on the subject of this affliction, spat on the ground, made clay of the spittle, and anointed his eyes; then bade him go to the pool of Siloam, and wash. He went, did as Jesus had told him, and came, seeing. The Jewish Sanhedrim, or Chief Council of their nation, began now to be alarmed at these wonderful miracles of our Saviour, and his great favor with the people. They questioned the man very closely, as to the reality of his cure, and the author of it, artfully telling him to “give God the praise,” for this man is a sinner. He answered them, “whether he be a sinner, or no, I know not, one thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see.” The Pharisees then reviled the poor man, as a disciple of Jesus, and afterward cast him out of the synagogue.



After this, when Jesus heard that they had cast him out, he met the man, and asked him, "Dost thou believe on the Son of God?" "Who is he, Lord, that I might believe on him?" he asked.—Jesus answered, making this solemn and plain declaration, "Thou hast both seen Him, and it is He that talketh with thee." When the poor man heard this, full of gratitude he fell at the feet of his heavenly Benefactor and Friend, saying, "Lord, I believe!"—and he worshipped Him.

Were you as anxious to have the darkness of sin taken from your hearts, as were these poor people to receive their eye-sight, how gladly would the Lord Jesus stoop to relieve you. He not only gave to this blind man sight to his eyes, but he gave also joy and gladness to his heart, for he sent his Holy Spirit there to teach him, that He, who had proved himself his *friend*, was also the Redeemer and Saviour of the soul.

And do not your hearts need this teaching? Yes; and the Saviour is equally ready to bestow it on you; but unlike the poor man, you are unwilling to receive it. You are not anxiously inquiring for the Saviour, that you may believe on him. If you were, he would be found of you, he would talk with you. Oh! do not then longer harden your hearts, but throw yourself at his feet, and let your prayer be, Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief! [*Youth's Friend.*]

### MORALITY.

*From the Children's Magazine.*

#### HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY.

In a retired and distant part of the pretty village of B—— stood the humble, but neat cottage of Mary Hammond. She had been for many years a widow: her husband died at sea, and the news of his death came to her just when she had been consoling herself with the thought that he would soon be home, and then with his wages, (for he had been a long voyage,) and her savings, they would be able to buy the little cottage, and so be free from rent. "And then," said she, "we shall spend our old age together, and the little we need to live on will not be hard to win, by the blessing of God." These fond hopes were now gone. But the God in whom she trusted, did not desert her in this trying time. With her savings she bought a cow and a few poultry; and by selling milk and eggs, together with a few vegetables, which she continued to raise in the little garden adjoining her cottage, she gained a comfortable livelihood for herself and her little grand-daughter, now about seven years of age. Susan was a remarkably pretty child, with a deep blue eye, and a bright rosy cheek. But she was entirely unconscious of their advantages. Indeed, I doubt whether she had ever seen her own face reflected in any other mirror than the crystal spring; for her grandmother had no looking-glass herself;—and Susan's dress and hair were always fixed by the old lady. The artless simplicity, and unvaried kindness of her manners, gained the affections of all who knew her. I hope all my little friends who may read this story will follow Susan's example; striving to gain the love of their friends by modest and endearing attentions, and avoiding that forward pertness which make so many pretty little girls so disagreeable and ridiculous. But, for fear that my young friends, especially the pretty ones, will grow tired, I will proceed with my story. It happened one day as Susan was walking along with her little basket on her arm, to pick up some chips for her grandmother, that she saw something lying in the road, and as she approached it, she found it was a purse;—it was almost full of money. Wild with delight, she ran with it to her grandmother, and with a face glowing with pleasure, cried out, "Oh dear grandmother, do see what I have found in the road! here is a purse almost full of money; there will be enough to buy you a new gown, and me a pair of shoes!" Her grandmother took the purse, and found that it did indeed contain a number of crowns, together with some smaller change; then, looking at Susan, who, in her desire to elange her grandmother's old pieced gown into a new one, had

forgotten some of the old lady's lessons, she said, "indeed here is more money than would buy many frocks and pairs of shoes, but perhaps the person who has lost it, is now saying to himself, 'I hope some honest body and no thief has picked it up, for then I shall be sure to get it again!' would it be honest not to try our best to find the owner?" Susan was silent a moment, and then throwing her arms around her grandmother's neck, she said with all the warmth of her heart, "No, grandmother, I don't want the new frock, I don't want the new shoes with *that* money." "Well, then, my good little girl," replied her grandmother, "we'll go to our neighbor the squire's, and get him to have it put into the papers, that the owner may have it as soon as possible;—how do you like that?" "I'll get your bonnet, and we'll go right off," said the little girl, "shall we, grandmother?" Of course the old lady willingly said yes, and directly they set off together. The very next day after the money was advertised, it was claimed by a gentleman who lived on a beautiful estate, about a mile from the cottage. This gentleman was a man of great benevolence, for he was a true Christian. He was struck with this instance of honesty in persons of so humble a condition, and determined that it should not go unrewarded; so he went at once to Mary's cottage—heard from her the particulars, and putting the purse into her hand, said he, "I hope you will accept this little reward of your honesty." The old lady was going to decline it, but he went on to say, "I shall not be satisfied with this.—You appear to be very old, and this cottage has not many comforts for you. I have a neat little one on my estate, which, if you will accept of it, you shall be welcome to. You may remove to it as soon as you think proper, and I will do all in my power to make your declining years as happy and peaceful, as your dealings have been honest." Then, turning to Susan, and patting her rosy cheek, he said, "this little girl must come with you. I have a nice little girl of my own at home, and they shall play together. I will see, too, that she is put to a good school, and that she has every thing necessary for her comfort." Mary and Susan, with tears of gratitude, kissed the hand of their benefactor, and implored many blessings on his head. The gentleman was as good as his word, and the following week found them snugly situated in their new dwelling. Little did old Mary think when her honesty led her to seek the owner of the purse, that it would be so rewarded. She only meant to do her duty and please God. "But the Lord always careth for the righteous." Now, my little friends, you see the advantages of honest and upright conduct; and I hope from this little story, you will be convinced, and forever remember, that even in this world "*honesty is the best policy.*"

A very sincere friend, J. L.

### OBITUARY.

*From the Vermont Telegraph.*

#### DEATH BED SCENE OF MISS LAURA W—, BY JOHN R. DODGE.

"Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation."—2 Cor. 6: 2.

Not long since a member of my congregation called upon me in haste, just as the sun was hiding his last beams of light from the gaze of man, to visit a young lady who was then entering the dark valley of the shadow of death.

My pen must fail in description, and language beg power to portray the appalling scene of the dying chamber of Laura;—the heart-rending feelings which came in sudden rush over my spirit, when I heard fall from her lips as I entered the room, "My soul is lost! oh, it is lost!—O, Lord, have mercy upon my perishing soul!"

Laura, said I, have you no hope?

"Oh, no!—I have lived without hope. I have been a sinner, and thought I should repent before my death, or on my death bed,—but I cannot repent here. It is too late,—there is no mercy for me."

But have you, at no time in your life, been convicted of sin by the Spirit of God?

"Yes,—often,—but I have hardened my heart. I have no conviction at this dreadful hour! I am distressed in prospect of immediate death—I am left to hardness of heart."

Laura, have you not neglected, during much of your life, to read the Bible?

She remained silent, and appeared eagerly intent on the remembrance of this; and was apparently lost to the notice of every thing which passed; when she suddenly exclaimed in the greatest mental agony, "Oh the Bible! the precious Bible! that Book of God!—I must be judged by the Bible! I can no more read the Bible." Then raising her eyes upward, in an awful and solemn tone, she cried, "O Lord, I have neglected the Bible,—thy word!—Forgive me this sin!"

Do you believe that God hears your prayers in mercy?

"No,—he is high and holy—he is above me—I cannot raise my mind to him. I am full of darkness—I cannot perceive him."

These words were uttered in a slow, collected, distinct tone of voice, and with the most heart piercing solemnity. Her whole visage turned still paler in deep thought, and her eyes vacant, changing to a wilder stare, ready to penetrate the dim curtains of death, which had dropped over them, told plainly, in silent yet powerful language, that the body was fainting under the spirit's labor, as it seemed minutely tracing, to its own sorrow and more confirmed despair, the high and holy nature of God, with its own depravity and pollutions. It trembled and raved most, when it fell deepest beneath its own reflections. And, said I, as I looked on a moment silently, *What is hell, or what is the secret wrath of God in the soul*, but the remembrance of sin unforgiven, with a knowledge of his holiness; or one's own reflections in the next world turned upon himself, as a never-dying worm, or an unquenchable flame? Composing my own mind again, and feeling there was yet *time and hope*; that the spirit had not yet fled from its earthly tenement; and not forgetting the smiles of Christ upon the thief on the cross, in his last hour, I entreated the dying Laura to calm her fears, and make the last struggle to lay her troubled spirit at the feet of Christ, who would not cast her away. We all knelt, and in prayer committed her departing soul into the arms of Jesus, the sinner's friend and refuge. But this scene of bitter things increased with the progress of death; and while I write, its remembrance comes over me with a horror and assurance that in death we have no time to prepare for the events of it, beyond his last pressure. She continued to despair, and as she passed down the darkest shades of death's vale, we heard her voice rising amidst the thick darkness, "*O God, cast me not off.*"

Thus ended the life of a blooming, amiable youth, flattered by fair prospects, and on the eve of marriage. Her time had come to enter into judgment; and death did but execute the will of heaven, when he seized and held with relentless grasp this fair object of his selection.

This young lady I had often seen, oh, very often, in the sanctuary of God! but then she was gay and thoughtless. She heard but felt not, that, "now is the accepted time, and the day of salvation." It was even too evident she thought to-morrow would be as to-day, and thus continued till the cold frost of death upon the vitals broke the spell.

Her physicians were confirmed in the opinion, ten days before her death, that there was no medical skill which could throw off her disease; and laid upon her attendants a positive injunction to conceal it from her, nor suffer a minister of the gospel to see her. Even her mother, who I believe is a friend and follower of Christ, joined in the request, and effectually kept up the delusive impression on the mind of her daughter, that she was in no danger, until she saw her expiring in the arms of death. I saw Mrs. W.'s conflict, her struggle, her overpowering distress, when her dying child asked her, how she could conceal her danger from her till that hour. "Oh, my mother!" cried the affrighted girl, "you never told me, until my bed was surrounded with my friends to see



me die." It was so, and this sudden permission of so many to enter the room, and their weeping before her, was the first intimation she had had of her dissolution, though she had been dying more than an hour. The injunction of the physicians, had wrought on the mind of her friends the respect of a law that must not be broken.

Let the gay and thoughtless take warning from the death-bed scene of Laura,—it was her dying request. And, reader, whatever be your prospects and hopes, perhaps you have none to exceed her's: yet they faded ere they had bloomed, and have fallen with their possessor to an early grave. *Suspect yourself also frail, and see the need of preparation for death. Repent and believe, and the work is done.* Then may you look forward to the hour of death with hope, and fall asleep in the gentle arms of the Redeemer, in peace, and full prospect of endless rest.

### THE NURSERY.

#### THE WICKED JEWS.

"Why did the wicked Jews crucify the dear Saviour?" said little Emily one morning after prayers, as she climbed her mother's knee; I could hardly help crying while father was reading about it this morning. I am sure there are no such wicked people now, and I am sure I should have cried very, very much, if I had seen him hanging on the cross."

"My dear girl," answered her mother, kissing her soft cheek, "people's hearts are just as wicked now as those of the Jews were of old, and even my little Emily, had she lived then, might have been taught to have laughed at the sufferings of her Saviour, instead of weeping. And now, when you do a naughty thing, the Apostle says you crucify him afresh. Just think of this, my dear child, you crucify over again the blessed Saviour, who so long ago died on the cross to save you from hell. Can you think of any thing more awful, more ungrateful, more wicked? Is not this being even more naughty than the Jews themselves?"

"Oh no! Mother, I cannot think I am as naughty as the Jews were; I am sure I never could have done so wicked a thing."

"But is my dear Emily's little heart always full of the love of him who died for her? Does she not often prefer play, or almost any thing, to reading in the Bible of all he has done for her, and of his kindness to little children? Does she never sin against him without feeling any sorrow for it, without so much as asking him to forgive her? Surely this is being more wicked than even those were who crucified him, for they did not know he was their Saviour, they did not know that he had come to give his life for their souls. Never, my dear little girl, until you feel that your heart is very, very sinful, will you prize and love this Saviour as you ought; never will you go to him as the only refuge from the wrath of God, 'who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity,' and who 'is angry with the wicked every day.'" [Youth's Friend.

### THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

#### THE FORCE OF HABIT.

The truth of the old proverb—"Use is second nature," must strike every attentive observer. W. is a teacher in — school, remarkable for the regularity of his attendance, his Christian simplicity, and the zeal and perseverance he manifests in the discharge of his duty. His maxim is, that whenever a person offers his services to become a teacher, he tacitly promises that he will be regular in his attendance, early at his post, and that whilst he is there, he will strive to inculcate the principles of the Christian religion within the breasts of his pupils, not only by *theoretical* arguments, but by his *own practical obedience*. Under this impression, he undertook the important office of Sunday school teaching. He commenced by being the first at the school; and not only commenced thus, but is remarked even at the present day, for the regularity of his attendance.

It happens, by the kind dispensation of Providence, that I am placed in the same school with W., and of course have many opportunities of observing his conduct. On Sunday afternoon, just after the school had closed, I accosted him with, "Brother W., how is it that you are always here in time, whilst so many teachers are absent a whole Sunday, or else make their appearance at a very late hour?" "I could answer you with one word: it is *habit*. When I first resolved to become a Sunday school teacher, I determined (God permitting) to be always there, and always in time; and you would be surprised, when you once make up your mind, at the ease with which it is accomplished. allow no ordinary impediment to divert me from my object. For instance; when I arise on Sunday morning and the family are not up soon enough to allow me to get my breakfast and be there in time, I go without, consoling myself with, 'I shall have a better appetite for my dinner; or, that fasting improves the memory; so I shall recollect more of the sermon.' I was once prevailed upon to stay longer than usual, and did not get to the school until the prayer was nearly over. The anxiety which I felt that day would hardly be believed; indeed, I have not forgotten it to this moment.

I must now turn to the contrast, which I doubt not will be as painful as the preceding case is pleasing. A. is connected with the same school: he never was very regular in his attendance; but he has now acquired a habit of nearly always staying away—a habit which we have too much reason to fear he will never shake off. Remonstrance is useless, entreaties of no avail. If you talk to him, he has numberless excuses: a relation, an intimate friend to visit; he has not seen them a long time; fears they will be offended: or he has the headache, or the toothache, or some other frivolous excuse. If you reason with him about his setting a bad example, he replies, he cannot see it; he is not so very irregular. He has been for several years connected with the school, and we do not now see his face above two or three times in the course of a month; so much has this bad habit grown upon him. Were we to ask for your advice, reader, methinks we hear you say: "Expel him; he is unworthy of his office;" but when we consider the extensiveness of this vice, (if it deserves so harsh a name,) we are ready to exclaim; "Let him who is without sin, (that is, this sin,) cast the first stone." We would dismiss this subject by exhorting all Sunday School teachers to act up to their profession; not only as it would increase their own happiness, but promote the best interests of the school to which they belong.—*London S. S. Mag.*

### NATURAL HISTORY.

*From the Youth's Friend.*

#### THE HAWK.

The Hawk is nearly as large as a young fowl; it is a well shaped and lively looking bird, its color is commonly gray, or brown with light spots. It is a bird of prey, cruel in its temper, and gross in its manners; it lives chiefly on small birds and mice, which it easily makes its prey, as it possesses great quickness and clearness of sight, and astonishing rapidity of flying. It discerns its prey at a great distance, and darts down upon it with amazing rapidity and resistless fury. It is strong and courageous, and will often conquer birds larger than itself. The Hawk is particularly the terror of the hen and her little brood, and it is to defend her young from his attacks, that the hen by a peculiar note, gathers her chickens around her, and covers them under her wings: to this several beautiful allusions are made in Scripture.

The Hawk is sometimes used in hunting. When trained to it, he will pursue the birds and bring them to his owner, in the same manner that a dog hunts rabbits, and other small four-footed creatures. The Hawk was highly venerated among the heathen, and consecrated to their gods. Among the Greeks and Egyptians, if any person killed a hawk, however unintentionally, he was punished with death. It was, however, denominated unclean by the Mo-

saic law, its flesh was not permitted to be eaten, nor its carcass touched. It is mentioned in Scripture where this is forbidden, Lev. xi. 16. Deut. xix. 15. And again in Job, where alluding to the flight of the Hawk to a warmer country for a supply of food, Job, xxxix. 26. where God himself asks the question of Job, "Doth the Hawk fly by thy wisdom, and stretch her wing toward the south?" Didst thou impart to her the instinct to choose the precise and proper period of taking flight, or the skill to direct her way in her passage to a warmer climate? No, she is not upheld or conducted by the wisdom and prudence of man, but by the kind & gracious providence of the only wise God. Let Him have all the glory due, for his works of wonder, from the least to the greatest; and let us while we see the creatures which His hand has made, obeying the instincts which He has implanted in them, and wisely pursuing their real interests, learn from them a lesson of wisdom. Let us be obedient to the will of our great Creator and Redeemer, carefully choosing that path, the choice of which can alone promote our own future happiness and advantage.

### BIOGRAPHY.

#### MEMOIR OF MRS. GRAHAM.

[Editorial Abridgment, concluded.]

After spending many years of usefulness in Edinburgh, Mrs. Graham came once more to America and settled in the city of New-York. Ever after her first residence here, she had entertained a strong partiality for this country, and had indulged a secret expectation of returning hither. She believed that the church of Christ would peculiarly flourish here in future years, and was desirous of leaving her children in such a favored land. How different was this motive, from those which influence many persons, when they are choosing where to fix their habitations. Most of them seek for a fruitful soil, or a favorable place for trade, where they may get rich and leave a fortune for their children. Thus they often "drown themselves in destruction and perdition," and "pierce" their children "through with many sorrows." Mrs. G. chose rather the light and blessings of the gospel, for herself and all her house; and "verily she chose that good part, which shall never be taken away from her" or them.

She was much assisted in her place of emigration, by the friendly counsel of President Witherspoon, and was invited by many respectable persons in New-York to commence a school there. She opened it on the 5th of Oct. 1789, with only five scholars; and before the end of the same month, the number increased to fifty. In this employment she was highly approved. The annual examinations of her scholars were always well attended, and gave general satisfaction. She continued in this business till the autumn of 1798; when she retired from it, & resided with her daughters, Mrs. Bethune & Mrs. Smith. These were her youngest daughters, her eldest having died in 1795. She lived with the two alternately about four years. Mrs. Smith then removing to Richmond, her mother continued in the family of Mrs. Bethune till her death. These were very affectionate children, such as pious and faithful parents usually have; and the mother had much comfort in them, as followers of Christ and inheritors of the same promises with herself.

Mrs. G. was a lady of refinement, of superior talents, and of great usefulness as a parent, and teacher, and friend. On all these accounts she was highly respected and tenderly beloved. Still her chief excellencies were, her *piety*, and her *benevolence*. With some notices of these, this sketch will be concluded.

Her piety was chastened and deepened by many afflictions. Some of these have been mentioned; we will now briefly advert to some others, from which she came forth as gold seven times purified. And even while she was suffering in the furnace, she showed the power of sustaining grace and "glorified God in the fires."

It will be remembered that she had an only son; one of course, who was "tenderly beloved in tho



sight of his mother." When she removed to America, she left him in Scotland to complete his education. He improved rapidly and gained the affections of his teacher and companions. But he was disposed to a sea-faring life, and his friends found him a place to go to sea in the merchant service. He was soon shipwrecked on the coast of Holland; but was preserved, and made his mother a visit two years after her removal. This was the last time she saw him on earth. After he had been two years away, he wrote to her from Demarara, that he had been made a prisoner; had been retaken; had undergone many sufferings; and then intended to go to Europe with a fleet that was soon to sail. This was the last she ever heard of him. He was a thoughtless and prodigal son, but "the son of many prayers." When he left her at New-York, she "cast him upon the covenant mercy of her God, placing a blank as to temporal things in her Lord's hand, but holding on with a fervent faith and hope to the promise of eternal life." When she heard of one of her son's disasters she said, "Shall I withdraw the blank I have put into the Redeemer's hands? Has he not hitherto done all things well? Have not my own afflictions been my greatest blessing? Lord, I renew my blank." All inquiries respecting him proved fruitless. For several years she was agitated and distressed by that uncertainty, and hope deferred, which are often more difficult to be borne than trials that we know to be certain and unavoidable. But she never arraigned the justice of Jehovah, or complained of his dispensations. She often "renewed her blank," and wrestled in prayer for the soul of her wandering son. How long he continued in this world, and whether he was one of the ransomed brought home to Christ in glory, she never knew while she lived.

Her eldest daughter was pious, and her mother had great consolation when watching round her dying bed. The daughter "sung a hymn of triumph, till the struggles of death interrupted her. Mrs. G. displayed great firmness of mind during the last trying scene, and when the spirit of her daughter fled, the mother raised her hands, and looking towards heaven, exclaimed, 'I wish you joy, my darling.' She then washed her face, took some refreshment, and retired to rest." What strong faith so tender mother must have had, and what strong evidence of her child's piety, to use such an expression at such an awful moment. Who would not die the death of the righteous? What parent would not renounce all other hopes for his children, to have a daily assurance that they are children of God, and ever ready to depart?

In many other changes and afflictions of her pilgrimage, this humble follower of Christ had great consolation and good hope through grace. In her declining years, and when she was herself called to pass through the dark valley, she had peace and joy. Yet she saw herself a great sinner, and all her hope was in mercy and grace through the adorable Redeemer. "I am going to my Saviour," said she, "now is the time; and O, I could weep for sin. . . . I have no more doubt of going to my Saviour than if I were already in his arms. . . . Yet I could weep for sin against so good a God; it seems to me as if there must weeping even in heaven for sin." Her desire to be with God was great. Her physicians expressed a hope almost to the last, that she would recover; but one of them said, 'his poor drugs would prove of little avail against her own ardent prayers to depart and be with Christ.'

Concerning her benevolence we can only say, that, after she quitted her school she gave up her time and thoughts to various plans for supplying the poor and relieving the sick and distressed; that she was the first, or one of the first, to originate many benevolent Societies of ladies, some of which were new in their character, and all of which have been blessings to hundreds if not thousands, long after she was dead; that she had some kindred spirits who labored with her in works of kindness, with whom she became united in the most endearing

bonds of friendship; and that very few have ever been so highly esteemed and so generally and ardently loved by the poor and wretched. One instance must be mentioned. In the summer of 1800, she paid a visit to her friends in Boston. When she had been absent some weeks, her daughter was surprised at the frequent inquiries made after her, by persons with whom she [the daughter] was unacquainted. At length she asked some of those inquiries, what they knew about Mrs. Graham. They replied, "We live in the suburbs of the city, where she used to visit, relieve and comfort the poor. We had missed her so long that we were afraid she was sick. When she walked in our streets, it was customary with us to come to the door, and bless her as she passed."—This was the 'work of faith and labor of love,' which was not known, and did not seek to be known, on earth; but which shall "be told as a memorial of her" another day; a day when the hope of the worldling shall die, and when the "blessing of many that were ready to perish" shall come upon those who for Christ's sake go about doing good. May every reader "go and do likewise."

### MISCELLANY.

#### AWFUL NARRATIVE.

The following interesting account is given by the late Dr. Currie, of Liverpool, in a letter to Sir Walter Scott, when editor several years ago of the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border." It has hardly a parallel in its kind:—"I once in my early days," says Dr. Currie, "heard, (for it was night, I could not see,) a traveller drowning, not in the Annan itself, but in the frith of Solway, close by the mouth of that river. The influx of the tide had unhorsed him in the night, as he was passing the sands of Cumberland. The west wind blew a tempest, and, according to the common expression, brought in the water *three foot abreast*. The traveller got upon a standing net, a little way from the shore. There he lashed himself to the post, shouting for half an hour for assistance, till the tide rose over his head! In the darkness of night, and amidst the pause of the hurricane, his voice, heard at intervals, was exquisitely mournful. No one could go to his assistance,—no one knew where he was;—the sound seemed to proceed from the spirit of the waters.—But morning rose,—the tide had ebbed,—and the poor traveller was found lashed to the pole of the net, and bleaching in the wind." It is hardly conceivable that any incident ever occurred better calculated to excite the strongest sympathies in human beings; and it is told in a manner and with a brevity and feeling that could not be improved.

#### A THOUGHT FOR THE THOUGHTLESS.

It was affectingly said by Walsingham, prime Minister to England's boasted Queen, when rallied by those around him upon his habitual seriousness, "Ah! my friends, while we laugh, all things are serious round about us. God is serious, who exerciseth such patience towards us. Christ is serious, who shed his blood for us. The Holy Ghost is serious, who striveth against the obstinacy of our hearts. The Sacred Scriptures bring to our ears the most serious and important things in the world. The Holy Sacraments represent to us the most serious and awful matters. The whole creation is serious in serving God, and us. All that are in heaven, and in hell are serious. How then can *man* that hath one foot in the grave, live in jest, and thoughtless levity!"

*Magnificent White Moss Rose.*—There is at present growing at Sleuingfield Hall, near Rippon, the seat of Col. Dalton, a beautiful white moss rose tree, covering upward 126 square feet of wall, it has upon it 980 flowers and buds, namely 244 flowered, 276 in flower, and 460 buds to flower, all perfect and as white as snow. It is believed that this plant cannot be equalled in the kingdom, either for its size or the number and perfection of its flowers.—*English paper.*

*Power of Conscience.*—An individual has been committed to jail in Fayetteville, (N. C.) charged with having murdered a Mr. Munroe, who was found dead near that place last winter, and whose death was attributed, at the time, to his having fallen from his horse in a state of intoxication. The person now in prison was arrested in consequence of certain disclosures which were made by a white woman, who having attended a Camp Meeting, became so much affected by the exercises, that she could obtain no ease of mind, until she unburthened her conscience. She confessed to one of the Preachers that the deceased Munroe was murdered at her house, and that Williamson, (now in jail) was concerned in the perpetration of the horrid deed.

*Maxims.*—Nature has given us two ears, two eyes, and one tongue, to the end that we should hear and see more than we speak.

A rich man, though a fool and a miser, is flattered and respected by the world, ten times more than a man of merit, who is not rich.

### POETRY.

#### WHO MADE THE STARS?

"Mother, who made the stars which light  
The beautiful blue sky?  
Who made the moon so clear and bright,  
That rises up on high?"  
"Twas God, my child, the glorious One—  
He formed them by his power;  
He made alike the brilliant sun,  
And every leaf and flower.  
"He made your little feet to walk;  
Your sparkling eyes to see;  
Your busy, prattling tongue to talk;  
And limbs so light and free.  
"He paints each fragrant flower that blows  
With loveliness and bloom;  
He gives the violet and rose,  
Their beauty and perfume.  
"Our various wants his hands supply;  
His care protects us every hour;  
We're kept beneath his watchful eye,  
And always guarded by his power.  
"Then let your little heart, my love,  
Its grateful homage pay,  
To this kind Friend, who from above,  
So gently guides you every day." [Juv. Mag.]

#### WILL HE LISTEN?

Will the great God, who reigns on high,  
With glory crown'd, above the sky,—  
Worship'd by a bright angel throng,  
List to an infant's humble song?  
Will He, who made each shining star  
To throw its twinkling beams so far,  
Friendly, and gently, condescend,  
To be my Father, and my Friend?  
And, will he bow his listening ear,  
Gracious, my murmured prayers to hear;  
And from his lofty seat above,  
Bless me, with His forgiving love?  
He will; I hear the Saviour's voice,  
It bids my doubting heart rejoice,—  
"Suffer young babes to me to come,  
"For I'm their Saviour, Heaven their home.  
"And hear my lips this truth declare,—  
"None the pure joys of Heaven shall share,  
"Who are not, like a little child,  
"Lowly and meek, trusting and mild." [ib.]

*From the Youth's Keepsake, a beautiful volume just published by Carter & Hendee, for a New-Year's Present.*

#### THE CHILD'S WISH IN JUNE.

Mother, Mother, the winds are at play,  
Prithee, let me be idle to-day.  
Look, dear mother, the flowers all lie  
Languidly under the bright blue sky.  
See, how slowly the streamlet glides;  
Look, how violet roguishly hides;  
Even the butterfly rests on the rose,  
And scarcely sips the sweets as he goes.  
Poor Tray is asleep in the noon-day sun,  
And the flies go about him one by one;  
And pussy sits near with a sleepy grace,  
Without ever thinking of washing her face.  
There flies a bird to a neighboring tree,  
But very lazily diths he;  
And he sits and twitters a gentle note,  
That scarcely ruffles his little throat.  
You bid me be busy; but, mother, hear  
How the hum-drum grasshopper somnolent near,  
And the soft west wind is so light in its play  
It scarcely moves a leaf on the spray.  
I wish, oh I wish, I was yonder cloud,  
That sails about with its misty shroud;  
Books and work I no more should see,  
And I'd come and float, dear mother, o'er thee."



# YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Published Weekly, by WILLIS & RAND, at the Office of the Boston Recorder, No. 127, Washington-Street....Price One Dollar a year in advance, or \$1, 50, if not paid in advance.

No. 30.

BOSTON, DECEMBER 16, 1829.

VOL. III.

## NARRATIVE.

Revised for the Philadelphia Recorder, by Rev. G. T. BEDEL.

### THE SUNDAY SCHOOL BOY.

There was no Sunday-school connected with the church at —, till after the Rev. Mr. Montesque was appointed to the Rectorship; but Margaret Graham had established one at her cottage, and superintended it till she became incapacitated for its duties by the infirmities of old age. To her pious and disinterested labors, many of the children of the village were indebted for their knowledge of the art of reading; and, after they had finished their education, she watched over them with all the tenderness of maternal solicitude. But the most untoward and unruly scholar she had ever taken into her school was Henry Meldrith, who was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow—a lad of a bold and a resolute spirit, no less impatient of restraint, than averse to the grave instructions of his aged tutoress. His attendance was very irregular; and when he came, the alternate levity and obstinacy of his temper, operated so injuriously on the minds of the other children, that she was at length compelled to dismiss him. "It gives me great distress," said Margaret to his pious mother, "to be obliged to cast him off; but, with all his faults, he has some good qualities, and I don't despair of him. He may give you much trouble of soul, but he will live to comfort you in your old age."

Henry grew up the finest youth of the village: he was remarkably handsome, and had a manly, expressive countenance, but he was so unsteady that he would not remain long in any place of service. Having no object of pursuit in view, he became idle and dissipated; and at last joined a notorious gang of thieves which infested that part of the country. On one occasion, they entered the premises of Mr. Lacelle, when a severe contest ensued between them and the tenants. Henry and two of his associates were taken, and, on the following day, they were committed to prison. As this was his first offence, Mr. Lacelle, out of regard to the feelings of his pious mother, strongly recommended him to mercy; and though the others, who were old offenders, were sentenced to seven years' imprisonment, he was sentenced but for a month. This narrow escape had a very salutary effect upon his mind for several months, and he betook himself to labour; but he again relapsed into his old habits of idleness, and happening to be at the public house when a recruiting party entered to take some refreshment, he enlisted. The landlord very kindly sent to inform his mother of it, who, with a heart almost broken with grief, came and requested the officer not to take him away.

"He is my only child, Sir," said the old woman; "and though he is a wild lad yet he is my son."

"We will tame him," replied the officer, "and then we will send him back to comfort you in your old age."

"Are you a father, Sir?"

"No; I was never married."

"I wish you had been, and then you would have had some sympathy for me. Don't take him away; if you do, you will break my heart."

"The hearts, even of mothers," said the unfeeling officer, "are not made of such brittle stuff as to break, when a promising lad leaves the plough to serve his country."

The old woman withdrew, weeping as she went, and soon afterwards the party marched off, taking Henry with them; who, when passing his mother's cottage, saw her standing at the door, and, rushing into her arms, said he was sorry for what he had done, and hoped she would forgive him.

"I forgive thee," replied his broken-hearted mother, "and I hope the Lord will watch over thee, and keep thee from evil. Here's thy father's Bible; take it, and read it."

"Keep up your spirits, mother; I'll come back and be a comfort to you in your old age. Pray for me."

He often looked back on his mother, who stood motionless at the door till the party was out of sight; and when he turned for the last time, he could not suppress the tear.

"Cheer up my lad," said the officer; "you will soon have liberty to return and see your mother." This declaration relieved him from that excess of feeling which the parting scene had excited; and, enlivened by the sound of drum and fife he bid adieu to his native village. In a fortnight after he joined the regiment, orders came for its removal to the Red River; but such was his anxiety to see his mother once more, that he resolved to brave the hazards of desertion. This rash design was frustrated by the vigilance of the commanding officer, who had all the recruits sent on board the vessel two day before the veterans of the regiment were embarked.

The vivacity of his spirit, and the superior beauty of his figure, recommended him to the special notice of the commanding officer, who employed him as his servant, and promised to promote him if he conducted himself with propriety. But he had been so long accustomed to live without restraint, that he soon felt the severity of military discipline to be excessively galling; and having received a severe reprimand for neglect of duty, he resented it, and would have struck the officer who reproved him, if he had not been prevented by the serjeant, who was standing by his side. He was immediately put into confinement, and the next day he was tried by a court-martial. He was ordered to receive 39 lashes; and preparation was immediately made to inflict the sentence. The men were all arranged in the yard of the barracks—the instruments of torture were produced—the sentence was read,—but the dauntless youth looked with such an air of majestic indifference on the whole parade of punishment, that he excited the admiration as well as the sympathy of all the spectators; and just as the first stroke was going to be inflicted, the commanding officer said, "Young man, if you will offer an apology, and promise future obedience, you shall be forgiven." For a few moments he was silent. He knew how to endure sufferings, but not how to submit to authority. At length he said, "I have done wrong."

"Release him," said the officer.

His daring spirit, which preferred suffering to submission, while in bondage, relented the moment he was set at liberty; and with an energy of expression that raised him in the esteem of all, he said to his officer, "I thank you, Sir; I'll offend no more."

This judicious exercise of mercy effectually subdued his turbulent spirit; and, from that time, he conducted himself with so much politeness to his officers, and was so prompt and punctual in the discharge of all his duties, that within twelve months he was promoted to the rank of a corporal. The regiment was stationary for three years, when orders were sent for it to embark for other barracks; and from thence it was again sent to Red River; where it remained till the commencement of some Indian hostilities, when Henry rose a step higher, and ranked as a serjeant. But though he was now become a very exemplary soldier, yet he surpassed most of his comrades in his habits of swearing and obscene jesting: not contented with making a mock of sin, he often made sport of righteousness; and

endeavored to corrupt those who still felt some reverence for the religion in the belief of which they had been educated.

At length the period arrived, when his career in the ways of impiety was to be arrested; and a fresh proof was to be given of the truth of the wise man's remark, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." At the commencement of a skirmish with the Indians, he received a wound in his left breast, and immediately fell. The company marched on, leaving him on the ground, presuming that he was killed; but in the evening he was found laying under a tree, incapable of standing from the loss of blood which he had sustained. He was carried away by some of his brave companions—the ball was extracted, and his wound was dressed; but no one expected that he could recover. The next day, the symptoms of death became still more alarming, and he began to reflect on his past life, and then to anticipate the doom that awaited him. The scenes of his youth were now revived with great distinctness of impression: he thought of his pious mother, and of his unkind and cruel conduct towards her; he retraced his history with great minuteness of inspection: but this retrospective survey gave him no pleasure—it rather served to invest the solemnities of the coming judgment with an awful degree of terror. But while musing over the gone-by days of comparative innocence, he recollected the following passage of Scripture, which he had learnt when he attended the little Sabbath-school which was superintended by Margaret Graham. "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners: of whom I am the chief." The light of hope suddenly beamed across his darkened mind; and he said aloud, "I am one of the chief of sinners; and as Jesus Christ came into the world to save such, he may save me."

"Yes," exclaimed a fellow sufferer, who was lying near him, "He will save you, if you put your trust in him." This remark coming from the lips of one whom he had often ridiculed for his piety, roused him from that state of melancholy depression into which he was sinking; and after a short pause he said, "Is that George Watson?"

"Yes, serjeant; here I am in great suffering of body; but, blessed be God, I have great peace in my soul. I have now to grapple with the last enemy, and then I shall enter into rest. It gives me pleasure to hear that you are at last brought to turn your attention to Jesus Christ, who came into the world to save such sinners as you and I."

"But do you think he will save me, after all the sport I have made of the Bible, and those who love it?"

"If you are *made willing* to be saved through faith in his death, he will save you, notwithstanding all the insults you have offered to him. He is a merciful prince, willing to pardon the greatest rebel as soon as he bows to the sceptre of his grace. I have served him many years, and soon I shall be with him in glory."

"And if I had served him as faithfully as you have, George, I should have the same blessed prospect; but I have been serving a different master."

"My hope of salvation is not placed on my fidelity to Christ, but on the fidelity of Christ to his promises; and therefore I have no warrant to expect eternal life which you cannot plead. He came to save sinners, and as a sinner I look to him for salvation; and if you do the same, he will not suffer you to perish, even though you have gone to the very edge of the precipice of destruction."

"The surgeon now entered, who after examining



the wounds of poor Watson, said, "I intended to have taken off your leg, but I fear it will be of no use; however, if you wish it, I will perform the operation."

"I thank you, Sir," he replied, "but as I am now tolerably free from pain, I would rather die as I am, than undergo the operation. I shall soon be out of the miseries of this sinful world."

"You will," said the surgeon, "as a mortification has taken place."

"I feel life ebbing very fast; but I die in expectation of a life over which neither disease nor death will have any power."

"If I had the same blessed prospect," said Henry, "I should anticipate death with the same composure of soul; but I have made sport of religion while in health, and now I am left to perish in my sins."

He was much affected when Watson's death was announced, and when he was carried out to be buried, he wept, saying to the bearers as they passed him, "The Lord in his mercy grant that we may enjoy, in our last moments, the peace of soul which poor George enjoyed."

As his wound had disabled him from all future service, he was sent home as soon as he was capable of being removed; and he resolved to go and spend his days in his native village. He had now been absent from it nearly seventeen years, and during the whole of the time he had never written to his mother, nor had he received more than one letter from her.

The poor old widow, who had long believed that her son had perished in the field of battle, dreamed one night that she saw him, habited in a soldier's dress, crossing the common at the back of her cottage, but just as she was in the act of embracing him, she awoke. The impression of the imaginary interview remained very strong on her fancy for several weeks; but it gradually subsided, till she had nearly forgotten it. The dream was repeated with this additional circumstance, that she saw him sitting in his father's arm-chair, smoking his pipe, while relating some of the adventures of his life. When pondering over these nocturnal visions, as she stood at her cottage door one serene evening, she involuntarily exclaimed, "And shall I live to see my Henry again!" She was in the act of retiring, when she caught a glimpse of a soldier, walking along the road which ran in front of her cottage, but as the sight of one always agonized her feelings, she stepped back into her cottage, and shut the door after her. She had not been seated in her chair many minutes before she thought she heard the little wicket gate move; and ere she could peep through the window to see if any one was coming, a few gentle taps were struck against the door. She arose and opened it.

"Mother, how are you?"

"What, my Henry!" In a moment they were locked in each other's arms, weeping over each other, as the prodigal and his father wept, on the night the fatted calf was killed to celebrate his unexpected return.

"Welcome home, my child. Are you come to tarry with me?"

"Yes, mother; I have fought my last battle, and now I shall go to the cruel wars no more. Here's my discharge."

"The Lord bless the man who signed it! Come, take your father's chair, and then, when you have your pipe, my dreams will come true. I hope you have made a good use of the Bible I gave you when you left me."

"I lost it, but I have since found Christ; and he is precious to me, as he is to all them that believe."

"This is blessed news, my child; now I shall die in peace."

"But I hope, mother, you will live for many years, as I am come to comfort you in your old age."

The news of his return soon spread through the village; and many came the next day to offer him their congratulations. He received also a message from his old uncle, saying, that he wished to see him on very special business.

"As he has sent for you, I would advise you to

go. Perhaps he intends to do something for you."

This uncle had farmed a little estate which he took under his father's will, but as Henry's father was the eldest son, it was always suspected that some unfair means had been employed to disinherit him; and though he once made an effort to get possession of it, yet he was nonsuited; and became so involved by the expenses of the action, that he was reduced to a state of poverty.

When Henry called, he was received by the old man very graciously, who, after listening to the adventures of his life, said, "I have made up my mind to let you have this farm. It is not mine, but yours; and you may come and occupy it as soon as you please."

"Mine, uncle! How does it belong to me?"

"I shall say no more than that it is yours; and now you are come back, I will send for the lawyer and have it made over to you, and you may occupy it as soon as you like. You and your mother can come and live here, and I'll go, with my housekeeper, & live in the little cottage on the common."

This arrangement was immediately carried into effect, and within a month after his return he found himself in the possession of a freehold estate, in a high state of cultivation, and without any incumbrance. As his uncle had never previously taken any notice of him, he was at a loss to account for this unexpected act of generosity; but happening, a few weeks after his death, to be examining some papers that were sealed up and deposited in an old bureau, he discovered the original will of his grandfather with the following memorandum, in the hand writing of his uncle, pinned on to it.—"This is my father's will—William Meldrith."

The mystery was now explained. A forged will had been substituted for the genuine one; and this splendid act of generosity was nothing more than a tardy act of restitution, as he kept the estate till within a few weeks of his decease, and having no child to inherit after him, necessity rather than a love of justice, was the motive that compelled him to give up what he had fraudulently obtained. As soon as this discovery was made, Henry informed his mother of it; and said, "The farm is yours for your life. I will manage the business for you; but I do not consider myself entitled to the actual possession of it, till the Almighty calls you hence." His mother wept when he made the communication to her; because the efforts which her husband had made to set aside the will, which he always said was a forged one, had involved him in pecuniary embarrassments from which he never recovered, and which eventually broke his heart. When she was pouring forth her unavailing complaints against the injustice of his uncle, Henry replied, "The Lord, for wise reasons, sometimes permits iniquity to triumph, and the claims of equity to be defeated; and though we cannot now fathom these reasons, yet the period is coming when he will explain them to us. Let us, therefore, exchange the language of reproach, for gratitude; and while we adore his kindness for restoring to us our rights, let us be on our guard lest the gift should become a snare, by alienating our affections from Him who has bestowed it upon us."

Here Henry lived to be a comfort to his mother in her old age, according to the prediction of Margaret Graham: he waited on her in the hours of sickness, and in his arms she expired, just after she had uttered the following prayer:—"Lord, now lettest thou thine handmaid depart in peace, for my eyes have seen thy salvation!"

As it was to the early instructions of a Sabbath school he dated his first religious impressions, and the consequent change in his moral history, as soon as one was established at the church, he offered his services as a teacher; and became one of the most zealous, and one of the most punctual, belonging to the establishment. And whenever he heard any complaining of want of success in their labors, he invariably replied by saying, "The seed of truth may long lie buried under the corruptions of the heart; but, being incorruptible, it cannot perish, and when we least expect it, it will spring up, and bring forth fruit to God."

## RELIGION.

### CHRIST'S ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM.

The day after the feast at Bethany, our Lord and his disciples proceeded on their way to Jerusalem. Having arrived at the Mount of Olives, Jesus sent two of his disciples into the village of Bethpage, where they should find an ass, with a colt; these he directed them to loose from the place where they were tied up, and bring them to him; and if any one should question what they did, they were to reply that the Lord had need of them. By this you may see, that Jesus Christ knows every thing, and can rule the wills of men even at a distance. He appeared on earth poor and lowly, and had no ass or colt of his own; though he was almighty in power, and infinite in wisdom. But what was the need on the present occasion? It could not be to spare fatigue, for to him who had travelled so many miles on foot, the few hundred yards of the journey that remained were no object; besides, had Jesus chosen to ride, no doubt he might have obtained from his friends at Bethany, better accommodation for the journey; but the need was to fulfil that which was spoken by the prophet more than four hundred years before, "Rejoice, O daughter of Zion; shout, O daughter of Jerusalem; behold thy King cometh unto thee; he is just, & having salvation; lowly, and riding upon an ass, and upon a colt the foal of an ass."—Zech. ix. 9.

The disciples then cast their outer garments on the backs of the animals, one of which our Lord mounted; and then gathering branches from the trees which grew there in great abundance, they strewed them in the road, or carried them in their hands, with the attitudes and expressions of joy and triumph. The report of Christ's approach soon reached the city, and many came forth thence to meet him, and both companies joined in proclaiming him their expected Messiah; "Hosanna to the Son of David! Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord! Hosanna in the highest!"

The Jews used to cut down branches from the trees at the feast of Tabernacles, and to sing Hosannas; the meaning of which word is, "Save now, I beseech thee;" or, "Grant salvation, I pray thee." But it was remarkable that they should do this at the entrance of the despised Jesus into Jerusalem. Yet this they did, praising and blessing God in the very few words long ago foretold by the prophet David; a part of which words our Lord before had expressly applied to himself; which words you will find in the 118th Psalm.

How were majesty and meekness united in this lowly triumph of the Prince of Peace! What a blow must it have struck at the hopes of those, who were anxious only for worldly pomp and splendor! and how must it have encouraged his humble followers to approach him!

The humble and the contrite may approach him now; may we be willing and anxious to apply to him for that salvation, which he so delights to bestow.

[Youth's Friend.]

## MORALITY.

### LOVE ONE ANOTHER.—St. John.

'Well, Frank, you are out of school early this afternoon,' said Robert Arden, as he overtook his friend strolling leisurely along a green lane that led to their native village; 'what have you in your hand?'

'Grapes,' said Frank, removing the leaves with which he had covered them, 'Mr. Harding gave us holiday this afternoon, so I thought I'd go and get these grapes, which I saw a week ago in the woods; they were not fit to pluck then, but now they are quite ripe. You like them, do you not? said he, and he proceeded to separate a large cluster from the bunch he carried, and offered them to Robert.

'Thank you, I am very fond of them when they are ripe; how large and full these are,' said Robert, separating, at the same time, his cluster into portions.

'But why do you divide them?' said Frank.

'We shall pass by Richard Foster's house pres-



ently,' said Robert, 'and then I will leave some of them for him.'

'I'd rather you would throw them away than give them to that fellow,' said Frank.

'Why so?' said Robert.

'I don't like him; that's enough; he quarrelled with me the other day—I am not stingy, Robert; when I like a fellow, I am glad to share with him any thing I have; but when he quarrels with me, there is an end of my giving any thing to him.'

'But,' said Robert, 'if it is proper for you to be governed by such a rule, it is proper for others to be governed by it too, is it not?'

'Yes, certainly,' said Frank, 'I ask no favors from Robert Foster.'

'But you ask favors from your father, do you not, Frank Henly? and when you disobeyed him last week, and refused to do his bidding, what if he had pursued your course, and refused you food, and raiment, and shelter? You do ask favors, Frank, from our Father who is in heaven; and you disobey him, and break his laws when you let your anger rise, and say you will do so and so, without inquiring if it will please Him; yet he spares you. It is well for us, Frank, that He is kind to the unthankful and to the evil.'

Robert Arden had been well taught, both in the books of men, and the word of God. He had always been a studious boy, and how well he had profited by his instructions his excellent reply to Frank's ill-tempered speech, plainly shows. The same kindness of heart, too, which made him divide his portion of Frank's grapes to give the half to Richard, now showed itself in his trying to mend Frank Henly's manners, & improve his heart.

'God,' continued he, as they walked on, 'bids us to be tender-hearted, loving one another and forgiving one another; if any man have a quarrel against any, even as he for Christ's sake hath forgiven us.' These are the words of the Bible, Frank; many a time have I repeated them.'

'The Bible tells us that the words which are in it, which are the word or the speaking of God, are quick and powerful, and that they find out, as it were, the thoughts of our hearts. Many a time have I found it so, many a time has it seemed as if the words which I have read there were meant on purpose for me.' And so it was now with Frank; he had had a quarrel, and these words, 'loving one another, and forgiving one another,' seemed strangely to work upon his heart. He felt that he had been doing wrong, and felt it with sorrow, and said he to himself, 'I must show that I am sorry now by making friends with Richard.'

By this time they had reached the house where Richard lived, and he himself was standing near the gate, feeding some fowls which his father had given him. Frank opened the gate, and mustering all his resolution, went up to Richard, and took his hand: 'I was wrong,' said he, 'in falling out with you the other day—will you forgive me, and be friends again?' Most readily did Richard take the hand of his school-mate, acknowledging that he too had been wrong, and promising in the future to be his friend.

You may be sure Robert felt very happy in having been a 'peace-maker' to these two boys, and being joined by Richard, they now shared their grapes together, and strolled over the fields, and were very cheerful.

But why were they so? You, my little reader, can answer the question—they had obeyed the word of God, which bids us 'love one another.' (John xiii. 34.) How good is our heavenly Father! He only bids us do those things which will make us happy; to love must make us so; while to cherish envy, hatred, and malice, must make us miserable.

*Children's Magazine.*

## DIALOGUE.

### THE LARK.

Ellen.—What a beautiful morning this is, Mary!

Mary.—Yes it is, indeed. I like to get up early to see the sun rise.

Ellen.—So do I like to see it rise when I am up,

but I don't much like getting out of bed so soon.

Mary.—You know, when you were going to the city to see your cousins, you got up early enough then?

Ellen.—Yes, so I did; I could hardly sleep for thinking of the journey.

Mary.—Well, then, if your heart is interested in any thing, see how willing you are to do it; and if you felt so much on visiting your dear cousin, should you not love to get up in the morning to think about our heavenly Father?

Ellen.—True, Mary; but you know I am called the "giddy girl."

Mary.—But I hope you will soon loose that name, and be called the "steady girl." Let us get up early and take a walk every morning to talk about good things. Look at the lark rising! it teaches us a lesson of praise.

Ellen.—Why, it sings as it flies, and flies as it sings.

Mary.—Yes, Ellen, and this should teach us "in every thing to give thanks."

Ellen.—It has got so high I can hardly see it now.

Mary.—Let it teach us to rise upwards to heaven, to set our affections on things above, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God.

Ellen.—Well, Mary, I wish I was a little lark.

Mary.—My dear sister, you are better than a bird; you can praise God with your heart as well as your voice; and you have learned that Jesus Christ is the way to heaven, and if we believe in him, and give our youthful hearts to his service, we shall go to heaven, and there joyfully sing his praises for ever and ever.

*[Youth's Friend.]*

## THE NURSERY.

*From the Children's Magazine.*

### HARRIET AND HER PLAYTHINGS.

'Mamma,' said a little girl one day, 'how very happy I am! I have so many things to play with! There's my new doll, and all her new clothes; then there's my little carriage, and my chairs and tables; and, besides, there's my pretty little kitten, when I want to run about! Am I not very rich?'

'If such things make you rich and happy, my dear,' answered her mother, 'you are more so than you have remembered, for there is your new slate, and your pretty lead pencil for drawing, beside all your books, and the new number of the Magazine, which you have hardly looked at.'

'Oh yes!' said she, skipping off, 'I had forgotten them! well, I am rich enough!' The time for play had passed, but no Harriet came running with her book as usual. Her mother sent to tell her that she was waiting, ready to attend to her, and the message was received by the little girl with ill-humour instead of thankfulness.—'Dear me! I never can play a little without being called away! it can't be time! Sister Anne, do tell Ma I only want to finish this cap for my doll. I sha'n't be more than a minute!' So Harriet hurried on, and cut crooked, and sewed on the wrong side, and in a few minutes completely spoiled the cap. Then she threw her things into her work-basket in a careless manner, and as her doll was in the midst, it fell and broke its face. With her eyes full of tears she went to her mother, complained that Anne had hurried her so much as to make her spoil her cap and break her doll. Her mother did not receive her with the usual affectionate smile, but looked very grave, and said, 'My Harriet, are you thinking on what you say?' The little girl blushed deeply, and was silent. Her mother then went on: 'The unpleasant feelings that now trouble you, my daughter, are the sure consequence of placing your happiness in the enjoyment of trifles that "perish in the using." The reason why I did not warn you of this, when just now you were boasting of your riches, was, that I wished you to find it out by your own experience. One evil that is sure to come upon children who are too fond of play and playthings, is, that these cause them to forget, (as you did, Harriet,) their books, and more reasonable amusements. Another is, that they bring on idle habits, which will make them dislike instruction and the duties that call them from their

darling amusements. This again brings on ill-temper, and an unhappy fretfulness which tempts them to excuse their faults, even at the risk of an untruth. Of this, dear child, you were guilty even now; for you must know, that it was not being hurried by your sister Anne that caused you to spoil your cap and break your doll; it was your disobedience to me, in not attending to my orders; and the guilty feeling which this gave you increased your difficulties more and more. I trust, my dear little girl, that this lesson may be useful to you; but if these accidents had not happened, you would soon have found (as you have already very often, young as you are) the weariness that comes from too much play; and that the sweetest pleasure is enjoyed in striving to do your duty, and to overcome, by the help of your good God, those evil tempers which are continually leading into sin and sorrow.

## OBITUARY.

A VOICE FROM THE GRAVE OF A HEEDLESS YOUTH. *[Furnished by a Clergyman.]*

In the summer of 1811, on the evening of my arrival at home, after an absence of a few days, I was suddenly called to the bed side of a sick youth, whose parents were members of my charge. He had been recently brought home, severely ill. The rapid advances of disease having left him no hope of life, and the gloom of a hopeless eternity opening full upon his conscience, he had lain for several days in great anguish of mind. I found him in an agony of terror, deepening every moment, with death in immediate view. No time was to be lost; the offer of a long-neglected Saviour was presented. He listened with eagerness, but exhausted nature was no longer capable of any act of reflection or resolution. As I waited with anxiety for some signs of a favorable change, he broke out in an accent and with an expression of despair never to be forgotten, "O, I am going—I am going....to....hell!" This cry was followed by a delirium, which locked up the faculties of the soul for the few remaining hours of life. The same night witnessed his departure to a world of unchanging destinies.

That young man was of the class which, by its numbers, and its inaccessible shyness of pastoral instruction, contributes more than any other to the large measure of discouragement allotted to the ministry. He was not notoriously vicious, but to a certain degree intemperate, dissipated & thoughtless. Quite careless of the great concern, he had probably never allowed conscience to own his need of a Saviour, till the tremendous hour arrived which forced the conviction (apparently too late) upon him! Reader, have you an interest in the atonement of the Lord Jesus Christ? If not, let a voice from the grave of a heedless youth prevail on you to seek it "to-day." *[Pastor's Jour.]*

## LEARNING.

*From the Youth's Friend.*

### THE DIFFICULT LESSON.

"What is the matter, Mary?" said Anna to her sister, a little girl about eight years of age, who was looking sorrowfully into a book which she held in her hand. "Oh Anna, I cannot learn this lesson, it is so long." "What do you call a long lesson?" "This is a long lesson, it is sixteen lines; I have counted it twelve times, and every time it is sixteen lines, and I am sure I cannot learn it." "Have you tried to learn it?" "Oh, no! I have been counting it." "How long is it since you began to count?" "The clock struck five when I sat down." "And it is now twenty minutes past five; just read your lesson once for me." Mary did as her sister wished. "I think that lesson is not very difficult, Mary; the words are plain and simple. I think you understand them all." "Yes, Anna, I understand them, but there are so many of them." "Well, do not think of that again: it is now half past five; just begin and read your lesson over and over again, until the clock strikes six, and then you can go and play." Mary began immediately, and read cheer-



fully for her sister, till six o'clock. Anna then told her to lay aside her book, and go and amuse herself.

At seven o'clock, Mary was called to tea; she had recovered her good humor, and when she had taken tea, her sister drew her affectionately to her, and asked her to recite her lesson. Mary began, and to her own surprise, recited it correctly.

"My dear girl," said Anna, "you see how easily you have learned this lesson, although you thought you were *sure* you could not learn it; now I want you to remember this day, whenever you have any lesson to learn or other duty to perform. You are commanded in the Bible, 'to take fast hold of instruction,' and wisdom says 'hearken unto me, O ye children,' 'keep my ways, hear instruction and be wise, refuse it not;' and there are many, very many passages which prove the necessity of gaining knowledge. But you, like all others, must labor for it; and when again you think your lesson long or difficult, do not spend half an hour in trying to believe that you cannot learn it, or waste time in foolishly counting the lines." "Dear Anna," said Mary, "you always show me that every thing I am told to do is a duty, and I will try to remember at another time what you have now said to me."

Will the boy or girl who reads this, when they have their lessons to get, remember and try to adopt the resolution of Mary? Let me assure you, my dear children, there is no pleasure like that which comes from doing our duty. ELLA.

## EDITORIAL.

### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*The Memoir of J. H. and his Nurse.* By a Lady. Boston, Peirce & Williams.

The writer of this book says in her preface, "The facts relative to J. H. were put into my hands, with a request that I would clothe them in such a garb as might suit the youthful reader." We are to believe, therefore, that the account she gives of the lad is true, and that she has given us real facts in language adapted to the minds of children.

J. H. was "one who felt, that though he had lived in the observance of every moral duty, yet he was a sinner in the sight of God; and that consequently he must have an interest in the atonement of Christ to deliver him from the guilt of sin." This then is the leading object of the narrative, to impress on *other* children their need of the Saviour and of that repentance which is unto life. We hope, if any of our readers should have opportunity to read the volume, they will think of this all the way through, and not peruse it for the purpose only of indulging their curiosity.

The lady went to visit a southern part of our coast, during a season of relaxation from business; where, while returning home from a walk to the beach, she became acquainted with a group of interesting children belonging to a cottage; and by their means she was introduced to the Sabbath school which they attended. She liked the school very much; and so do we, except that the teacher was not prudent to "praise" the children as she did.

It was in this school that the lady received the memoir of J. H., which she heard the clergyman's wife read to the children. On the evening of the same day there was a dreadful storm; and the father and brother of this same little group of children were drowned, as they were violating the Sabbath by sailing in a boat. The children's mother was a pious woman; but their father was wicked, and his son William followed in his steps. He would swear and profane the Sabbath, like his ungodly father. That very day he had resisted all the entreaties of his little sisters and his mother, who wanted him to go to the Sabbath school; and resolved to go out in the boat with his father. So the two wicked ones perished together.

The "Memoir of J. H." is entirely *separate* from the circumstances here related, and makes a story by itself in the middle of the volume. We have not room to say much about it, except that it is entertaining and instructive. J. H. was the son of rich parents, who did not love God or care for the soul of their child. He was a very feeble child,

and required a nurse when he was more than ten years old. The nurse that his parents procured was a pious woman; and it was by her instructions and prayers that the lad was convinced of sin and led to Jesus Christ. He gave good evidence of piety, and in his youth died happily.

The first line of the "Memoir," commencing at page 36, is this: "The parents of J. H. resided in the metropolis of our kingdom." Till we had read thus far, we supposed that we had in our hands an American book; as it was printed at a Boston press, and neither the title page nor preface told us of its being copied from any other edition. But as we have no "kingdom" in this country, we conclude that the "metropolis of our kingdom" means the chief city of some other country, probably that of England; and that this book is copied from an English work. If this is so, it is a wrong practice of the printers, and ought not to be repeated.

*The Youth's Keepsake.* Boston, Carter & Hendee. We have read this elegant little volume, with considerable pleasure. We perceive nothing in it offensive to modesty or injurious to morals. We do not expect to find religious instruction and matters of solid utility in the *Annals* and *Christmas offerings*; but religious people should at least be sure that the contents are innocent, before they bestow a book on their children or young friends because of its elegant binding and splendid engravings. This volume may be given with safety; and some of its articles show such ability and taste in the writers, as to render the perusal profitable to the reader. This work contains 6 elegant engravings.

## MISCELLANY.

### EXCELLENT RULES.

The following rules, from the private papers of Dr. West, were according to his memorandum thrown together, as general way-marks in the journey of life. They were advantageous to him, and may be useful to others.

Always take the part of an absent person, who is censured in company, so far as truth and propriety will allow.

Never dispute if I can fairly avoid it.

Not dispute with an old man more than seventy years of age, nor with a woman, nor with an enthusiast.

Not affect to be witty, or to jest, so as to wound the feelings of another.

Say as little as possible of myself and those who are near me.

Aim at cheerfulness without levity.

Never court the favor of the rich by flattering their vanity and their vices.

Respect virtue though clothed in rags.

Speak with calmness and consideration on all occasions; especially in circumstances which tend to irritate.

Frequently review my conduct and note my failings.

On all occasions to have in prospect the end of life, and a future state.

Not flatter myself that I can act up to these rules, however honestly I may aim at it.

*A good old Sermon.*—An anecdote is told of a clergyman, who, some years since, was preaching not a thousand miles from the city of Charleston, one of whose sermons was thought to contain a number of personal allusions, and couched in terms of severe and unmerited rebuke. When the congregation was dismissed, a respectable portion of them retired to the porch of the church, under feelings of great excitement, where they awaited their minister, and as he approached them, they peremptorily demanded of him an explanation—upon which he deliberately drew from his pocket the sermon that had given offence, and said, "You perceive from the appearance of this manuscript that it was written long ago. Examine it. It is not interlined—nor has a word been preached to-day that is not written in it. From notes on the back of it you will see that I preached this same discourse more than twenty years ago in the city of London, and in a number of other places, in the Island of Great

Britain. I am, however, truly grateful that Providence has directed me in the selection of the subject, as it appears no less adapted to this meridian, than to that for which it was originally prepared. And now, gentlemen, if any of you consider that it contains remarks applicable to yourselves, I hope and pray that you may make a profitable improvement of them. I have no further apology to offer."

[Charleston Courier.

*A faithful Scholar.*—At the close of a monthly prayer meeting in Philadelphia for teachers, parents and children, the mother of a Sunday scholar came to the superintendent, and said, "Sir, here is my boy! he has been to your school a few Sabbaths, and I have reason to bless God for it. On his return he always informs me what the teacher has said to him. Among other things, he has said that his teacher has told him that 'he must be much engaged in prayer.' On hearing his father swear one morning he said to him 'Father, it is wicked to swear, I must pray for you.' This mother was so much delighted with the school, that she persuaded other parents to send their children.—[Phila.

*Three material things.*—Dr. Johnson said, that in sickness there were three things that were material; the physician, the disease, and the patient; that if any two of these joined they got the victory. If the physician and the patient join, then down goes the disease, and the patient recovers. If the physician and disease join, that is a strong disease; for the physician mistaking the cure, down goes the patient. If the patient and disease join, then down goes the physician, for he is discredited.

*Irish consolation.*—A day or two ago, a poor fellow whose person is supported by two wooden props which act as proxies for a pair of legs left on the "field of glory," was met by a son of St. Patrick, who thus addressed him—"My dear fellow, I congratulate you upon having two wooden legs." "Why so," said the astonished veteran. "Because you know you can never catch cold in your feet!"

## POETRY.

### THE CHILD ON THE OCEAN.

Mother, how small a thing am I,  
Rock'd on the restless sea!  
I ask, when gazing on the sky,  
Can God remember me?

How solemnly the stars look out,  
Upon the broad, blue deep;  
I wonder what the sun's about—  
Has he gone away to sleep?

How beautiful the moon to see  
Walk proudly through the night—  
Unshadow'd by a single tree,  
To mar her queenly light.

How brilliant is the track we mark,\*  
As leaps our vessel on—  
A rival light, that cheers the dark,  
When stars and moon are gone!

Mother, I am a feeble thing,  
Mid scenes so vast and bold.—  
"My child, your thoughts can o'er them spring;  
Your mind they cannot hold."

[Juvenile Miscellany.

\* Phosphoric light, very often seen on the water.

"God is love: and he that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in him." 1 JOHN, 4 ch. 16 v.

Yes, God is love, all nature cries,  
The whole creation makes it known,  
From all that dwell below the skies,  
To angels round his heavenly throne.

Yes, God is love; the care benign,  
Shown to the creatures of his hand,  
Proclaims to all this truth divine,  
In every age and every land.

Yes, God is love; his holy word  
Has life, and an immortal state,  
Through Christ, his Son, our Saviour, Lord,  
Revealed to us in mercy great.

Yes, God is love—our Father, Friend—  
Will ceaseless dwell on ties so dear;  
With every wish this thought shall blend,  
And dissipate each doubt and fear.

This nature, providence, and grace,  
Declare to us that God is love,—  
A Father to the human race,  
Who will a friend at all times prove.

Almighty, all-pervading love!  
In vain we would its depths explore;  
A boundless sea, below, above,  
"Without a bottom or a shore."

[Juv. Mis.



# YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Published Weekly, by WILLIS & RAND, at the Office of the Boston Recorder, No. 127, Washington-Street....Price One Dollar a year in advance, or \$1, 50, if not paid in advance

No. 31.

BOSTON, DECEMBER 23, 1829.

VOL. III.

## NARRATIVE.

*From the London Youth's Magazine.*

### SELFISHNESS AND SELF-DENIAL.

Marianne and Henrietta were cousins: their mammams had been sisters, remarkable in early life for their affection and congeniality. Both gifted with superior intellectual endowments, favored with the advantages of education, and above all, endowed with the treasure of true piety: the families in which they presided were considered peculiarly happy. They acted from principle; and brought those principles to bear, on the smaller as well as greater occurrences of life. Neither husband, child, or servant, had ever been called to endure from them, that passion and peevishness, discontent and caprice, which are too often manifested by persons of unsanctified hearts and ill-regulated minds. Receiving their daily comforts and vexations, alike from the hand of their heavenly Father, the look of grateful pleasure excited by the one, and the unruffled sweetness with which they met the other, equally showed the habitual influence of religion over their minds. With respect to the education of children, they were thus far agreed; to mix tenderness and firmness in their manner towards them—to encourage their inquiries—to convey such information as was suitable to their age, clearly and thoroughly—and gently to guide, without harshly checking, the exuberant spirits of childhood. In infantile pleasure they participated with delight, when its occasion and the manner of expressing it, were suitable: the entrance of mamma at such times, formed no bar to their hilarity, for they knew she would enter into their joyous feelings, and smile on their merry countenances. But there was something still more important, in the view of these estimable parents, than the promotion of their children's comfort, or the improvement of their minds, or even the rendering them obedient to themselves, and agreeable to others; this was the bringing them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. By the sweetest descriptions of the present blessedness and future glory of the true Christian, they endeavored to draw their youthful affections to the Saviour of sinners, and to allure them into the paths of holiness and peace. And especially did they strive, that no inconsistency in their own temper or conduct, should discredit that religion which by words they recommended.

"Happy children, equally happy children!" perhaps some of my young readers are going to exclaim. But this I assure you was far from being the case. No two little girls ever more strongly exemplified the fact, that "happiness dwells in the mind, and not in the outward estate," than did Marianne and Henrietta: the former always seemed cheerful and lively, but the latter, though sometimes boisterously merry, was often discontented, gloomy, and uncomfortable. "How could this be?" you are ready to enquire. Why, the difference was principally in themselves: and yet there had been a difference also in the manner of their training, which very much contributed towards this result. Mrs. Selwyn, Henrietta's mamma, possessed a peculiar softness and gentleness of character, which led her to extend every indulgence she could consider lawful to those under her care. She was too sensible, indeed, to suffer her little girl to do wrong without reproof; but her tender affection was so continually providing fresh sources of enjoyment, that before either herself or the child was aware, a constant succession of outward gratifications had become absolutely essential to the happiness of the latter. Henrietta was an only child: she had never, there-

fore, been subjected to those little contradictions, which must necessarily take place in a large family, nor found it needful occasionally to manage for herself, because attention was needed by younger sisters or brothers. What she was required to do was for her own manifest advantage, and the duty was rendered as pleasant as possible. She was never thwarted, but when it was really indispensable, & then the reasonableness of the prohibition was mildly pointed out; so that in all her life the exercise of forbearance had never been called for: and furnished as she was with ample means to procure all she could wish, for herself or others, self-denial was a thing with which she was scarcely acquainted. It was so much the pleasure of the whole family to gratify their young favorite, that they were little aware of the constant exertion which was made to keep her amused, and still less did they perceive the complete selfishness of character with which they were investing her.

Marianne, on the contrary, was the eldest of a numerous family; and as any disputing in their little circle was sure to bring upon them the serious displeasure of their parents, she often found it needful to curb her rising temper, and to be satisfied that things should turn out, not exactly in accordance with her own will. "Self control, my love," her mamma would say, "is one great secret of happiness, and of course I expect you to have attained it in a higher degree than the younger ones. From early infancy I instil the principle, and as my children advance in years, I trust they will all feel how sweet and noble is the pleasure of yielding to the wish of another, compared with the mean disgraceful struggle, to obtain one's own will; a point which when gained, little answers to the expense of angry feelings, and anxious perturbations." Thus instructed, Marianne soon learned to feel pleased in pleasing those around her; and instead of exacting from them all, some contribution to her amusement, the first thought that naturally arose in her mind, was, "How can I make myself pleasant and useful?" Again, Mrs. Ross, though no less tender than her sister in her affection as a mother, possessed greater strength of character, and more narrowly traced the effect of circumstances, in their operation on the human mind. In so doing, she had frequently observed how superior is that happiness which is derived from within, to that which depends upon outward things. To make her little folks, therefore, happy in themselves, rather than in spite of themselves was her endeavor: and so well had she succeeded, that if Marianne only had permission to amuse herself, she was quite sure to find abundant sources of enjoyment. There was another plan, also adopted by her excellent parents, which had been, in no small degree, advantageous to their child. Though most liberal in all their conduct towards her, they yet encouraged her, when she wished to extend kindness to others, not merely to mention their wants, but to devote a portion of her own pocket-money to their relief, and to account the opportunity of doing so, a sweet and most valuable privilege. When any thing was to be made for the poor, the permission to render assistance during part of her play hours, was considered a pleasure and reward; and often had she laid by a half-finished garment for her doll, or some little fancy production, on the accomplishment of which her mind before seemed bent, that she might employ herself in completing an infant's cap or frock. By these various means, Marianne had become as habitually self-denying, as her cousin had insensibly grown selfish.

When the young ladies were about thirteen years old, Mrs. Ross was visited with a serious and alarming indisposition. Entire rest, the bracing effects

of a residence by the sea-side, and occasional removals that she might enjoy change of air and scene, were prescribed as the only means likely to restore her shattered health. An affectionate and judicious friend to accompany her, was most essential, and who could be so proper for this office as her sweet and gentle sister, Mrs. Selwyn, whose very nature made her, I had almost said, a ministering angel in the chamber of sickness. She was a widow; one little girl was her only charge, and as she had an exemplary and superior relative, who conducted a seminary for young ladies, it was agreed that Henrietta and Marianne should be placed there for a short time, the latter being rather too old to be left under the care of a nursery governess. With the feelings and conduct of the young persons, during their residence with the above-mentioned lady, I shall now proceed to acquaint my readers.

For the first six weeks, Marianne could not feel much of that cheerfulness and vivacity which under other circumstances had become habitual to her. The fear lest her dear mamma might never recover, hung like a dark cloud over her brightest hours: but yet she could be sensible of the comforts and advantages which surrounded her, and grateful for every kindness she received. Loth to throw any damp over the happiness of the youthful circle, she would often join in their amusements, when she felt in reality but little inclination; and she found the benefit of thus subduing her own will, for in obliging others, and promoting their comfort, she forgot for a while her uneasiness, and tasted pleasure to which otherwise she would have been a stranger.

With poor Henrietta the case was very different. "I never was separated from my dear mamma before," and I cannot but feel it deeply," was the expression with which she laid down in her bed the first night after her arrival at school. It was not considerate towards her cousin to say so, since the illness of Mrs. Ross had caused the separation. Yet Henrietta did not mean to be unkind; self was predominant, and self felt the deprivation.

The same selfishness made her too often dissatisfied with every thing around her. She had been accustomed to exclusive attention, and now she was only one among many. When she was diligent she was commended with the rest, but no particular praise followed. Thus no feeling of self-complacency being gratified, her chief motive for exertion was gone. Again, though every reasonable gratification was provided for the young ladies, they were left in the midst of them, to make *themselves* happy, and this could only be done by yielding to each other's wishes, bearing little crosses, and being withal gentle and good tempered. These were lessons Henrietta had never learned, and often would she run to her cousin with vehement expressions of passion, or bitter tears of mortification, to complain how rudely she was opposed, how pointedly she was neglected, or how undeservedly she was disliked.

On such occasions, Marianne would simply reply, "Indeed, dear, you are quite mistaken. I do think the young ladies have tried very much to please you, and I am sure Miss Wilton is extremely kind to us. We all contradict each other sometimes, for it is not possible always to think alike; but really they seem to me to thwart you less than others, because they see it vexes you. I am quite certain they have no unkind feeling towards you: only, dear Henrietta, if you appear uncomfortable and displeased, then they will dislike you."

To such reasonable advice, Henrietta would answer, "It all very well for you, Marianne, to be content with their conduct, for they do not treat you as they treat me. They have taken a fancy to you, and made you their favorite."



Mariann could not be insensible to the cause, but she was too delicate to allude to it. She regarded with feelings of pity, a mind so blinded by passion and prejudice; and considered it her duty to soothe, rather than irritate. She lifted up her heart to God for grace to speak judiciously; and then endeavored to be a universal peace maker.

Things went on thus for the first six weeks, Henrietta's dissatisfaction extending itself to almost every thing, even to the article of food. This was always good, and liberally supplied, and Miss Wilton kindly took pains to have what might be pleasant and palatable to the taste of children. Fruit, pies, and plain cake, were frequently furnished; but of course so large a number could not participate in the productions of the garden, or other indulgences of this nature, with the same freedom and abundance which a child may possess at home. And as Henrietta chose to attach an idea of meanness to a limited supply, contrasting it with the profusion at home, she deprived herself even of this inferior source of gratification.

The beginning of the seventh week brought the delightful intelligence, that the means used by Mrs. Russ, had been graciously blessed by her heavenly Father, to her very great amendment, and that there seemed no doubt but perseverance in them for a few weeks longer, would produce an entire restoration. The letter ended by saying, that Henrietta and Marianne should remain with Miss Wilton during the half-year they had commenced, at the close of which their parents trusted, each, to resume the charge of her beloved child.

Marianne had found but little sympathy in Henrietta, to encourage her confidence, but when this letter arrived, her heart so overflowed with joy and gratitude, that she felt constrained to give it utterance.

"How good and gracious has God been to me," she said, "in raising up my dear mamma again. Now I shall be as happy as the day is long, and my mind will be so at ease when I am learning, that I hope she will find me improved when I go back to her again."

"I am very glad, I am sure," replied her cousin, "that dear aunt is so much better, but I never had any doubt respecting it; every thing uniformly turns out for *your* comfort."

So cold a reply, received at such a time, naturally inclined Marianne to shrink back with disgust into herself: nevertheless, she strove to overcome the feeling of displeasure, and merely observed, with her usual mildness, "Well, on this occasion, at any rate, I trust we can rejoice together."

"O, I rejoice with you sincerely; only I cannot appear joyful, when I am so thoroughly unhappy. I never shall be able to express pleasure again till I leave this nasty disagreeable place."

Marianne could not answer at that time. She felt indignant, and turned away to prevent such a manifestation of it as might lead to a dispute; but even as she turned, conscience assumed its habitual office, suggesting the inquiry, "Dost thou well to be angry?" and presenting her with the picture of Haman, who when surrounded by all his heart could wish, exclaimed, "All this availeth me nothing," because the behaviour of Mordecai was not suited to his inclination. Shall I, she thought to herself, be ruffled by a trifling expression, at the very moment that I am loaded with benefits, and crowned with mercies? And she retired to her own room to offer her grateful praises, to humble herself for the impatience she had felt, and to seek wisdom and grace, that she might not indulge any unchristian temper in her heart, or speak unadvisedly with her lips. Nor did she forget to pray, also, that her cousin's mind might be brought into a more desirable state.

As for Henrietta, little as she was herself aware of it, could she have narrowly looked into her heart, she might have seen that had the letter brought tidings of her aunt's death, and said she was to return to her mamma the following week, she would have felt really less disquieted than she did at the thought of having to continue longer in her present situation, though the information was coupled with

that of her aunt's restoration. So fearful, so degrading is the bondage of selfishness. S. S. S.

## RELIGION.

For the Youth's Companion.

### THE BIBLE.

[Written by a young Miss at School.]

The Bible is justly called the book of books. No other than God himself is its author, and it is therefore styled the word of God. No human skill could ever have devised a book, containing such a variety of interesting matter, suited to every age, character, and condition, and all so wonderfully fitted to arrest the attention, and arouse the feelings. It is a book which will never cease to be read with interest. This is not the case with other books. Though they may be read with great interest and delight at first, they are soon thrown aside, and others take their place. But the Bible is a book, not so easily read through. Though we have turned over its pages time and again, yet each succeeding perusal brings something new. But the exact accomplishment of many of its prophecies, with the seal of the unchanging God on those which as yet have not received their fulfilment, is argument sufficient to convince any one, I should think, even the most hardened infidel, that the Bible is the work of a being more than man.

The Bible is divided into two Testaments, the Old and the New; the former so called, because the events therein recorded transpired before the birth of Christ, and the latter, because what is there, took place after his birth. The old consists in part of historical sketches, where we see the awful manner in which God visited those cities which rebelled against him, and worshipped images of their own devising; and on the contrary, the peculiar prosperity with which he favored those who worshipped him as the author of their being, and of all their blessings, and who delighted in obeying the requisitions of his holy law. We have here too the lives of many righteous men of old, who lived according to the commands of God, and spent their lives in his service, as bright examples for our imitation while on the stage of existence. And here we read of many, who, by their open rebellion against him, and contempt of his authority, evinced, that were it possible, they would be glad to detract the Almighty. These are awful warnings to us, and striking instances of the dreadful judgments He inflicts upon transgressors.

In the New-Testament, we find the life of Jesus Christ, affording us an example of perfect obedience and holiness. Here we are told how he became flesh, and dwelt among us, beheld us hurried in sin, and exposed to the eternal wrath of God, and finally yielded himself, a spotless victim, to the enmity of the cruel Jews, for our redemption. His instructions to his disciples, are here written, for our instruction and improvement. He encourages the persecuted to go on their way rejoicing, trusting in him. He calls the sinner to himself as the bleeding Lamb of God, and the only ground of salvation, and foretells the awful doom awaiting those that will not come. The lives of the holy apostles, with their writings full of invaluable instruction, form another part of the sacred volume.

There is not a page, and I may almost say a single verse of the Bible, that is not filled with instruction. Do we wish to know our state by nature? The Bible reveals it. Are we convinced of the awful truth, and anxious to be rescued? The Bible shows us the way. Do we wish to know the character of God? It is fully disclosed in the Bible. Do we wish to know the character of Christ and his office? We may find it in the Bible. Do we wish to know the office of the Holy Spirit? It is revealed in the Bible. Are we desirous of devoting ourselves to the service of Christ? The Bible will guide us. Have we wandered from the sheepfold of Christ? The Bible points out the way of return. Are we in affliction? There is consolation in the Bible.

All this and vastly more is in the Bible. Oh, it is worth more than all other books. It is far above rubies. Words cannot express its value. By its mighty power over the souls of men, the Bible is

often made the means of their conversion. A few months since, in an adjoining town, a young lady opened her Bible, with her accustomed thoughtlessness and indifference, and the passage, How should man be just with God? met her eye. The solemn truth fastened upon her mind. She was made to feel her vileness in the sight of God, and was shortly brought to sweet submission at the foot of the cross.

The Bible furnishes a rich supply for all our wants. It is the greatest treasure we can possess. But having always been blessed with it from our infancy, we do not prize it as we otherwise should. I fear that at the great day, it will appear to have been far better for us, had we never seen a Bible. There is great reason to fear that it will prove a saviour of death unto death, to many. It is enough to plunge one in this Christian land in the deepest shame and humility, to read of the eagerness with which those, who have never seen a Bible, crave a copy of it, and grasp it as indeed the word of life. We read of many who submit to the greatest tortures, and even to death itself, rather than part with their Bible.

We pity the poor heathen, who have not a Bible, and know not a God. One washes in a river, to atone for his sin; another walks on spikes; another throws himself down to be crushed under the car of Juggernaut; widows throw themselves on the funeral pile of their husbands; and many a mother consigns her darling infant to the fire or to the crocodile. Poor creatures! They have not the Bible, and know not the way of salvation by a Redeemer. This alone makes us to differ. Shall we not then prize the Bible as life itself?

"My Bible, thou shalt ever be

A dear and precious book to me."

Without thee, I am nothing. With thee, every thing. Be thou my daily study, and my guide.

## THE NURSERY.

### LITTLE ROSINA,

OR, PIETY IN ITS SIMPLICITY.

The following story, from the appendix to the history of the Regenerate, written by the Rev. Christian Gerber, and published at Dresden a century since, presents so fine an example of the loveliness of piety in childhood, that we have translated it from the German for the benefit of our young readers.

The little Rosina was the only child of very poor, but pious parents. The father lived as a day laborer at Nickmen, in the parish of Lockwitz, in Dresden. His property consisted of a small house, and he earned with his own hands from day to day and from week to week, enough to furnish food and clothing for himself and his family. But his hands were accustomed not only to labor, but to fold themselves in prayer. He prayed often and from the heart with his family, for he was pious.—This good father was thirty years old when God brought him to a sick bed, from which he never arose. The sickness lasted some weeks. The minister, Mr. Gerber, visited him often in his last days, to console and strengthen him. The consolation, however, was less needed by him than by his wife; for he was calm and submissive to God, but the wife was to be parted from her dear husband and provider; and there was neither money nor bread in the house, except what some compassionate persons had sent. In this time of affliction, the little daughter of the day laborer, then not eight years old, was a comfort to her poor parents. When the minister was away, the child remained seated by the bed of her father, sang hymns for him, and offered prayers which she had learnt from her pastor, or at school.

The father died. The widow mourned much for her pious, industrious husband, and wept often. The little girl constantly consoled her mother, when she saw her weep, with appropriate words from the Holy Scriptures, which she had heard at school, or with verses from pious hymns, or she said to her anxious mother, "Dear mother, weep not, we had better pray and work; when I come out of school, I will weave straw for hats, God will not forsake us."



Thus passed nearly a year after the father's death. The widow with her child kept her frugal house, and by the blessing of God, they suffered no want. The little girl went diligently to school; after school, with equal diligence, she wove straw for hats; her only plaything was a hen which she had raised from a chicken, and had fed with crumbs of bread. One day in harvest time, the mother went to a farmer in the nearest village, in order to help him with his harvest, but the little girl went as usual to school, and when she came home seated herself before the door of the house to weave straw. A neighbor's child of twelve years passed by, a very wild child, and tried to compel Rosina to play with her, against her will. The little pious orphan refused. Upon this the neighbor's girl became angry, and being strong, threw her upon the ground, and knelt upon her body, till the child cried out from pain. When the mother came home at night from her work, the child complained to her of what had happened. The mother, however, supposed that she had not suffered much hurt, and went with her to bed. In the morning the child complained of pain in her body, could not raise herself, and even by medicine prescribed by a good physician at Dresden, her pains were not alleviated but only increased. The child now asked her mother to send for the minister, that he might pray with her as with her father, for she should die.—The mother said, "My dear child, whom should I then have? You are still my consolation. Indeed you will not die!" The child answered, "Dear mother! God must be your consolation, trust in him. Do you not know how we sing, 'Because thou art my God and comforter, thou wilt not forsake thy child.'—Let me send for the minister."

The mother complied with the child's request, and the minister came. The poor orphan showed great joy at his presence, prayed very fervently, and gave the minister to understand that she had a constant desire after heaven. The mother asked her, "Dear child, why do you wish to die, you are yet so young?"—The child answered, "It is better to be in heaven; there I shall be with my dear Lord Jesus, and you will follow me; meanwhile I shall praise with my father, my dear God, and the Lord Jesus. Do not weep for me."

Her sickness continued for nine days. The minister, Mr. Gerber, and his son, during this time, often visited the happy child. Yes, truly happy, even on her bed of pain; for they found her always praying; and in the midst of very severe pains, patient and quiet as a lamb.—The day before her death, she said to her mother, "The minister has so often visited me and prayed with me, and you have nothing that you can give him, ah, give him my hen when I am dead, and I beg him that he would take it kindly."

On the ninth and last day of her sickness, some Christian neighbors were with her. She asked that this hymn might be sung, beginning "How beautifully shines the morning star," and when the hymn was almost ended, the child softly and sweetly fell asleep.

Happy child! Would my heart were as thy heart, so true, so without deceit! Would that my end might be as thy end! Of such souls it is said; "These are virgins, and they follow the Lamb, whithersoever he goeth."

## REVIEW.

### "REVIEWER," REVIEWED.

To the Editors of the Youth's Companion.

As a Parent, a Sabbath school Teacher and a warm friend to the rising generation, I feel much interest in the notices which appear in your Youth's Companion, of the juvenile books which issue from the press. By recommending to the perusal of the young such as are calculated to make a good impression, whilst you warn them to avoid those of a contrary tendency, you most effectually subserve the welfare of that class for whose benefit your paper is intended.

The sentiments contained in these notices have generally accorded with mine; but in your number

of the 2d inst. were some remarks over the signature of "Reviewer," which appear to me untenable. I agree with "Reviewer" as to the folly and danger of sending a son at the age of seven years to live with a robber; or a daughter to live with an abandoned woman. But it does not hence follow that it is pernicious to put into their hands books, portraying the various artifices practised by wicked men and women to turn them from the paths of virtue. I have long entertained the opinion that children of both sexes should be informed, that there are in this fallen world persons of vile character, who under the influence of the adversary of souls lead unwary youth to destruction; that they should be shown the haunts of vice, suffered to peep at their wretched inmates, and cautioned against the various intrigues by which they have been seduced, and the danger of associating with persons of fair pretensions but of equivocal reputation. If I expected my children to die during their minority, I would keep them in ignorance of these things, but not otherwise.

Parents who have kept their children from passing over the threshold of the nursery, lest they should witness scenes of iniquity and imbibe a taste for them, have experienced the most severe trials from the misconduct of their children, when they have escaped from these restraints. Such cases have come under my own observation. On the other hand, I know the parents who are in habits of the utmost freedom of conversation with their children on subjects relating to the iniquities which abound, and who have put into their hands both the books denounced by your "Reviewer;" and yet they have the happiness of seeing all of them who have passed the age of twelve years, giving scriptural evidence of having "passed from death unto life."

"Reviewer" notices an error of sentiment in an expression contained in a conversation Maria was holding with a young female on whom she was urging the importance of immediate repentance and faith in Christ. A part of this conversation he has quoted, which I think does not give a fair view of the subject; though I have no suspicion that unfairness was intended. I allow that the sentence quoted, admits of a construction far from orthodox. But such a construction is not a necessary, nor the natural one. The female with whom Maria was conversing had been a virtuous girl, was seduced by a villain, and the principles of virtue had become dormant in her breast; by embracing religion, they would revive again and become active.

But admitting the sentiment to be incorrect, who would expect an erudite theologian in a young girl, educated and circumstanced as she was? Besides, let any one read the conversation from the last paragraph on the 111th page of the book, and they will not much wonder, that in the ardor of her zeal, to snatch a poor dying sinner from the jaws of eternal death, an expression should escape her lips, which would not endure the fire of criticism. It is well known that a numerous and respectable class of Christians, both in England and in this country, among whom are many of those that we expect to meet in Heaven, believe that we do possess some natural goodness; and shall we denounce them and their writings because they advance one sentiment to which we do not assent? I have heard expressions as unorthodox as this, from one of the most faithful and successful preachers of our own denomination, that has ever blessed the churches of New England. And shall we therefore doom all that he wrote and all that he said to "perpetual exile"? And will the many hundreds, of whose conversion he has been the instrument, many of whom are now rejoicing with him in Heaven, join in this sweeping denunciation?

I will only add a remark or two to the following extract from the second Annual Report of the Maine Sabbath School Union. "In Phippsburg there was one instance of hopeful conversion among the scholars. Her attention was awakened by reading one of the Sabbath School books entitled *Susan Gray*." Will this poor child, rescued from eternal misery in consequence of reading one of these books

which "Reviewer" denounces, join him in sending it to "perpetual exile"? Will the angels of God in Heaven, among whom there is joy over one sinner that repenteth, join in this wish? And will not "Reviewer," when he meets this little girl in heaven, rejoice that the banishment to which he has sentenced these books, was not executed until the most *exceptionable* one, had been read by her, and blessed as the instrument of bringing her there? God seeth not as man seeth, and let man beware how he denounces that on which the Holy Ghost has placed His sanction.

VINDICATOR.

[We have given "Vindicator" a hearing; but cannot continue the discussion, as controversy is foreign to the design of the Companion.—EDITORS.]

For the Youth's Companion.

SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHER'S VISITS.—By the author of *Sabbath School Scenes*. James Loring, Boston.

This is a late American production of much merit. The whole narrative is probable and judicious, and the sidelong, but powerful manner in which it attacks the vice of profaneness makes it a timely and valuable book for children. Teachers may here take a lesson on the great importance of visiting their pupils, and on the manner in which such visits should be conducted. The plan of having the scholars bring a text to prove some doctrine or duty given out on the previous Sabbath is of great utility, and worthy of more extensive adoption. It is elucidated clearly in the work before us.

## NATURAL HISTORY.

### SHARK FIGHT.

The following curious account of a Shark fight, by an eye witness, appears in the *Oriental Herald*, of the 24th of May:—

"An instance of intrepidity and dexterity on the part of an upcountry native, well worthy of being recorded, occurred lately in this neighborhood. I chanced to be on the spot when this display of coolness and courage took place; and had I not witnessed it, I confess I should have been sceptical in believing what, nevertheless, is plain matter of fact. I was walking on the bank of the river at the time when some upcountry boats were delivering their cargoes. A considerable number of Coolies were employed on shore in the work, all of whom I observed running away in apparent trepidation from the edge of the water—returning again, as if eager, yet afraid to approach some object, and again returning as before; I found, on inquiry, that the cause of all this perturbation was the appearance of a large and strange looking fish, swimming close to the bank, and almost in the midst of the boats. Knowing that alligators were common enough, I at first conjectured that the fish in question must be one of those frightful animals; but recollecting that the natives and alligators are not so much strangers to each other as appearances on this occasion indicated, I hastened to the spot to ascertain the matter, when I perceived a huge monster of a shark sailing along—now near the surface of the water, and now sinking down apparently in pursuit of his prey. At this moment a native on the Choppah roof of one of the boats, with a rope in his hand which he was slowly coiling up, surveyed the shark's motions, with a look that evidently indicated he had a serious intention of encountering him in his own element. Holding the rope, on which he made a sort of running knot, in one hand, and stretching out the other arm, as if already in the act of swimming, he stood in an attitude truly picturesque waiting the re-appearance of the shark. About six or eight yards from the boat, the animal rose near the surface, when the native instantly plunged into the water, a short distance from the very jaws of the monster. The shark immediately turned round and swam slowly towards the man, who in his turn, nothing daunted, stuck out the arm that was at liberty, and approached his foe. When within a foot or two of the shark, the native dived beneath him, the animal going down almost at the same instant. The bold assailant in this frightful contest soon reappeared on the opposite side of the shark, swimming fearlessly with the band he had at liberty, and



holding the rope behind his back with the other. The shark, which had also by this time made his appearance again, immediately swam towards him; and while the animal was apparently in the act of lifting himself over the lower part of the native's body, that he might seize upon his prey, the man making a strong effort, threw himself up perpendicularly, and went down with his feet foremost, the shark followed him so simultaneously, that I was fully impressed with the idea that they had gone down grappling together.

"As far as I could judge, they remained nearly twenty seconds out of my sight, while I stood in breathless anxiety and I may add, horror, waiting the result of this fearful encounter. Suddenly the native made his appearance, holding up both his hands over his head and calling out with a voice that proclaimed the victory he had won while underneath the wave, 'Tan, tan!' The people in the boat were all prepared; the rope was instantly drawn tight, and the struggling victim lashing the water in his wrath, was dragged to the shore and dispatched. When measured, his length was found to be six feet nine inches; his girth at the greatest three feet seven inches. The native who achieved this intrepid and dexterous exploit bore no other marks of his finny enemy than a cut on the left arm, evidently received from coming in contact with the tail or some one of the fins of the animal.

"It did not occur to me to ask if this was the first shark-fight in which he had been engaged; but from the preparations and ready assistance he received from his companions in the boats, I should suppose that he has more than once displayed the same courage and dexterity which so much astonished me. The scene was altogether one I shall never forget. The neighborhood of the combatants to the shore—for they were only a few yards from it—enabled me to see what I have attempted to describe, to the greatest advantage."

## BIOGRAPHY.

### MEMOIR OF MRS. HARRIET NEWELL.

[Editorial Abridgement.]

The youth and children of our country have had opportunity to know what is meant by missions and missionaries. They have admired the benevolence and resolution of those preachers of the gospel, who have forsaken all that is pleasant in this good land, and all that is endearing in home and in Christian society, to encounter the perils of the deep, and go to the countries of strangers and heathen, for the purpose of "testifying the gospel of the grace of God." They have admired the conduct of these devoted men, and we hope that many will be influenced as they grow up, to imitate their example until "the company of the preachers shall be great."

On the motives and principles which usually govern mankind, we should scarcely expect that delicate females would be willing to go forth upon such a perilous enterprise, or encounter the dangers and sufferings that belong to the missionary life. But the love of Christ and pity for perishing souls can constrain them to do it. They are needed on some of the missions, not only to take charge of the domestic affairs of the preachers, but as teachers of female schools, and in other departments of labor for the salvation of souls. Some of them, who were peculiarly qualified for their stations or specially favored in the places they occupied, have been almost or quite as useful as their husbands, or as any of the male missionaries, in their more public labors. Several ladies from America have done much in this way for the mission cause, who have now gone to rest. Among these were Mrs. Nichols, Mrs. Judson, and Mrs. Newell. The last named was one of the little band, that first left our shores to carry the gospel to foreign lands. She was very young to engage in such a dangerous service; and it pleased God to call her home before she had become fixed at a missionary station. But her name is precious throughout the churches of America; and in other parts of the world she is known, as one who "counted not

her life dear unto herself, that she might" be an instrument of conveying "to the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ."

Mrs. Newell's family name was Atwood. She was a daughter of Mr. Moses Atwood, a merchant of Haverhill, Mass. where her widowed mother is still living, her father having deceased while she was young. She was born Oct. 10, 1793. "Her childhood was marked with cheerfulness, sensibility, and a taste for reading." In 1806, while she was at Bradford Academy, and during a time of revival in that institution, she was hopefully converted. She was at that time short of thirteen years of age, and did not unite herself with God and his people in public covenant, till three years afterward. Many others, especially females, were converted in the same revival, who have since been eminently useful in their day and generation. How desirable that all our Academies and public seminaries should be blest with revivals; and that all their students should forsake the world and follow the Saviour, as early in life as Harriet did.

When these fellow students, who had now become beloved sisters in Christ, left the school and parted from each other, the separation was extremely painful. But they were "still joined in heart, and hoped to meet again." Several of them have already met in the world of unchanging fellowship and uninterrupted joy. Others, if they endure to the end, will soon meet them there. After their separation at Bradford, Harriet Atwood maintained with several of her late companions a familiar correspondence by letter. It is a *Christian* correspondence, and makes a great part of the biography of Harriet for several years, as published in her Memoirs. That period of her life was attended with no remarkable incidents.

In April 1811, after considerable acquaintance with Mr. Newell, and some expectation of such a proposal at a future period, she received a letter from him, proposing that she should accompany him on his mission to India. This event "involved her in doubts, anxiety, and distress." It was the most important question which had ever been proposed to any American female, till about that time; inviting her to go to the ends of the earth on an untried and unpopular errand of mercy. And still more, it was desirable that an immediate decision should be made. In this extremity she partook herself to God in prayer, abundantly; and still, for some days, she doubted. "I am still wavering," said she in her diary, "what shall I do? Could tears direct me in the path of duty, surely I should be directed. My heart aches; I know not what to do. 'Guide me, O thou great Jehovah.' - - I have retired to my chamber, once more to vent in silence my unavailing sighs, and with an almost bursting heart, implore divine relief and direction. - - I shall go home on Tuesday. Perhaps my dear mother will immediately say, *Harriet shall never go*. Well, if this should be the case, my duty would be plain. I cannot act contrary to the advice and express commands of a *pious mother*."

Her mother, however, was soon prepared for the sacrifice. She met Harriet at the door, with a countenance that bespoke the tranquillity of her mind. The storm of opposition, as she observed, had blown over, and she was brought to say from the heart, "Thy will be done."

"Saints, at your heavenly Father's word,  
Give up your comforts to the Lord;  
He can restore what you resign,  
Or give you blessings more divine."

Light dawned upon Harriet's mind, and she resolved to go. The intervening time was spent in preparation. About the first of February 1812, she was married to the Rev. Samuel Newell; and on the 10th of that month, she sailed from Salem, accompanied by Mr. Newell, and Mr. and Mrs. Judson, to return no more.

On the 16th of June, after a tedious voyage, they arrived at Calcutta, where the Baptist missionaries and other Christians "showed them no little kindness." The government, however, only permitted them to stay till they could make arrangements to go to some other place. They relin-

quished their intension of settling in Burmah, and finally concluded to attempt a mission at the Isle of France. For that place Mr. and Mrs. Newell set sail, after six weeks residence in India. In a letter to her mother she said, "I go without one female companion; but I go with renewed courage, rejoicing that the Lord has opened us a way to work for him." The voyage was unpleasant. In October, she gave birth to a daughter on board the vessel, which in five days expired in its mother's arms, and was committed to a watery grave. In about a week more, Mrs. Newell herself became very ill of consumption, which terminated her life on the 30th of November, a few weeks after their arrival in the Isle of France. Here her bones repose; her spirit is with Christ. Her last days were filled with comfort, and hope, and bright anticipations of glory; and left great consolation to her friends, when lamenting her early death.

Mrs. Newell was but a few months over eighteen years of age, when she left the delights of America for a heathen land. She died when she was only a few weeks past nineteen, and before she had even begun her missionary work. And did she not then regret the step she had taken, and consider her life as thrown away foolishly? Let us hear her own words:—"My wicked heart is inclined to think it hard, that I should suffer such fatigue and hardship. - - But hush, my warring passions: it is for Jesus, who sacrificed the joys of his Father's kingdom, and expired on a cross to redeem a fallen world, that thus I wander from place to place, and feel no where at home. How reviving the thought. How great the consolation it yields to my sinking heart! I will cherish it and yet be happy." On her dying bed, she said to Mr. N., "My brothers and sisters will be anxious to know how I now feel with respect to missions. Tell them, and also my dear mother, that I have never regretted leaving my native land for the cause of Christ." And it was not to be regretted; for "who-so loseth his life for Christ's sake and the gospels, the same shall find it."

## POETRY.

### THE REINDEER AND THE RABBIT.

MARY.

I wish I was a reindeer,  
To gallop o'er the snow;  
Over frosty Lapland drear,  
So merrily I'd go.

ANN.

A little rabbit I would be,  
With fur so soft and sleek,  
And timid ears raised prettily,  
And looks so very meek.

MARY.

But then perhaps some cruel rat,  
Would find your burrow out;  
Or the furious old grey cat  
Might scratch your peepers out.

ANN.

'Tis true they might—but don't you know  
The reindeer's wretched lot?  
His dinner and his bed is snow,  
And supper he has not.

MARY.

But then he is so useful, Ann;  
His masters love him so!  
Dear creatures, they do all they can,  
And are content with snow.

ANN.

And rabbits they do naught but play,  
And feed on tender clover;  
They tripe and eat the live-long day,  
And sleep when that is over.

BOTH.

Then we would be the good rein-deer,  
Because he is so kind—  
If useful, we need never fear,  
But friends and food we'll find.

[Siv. Mus.]

### TO A FRIEND SLEEPING.

Soft fall upon that closing eye  
The taper's trembling rays,  
While sweetly o'er that peaceful brow  
The smile of slumber plays.

May guardian seraphs snowy wings  
Still o'er thy couch be spread,  
And ever may their viewless shields  
Protect and guard thy head,  
Till thou within a purer sphere  
Shall soar with those who watch'd thee here.



# YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Published Weekly, by WILLIS & RAND, at the Office of the Boston Recorder, No. 127, Washington-Street. Price One Dollar a year in advance, or \$1.50, if not paid in advance.

No. 32.

BOSTON, DECEMBER 30, 1829.

VOL. III.

## NARRATIVE.

[The following appears as a communication in the New York Gazette.]

### CARDUS AND WILLIAM.

OR RELIGION THE BEST THING FOR THIS WORLD.

Of late a good deal has been said about infidelity. I think the plain, simple, but true history of myself and William, affords as good a practical comment on the effects of infidel principles as any thing has yet met with. If you think it worth publishing, I am at your service. In a short time it will be forty years since I first landed in New York; I was then in my twentieth year, without a face that I knew, or a friend to counsel or direct. On the first Sabbath morning after we landed, three young men and our passengers called and inquired where I was going to-day. I said, to church; they answered, we have been near ten weeks confined to the ship, let us now walk out and see the country; our health requires exercise, and we can go to church another day. I said, as long as I can remember I had gone to church with my father every Sabbath of my life, and when we parted his last words were "Remember the Sabbath day." They went to the country; I went to church; they spent a few shillings of their wages; I put a few cents in the plate. Some of them were good mechanics, and got from eight to ten dollars per week; my branch was poor, and it was only by close application I earned five dollars per week. They continued going in the country, found loose company, spent most of their week's wages, came home half drunk, sometimes caught by a thunder storm, spoiled their fine clothes and hats, rose late on Monday morning, bones and head aching, and could work but little all that day. I went to church, saved my wages, rose early on Monday morning, my bones rested, my head sound, and started on the labors of the week, with a light heart and quiet conscience. At the end of the year they could show fine clothes on Sunday; but, I could show one hundred dollars, piled in the corner of my chest. They have all been gone long ago; having lived fast, they died early: while I, as one consequence of regular living, have not been confined by sickness for one day in all that period. Now, Mr. Infidel, who you purpose to reform the world by destroying the Bible and abolishing the Sabbath, I would ask you, who lived the most comfortable life, they, or I? who were the most useful members in society? They died and left their wives and children beggars. If I die to-night my family have the tools and hands to make themselves independent of the world.\*

About three months after I landed, there came from England into the shop where I wrought, a man by the name of William; he had a fine little woman for a wife, and one or two young children. He was an excellent mechanic, and the first, I believe, who manufactured coach springs in New York; he was by religious profession, a Baptist, and went to the church in Gold-street. Dr. Foster, I believe, was then the pastor. He continued a consistent professor, attending church regularly with his wife and children. But, William was a warm politician; a democrat as red hot as the iron he hammered. He was soon found out by the radicals of that day. About this time there came to the city a man by the name of Palmer, who was either born blind or had lost his sight by disease. This blind leader of the blind used to lecture on deism in what was then called

the Assembly Room, in William-street. William was led by some of his new associates into this dungeon of despair, and drunk deep in their dark and cheerless doctrine. In a short time he came out a flaming deist, and instead of going with his wife and children to church, he led them to Long Island or the fields in Jersey, or he went, by himself, to a low tavern and harangued on deism and infidelity, to any set of blockheads, who would hear him. His children as they grew up, being left to wander as they pleased, soon associated with bad company, and turned out worse than good for nothing. He had commenced business for himself, and for some time was in a very thriving way. But now, every thing was forgot in his zeal for propagating his new principles. You might find him in every street and corner, pouring out his new light; and so vulgar and brutish was the language in which he blasphemed every thing which society in general holds sacred, that moderate men of any principle got disgusted, shunned his company and shop, and his worldly circumstances began to fall into decay. As old shop-mates, he and I ever have been, and now are, on the most friendly terms when we meet; and from the beginning have I expostulated and warned him of the ruin he was bringing on himself and family in this world, laying the next aside. Though he could not deny the truth of what I said, yet he seemed like one who had gone so far that he was ashamed to recede. One morning about ten o'clock, a few weeks ago, he called on me and asked for something to buy his breakfast, as he had not tasted any thing that day. I looked on him with sorrow, almost to crying. Says I, "William, has it really come to this with you?" He said he had not a cent—a friend, or child, to help him in the world. I asked for his sons and daughters, by name—they had all gone to ruin, or were dead. The few old friends of the William-street Illuminati, now that he was poor, knew him not. I gave him a small sum, and told him to call on me in his extremity. Says I, "William, there are my sons and daughters; they are an honor to their parents, being all useful members of society. Your children and mine were brought up neighbors to one another—what should make them to differ?" He was silent. Says I, I told you thirty-four years ago, your mad principles would beggar yourself and ruin your family. While you carried your children to the fields, or left them to wander in the road to destruction, I carried mine to the church, where they were not exposed to bad company; and now they walk in the ways of wisdom, which are pleasantness and peace. I added, you must now be convinced that religion is the best thing for this world; and in the next, they who profess it will be as well off as you. But if the Bible is true, you may say with the miser, "I was starved in this, and damned in that which is to come." He confessed I had the best of the argument, and said he might have been a rich man if he had stuck to the principles he brought with him from England. He said he thought of going into the alms-house—it was a good last-retreat; and for this, says I, William, you have to thank Christianity; for, where the Bible is not known, they have neither alms-house nor hospital. I have only to add, that this story is no fiction, nor combination of characters that may have existed; but it is literally true. My friend William now lives, (you know him,) he is a man of truth, (though a deist,) and will vouch for what I have said, were he asked. If any one doubts, you may give them my name. I will point them to some of the men, still alive, of whom I speak.

Yours, CARDUS.

REMARK.—Truth will be uppermost, one time or other, like cork, though kept down in the water.—Sir W. Temple.

## RELIGION.

### THE HAPPY SHEPHERD.

M. de Rance, a distinguished Frenchman of the seventeenth century, having experienced some very severe afflictions and disappointments, while yet ignorant of the only source of real consolation, sunk into a deep and settled melancholy. In this gloomy mood he wandered in the woods for hours together, regardless of the weather, and seemingly unconscious of every surrounding object.

On one of the brightest mornings in May, he was wandering in his usual disconsolate manner, amongst the wooded mountains that skirted his estate. Suddenly he came to a deep glen, which terminated in a narrow valley. It was covered with a rich green herbage, and was surrounded on all sides with thick woods. A flock was feeding at the bottom, and a clear brook watered it. Underneath the broad shade of a spreading oak, sat an aged shepherd, who was attentively reading a book. His crook and pipe were lying on the bank near him, and his faithful dog was guarding his satchel at his feet. The Abbe was much struck by his appearance. His locks were white with age, yet a venerable and cheerful benignity appeared in his countenance. His clothes were worn completely threadbare, and patched of every different color, but they were wonderfully neat and clean.—His brow was furrowed by time; but as he lifted up his eyes from the book, they seemed almost to beam with the expression of heartfelt peace and innocence.

Notwithstanding his mean garb, the Abbe de Rance involuntarily felt a degree of respect and kindness for the man. "My good friend, (said he, with a tone of affectionate sympathy,) you seem very poor, and at an advanced age; can I render your latter days more comfortable?"

The old man, looking at him stedfastly, but with the greatest benignity, replied, "I humbly thank you, sir, for your kindness; did I stand in need of it, I should most gratefully accept it; but blessed be God, his mercy and goodness have left nothing even to wish."

"Nothing to wish! (replied M. de Rance, who began to suspect his shepherd's garb to be a disguise,) I shall suspect you of being a greater philosopher than any I know!—Think again."

"Sir," replied the shepherd mildly, "this little flock which you see, I love as if it were my own, though it belongs to another; God has put it in my master's heart to show me more kindness than I deserve. I love to sit here and meditate on all the mercies of God to me in this life; and, above all, I love to read and meditate on his glorious promises for that which is to come. I will assure you, sir, that while I watch my sheep, I receive many a sweet lesson on the good Shepherd's watchful care over me and all of us. What can I wish, sir, more?"

"But good man," returned the Abbe, "did it never come into your head, that your master may change, or your flock may die? Should you not like to be independent, instead of trusting to fortuitous circumstances?"

"Sir," replied the shepherd, "I look upon it, that I do not depend on circumstances, but on the great and good God, who directs them. This is what makes me happy, happy at heart. God in mercy enables me to lie down and sleep secure, in the immutable strength of that blessed word—'All things work together for good, to them that love God.' My reliance, (being poor,) is in the love of God; if I were ever so rich, I could not be more secure; for on what else, but on his will, can the most flourishing prospects depend for their stability?"

\* One of the young men of whom I speak was a baker; in a fit of intemperance, while working dough in the trough, alone, he lost his balance, tumbled in with his head buried in dough, and in this situation was found dead. This fact is known to scores of his countrymen now in this city.



The Abbe felt some emotion at this pointed observation; he however smothered it and said, "Very few have your firmness of mind."

"Sir," answered the man, "you should rather say, few seek their strength from God." Then steadily fixing his eye on M. de Rance, he added, "Sir, it is not firmness of mind: I know misfortune as well as others; and I know, too, that where affliction comes close, no firmness of mind only, can, or will carry a man through. However strong a man may be, affliction may be yet stronger, unless his strength be in the strength of God. Again, sir, it is not firmness of mind, but it is a firm and heart-felt conviction, founded on scripture and experience of God's mercy in Christ. It is faith, and that faith itself is the gift of God."

The man paused, then looking at M. de Rance with great interest, he added, "Sir, your kindness calls for my gratitude.—Permit me to shew it in the only way I can. Then I will add, that if you do not know this gift, he calls you to it as much as me.—I see by your countenance, that though so young, you have known sorrow.—Would to God you could read on mine, that, though at so advanced and infirm an age, I enjoy the blessings of peace. Yet though you are probably learned, whilst I am unlearned, I believe that the secret of true happiness is the same to all. Let me then show my gratitude, by telling you what the teaching of God, or his word and providence, has taught me. I was not always blessed with the happiness I now enjoy. When I was young I had a farm of my own, I had a wife whom I dearly loved, and I was blessed with sweet children. Yet, with all these good things I was never happy, for I knew not God, the Supreme Good.—With every temporal blessing I never reaped pure enjoyment, for my afflictions were never in due subordination. My eyes being turned to the channels of temporal blessings, instead of God their source, I was in constant anxiety, either to grasp more, or lest I should lose what I had already got. God had compassion upon me, and sent misfortune to lead me to him. I once had a son, the pride of my heart: a daughter, and she began to be the friend and comfort of her mother. Each was grown up, and began to yield us comfort beyond our fondest hopes; when each we had to watch through a slow and lingering disease. Blessed be God, that taught them to live the life of his saints, and gives them now as the angels in heaven, to behold his glory, face to face. They were taught, but not of us: it was the work of God; of that God, whom as yet we knew not. Their deaths—but, oh! how unspeakably bitter did that pang seem which came in mercy to call us to God, and give us spiritual life! Till we fainted under the stroke, we did not remember that our insensible hearts had never yet been thankful for the blessing, whose loss we were ready to repine at; we can now in mercy say, that we know afflictions do not spring out of the dust. Blessed be God, I can now from my very heart thank him, for uniting me, for all the ages of a blissful eternity, with those dear and angelic spirits, towards whom I only thought of the short intercourse of time.—Oh! how short my views; how long his love; Surely his mercy, and the fruit of it, endureth forever. This was our greatest affliction; besides, I have, through a variety of accidents, lost my relations and my possessions, and I now, in my old age, serve in the house where I was once master. Yet, I find indeed, that 'to know the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom he has sent, is indeed life eternal.' A man's life does not consist in the abundance which he possesses, but in that peace which passes all understanding, and which the world can neither give nor take away. I desire to live by faith, day by day, and trust to the Lord to provide for the morrow. In short, sir, I have found by experience, that every worldly good without God is empty, and that God without any worldly good, is, as of old, all sufficient!"

This discourse struck M. de Rance to the heart. It was a ray of light from above. He was not disobedient to the heavenly vision.

—  
Liberality without discretion is prodigality.

## THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

From the N. J. Sabbath School Journal.

### EXAMINATION AT SHREWSBURY, N. J.

On Sabbath, Oct. 4th, we had the pleasure of attending the examination of the Sabbath schools in the Presbyterian church at Shrewsbury. The scholars from the two schools, viz. Eatontown, and Deal were seated together in front of the pulpit. After prayer and singing, Rev. J. M. Hunting proceeded to examine the schools, on lessons which the scholars had previously recited. The answers were given very readily, and amidst numerous spectators, there could scarcely have been one, who would withhold his approbation.

Immediately succeeding the examination, Mr. Hunting read an interesting report, giving a brief statement of the plan of conducting the schools. After the report, an address was made by Mr. H. Fisk.

As the report is minute in describing the mode of conducting Sabbath schools, we give the following long extract, and have no doubt our readers will be gratified with its perusal.

"The proper training up of the young, must have respect to three things, viz. 1. Their *Physical*, 2. *Intellectual*, and 3. *Moral* improvement. Or in other words, 1. Their health and strength of body. 2. Their strength of mind, and acquaintance with things of a mere worldly nature as the arts and sciences, useful to them or others. And 3. their uprightness of heart. Moral and religious state.

Persons well trained up, are fitted for *usefulness* and *happiness*. To be thus fitted, the body must be made as healthy and vigorous as circumstances admit; the mind must be cultivated and improved, and the moral and religious views, feelings, and habits must be good.

On all these three things the Sabbath school exerts a favorable influence; but its influence is most felt in the last, viz. good, moral, and religious culture.

We say its influence is good on them *all*. It is so: as the instructions given, promote good habits and destroy bad ones. This helps the *body*—it promotes health and prevents weakness and sickness.

The Sabbath school helps in various ways to improve the understanding, mind, and intellect, and store them with useful knowledge. The studies of the school do this. So does the advice which the scholars receive. They are advised to improve their time well in the common week day school—to read books with attention—to listen to good instruction imparted by parents, teachers or other friends. The general effect of this, is the improvement of their minds. To this we may add that they read much in the books of the Sabbath school Library, which helps to cultivate their understandings. And not only the Sabbath school scholars read much in the library books and are benefitted; but their friends also read these books to advantage.

The principal benefit, however, of the Sabbath school, is its moral and religious effect.

The Bible is the book chiefly studied, and no book so efficiently improves the moral and religious character. This book touches the heart, from whence are the issues of life. Let the Bible become the man of our council—let it become a lamp to our feet and a light to our path—let us *understand and follow* it, and we shall do right. It inculcates nothing wrong—it leaves uninculcated nothing right.

Of the two schools now before us, a report or statement, mentioning the number of scholars and teachers on the list—the number generally together on the Sabbath—the studies they attend to—the improvement they make—the causes of rapid or of slow improvement—the encouraging and the discouraging circumstances of these schools—the state of the libraries—the encouragement needed—the benefit to be expected, &c. I say a statement mentioning these things, may be useful and acceptable.

1. The number of scholars in these two schools,

i. e. the number on the lists who attend these schools when they attend any, is about 140; on some days about 100 have attended, on others only about 60. Average number in the two schools is about 70 or 80.

2. The number of teachers including the Librarians and Superintendents is about twenty.

Each school has one Superintendent and one Librarian, and in one of the schools the Librarian, besides taking excellent care of the library, is very useful as assistant Superintendent.

Much praise is due to those who spend their time without any pecuniary compensation, in taking care of, and instructing in these schools.

The studies of the scholars are entirely to reading or learning to read. Those who read, are learned to do so. Those who get lessons in the New-Testament, occasionally learn hymns, or psalms that please them. The recitator who read, consist mainly, almost learned from the New-Testament questions requiring such answers.

From 50 to 70 questions of each week, average number 60, a scholar who punctually attends the school, as the lesson, gives answers to about 2400 questions in the Testament every year. About half, i. e. 70 of the scholars, are in these Testament classes.

The number of Sabbaths every year that they have new lessons is 40. One Sabbath every month, or 12 Sabbaths every year, being reserved for reviewing immediately previous to the monthly concert.

Besides these 2400 questions put annually to these Testament classes, many questions are put to them, and to the other scholars, about what is right and wrong in their general conduct as children—as brothers & sisters—as neighbors—as citizens, and as moral, accountable and immortal beings.

There are belonging to the libraries about 220 volumes of different sizes, and in general well adapted to the capacities of the scholars. Of these about 150 volumes, are constantly circulating in the families to which the children belong. They are kept by each one a week or more to be read, and then they are returned and changed for others. Many of the children read the books much themselves. For some scholars, especially those who cannot read, the books are read aloud by some persons at home. With many of the pieces in these volumes the children are delighted, and from the accounts given of good people and good things, they form a favorable opinion of them and try to imitate them. Some parents find their children so strongly, and so favorably impressed with the accounts of virtue, and virtuous conduct, found in their Sabbath school books, that often to remind them of those accounts, is enough to deter them from evil, and to lead to obedient behaviour. Some of the Sabbath school, and even day school teachers, find the same thing true and manifest. Thus parents, guardians and teachers, find their task of governing those under their care, lightened by means of the Sabbath school library. By reading these books so much, the children and others form a habit of reading. This habit is cherished, and the community actually becomes fond of reading. The character of the books is also such, as to form an attachment to reading of a moral and religious sort. Already it is seen that there is more of a taste among us, for perusing religious books, and religious newspapers, and the Bible. Probably in no year has there been in this place more attention given to the reading of God's holy word and of good books in general, than during the one just passing, especially by the children and youth. Should this taste for reading continue and be cherished, it will serve much to enlighten and elevate the public mind. It is somewhat like heaven—it spreads through the place till all feel its influence. In houses where books and intelligence were least likely to find their way, they both go from the Sabbath school. Many children have become so fond of the books, that they go with pleasure to the school, if from no other motive than to get the books.



"In regard to the benefit derived by the scholars from such a course of instruction, we can say that it is in general manifest and great, but varies according to circumstances in different individuals.

"A general development of intellect, and improvement in good manners and morals is very perceptible. This might be expected. The system of instruction by question and answer is happy in almost every thing, but in nothing more than in morals and religion. Our Saviour often taught in this way. Questions proposed call forth thought to prepare the answer, and when once children are learned to think for themselves and to think correctly, the mind will improve. When once the channel of thought is opened, the current will flow through, and if left unobstructed will widen and deepen itself.

"Questions are not only proposed to the scholars, but they are often proposed by them. They are encouraged to ask of their teachers and others, things respecting which they wish information. By this means, not only in the Sabbath school, but also at the fire side at home, the circle is often formed to mutually ask and answer questions. As instances of improvement in these schools, we mention the following:—

"A boy last Sabbath appeared in school, who, though hired out to labor all the week, had obtained answers to every question in his lesson, and had 96 verses in the N. Testament committed to memory.

"Another boy, or rather two boys, brothers, who it is understood never attended any other school but this, and have only been here about eight months, and who knew not their A B C's when they entered, last Sabbath were reading the easier lessons in our books. These two boys have another brother who was absent last Sabbath, but whose improvement is about the same. They live about three miles from the school, and buy with money earned in hard labor, articles of clothing necessary to appear decent in school. On entering school they told their teacher when asked about God, and heaven, and hell, and the Sabbath, &c., that they never heard of any of them before. They are about 10, 12, and 14 years of age, and they and a sister older never heard a prayer till they entered the Sabbath school.

"A girl is also in this company, who is not yet seven years old, who, beside frequently reciting beautifully the lessons in the New Testament has since last February read her Bible in course from the beginning to nearly the end. She will probably be through the Bible before the day that she is seven years old. This same girl has attended the day school much of the time and has frequently stood there among the best scholars in her class.

Other scholars from the same family, and others still in the school, are considerably advanced in reading the Bible through.

"In addition to these facts which have come to my knowledge, are others that time allows not to relate, and others still, no doubt of a very encouraging nature that I know nothing of, which show the utility of our schools is usefully exercising the minds of the scholars.

"Teachers in our day schools have borne honorable testimony to the more rapid improvement of their scholars after entering the Sabbath school than before.

"We can also point out instances of those who once were greatly given to profaneness, who now seldom if ever utter an oath; of some who had little regard to truth, that now seldom tell a lie; of some who frequently and glaringly profaned the Sabbath, that now regard it as a holy day; of some who were ungovernable at home, and troublesome to the neighbors, that now are very different; we might speak of some scholars and teachers who are almost persuaded to be Christians, and of one Superintendent, and several teachers who have joined the church, and evidently become pious since they joined the Sabbath schools.

"We might also say that the prospect of good is no less bright for the future than it was for the past. The truth of God which is as the fire and the hammer to break in pieces the rocky hearts of sinners,

is placed on them in greater amount and to better advantage, and why may we not expect that some of them will yield to its influence during the coming as during the past year.

"Not only do the teachers impart to the scholars the knowledge every week which they have of the lessons, but to them a lecture is given on each new lesson during some evening of the week before they meet their classes.

"In this view of our schools, we rejoice to see them going on. The circumstances of a discouraging nature are few and trifling, compared to those of an encouraging. And we trust, that as the utility of the schools, and the duties of teachers, and scholars, and parents, and others in regard to them become more manifest, the aspect will be even more cheering, and that at last many will arise to bless God for these harbingers of good."

#### Conversation between two Sabbath Scholars.

"Jane," said a Sabbath scholar to her companion, as they were returning home one evening, "do you not think my teacher was too strict to-day? I only just laughed, while Susan Thorn was reading, and she spoke to me in such a serious manner, as though I had done something very wicked."

"Indeed, Anne, said Jane, it is very sinful not to pay attention to the Scriptures. Do you not remember, that Mr. Jones told us just now, that every time we trifled with serious things, God marketh down in his book?"

"Ah!" said Anne, "but I only thought of the play I had yesterday, and then I laughed; how could I help my thoughts?"

"You know, my dear Anne, if you had been attending to what you were reading, such thoughts would not have come into your mind. I sometimes think of that text, "Lord turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity;" and if I can but remember this text, "Thou God seest me?" then I am ashamed of my folly: I remember once laughing whilst reading the Bible: I did not think my teacher saw me: but she looked up at me, so grieved, and said, 'Jane, if you were in great distress, without a friend near to help you, and I were to send you a letter with just the relief you needed, would you read that letter carelessly, turn away, and think on some other subject? No, you would not. Then my child,' said she, 'can you thus make light of God's holy word, which he has sent to turn us from sin to holiness, from the brink of ruin to everlasting happiness?' In this way she talked to me for some time. O, I think I can never forget it!"

"Well," said Anne, "when my teacher said to me, It is by that book we shall be judged, I could not help thinking, O if I should now be called to judgment! but then I soon forgot that, and—O, Jane, I am ashamed to tell you all; I do now fear, that I have been very wicked. But there's my mother, looking out for me; and I must go. Good night; and do not forget to pray that I may become a good child."

#### REVIEW.

For the Youth's Companion.

MATERNAL INSTRUCTIONS, OR THE HISTORY OF MRS. MURRAY AND HER CHILDREN.—By WILLIAM MCGAVIN. Printed by T. R. Marvin, for the Mass. S. S. Union.

"Mrs. Murray, in the prime of life, was left a widow with two children, Mary, about eight, and James, little more than five years of age. Mary was a sweet modest girl, but James was a petulant, selfish little fellow, who did not care what pain he gave his mother, or any body else, provided he had every thing his own way." Let all selfish boys, who read this book, keep an eye on James Murray, and they will see how their own actions would appear, if they were put into print. James Murray cared for nobody but himself. Mrs. Murray, on New Year's day, gave to her two children a half a crown each, and took them with her to visit some very poor people who were sick. To one of these Mary gave her half crown, because she pitied them; but James loved himself so well, that there was no

place in his heart for pity or generosity. The sight of poverty and distress did not move him. He spent his half crown for a drum and a glass trumpet, but "like many other people in the world, he had more property than he could manage, so as to take care of himself at the same time. His foot slid upon a piece of ice, on the pavement, and not having his hands at liberty to break his fall, he tumbled over his drum, and fell with face upon his glass trumpet, which broke into a thousand pieces, one of which cut his nose in a dreadful manner." So much for his selfishness. At another time upon a holiday, his mother gave him a sixpence, "that he might have something to give to such poor persons as he should see that day. She wished to see if any thing would open his heart, and make him liberal." She charged him not to meddle with gunpowder, telling him it was a dangerous article. James, however, loved himself and his own pleasure, better than he did his mother or any body else. He did not give his money to the poor, but laid it out for gunpowder, and in the end, was blown up. "His clothes were burnt, and the skin of one side was sadly scorched. Poor fellow! he suffered terrible pain."

"Notwithstanding his mother's remonstrances and express prohibition, James could never deny himself the cruel pleasure of plundering a bird's nest, when he thought his mother would not know it. It happened one Saturday, after the school had been dismissed, that he went away with some other boys into the wood, to try how many bird's nests they could find."

Here, James strayed away from his companions and was lost. He was now in a sad condition. He cried as long as he had strength to cry and then lay down in despair. The birds were very thick about him, and he could not help thinking of that verse in the Bible, which says, "The eye that mocketh at his father, and despiseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it." When he was found, "his face was swollen with crying. His hands and clothes were torn with wild briars, and not a little bloody." Not long after this, James walked out with his sister and Mrs. Hunter. Mrs. Hunter was a pious woman, and while they sat to rest themselves, she introduced the subject of religion. James did not like religion; any other subject was more acceptable than that. And this is not strange, for religion and selfishness are entirely opposite in their nature. He stole away, therefore, and in endeavoring to get some berries from a tree, "the branch gave way, and James tumbled down the steep bank over head and ears into the water." So much for his selfishness. He loved himself so much better than he did his Creator, that he could not bear to talk about Him. After all James' troubles, his selfishness remained. His glass trumpet did not cut it out—the powder did not burn it out—his fears when he was lost in the wood did not frighten it away—nor did he leave it behind him when he fell down the steep bank. No, his selfishness still remained.

My young friends, selfishness is sin. It is a transgression of God's law. We once knew a boy who, when he was asked if he were a sinner, replied, "Yes, I know that I am a sinner, yet I cannot think of any particular crime that I have committed against God or man, which should make me so ill-deserving as the Bible represents." He had forgotten that selfishness is sin, and that it is for being selfish that "God is angry with the wicked every day."

To be selfish is to lay all your plans for your own benefit, regardless of the happiness of other people—regardless of the glory of God. God commands you to love him supremely, but selfishness says, love self supremely. Selfishness says, "such and such things are mine, and I will not give them up, for the sake of the happiness of an hundred others." Selfishness says "my neighbor has got money,—I want it. My neighbor has got a good name—I want it. My neighbor appears to enjoy life—I am unhappy, and if I cannot obtain his wealth and good name, I will endeavor to rob him of the happiness they afford." This is selfishness. It craves all the wealth and honor and pleasure which the world can give, and it hopes, at least, for the



absence of misery in eternity. This selfishness is natural to man. Children feel it and manifest it. It breaks out in the family, setting children at variance with each other. It shows itself in the school, and sets on the boys to fight. In the neighborhood, it is the parent of slander and strife. In the world it produces war and bloodshed. And is it not sin? Those who continue to indulge it through life cannot be happy hereafter. It has made them miserable, notwithstanding all the restraints of religion and civil society, in *this world*. O how unspeakably miserable must they be in the *world of despair*, when all restraints will be removed! REVIEWER.

[To be concluded.]

## BIOGRAPHY.

### MEMOIR OF MRS. ANN H. JUDSON.

[Editorial Abridgment.]

Mrs. Judson may well be mentioned in immediate connection with Mrs. Newell,\* for they were born near the same spot; they were associates in study and in religious privilege; they sailed in the same vessel to India among the first adventurers on a foreign mission from the United States; and though they were soon after separated, and went down to the grave in distant places, their ransomed spirits are now together, we doubt not, in the presence of the Lamb. Our readers may be pleased to compare the two notices together, after we shall have laid them both before them.

Mrs. Judson was the daughter of Mr. John and Mrs. Rebecca Hasseltine, of Bradford, Ms., where her venerable parents yet reside. She was born Dec. 22, 1789. This place is separated from Haverhill only by the Merrimack river, and contains the Academy which was so favored with a shower of grace in 1806, when many young females were converted to Christ. Ann Hasseltine was a member of the school, and shared early in the revival. She had before been under convictions of sin, and resisted the Spirit. But now the commandment came home with power, and her spirit was overwhelmed. She obtained peace, however, by believing in Christ; and on the 14th of September, she united herself with the church of the Redeemer in public covenant, being less than 17 years of age.

In June 1810, the General Association of Massachusetts met at Bradford. At that meeting, the venerable body of ministers were thinking little of missions to the heathen, till four young students from the Seminary at Andover presented a paper to them, stating that *they* had been thinking and praying on the subject, and desired advice and direction about going forth to carry them the gospel. These young men were Messrs. Judson, Nott, Mills and Newell. All of these but Mr. Mills, together with Messrs. Rice and Hall, went out in the first company, in 1812. At this meeting in Bradford, Mr. Judson first saw Miss Hasseltine. An acquaintance was soon after formed, which led to a direct offer of marriage on his part, including a proposition to accompany him in his missionary enterprise. Miss Hasseltine was called to decide this very difficult and affecting question, earlier than Miss Atwood; and she was the first female in our country, who consented to go to distant regions on this errand of mercy; and her enlightened and judicious manner of deciding the question, has doubtless been very useful in aiding others who have been called to the same trial of their faith. She was married to the Rev. Adoniram Judson on the 5th of February, 1812; and on the 19th of the same month they left Salem for Calcutta, in the same vessel with Mr. and Mrs. Newell. Messrs. Hall, Nott and Rice, with Mrs. Nott, sailed about the same time from Philadelphia, the two companies expecting to meet in India.

Various reasons induced most of these missionaries to abandon the proposed mission to Burmah; and while they remained in Calcutta, Mr. and Mrs. Judson and Mr. Rice became Baptists, and were immersed. This event was one of that series of causes, which aroused the Baptist churches in this country to engage, in foreign missions. Mr.

Rice returned soon to this country. Mr. Judson and his wife, considering their connection with the American Board dissolved by their becoming Baptists, were uncertain where to go, or on whom to rely for support. They thought of South America, of Japan, of Persia, of Madagascar; but they were at length conducted by a special providence to Burmah, and took up their residence in Rangoon, in July, 1813. This place is the principal sea-port of the empire; "where their Saviour had designed they should labor for him many years, and where they were to be the instruments of gathering a little church of redeemed Burmans." The mission was soon supported by a Baptist Board, formed in this country. Here they were most of the time alone, among them that neither knew nor feared Jehovah. In October, 1816, Mr. Hough, from America joined them; and Messrs. Colman & Wheelock, with their wives, about two years after. In 1816, Mrs. J. was afflicted by the death of a little son, of the age of eight months; her health was often feeble, and her toils and sufferings great. In July 1820, she was so ill that her husband accompanied her to Calcutta and Serampore, and she received so much benefit as to return to Rangoon in January, 1821.

Her recovery, however, was of short continuance. In August she bade her affectionate husband farewell, and sailed for India; whence she went to England, and finally returned to her native country, where she spent nine months very usefully to the cause of missions. While here, she published her "History of the Burman Mission," which has done much good here, and in England where an edition was published. In June 1823, she again set sail for the eastern world, accompanied by the Rev. J. Wade and his wife, who were going to join the same mission. She now took her last leave of America and her friends here, and met her husband again on mission ground, Dec. 5, 1823. During her absence, he had visited Ava, the capital, and obtained leave to make that city his station. Thither they soon removed, leaving Messrs. Hough and Wade with their families at Rangoon. Before this time, Messrs. Colman and Wheelock had both left all earthly scenes. About this time war broke out between the Burmans and the English, and Rangoon was suddenly invaded by an English army. The missionaries who were at that place were wonderfully preserved in the midst of the greatest commotion and the greatest apparent dangers. Soon after the capture of that city, this company retired to Bengal.

The situation of the missionaries at Ava now became perilous indeed, and there was great reason to fear they would fall victims to the hasty resentment of a vindictive and haughty government. The Burmans were continually defeated, and the English advanced towards the capital. For nearly two years, their friends could not hear a single word of their fate. Their sufferings were very severe and long continued. They were excluded from the royal residence, suspected and examined as spies, and living in 'jeopardy every hour.' At length Messrs. Judson and Price\* were imprisoned, and in that state endured almost incredible hardships. Mrs. Judson, in the strength of her native powers, and in the greater strength of faith in them that judgeth righteously, kept possession of their house and property alone. She maintained her confidence in the promises of God, and visited the prison of her husband daily to carry him food, till she was herself brought down to the very borders of the grave by a disorder of the country, which almost always proves fatal to foreigners. For more than two months she was confined to a mat in a small room, with a little daughter deprived of her nourishment, and all outward circumstances truly deplorable, except the unwearied kindness of her Bengalee servant. After a partial restoration, she was "seized with the spotted fever, with all its attendant horrors;" and when Dr. Price at length came to her, he found her "case the most distressing that he had ever witnessed."

\* Dr. Price joined the mission in 1821.

At last, peace was restored, her husband was released, and they were placed in the English camp under the protection of Christian people. They seemed now likely to dwell safely and prosper in the mission; and prepared to settle at Amherst, a new station. To this place Mr. J. conveyed his wife in June, 1826, while he went to Ava to make other arrangements. But in October she was seized by a fever, and after a few days was released from all her sorrows.

Mrs. Judson was a lady of very superior mind, and her character and history are worthy of being studied by all our youth. We have given but a very barren sketch of her life, and refer our readers to Mr. Knowles' Memoir for greater satisfaction. The third edition is now on sale; the two first amounted to 7500 copies; and yet a year has not elapsed since the first was published.

## REMARKS ON REVIEWS.

The first question between "Reviewer" and "Vindicator," [See last Companion,] is one of *degrees*. "Reviewer" would warn his children of the temptations of the wicked world: but he would do it by solemn parental instruction, and not have it frequently presented in reading and conversation. "Vindicator" would make the topic more common and familiar: would have his children hear of the abominations that are committed, and even behold them. There is doubtless a wise medium here, and there are two opposite extremes. We will not undertake to decide between our correspondents. But we would suggest to "Vindicator" the danger of making depraved youth too "familiar with the face" of vice: lest they "first see, then pity, then embrace."

As to Maria's "error of sentiment," we think it is fairly imputed to the author of the book, and not to the "young girl." And neither the sentiments of a class of Christians, nor the similar practice of the most successful preacher, nor the usefulness of the book which contains the expression, can prove that the sentiment in question is scriptural. If it implies that the human heart has any *truly* virtuous or holy principles, before conversion, we hesitate not to say the expression should be avoided.

## MISCELLANY.

*Extravagance.*—By extravagance the higher sort are reduced to poverty, and forced to borrow of those whom they formerly despised, but who, through industry and frugality, have maintained their standing. A ploughman on his legs is higher than a gentleman on his knees.

The best way to deal with most slanderers is not to notice them. Nine times in ten they will die quicker than you can kill them.

## POETRY.

### THE DEAD ROBIN.

Poor little robin! he is dead!  
He will sing to us no more—  
And never turn his glossy head,  
When he hears us open the door.  
How prettily he used to feed,  
And hop about so gay,  
When from the windows we threw seed,  
In happy, careless play.  
Oh, the world was a merry place  
To little robin then—  
He seldom saw a human face,  
Or heard the voice of men.  
The far-off sky, so bright and fair,  
Was very dear to him—  
The air, the pure and balmy air,  
Was made for birds to swim.  
But when the spring was very bleak,  
His mate would build a nest;  
And the fond pair came here to seek  
For comfort and for rest.  
Within my little basket deep,  
Their tiny eggs were laid;  
For there his little ones could sleep,  
Nor care for sun or shade.  
Oh, how I wish I'd let him go,  
When his mate flew far away!  
I did not think it would be so—  
Oh, what a gloomy day!  
My naughty puss I'll never like,  
For peeping in his house—  
And yet how could the foolish tyke  
Know robin from a mouse?  
Ah, we ourselves are all to blame  
For pretty robin's fate;  
Indeed, it was a cruel shame,  
To take him from his mate!

[Juv. Mis.]

\* See Companion of last week.



# YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Published Weekly, by WILLIS & RAND, at the Office of the Boston Recorder, No. 127, Washington-Street....Price One Dollar a year in advance, or \$1, 50, if not paid in advance.

No. 33.

BOSTON, JANUARY 6, 1830.

VOL. III.

## NARRATIVE.

From the Juvenile Miscellany.

ST. MAUR.

### OR, THE CAPTIVE BABES RECOVERED.

Among the early settlers of our country, were many French Protestants, or Huguenots, as they are sometimes called, who left their native land to enjoy the free exercise of their religion. The Romish Church, being the established form of worship in France, those who differed from it had been frequently treated with severity. Henry the 4th of France, gave the Protestants permission to follow the dictates of their own consciences, and the treaty or covenant which promised them this liberty, was signed by him in the year 1598. It is known in history by the name of the *Edict of Nantes*, because it was executed at that place. But Lewis 14th, determined on the conversion of those whom he considered heretics, revoked this Edict, and a bitter persecution ensued. Their churches were destroyed, armed soldiers quartered in their habitations, their children torn from them to be educated by Catholic priests, & many imprisoned and murdered. Multitudes fled from the face of a king, who instead of the father of his people, had become their destroyer. They took refuge in different parts of Europe and America, and their industry, integrity and piety, rendered them treasures to their new homes.

Among those who became inhabitants of New-England, a number of families commenced a settlement at Oxford, in Massachusetts, about 66 years after the first landing of the English at Plymouth. To the stream passing through that town, they gave the name of French River, which it continues to bear; and to protect them from the surrounding Indians, erected a fort whose ruins are yet visible. Their clergyman, the Rev. Pierre Daille was distinguished by the firmness and meekness with which he endured, and counselled his people to endure, the hardships of emigration. With this little colony he eventually removed from Oxford to Boston, where some of their descendants continue to this day. Should any of my young friends, who read these pages, desire to see the humble stone which marks the grave of this good man, it may be found, together with that of his wife, in the Granary Burying Yard in Boston.

At the period of the story which I am about to relate, the Huguenots had been residents of Oxford, somewhat more than three years. They had erected a sufficient number of rude dwellings, and had made good progress in clearing and cultivating the earth. The close of Autumn was again approaching, and every thicket and copse assumed that variety of hue, which gives such beauty and brilliance to the forests of New-England. The children of the colonists might be seen, bearing toward their homes, baskets of those nuts which were to vary the banquet of their winter-evenings. Ere the morning sun had melted the white frost from the earth, their little fingers, regardless of cold, were busily employed in separating the chesnut from its armed sheath; and they were delighted to trace in the productions of the hazle-bush, a strong resemblance to the filbert of their native clime.

It was sweet to hear their pleasant voices chattering to each other, while the more hardy ones climbed the lofty walnut and butternut trees, and shook the loaded branches for those who gathered beneath. It was lovely to see their healthful and innocent faces, like fresh flowers amid those wilds, so lately tenanted by the red Indian, and the sable bear. Among this happy group, were the little chil-

dren of Mr. St. Maur;\* Antoine, a boy of eight years of age, with his sister Elise, four years younger. They were peculiarly dear to their father, because he had the sole charge of them, for their mother who was a delicate woman, and exhausted by the sufferings to which their persecutions had exposed them, died during the voyage to America. She had long been pale and feeble, and their passage was tedious and tempestuous. Once, when a violent storm arose, she sat during the whole night with her infant in her arms, and lulled Antoine, sometimes sleeping, and sometimes moaning, by her side. When the day began to dawn, she kissed the baby for the last time, and laid it in her husband's bosom. Poor Antoine remembered as long as he lived, that she clasped her cold hands upon his head, and said in a faint voice, as if she prayed, "The cup that my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?" and that in a few minutes she was laid down, motionless and dead.

It was no wonder that St. Maur should regard these motherless children, the companions of his exile, with great tenderness. When he gave them permission to join the nut-gatherers, he said to Antoine, "My son, watch over your sister every moment, and return with her before the sun sets." Delighted with their liberty, and with the healthful toil they were pursuing, Antoine and Elise, could not help regretting when they saw the sun decline toward the west. Yet obedient to their father's command, they took leave of their companions, and turned their steps homeward. They had not proceeded far from the forest, ere they discovered, at considerable distance, profuse clusters of the purple frost-grape, peeping out amid brown rocks, and faded foliage. Having still room in their baskets, they hastened to load them with this new treasure, forgetful how widely they wandered from the path, and that the last rays of the sun were vanishing. But as they descended towards a little dell, two Indians rushed from the adjoining thicket, and each caught one of the children in his arms. Antoine struggled violently, and every feature was convulsed with anger. His little sister, finding that resistance was vain, became quiet; and he, recollecting to have heard that the natives of this country were soothed by an appearance of confidence, endeavored to imitate her. But his keen eye took note of every angle in the path, every brook that they forded, every hill that was ascended; determining if possible to effect an escape, and alternately to lead and carry his little sister, until they should reach their home.

He was grieved that night so soon came on, and prevented his observation of the country. The Indians travelled a long time ere they halted, and then kindled a fire in the forest, before they prepared for rest. They offered the children some of the food which they carried with them, but Antoine refused to partake. His heart swelled too high to permit him to think of hunger. Being a bold boy, he began to meditate the conquest of these savages, for he feared that their vigilance would prevent him from rescuing his sister, though he trusted that he might himself steal silently away, while they slept.

"There are but two of them, thought he, and if there were twenty I would save Elise. Henry the Great, would not have feared to undertake it, and I know his arm was not stronger than mine, when

he was eight years old. What is a soldier good for, who dare not encounter odds?—and I hope to be a soldier, like my valiant ancestors, of whom my dear father has told me."

The little girl took the parched corn that was offered her; and the Indian upon whose knee she sat, was pleased when he saw her eat the kernels, and look up in his face with a reproachless eye. They then lay down to sleep, each with a captive in his arms. Antoine wisely conquered his impatience, and remained perfectly still, until the arm which held him, relaxed his grasp, and deep breathings denoted slumber. At first, the repose of the Indian was disturbed, and after partially releasing his prisoner, he would clasp him more closely, muttering, and half opening his eyes, in broken dreams.

Antoine waited until he slept profoundly, and then scarcely breathing, crept away from his side. He rose up, and looked around him. Nothing was heard, save the sobs of those who slumbered, and the crackling of the fire which blazed up high and bright in the forest, except now and then the distant growling and snapping of a bear, as if bereaved of her cubs. The heart of the child who had never at the hour of midnight been away from his parent's side, might be supposed to shudder at a scene so awful. But a new courage kindled there, when he recollected that the care of his sister had been entrusted to him, and that his father was now miserable for their loss. Little Elise lay sleeping upon the damp ground, her head resting upon the bosom of the dark, red man. She seemed like a rose-bud, broken from its stalk, and dropped in some dismal vault, where the bloated toad stares at the strange guest, or the snake stealing from its nest, enfolds it in a venomous coil. Her tiny hand, pure as wax, was among the long, black locks of the Indian, and her ruby lips were slightly parted by her soft and quiet breathing. Her brother stood near her, and brushing away the thick curls, that clustered around his forehead, espied the tomahawks of their captors, hanging upon a tree. He climbed up to them, and not being able to ascertain which was the best, loaded himself with both. To descend the tree with these weapons, and yet to preserve that caution and silence, which the exigence demanded, was no slight undertaking for a boy of eight summers.

His heart beat strong and painfully, as his foot was about to touch the ground. At that moment, one of the tomahawks fell. It struck a stone, and his guard awaked. What was his astonishment at beholding a child whom he deemed incapable of resistance, raising a deadly weapon, with a warrior's spirit flashing from his eyes! He could not but gaze on him, for a moment, with admiration; for in the sight of the brave he was beautiful, and the son of the forest respects valor even in a foe. He disarmed him, but not till after many a struggle from the bold and disappointed boy, whom he pinioned securely, and again stretched himself upon his bed of turf. Antoine groaned aloud, "My poor father," and at last, overcome with fatigue and sorrow, mourned himself to sleep. But in his broken dreams, he started and complained almost incessantly. Sometimes he vociferated, "Give me my father's sword," or, "See! see! they have murdered Elise." Then fancying he saw the torches of their friends coming in pursuit of them, he would exclaim, "this way! this way! here are the vile bahe-stealers."

When it was discovered in the Colony that the children of St. Maur had not returned to their home, the alarm and sympathy became general. Every spot where it was probable they might have lingered, was explored. Lights were seen in every di-

\* This name is now generally written *Seymour*. Many of the Huguenot names have received some change since their residence among the Americans. Thus *Lawrens* is altered to *Lawrence*, *—Jenson* to *Johnson*, *—Rawling* to *Rollins*, *—Boutonet* to *Bardinet*, *—Dubelde* to *Doubleday*,—and the ancestor of the excellent Governor Bowdoin, always made his signature, *Pierre Baudoin*.



rection to rise and vanish like the lamp of the fire-fly, and for hours the woods echoed with the names of Antoine and Elise. But when far beyond the limit of their usual walks, their little baskets were found overturned, and the contents scattered in disorder, one terrible conclusion burst upon every mind, that they must have been captured by the Indians. With the dawn of morning, the colouists assembled at the door of St. Maur. Some of them bore arms, anxious to go immediately, and rescue his children by force. They found their excellent minister already there, consulting with the agonized father. They observed that the gestures of St. Maur were strong, as if he argued earnestly, but the countenance of the sacred Teacher was fixed, like one who prevails. Father Daille, as he was called by his people, at length came forward, and said, "My sons, it is decided that St. Maur and myself go, and require our lost babes of the savage king. If it be true, as we have heard, that some germ of goodness dwells in the heart of this fierce people, they will listen to a sorrowing father, and to a man of God. Go to your homes, and pray that we may find favor in their sight. We give you thanks for your sympathy, but the resistance unto blood which some of you have meditated, might end in the destruction of our colony. It might not restore the lambs who are lost, but it would enrage the wolves to lay our fold desolate. Return to your homes, my children. Not by the sword or the bow can ye aid us, but by the lifting up of humble hearts and faithful hands."

The two ambassadors to the Indian king, pressed the hands of their friends, and departed towards the valley. They continued their journey until the sun passed the meridian. They then fortunately met an Indian pursuing the chase, who had occasionally shared their hospitality, and readily consented to become their guide. After travelling until they became weary, they met a party of natives led by one who appeared to exercise the functions of a Chief. His stature was lofty, but his head declined like one addicted to melancholy thought, and as he slowly raised it, they perceived deep furrows of age and sorrow. His eye fixed sternly upon them, as if it unexpectedly encountered an object of dislike or hatred. Resting upon his musket, he seemed to await their approach.

"This is our prophet," said their guide, while he bent in reverence. "He understands your language. Our people fear him. He interprets the will of the Great Spirit."

Father Daille came forward, and spoke with the mildness which distinguished his character.

"Prophet of the Great Spirit, we come in peace. We hear that thou canst reveal hidden things. Canst thou tell us of two wandering babes? When last the sun sank behind the mountain, we gathered our lambs into the fold: but these came not. If, in thy visions, thou hast heard the cry of the lost ones, we pray thee to guide a mourning father where he may once more shelter them in his arms."

The old Indian did not answer for several minutes; and then said in a hoarse, hollow tone:

"What should the red man know of the offspring of his mortal enemies? What! but to appoint to the sword such as are for the sword; and to cast such as are for the burning, into the flame."

Father Daille replied firmly, "Hath the Great Spirit, whom you call good, any delight in the blood of babes? The God whom we worship hath declared that he hath no 'pleasure in the death of him that dieth.'"

"Go your way," said the hoary prophet, "and teach white men not to swear falsely, and not to steal from the forest children the lands which their fathers gave. Go, and when thou hast taught them these things, come tell me the words of thy God, and I will hear them. The Indian hath had no rest since the eye of the pale race looked upon him. He asks only to hunt in his own woods; to guide his canoe over his own waters, as he had done from the beginning. But he flies, and you pursue him, until he hath no place even to spread out his blanket.

If he hide in the grave, even there his bones are found and cast out. Why say ye that your God hath made all men brethren? Your words and your ways are at war, like the flame and the waters. One rises up, but the other comes down and quenches it."

The meek Christian answered, "All white men obey not the truth. Sometimes when they desire to do good, sin overtakes them, and their hearts are found weak. So are some of your red men evil. Yet we do not condemn thy Great Spirit because some of his followers are false."

While he was speaking to the stern prophet, St. Maur perceived a man of noble countenance approaching, who, from his coronet of white feathers, and the train that surrounded him, appeared as a monarch.

He drew near, and said, "Thou seest, King of the Red Men, a father in pursuit of his babes. He trusts himself fearlessly among your people, for he has heard that they will not harm the stranger in distress. In our native land, the king who should have sheltered us, sought to tear from us the comforts of our religion. We could not forsake the God of our fathers, so we gave up the dear land of our birth. The ocean waves brought us to this new world. We seek to take the hand of our red brethren; for we are a peaceful race, pure from the blood of all men. Of my own kindred, none inhabit this wilderness, save two little buds of a stem that lies buried in the earth. Last night sadness was on my sleepless pillow, because I found them not. If thou knowest, O King, where thy people have concealed them, I pray thee to restore them unto me. So shall the Great Spirit shed his dew upon thy tender plants, and put strength into thy heart, when it weigheth down heavily in thy bosom."

The Indian monarch surveyed the speaker with a keen eye, and inquired, "Knowest thou this brow? Look in my eyes, and answer me, is their glance that of a stranger?" St. Maur regarding him attentively, replied, "I have no knowledge of thy countenance, save what this hour bringeth me."

"The white man," he answered, "seeth not like the Indian, through the disguise of garments. Where your ploughs wounded the bosom of the earth, I have stood and watched your people at their toil. There was no coronet upon my brow; but I was a king, and they knew it not. I saw among them neither pride nor violence. I came as a foe, but I returned a friend. To my people I said, do these men no harm; they are not of the bands who waste us. The prophet of the Great Spirit rebuked me. He said that the shade of my father thirsted for the blood of white men. Again I sought the spot where thy brethren dwell. And thou knowest not this brow! I could read thine at midnight, if but a single star trembled through the thick cloud. My ear would have known thy voice, though the loud storm was abroad with its thunders. I came to thy home hungry, and found bread; beaten by the tempest, and thou badst me lie down beside thine hearth; thirsty, and thy son for whom thou mournest gave me drink; heavy in spirit, and thy little daughter whom thou seekest sat on my knee, as the lamb turneth to its shepherd. My heart yearned over her; for she smiled when I told her how the beaver buildeth his house in the forest. Now, why dost fix on me such a terrible eye? Believest thou I could tear one hair from their innocent heads? Thinkest thou that thy red brother can forget a kindness? Thy children are sleeping in my tent. No hand should have been lifted against them: and had I but one blanket, it should have been their bed. But I will not hide them from thy eyes, for I know the heart of a father. Take thy babes, and return in peace unto thy people."

He waved his hand, and two of his attendants ran towards the royal tent. In a moment Antoine and Elise were in the arms of their father. The twilight of the next day bore upward from the rejoicing colony a prayer for the heathen of the forest, and that hymn of devout thanksgiving, which mingles with the music of heaven.

L. H. S.  
Hartford.

## REVIEW.

For the Youth's Companion.

MATERNAL INSTRUCTIONS, OR THE HISTORY OF MRS. MURRAY AND HER CHILDREN.—*Concluded.*

We have now done with James and will turn our attention to those parts of this interesting book which are not connected with his history. With the permission of the Editors we will make a few extracts. The following is a conversation between Mrs. Murray and a Sabbath scholar:

"Come, Nancy," said she, "tell me what was the chapter you got last and repeated at the school?" Nan. It was the third chapter of John, Madam. Mrs. M. What is that chapter about? Nan. It is about one Nicodemus, who came to Jesus by night, and what Jesus said to him. Mrs. M. What did Christ say to him? Nan. He said, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God. Mrs. M. Did Nicodemus understand him? Nan. No, madam, he said, How can a man be born when he is old? Mrs. M. Did Christ explain it to him? Nan. He said, Except a man be born of water and the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God. Mrs. M. Did Nicodemus understand him then? Nan. No: he said, How can these things be? Mrs. M. Do you understand what Christ meant by being born again? Nan. I can't say I do, madam. Mrs. M. What do you think it is? Nan. The master told us what it meant, but I am afraid I can't say it right. Mrs. M. But you can tell me something of it. Nan. He said, to be born again was to be made new creatures; and that it is the Holy Spirit that creates men anew, that they may be happy in the kingdom of God. Mrs. M. What is the use of their being made new creatures? Can nobody be happy without that? Nan. No, madam, for they cannot enter the kingdom of God without it. Mrs. M. Why so? Nan. Because we are all born in sin, which is the same thing as being born into the devil's kingdom, and nobody can be happy there. Mrs. M. How do you know that you are born in sin? Nan. It is said in the fifty-first Psalm, Behold I was shapen in iniquity, and in sin did my mother conceive me. Mrs. M. Are all men born sinners? Nan. Yes; "as it is written, there is none righteous, no, not one." And, "by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin, and so death hath passed upon all men, for all have sinned." Mrs. M. How do you know that no man can see the kingdom of God till he be born again? Nan. Christ says he cannot. Mrs. M. But why is it that no man can be happy till he be born again, and enter the kingdom of God? Nan. Because till then he is under sin, and under the curse of God, and no man can be happy in such a state; "for the wages of sin is death," and "God is angry with the wicked every day."

Mrs. M. What becomes of those who never enter the kingdom of God? Nan. They die in their sins, and are sent away into ever lasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels. Mrs. M. Is not that their own fault? Nan. Yes; for if they had believed in Christ, they would have been saved, and have gone into everlasting life. Mrs. M. How do you know that? Nan. Christ said to Nicodemus, "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up; that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have eternal life; for God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life. Mrs. M. Then do you understand from that, that every one who believes in Christ is born again, and enters into the kingdom of God? Nan. Yes, madam.

Mrs. M. What are we to believe about Christ? Nan. All that the Bible says about him. Mrs. M. Tell me something of it. Nan. He came into the world to save sinners. Mrs. M. Where did he come from? Nan. He came from heaven, for he was there with the Father before the world was. Mrs. M. In what condition did he appear in this world? Nan. In great poverty and suffering. He was a



man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief. *Mrs. M.* Why did he suffer such things? *Nan.* Because he took upon himself the curse, and submitted to the punishment that sin deserved. He was wounded for our transgressions, and bruised for our iniquities. *Mrs. M.* How long did his sorrows and sufferings continue? *Nan.* Until his death upon the cross, when he said, It is finished: and bowed his head, and gave up the ghost. *Mrs. M.* What was finished then? *Nan.* The Redemption of sinners; for he gave his life a ransom for many. He poured out his soul unto death, bearing the sins of many, and making intercession for the transgressors. *Mrs. M.* What took place after his death? *Nan.* He was buried, and rose again from the dead the third day, according to the Scriptures; and he went into heaven, and sat down at the right hand of God. *Mrs. M.* What is he doing in heaven? *Nan.* He is carrying on his work of saving sinners, by sending his Spirit along with his gospel into their hearts. He is exalted a Prince and a Saviour, to give repentance and the forgiveness of sins."

We also wish to extract a few good remarks respecting the behaviour of children while at church.

"Now I expect that some mothers, when they read this, will say, 'That is impossible with our children. You will as soon tie the wind, as make them sit still in church, and hear what the minister says. They are so full of spirit, poor things, one does not like to check them!'"

"Yes, my good ladies, I know that your children are full of spirit; but did it never occur to you that it is the spirit of fully which is bound up in the heart of a child, which the rod of correction, judiciously and faithfully applied, will drive out? You cannot change the hearts of your children, though there is ground to hope that God will do even that for those parents who, in humble dependence on his promised blessing, train up their children in the way that they should go: but you can train them up to habits of attention;—you can teach them to behave with propriety in the company of friends; and you could teach them to do the same in the church, if you would begin in time. If you would make a point of any thing within the reach of their capacity, that point will be obtained.

"The first time they enter a place of worship let it be strictly enjoined that no trick, or play, or levity of any kind, will be suffered, under the penalty of such chastisement, as the fault deserves, as soon as you get home. Let this rule be established as irrevocably as the laws of the Medes and Persians, (and nothing ought to be a rule in a family but what deserves to be so established,) and you will soon find that your children are capable of as much quietness and attention as yourselves. This is not a mere theory. The experiment has been tried in many instances, & the result has been as described.

"But what?" (I think I hear some parents ask,) "would you have us chastise our children on the Sabbath day?"

"Indeed I would, if, on that day, they transgress so as to deserve it. If you delay till Monday, you will have forgotten the fault, and it will go unchastised; or the child will have forgotten it, and will not be able to connect your discipline with his transgression. If you chastise a child for your own pleasure, merely because you are in a passion, it is a very wicked thing, on the Sabbath or any other day; but if your sole motive be the good of the child, it may be done to great advantage on the Sabbath. Besides, 'Thou shalt chastise thy son betimes,' is as really a divine command, as, 'Thou shalt remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy;' and the former is as acceptable a piece of service as the latter, if it be done in a Christian spirit, in dependence upon the divine blessing, with a view to the best interests of the child.

"I am aware that these sentiments are at variance with some modern systems. Chastisement is reckoned altogether unnecessary, and even improper, by some who affect great knowledge of human nature: but it is enough for a Christian to have divine authority for any thing. He takes for granted, that he who created man, must know human nature better than any theorist or philosopher in

the world; and when he reflects that such as the following are the words of God, he can neither dispute nor hesitate about the matter: 'Chastise thy son while there is hope, and let not thy soul spare for his crying.' An Apostle says, 'We have had fathers of our flesh who corrected us, and we gave them reverence;' but whoever heard of reverence of parents, or any other good disposition, in those children whose faults were unchastised? Indeed, how can reverence or gratitude be expected of such? 'He that spareth the rod hateth his child;' and if parents hate their children, they cannot expect to be regarded by them with love or reverence."

There is a conversation on one other subject which we should like to lay before our readers.

"Mary was sorry that Harriet knew so little of what was really useful, and Harriet wondered that Mary expressed no desire to see such things as she had seen. No doubt Mary felt like other children. A thought would occasionally pass over her mind, that she would like to see a play, just to know what it was like. But then, she reflected that her mother never went to the theatre, and she was sure that if it were a place where she could get good to herself, or do good to others, she would not stay away. Older Christians will act under the influence of higher motives; but this was enough to satisfy Mary.

"One night at tea, Harriet, addressing her mother, said, 'What do you think? Mary never saw a play.'"

"*Mrs. B.*—I wonder, consin, you did not take your children to the theatre when you were in town last winter. Surely they would like to see a play for once at least.

"*Mrs. M.*—It is not so much a consideration with me what they would like, as what is good for them; and, if I had thought good were to be got at the theatre, I should have gone, not once only, but very often.

"*Mrs. B.*—Some of our best authors call it a school of morality; and I think we should all teach our children good morals.

"*Mrs. M.*—There can be no question of that; but I must have better authority than that of our best authors, before I can believe the theatre a fit place for learning good morals.

"*Mrs. B.*—What better would you have?"

"*Mrs. M.*—I should like to have the authority of experience, for instance. I never knew one of my thoughtless friends made serious by attending the theatre. I find the most careless and profligate persons are the most constantly there, without any symptom of reformation; and I have known young men of apparently good moral character, who, after being led to the theatre, have fallen into bad company, and many inamorabilities.

"*Mrs. B.*—But the evil has arisen from their falling into bad company.

"*Mrs. M.*—It may be so; and it is one principal objection which I have to the theatre, that it is the chosen resort of bad company. I should no more think of taking my children there to learn good morals, than I would of taking them into a house infected with the plague, to acquire good health. Besides, I have always understood, that Players themselves are not remarkable for the goodness of their moral conduct; and if there be any good in the system, they should learn it first.

"*Mrs. B.*—We had a sober company in York, last Spring. They paid such respect to religion, that they did not act a play during Passion-week.

"*Mrs. M.*—What may I understand by Passion-week?"

"*Mrs. B.*—It is the most solemn season of the year, when we are reminded of the sufferings of our blessed Saviour.

"*Mrs. M.*—That is of all subjects the best for promoting good morals. Indeed no true morality will be found to exist in the world but in connexion with the knowledge of what Christ suffered for sin; but if the theatre be a school of morality, why not attend it in Passion-week as well as at any other time? What is this but an acknowledgment that the amusements of the theatre are inconsistent with the duties of religion?"

Among all the Sabbath school books we have read, we have seldom found a better one than "Mrs. Murray and her children." It is decidedly among the best books in the Sabbath school library. The selfishness of the human heart is drawn to the life, in the character of James Murray; nor has the author clothed the picture, as is too often the case, with such borrowed attractions as to enlist the feelings of the reader in its favor.

REVIEWER.

## RELIGION.

For the Youth's Companion.

### THE NEW YEAR.

[Written by a young Miss at School.]

Another year has run its fleeting course: The sun of a new one has already risen upon us, and doubtless many look upon it with utter thoughtlessness and indifference. But ought we to behold it without emotions of gratitude and praise to our kind Preserver? While many have fallen on our right hand and on our left, we are yet spared, the living monuments of his tender mercy.

How swiftly has the last year flown! We think of the changing scenes we have met, and all seems a dream. Year after year rolls on, and all is but a day. So many succeeding years ought not to find us the same thoughtless beings, so regardless of all but the present. Did the last year find us the worldly selfish beings of the preceding, and has this found us the same? These things ought not so to be. If, in looking back upon the past year, we discover nothing peculiarly immoral or censurable in our conduct, we shall see much to regret, much that is wrong. The remembrance of many valuable privileges abused, of opportunities for doing good neglected, and of precious hours wasted, will but serve to throw a gloom upon the past.

The commencement of a new year is a proper season for the commencement of a new course of conduct, a new life. I hope all of us are forming new resolutions for the year to come, should there be another short year for us. Hitherto many of us have lived to no good purpose. Mere earthly pleasure has been the chief object in which our thoughts and efforts have centred. The youthful mind, I know, is strongly bent on pleasure, as the only source of happiness. But I trust the scenes of pleasure, which many of our youth have already formed for the present year, are not those only in which self alone is interested, but such as shall in part, conduce to the comfort and pleasure of others; such as will reward them with the "luxury of doing good." I would hope many of us have commenced this year with new views of time, with a deeper sense of the importance of diligently employing it with a wise reference to eternity. If so, and if we abide by these views, it will indeed be a new year to us. It will then be characterized by something worth the living for, and the opening of the next, should we live to see it, will be free from the unhappy reflections, with which the thought of the last is associated.

Various have been the dealings of Providence with us the past year. Some of them prosperous, others adverse; some joyous, others grievous. But few of them, I fear, have answered the end for which they were designed. Let not those which shall befall us this year, meet with the like reception.

Though a new year has opened upon us, though we have as fair a prospect of long life as at the commencement of years that are gone, though our limbs are vigorous and active, and our cheeks glowing with health, let us not indulge too strong expectations of long continuance here. Many of our friends and acquaintances, upon whom the last year opened with as cheering beams as upon ourselves, have gone to their long home. We too, before the revolving sun shall have dawned upon another new year, may have fallen into the sleep of death. Let us then so spend this year, that should the grim messenger call for us before its close, we may meet him with the same peace and joy as did *one*, dear to us all, who commenced the last year with as fair prospects as we; but ere its close was cut down like the flower of the field, in the very bloom and beauty of youth.

January 7th, 1829.



## THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

## WHAT IS IDLENESS.

"Here," said I to my class of Sunday scholars, "as I held a little book in my hand, 'this is for the child who can give me the best answer to the question—What is idleness?'" "I can, teacher," answered one; "if you say we are to learn our lessons, and we come to you, and don't know any of them, and have had nothing to prevent our learning—that is idleness." "I can, teacher," continued another; "you tell us to come clean and neat and tidy; and if, instead of that, our tippets and frocks are torn, though we have had time to mend them—that is idleness." "I can, teacher," said a third little creature; "if you tell us we are to be here at nine o'clock, and we loiter about and do not get here till ten—that is idleness." Several of my young ones were silent; and I asked if any one had any thing else to say. "Yes, ma'am," replied an elder girl, "I know that what my school-fellows have said is idleness, is so; but there is another kind beside that. We know that we are to be up early in the morning, to pray for a blessing on the instructions we are to receive; to ask a blessing, also, on our minister and our school; to read a chapter in the holy Bible, and to be in time for prayer with our teachers; but if we waste the sacred morning in bed, and do not rise at a proper time—that is idleness." When this answer was finished, each one seemed to say, "Verily I am guilty in this thing." I paused for a minute, and then delivered the book into the hands of the last mentioned girl, for she, I considered, had answered the best.

## Replies of a Boy in a Sabbath School to a Visitor.

When the visitor entered, the boy was reading the first chapter of John and the seventh verse, viz:—"The same came for a witness, to bear witness of that light, that all men through him might believe." I asked him who spoke those words? He replied, It was John the Baptist.—Who was John the Baptist? A witness of the light.—Of what light? The true light, Jesus Christ.—Who is Jesus Christ? The Son of God.—Why was he called Jesus Christ? Because he came to save sinners.—Are you a sinner? Yes, and every man living.—How do you know that you are a sinner? Because I have broken the commandments.—Perhaps every man has not broken them, how then can all be sinners? It is written, "All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God."—As you say you are a sinner, and as sinners are not suffered to go to heaven, how do you expect to go there? I hope to go there through the merits of the Saviour.

## EDITORIAL.

## "ALL THINGS NEW."

Children are said to be "fond of new things." They like new clothes, new books, new houses, new horses and carriages; and when they travel, they wish to visit new places which they have not seen before. If they are affectionate in their spirit, they have no wish to exchange their parents and brothers and sisters for new ones; but many of them are willing to see new faces, and have many new associates and friends. This desire for novelty is implanted in them by their Creator; and when it is regulated by reason and the word of God, it is innocent. If it be indulged till it becomes unreasonably strong, it is sinful, and renders them unhappy. Their wishes cannot be always gratified; and gratification is soon succeeded by disappointment and vexation. For he who is always looking for something new, becomes disgusted with the most valuable blessings merely because he has possessed them for a day or two, or has seen and enjoyed them before.

But, as we said, a moderate desire for something new, is innocent. It also contributes very much to the good temper and the comfort of children, and promotes their advancement in knowledge. When they wake in the morning, and their little hearts beat high with expectation, to see what the

new "day will bring forth;" they rise with alacrity and joy, and go out to the business and enjoyments of the day with an ardor which otherwise they could not have. If they had no love to new things, they would be dull, morose, stupid and unhealthy. New objects and new seasons supply motives to effort; and with those who have any degree of curiosity, carry them forward from day to day, during at least the active period of their lives.

A new day comes often, and often renews its influence upon us all. The repetition and the frequency of that influence, however, diminish its power in some degree. A new year comes more rarely, and its influence is comparatively great. It is a season which can occur but a very few times in the longest life; for what is our life? It is a vapor, which appears for a little time, and then vanishes away. A man who had passed through one hundred and thirty of these periods said: 'Few and evil have the days of the years of my life been.' But how seldom does any man live half that number of years in this age of the world? How large a portion of a generation die, before they see thirty, twenty, or even ten years. A new year, therefore, is a great event, and fitted to have great influence upon old and young. The former cannot live to see many more; the latter are not sure but the present one is their last.

A new year has just come. Dear children and friends, you are wishing to know what new things it will bring to you, now, and while its days and months are passing by. If you could read "what months are writ for you," during the coming year, as you can now read the past, perhaps you think you should be glad to do it. But God has kindly made the record of the future "a sealed book" which you cannot open. No doubt, however, if you live, you will meet with a multitude of new objects and events; perhaps new possessions, new pleasures, and new attainments in knowledge; perhaps new trials, new sorrows, and new vexations. Many old things will continue with you; some that you would gladly part with, if you could; others that you would desire to keep while you stay in the world. It is likely too, that some who read this page will, in the course of this year, pass the untried gates of death, and enter upon a world where *all things* will be new, and then remain the same forever. May we all be ready for such a great and final change.

Even in this world of changes, and sins, and sorrows, there is such a thing as *all things becoming new*. There is to be a period called the Millennium, because it will continue a thousand years, which will be different from any other period, long or short, since time began. The knowledge of God will fill the world; wars, and idolatry, and every evil work shall cease; men will be holy and happy; the true God will be worshipped and glorified; and the Lord God will dwell with men and be their God. In reference to this time, He that sat upon the throne said, in the revelation to John, "Behold, I make all things new." And John saw as it were, "a new heaven and a new earth," and the "holy city, the new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven." There will not be a new earth literally, and the minds and bodies of men will remain as they are now. The great change will be in this, that *men will be holy, & write Holiness to the Lord* on all that they possess, and *do unto the Lord* all that they do. This glorious Millennium is hastening on: who will not pray for its coming while he lives, and do his part that it may commence immediately?

But even if almost the whole world should still lie in wickedness, nothing hinders that any individual should have *all things new* concerning himself. If he will repent and believe, and if he will live godly in Christ Jesus and do good, he may come at once into a new and wonderful world. For says the apostle, "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature; old things have passed away; behold, *all things have become new*." The Christian is a new man; and all things within him and around him are new. True, he is a mortal still; liable to sickness, and pain, and constant changes, and dis-

solution. He is beset by temptations, and falls into sin. He must sustain life like other men; and while in the body, must be connected with the world and worldly things. Still, all things are new. "To the pure, all things are pure; but unto them that are defiled and unbelieving is nothing pure." To them that love God, "all things work together for good." The Christian has new affections and purposes, new joys and sorrows, new hopes and fears. He serves a new Master, has a new treasure & a new country, lives for a new and noble object, and leads "a new life in all manner of holy conversation and godliness." And well may it be said, that he has joys "with which a stranger does not intermeddle." All things are new and blessed with the believer, in times of worldly prosperity, in hours of the deepest tribulation, and in the valley of the shadow of death. Who would not be a Christian indeed, and drink of those pleasures which are ever new "through all the changing scenes of life;" and which will forever spring fresh from the throne of God and of the Lamb?

May God grant such a happy New-Year to every reader; *new*, in the most important and happy sense. May this be a season, when those who are Christians shall devote themselves to God with greater simplicity and holy ardor, and be as it were again converted. May it be the hour when every wanderer after worldly vanity shall return to God, and penitently seek the Redeemer's favor. May it be "as the beginning of days" to all of us, and as the dawning of the "set time to favor Zion."

## MISCELLANY.

## A TRUE STORY.

The subject of my little story, is a child of 11 years of age; the child of poor and pious parents, and one of a large family, who had been taught to kneel down every morning and evening to say his prayers. He went into a farmer's service at the above age, and on parting with him, his mother charged him never to neglect his prayers. The child slept in a room where there was a man servant and another boy. When he knelt down, the others laughed at him: however, he went on; saying, that he had been taught that it was right, and his duty to do so. After a time, the man, won by the boy's general conduct, said to the other boy, "Why, to be sure, this is nothing more than right; let us do so too." After this they never failed to kneel down night and morning. Thus useful was the proper but modest behaviour of the little boy.

[Cottager's Monthly Visitor.

How excellent it is to do good to our friends, and at the same time to make friends of our enemies.

[Socrates.

If you think you are too strong, be a drunkard; and you will soon be subdued by a powerful enemy.

## POETRY.

## THE SETTING SUN.

Thoughts suggested by seeing the setting sun, when away from home, and anxious to reach it before dark.

The Sun is sinking in the west,  
And I am far away  
From home and friends, and place of rest;  
I can no longer stay.

So may the anxious traveller,  
To those who would delay  
Address his speech, and hasten on;  
He can no longer stay.

And so the Christian Pilgrim should  
With speed pursue his way;  
His road is long, the time is short,  
He should no longer stay.

The aged well may feel this truth:  
Their sun's expiring ray  
Is sinking fast into the grave,  
And will no longer stay.

The young may find, when least they think,  
Their closing hour of day;  
And mourn in vain that youthful charms  
Can bribe no longer stay.

My sun is sinking in the west,  
And I am far away  
From Him I love, and all the best,—  
I can no longer stay. [Sab. Sch. Herald.



# YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Published Weekly, by WILLIS & RAND, at the Office of the Boston Recorder, No. 127, Washington-Street... Price One Dollar a year in advance, or \$1, 50, if not paid in advance.

No. 34.

BOSTON, JANUARY 13, 1830.

VOL. III.

## NARRATIVE.

From the Literary and Evangelical Magazine.

### UNCLE HARRY.

OR, THE TENDER SENSIBILITIES OF A PIOUS AFRICAN.

Late in last Autumn, it was my privilege to spend a few hours in the hospitable mansion of the Rev. S. B. W. of F———. I arrived at his house very early in the morning; just before the family assembled to perform their customary devotion. On the signal being given, the children and domestics came into the room where we were sitting. Among the latter there was a very aged black man, whom every one called *Uncle Harry*. As soon as he entered, I observed that Mr. W. and his lady treated him with marked attention and kindness. The morning was sharp and frosty, and *Uncle Harry* had a chair in the corner, close to the fire. The portion of Scripture selected for the service, was the second chapter of Luke. I observed that the attention of Harry was deeply fixed, and he soon began to manifest strong emotion. The old man's eye kindled as the reader went on, and when he came to the passage, "The angel said, &c." he appeared as though his heart were attuned to the angelic song, and he could hardly help uttering a shout of triumph. There was, however, not the smallest ostentation of feeling, no parade of emotion, no endeavor to attract attention. He only, in a gentle manner, turned his face upwards, strongly clasped his hands as they lay in his lap, and expressed by his countenance the triumphant joy of his heart. By this time, he had interested me so highly, that I could not keep my eyes from him. I watched the continual varying expressions of his countenance, and saw that every word seemed to strike on his heart, and produce a corresponding emotion. I thought I would give the world if I could read the Bible, just as old Harry read it. While I was thus thinking, and looking on with intense interest, the reader came to the passage, where old Simeon saw the infant Saviour, and took him in his arms, and blessed God, and said, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." Harry's emotion had become stronger and stronger, when he was completely overpowered. Suddenly turning on his seat, to hide as much as possible his feelings, he bent forward, and burst into a flood of tears. But they were tears of joy. He anticipated his speedy peaceful departure, and his final rest. This state of feeling continued during the remaining part of the service; and when we arose from our knees, Uncle Harry's face seemed literally to have been bathed in tears.

As soon as we had risen, the old man came towards me with a countenance radiant with joy; "This, (said Mr. W. addressing me,) is Uncle Harry." He reached out his hand, and said, "O! why did my God bring me here to-day, to hear what I have heard, and to see his salvation?" I asked, "Are you ready to depart, Uncle Harry, as good old Simeon was, of whom we read in this chapter?" I shall never forget his humble joyful submission, when he replied, "Just whenever it shall please my blessed Lord and Master."—"You hope then to go to Heaven?"—"Through divine mercy I do."—"What is the foundation of this hope?"—"The righteousness of my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

On perceiving that I wished to converse with the old man, the Rev. Mr. W. said, with a kindness which showed that he recognised Uncle Harry as a Christian brother, and respected his age, "Come and take your seat again, Uncle Harry, and sit up near the fire." He accepted the invitation, and on

this being seated, I entered into conversation which afforded me higher pleasure than I ever enjoyed in the circles of fashion, beauty, wit, or learning. I here send you some of the most interesting particulars.

"How old are you, Uncle Harry?"

"Why, as nigh as I can tell, I am now eighty-nine, or thereabouts."

"Where were you born?"

"At *Port-tobacco*, in Maryland."

"And who had you to preach the gospel to you there?"

"Ah! we had no preachers of the gospel there at that time."

"Then it was after you left *Port-tobacco*, that you embraced religion, was it?"

"No sir, it was while I lived there—And I'll tell you how it was. A great many years ago, there was one *Doctor Whitfield*, that travelled all through this country, preaching the gospel every where. I dare say you have heard of *Doctor Whitfield*, he was a most powerful preacher. Well! as I was saying, he went through Maryland; but his place of preaching was so far off, that I did not hear of it until he was gone. But not long afterwards, I met with a man of my acquaintance, who did hear him. He told me about the sermon; and what I heard opened my eyes to see that I was a poor lost sinner. And ever since that time, I have been determined to seek Jesus as my Saviour, and spend my life in his service."

Happy Whitfield! thought I, and greatly honored of thy Master, who has used thee as his instrument for saving so many souls.

"But, said I, addressing Uncle Harry, how old were you then?"

"Why, as nigh as I can guess, I was 16 or 17 years old."

"And have you never repented of this resolution?"

"No! indeed, my master,—I have never repented of any thing, but that I have served my blessed Saviour so poorly."

"But have you not met with many troubles and difficulties by the way?"

"Yes! indeed, master,—but out of them all the Lord has delivered me; and having obtained help of God, I continue to this day—Blessed be his name; he never will leave me nor forsake me; I have good hope of that."

"Well how did you obtain religious instruction where you lived, as you say there was no preacher of the gospel in the neighborhood?"

"Why, by the mercy of my God, I learned to read the Bible; and that showed me the way to Jesus. But now I think of it; when the Roman Catholics heard that I was concerned about my soul, they sent for me, and tried mighty hard to get me to join them. There was a priest at *Port-tobacco*, whose name was Mr. O'Neal; he talked to me a great deal. I remember he said to me one day, "Harry! says he, now you are concerned about your soul, you must come and join the Catholic church."—"What for, said I, Mr. O'Neal?"—"Because, said he, it is the true church." Then I said, "if the Catholic church will lead me to Jesus, I will join it with all my heart; for that's all I want." And Mr. O'Neal said, "if you will join the church, I will warrant that you shall go to Heaven."—"How can you do that, Mr. O'Neal?" said I. Then he told me that a great many years ago, our Saviour came into this world; and he chose twelve apostles, and made St. Peter their head, and the Pope succeeded St. Peter, and so all that join the Pope, belong to the true church. Then, I said, why, how do you know that, Mr. O'Neal? "Because, said he, our Saviour told

Peter, I give you the keys of the kingdom of Heaven; and whatsoever you bind on earth, shall be bound in Heaven; and whatsoever you loose on earth, shall be loosed in Heaven."—And I said the Lord knows how it is, Mr. O'Neal; I am a poor ignorant creature, but it always did seem to me, that Peter was nothing but a man like the rest of the Apostles. But Mr. O'Neal said, no: he was the head and chief of the Apostles, for our Saviour said again;—"Thou art Peter, and on this rock I will build my church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." And I asked him, Now do you think Peter was that rock, Mr. O'Neal? He answered, to be sure he was. And I said again, The Lord knows how it is; but it never did seem so to me—now I think it was just so. When Peter said, thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God; our Saviour told him *thou art Peter*.—[While the old man repeated the words *thou art Peter*, he pointed his finger at me, looking me directly in the face,—but as soon as he began the following part of the quotation, he brought his hand briskly down on his knee, saying with emphasis as he looked at himself,] and upon this rock will I build my church. And that rock was Christ; for it is written in another place, Behold I lay in Zion a chief corner stone, elect, precious, and he that believeth on him, shall not be confounded—and that corner stone is Christ. Then Mr. O'Neal said to me, Why, Harry! where did you learn all that? And I said from my Bible. Oh! Mr. O'Neal said, you have no business with the Bible, it will confuse and frustrate you. But I said, it tells me of my Saviour. Then a gentleman who was sitting by, said, Ah! you might as well let him alone, Mr. O'Neal; you can make nothing of him. And from that time, I never had any desire to join the Roman Catholics."

This narrative, the truth of which I could not entertain a moment's doubt, showed a promptness of reply, and an acquaintance with the scriptures which truly surprised me, and I remarked,

"I suppose, Uncle Harry, you take very great pleasure in reading the Bible?"

"Ah! my master! when I could see to read, it was the joy of my life. But I am old now; and my book is so rubbed that the print is dim, and I can scarcely make out to read a word."

On this Mr. W. said, "Well, Uncle Harry, you shall have a new Bible. Do you call, when you go down town, on Mr. ———, and he will give you a Bible, from the Bible Society."

Harry bowed and expressed gratitude for the kindness, but did not manifest so much pleasure as I expected, considering how highly he professed to value the Bible. While I was wondering, and rather sorrowing on this account, I observed the old man to be feeling, with an air of embarrassment, in his pockets; and now and then beginning to utter something, but then suppressing his words. At length he pulled out an old tattered case, which appeared to have been at least half a century in use, and as he did so, observed,—

"This new Bible will not be of much use to me, because my spectacles are so bad that they help me mighty little in reading." With that he opened his case, and showed a pair of spectacles of the cheapest sort, of which one glass was broken, and the other so scratched, that it was wonderful he could see through it at all. Mr. W. no sooner observed this than he said,—

"Well, Uncle Harry, you must have a new pair of spectacles. Do you call at Mr. ———'s store, and tell him to let you have a pair suited to your age, & I will see him and settle with him about it."

On hearing this, Harry's eye beamed with joy, and he exclaimed, "Thank God!—bless you mas-



ter! Now I shall have comfort again reading the Bible." And I never saw a happier, or a more grateful countenance.

Presently after, he remarked that "the wagon would soon call to take him home, and he must go down town, and be getting ready." On which he gave thanks to his kind and reverend friend, and invoked blessings upon him, and on all his family. He then approached and taking me affectionately by the hand, said, "I never saw you before, and I never shall see you again in this world; but I love you as a blessed minister of my blessed Lord and Master; and I hope that I shall meet you in the house above. Remember and pray for poor old Harry!"

I squeezed his hand; assured him of my affectionate remembrance; and requested that he would pray for me, and the preachers of the gospel generally.

"O!" said he, "May God Almighty bless all the dear ministers of Christ; and enable them to call many poor sinners to the dear Saviour. O! I do love to hear of souls coming to Christ; and it is my daily prayer, Thy kingdom come, and thy will be done on earth as it is done in Heaven."

With that the old man took his leave. I confess that I have often since wished to see him, and hold communion with him.—There was a spirit of piety about him, and of benevolence; of humble zeal and fervent hope; of meekness and submission, which I have rarely seen equalled. At the same time, there was a degree of intelligence, and extent of religious knowledge, which, in his condition, really surprised and delighted me. I saw here one of the triumphs of Divine grace. I was made to appreciate the value and the excellency of that religion which could take up a poor slave, and so transform him, that he was well nigh fitted to be the companion of saints in light and of just men made perfect. And I have often and often prayed since I saw him, that after the days of my wandering shall be over, and all the sufferings of this life shall have been endured, I may obtain the rest, and a lot in the inheritance which is prepared, I have no doubt, for Uncle Harry.

## RELIGION.

### THE COUSINS.

That those persons are most happy who best love and serve God, and devote themselves to his service in the days of their youth, was fully verified in the character of Emma Wilmer. Peaceful and contented in herself, and beloved by those around her, she was free from many vexations which frequently disturb the minds even of young children, when their hearts are unrenewed by the grace of God. How often does ill-humor, envy or caprice, force a peevish or fretful expression from the lips of an otherwise pleasant little girl! How often has a clouded brow and a sullen look, to say no more, grieved the heart of a fond parent, when called upon to deny some foolish request, called forth by a sinful desire of conformity to this vain world. To possess an article of dress equal in beauty and expense to that worn by some gay young friend, or to partake in some vain and idle amusement, has sometimes, I fear, filled even the heart of a child with anxiety and disgust.

But Emma was not thus unhappy; she felt that she was a sinner in the sight of a pure and holy God, and she knew that she possessed far many more blessings than she could ever deserve, and she was humble and thankful. She was accustomed to regard it a duty to give up her own will, when necessary, to the will of others: and though she often found it hard, and the evil dispositions of her heart strong indeed, she sought the grace of God to help her, and never in vain.

Emma had a cousin who lived in the city of New York, whom she had not seen for several years. The health of this little girl's mamma was long feeble, and confined her much to her home, and the intercourse between the families had been small. But this lady knew Mrs. Wilmer well, and when she was taken ill and was near death she requested

that her daughter Eliza should be given to her care, to be educated simply and plainly as she knew Emma was. Such a request Mrs. Wilmer could not and did not refuse, though she accepted the charge with many mingled and anxious feelings, and earnest prayer that her instructions might be made a blessing to her young and tender mind. Eliza Grey was two years older than Emma, and rather tall of her age. The cousins were very unlike each other in many particulars of which at present I cannot speak. But those of my youthful readers who feel any interest in their characters may perhaps wish to hear of them some future time. For each and all of them it is my earnest prayer that they may be wise in time, that they may ever choose the good, and reject the evil as they pass through life, and after death be the happy partakers of a heavenly inheritance.

*Youth's Friend.*

## BIOGRAPHY.

*From the American Pastor's Journal.*

### REV. JAMES RICHARDS, MISSIONARY TO CEYLON.

The early youth of Mr. Richards, was favored with an education strictly religious. At thirteen, he was made the hopeful subject of renewing grace; though he did not connect himself with the church, till six years afterwards.—He was early desirous of obtaining an education for the ministry; but was obliged to defer all preparation for the work, till he was near twenty years of age.

His standing in college, as a scholar, was respectable; as a Christian, pre-eminent. During a revival which took place while he was there, he was remarkable for the prudence, zeal, and success, of his labors among his companions. He was one of the first to whom the devoted Mills disclosed his feelings on the subject of missions; and one of that little band of kindred spirits, which so often in the retirement of college, fasted and prayed over the perishing millions of our race.

Having come to the deliberate and solemn determination to give himself to the Missionary work; to live and die in promoting it; no obstacle could discourage, no allurements seduce him from the pursuit. In 1809 he was graduated at Williams College, and with Mills became a member of the Andover Seminary. Here they labored in perfecting their plans, and awakening a spirit of missions among their brethren.

After the close of the war, in June, 1815, he was ordained, with five other brethren; and in the October following, the long and anxiously desired day arrived. With great composure and tenderness, he took leave of his friends, well assured, that they should see his face no more. Five months from this time he stood on heathen ground. He was stationed at Batticotta, with Mr. Meigs; and though in feeble health, from the debilitating influence of a tropical climate, he labored with unremitting diligence. But the period of his labor was short. In Sept. 1817, the progress of pulmonary complaints obliged him to desist entirely from study and from preaching. This was to him a most severe trial. In view of it he writes to his brother, now at the Sandwich Islands, "To this object I have endeavored to direct all my plans, and all my efforts; for this, I left almost all that was dear to me in life, and came to this land of pagan darkness; and now, when the miseries of the heathen are full in my view, it is my great trial not to be able to preach to them."

Great as this trial was, he was supported under it by the same grace that enabled him to contend successfully with the difficulties which impeded the commencement of his mission. No repining or despondency was in his heart. "Not as I will, but as thou wilt," seemed the language of all his feelings. In a letter to his parents, after speaking of the loss of his health, he says, "I have never been sorry that I came to India. I have done a little; may the Lord bless that little. The cause is a good one; it is a delightful one. If my parents, my brothers and sisters, were all prepared for missionary work, I would invite them all to India. Yea,

if they were ten times as numerous as they are, I would invite them all." Yet he did not forget the sinners of his native land. "Oh!" says he, "that I had a voice to reach the blessed land that gave me birth. Then, for a moment, I would forget these pagans, their heathen rites, and bloody superstitions, and once more would I beseech my own kindred according to the flesh, by the worth of the immortal soul, by all the joys of heaven, by all the torments of hell, to become reconciled to God."

Hoping to health, he went to Colombo, and in April, for the Cape of Good Hope with Hope with ended his pilgrimage. arrival his health improved, much worse; he raised cons.

lost his voice. In November, he went to Batticotta, but a short time. His symptoms, however, somewhat more favorable, and in August 1821 regained sufficient strength to visit the schools. In April following, he so far recovered his voice, that for the first time for more than sixteen months, he was able to speak loud.—From this time he was able to render some service to the mission by his counsels and prayers, and by his labors as a physician, for which he had qualified himself before leaving America.

In June, 1822, he was attacked with a severe pain in his side, which recurred several successive days. Yet such were his elevated views of the glory which was before him, that he remarked, he felt willing his sufferings should continue, and even increase if it were necessary to promote any of the designs of his heavenly Father. In July his symptoms became more alarming, and his distress very great. He begged his brethren to pray that he might have patience, and observed, "It is good to suffer. It gives me some faint idea of what my Saviour bore for me." Thus, with a body racked with the most severe pain, and a spirit rejoicing in the Lord, and enjoying an antepast of that bliss which was soon to fill and satisfy his soul, he lingered till August 3d. On the morning of this day Dr. Scudder observed that he might possibly continue a day or two longer. He replied, "No, brother Scudder, no; I am just going. I have now clearer views of the Saviour than before. O! he is precious!" After giving some counsel to his little son, his speech failed—he breathed a few moments and quietly fell asleep in Jesus.

His brethren, in speaking of his labors, his sufferings, and his death, say, "his patience in suffering; his confidence in God amidst trials; his disposition to exert himself, though unnerved by sickness; his desire to lay down his life in the sight of the heathen, as a testimony of his love to their souls and to his Saviour, reflect honor, not only upon himself as a missionary, but upon the cause to which he was devoted."

## LEARNING.

*From the Youth's Friend.*

### THE SCRIPTURE LESSONS.

"Can you repeat your lesson, Rose?" said Harriet to her sister, as she entered their little garden with her brother Henry; "but I need not ask Rose, she is so industrious she always knows her lesson in time. Do you know Henry she sometimes places her book under her pillow at night, and when I awake in the morning, there is Rose, studying as if she expected to get something by it."

"You certainly do not mean, Harriet, that I ought not to be so anxious about it; you know mamma is always displeased when we cannot say our Scripture Lessons well; and our teacher also, who is so very kind to us. I am sure I cannot bear to grieve her by such neglect. You asked me if I could repeat my lesson; I believe I can, but I do not quite understand the meaning of it all yet, though I have asked mamma some questions about it." "I have looked in papa's commentary for mine," said Henry, "and I think I can answer most of the questions; but if I cannot, I ask my teacher to explain them to me, and he always does. You are very



right, Rose, to take so much pains with your lesson. I wish Harriet would study her's more, but she soon gets tired and throws her book down, and runs off to something else. But where is your lesson, sister?" "Here it is, John, xi. chap. it is about Lazarus being raised from the dead. In this chapter it says that Jesus loved Martha, and her sister, and Lazarus. This is Harriet's lesson," continued the little girl "and sis' mamma has told us that Jesus our Saviour loves us if we are idle and careless. We have to learn and to listen to his voice. He did when she sat at his feet. But she does not love us, dear. She is a miserable forever."

"Why did she had spoken so?" asked her sister, and besought her when alone she knelt down and prayed. God would help her to overcome sinful, idle habits, which had caused her so much trouble, and so displeased her Heavenly Father. \*

### MORALITY.

From the [Philadelphia] U. S. Gazette.

#### ABUSE OF THE HORSE.

We noticed, a few days since a black man attempting to induce his horse to drag a cart loaded with heavy green gum logs, from the gutter. It was an uphill work, and the poor beast appeared little able to discharge his task to the satisfaction of his master. He had evidently weakened himself by his too great exertions; and the breath which he blew from his bloody and distended nostrils, rushed out upon the cold air with a hissing sound, like the escape of steam from an overcharged valve. We looked with embittered feelings at the poor animal, as he was essayed in vain to move the weight; and if the sympathy of one who had long borne an excessive load, could have mitigated his burthen, the suffering beast would have borne some weight less.

There was a ferocity in the looks of the driver, which led to a belief that the whip was to be the remuneration for such delay. He seized the horse by the bridle, and pulled with a force that almost prostrated the animal, but did not, nevertheless, induce him to move the load; and amid the signs of fatigue from labor and pain from bruises, that were evident in the face of the enduring beast, we thought we could discover a lurking determination to resist oppression—that which in his race might be denominated obstinacy, but which in man would have been called by a higher and nobler name. Still he offered no revenge for injuries; he only endured what was laid upon him, but refused to yield further service under such dispensations. He had accordingly, braced himself by extending his fore feet, his back bent to the load, his head hung down and he looked like one who had seen the storm, and had gathered himself to meet but not resist it. One thing appeared out of character—the whip, that emblem of a carter's authority, lay unemployed upon the pavement; and as the driver pulled at the creature or shouted threats in his ears, this first and last appeal of his craft seemed overlooked. It was neither broken nor weak; its hickory handle and weighty lash, would have served Xerxes as a scourge for the Hellespont; still it lay on the ground, and its legitimate wielder was spending breath and strength to supply its place. At length he seized this sceptre of his tyrannical reign, and flourished it over the head of his beast. But in vain; the animal had tasted so deep of its power, that he knew its bitterest. He winced as the lash passed his eye, but gave no symptom of joy that he had escaped the blow, nor of a determination to move for its threatening. He had been crowded into the gutter, and severely dealt with there, and now he was determined to stand the "picking of the pitiless storm." The eye of the driver flashed with a most appalling gleam, but he checked his disposition to beat the animal afresh, and a low muttering curse betrayed the cause.

"What a place this is," said he, "that a man must be hauled up before the magistrate if he

beats a brute beast." And that was the cause that the brute man was so economical of his blows, which had else been pitifully showered upon his horse.

Shortly afterwards, a man, seeing the dilemma of the driver, undertook to aid him; he settled the tackling, patted the beast, coaxed him, and placed the driver at the wheel, said an encouraging word—and with a well directed effort the load was dragged to its destination.

Spirit of mutual kindness and forbearance—wherever is thy abiding place, let me take shelter with thee from the vindictiveness of mankind. Thou smoothest the asperities of life, and lightenest the burthen of the afflicted. Charity may feed the hungry and clothe the naked; but thou wipest the tear from the eye of the mental sufferer, and pourest in balm upon the wounded spirit; and when the wrongs of man have increased, and his jeer maddened the sensitive, thou whisperest endurance, and the winds of passion and the waves of revenge obey thee. Blessed is thy influence, that lifts the smitten and lightens the bowed down, of burthens that he has imposed and cannot sustain, and blessed is that community, whose laws snatch from his hand the scourge of the oppressor, and interpose between the powerful and the humble.

### THE NURSERY.

#### THE NEW BOOK.

Flora had been out one fine morning walking with her mamma. She returned home in high spirits, and throwing open the door of the room where her sisters were sitting at work, exclaimed, "I have got 'The Broken Hyacinth,' Jane, and it is delightful, I know. Eliza, do you hear what I say? It is 'The Broken Hyacinth,' is it not a beautiful name? mamma bought it for me just now at the Sunday School Depository, and I am so glad." "I do not know what you mean, Flora," said little Mary, who was playing with her doll in one corner of the room, "is it a pretty flower?"—But Flora was too busy trying to untie a knot in the string of the parcel she held in her hand, and which in her haste she only drew the tighter, to make any reply. "Bring that to me, and let me undo that knot for you Flora," said Edward raising his eyes from a book he was reading, "and tell me what is all this you are talking about Tulips and Hyacinths: surely there are none to be seen in the garden now, or have you been so fortunate as to discover such a rarity?" "You are only laughing at me, Edward. I did not say any thing about Tulips, you know. I mean a new book I have got in that bundle; if you will please to get it open for me; is it not a pretty name?" "You are always taken with pretty names, little sister; however, I like the appearance of your present very much," said Edward, holding it up in his hand and turning over some of the leaves; "but here comes mamma, perhaps she will tell us something about it. Mamma, you have not read this new book of Flora's yet, have you?" "I have not; but a friend who has just read it recommended it to me, and I stopped this morning with Flora to purchase it, as a little reward for her industry the last week. If I am not mistaken, it contains the history of a little girl of an extremely fretful, obstinate, and perverse disposition, and who of course was very miserable. She passed the early part of her life in murmuring and complaining, and ill-treating her best friends, until she rendered herself disagreeable to every one. The rest of her story my friend did not relate to me, but Edward shall read for us this evening, after he has finished his lessons, and you can then judge for yourselves. I doubt not but you may learn some useful lessons from this little volume. You read for profit and instruction as well as amusement. Remember this, my dear children, whenever a book is put into your hands. And ever be careful to guard against the sinful propensity to fret, to be sullen or obstinate, if you are not gratified in every thing you desire. This will make you to be despised by all who know you, and it is odious in the sight of your Creator.

[Youth's Friend.

### NATURAL HISTORY.

#### SOLAR MICROSCOPE.

The invisible wonders of nature, which are revealed by this powerful instrument, are almost incredible, to any one who has not enjoyed the pleasure of a personal examination. The following extract of a notice from a New-York paper, is quite moderate in description:—

Things quite too minute to be detected in their existence by the unassisted sight, are there demonstrated to exist, organized, complete in all their functions, seen to breathe, and palpitate, and agonize, and die, by being magnified, I know not how many millions of times, beyond their own proper diminutiveness of size, in which they are every way impalpable to the simple senses. A mere mite, that no mere eye can see, an infinitesimal of existence, hath there his full portrait taken, and his picture painted, with light and shade disposed according to the living inimitable fact itself, on a large screen, projected to the dimensions of some ten or fifteen feet, like a huge *megatherium* or *mammoth* beast alive. Our good old cheese appears to be quite populous, and thus perhaps nutritious, and pleasant to epicures, when of first rate age and taste! the dust of figs is shown to be inhabited by whole republics of free personages, who seem to do just as they please. A drop of choice proof vinegar discloses a whole commonwealth of snakes, of beautiful exterior, and very graceful but rapid motions, as they seem furiously and even mortally to dislike the action of the solar rays, piercing the fluid globe of their retirements. Rain water from the cistern exhibits divers wonders of its own; and the process of crystallization of various sorts is perfectly superb. A lady, observing the natives of the vinegar, remarked that henceforth she would use no more without first straining it. Mr. Peale, presenting a piece of superfine cambric muslin, asked if she would use a finer piece in her sieve than that? "Oh no," was her reply, "there can be none finer than that." Well then, said Mr. P. we will insert this, and show it to you. Instantly, like the cross grates of a prison door, the squares appeared, with apertures sufficiently large to let through hundreds of such animalcula! Whether the lady will stop using vinegar, and breathing atmospheric air or not, we are uninformd."

#### BIRDS' NESTS.

"Where the birds make their nests: As for the stork, the fir-trees are her house."—*Psal. civ. 17.*

Most admirable is that wisdom and understanding which the Creator hath imparted to the birds of the air, whereby they distinguish times and seasons, choose the properest places, construct their nests with an art and exactness unattainable by man, and secure and provide for their young. "Is it for the birds, O Lord, which have no knowledge thereof, that thou hast joined together so many miracles? Is it for the men who give no attention to them? Is it for those who admire them, without thinking of Thee? Rather is it not thy design, by all these wonders, to call us to thyself? to make us sensible of thy wisdom, and to fill us with confidence in thy bounty, who watchest so carefully over these inconsiderable creatures, two of which are sold for a farthing?"

\* Wesley's Survey of the Wisdom of God in the Creation.

*How to discomfit a Tiger and gain a Title.*—The York (Canada) Observer relates the following anecdote of a Canadian prelate:—

Dr. Dunlop whilst in the East Indies, obtained this title ["Tyger Dunlop,"] in consequence of having vanquished a royal tiger with a bladder of Scotch snuff. The Doctor having crossed the Ganges with his quarterly allowance, (£7) observed a tiger at some distance. Being without fire-arms, he ordered his men to use their oars as weapons of defence. They formed into close column with their backs to the windward, whilst the Doctor emptied the contents of the bladder into a piece of canvass, and danced upon it until it became as fine as dust. The tiger continued winding and occasionally



couching. When he approached within twenty yards of the party, the Doctor discharged about half a pound of the ammunition, part of which was carried by the strong wind into the face of Royalty. The tiger growled, shook his head furiously, and retreated. In a few minutes he returned to the charge, approaching the party cautiously, and rubbing his eyes occasionally with his fore legs. When within about fifteen yards of the party he again couched; and, as he was preparing to make his murderous spring, the Doctor and five of his party let fly at him about two pounds of snuff, which told well; for the tiger commenced roaring, and sprang into the Ganges, and fled to the opposite shore. For this achievement the Doctor received 2000 rupees, a silver snuff box, and the title of Tiger from a native Prince.

## EDITORIAL.

### MENDING THE HEART.

We often read, concerning books and other publications for youth, that they are intended "to improve the understanding, and mend the heart." When we have seen this expression, we have sometimes asked ourselves, whether such a thing can be done; whether a person can mend his heart. Having thought much upon it, we are now ready to say, that in one sense it *can* be done, and in another sense it *cannot*. If so, then it is important that young people should understand the matter, lest they should think some little amendment will be sufficient, when in fact they need a very great change.

The heart *can* be mended, by the efforts of the child himself, by the instruction and discipline of parents and teachers, so far as relates to many of the affections, dispositions and habits, which relate to the affairs of this world. By these means, a child may be made more gentle, more kind, more patient, more dutiful, more teachable, more respectful in his manners. He can *mend* his temper and conduct in these things, by his own sincere efforts. The care and faithfulness of his friends around him, may help in the same work. And there are many books published, at the present day, which it may be very useful for him to read, to help him in these efforts. Almost all children *need* mending in these things, for they are all inclined to something that is evil, and the trials and temptations which assail them are apt to induce bad habits. They should be encouraged to correct every evil temper, and strive hard to cultivate and indulge every thing that is right and lovely. Neither they nor their parents should rest till they become, in all respects and on all occasions, agreeable companions, affectionate and dutiful children, amiable and moral youth, in whom the hearts of their friends may be glad.

There is, however, a higher claim on the human heart, than that which parents, and friends, and all earthly things can assert. It is the claim of Jehovah, our Maker, who says to every man and every child, Give me thy heart; thou shalt love the Lord thy God, with all thy heart and with all thy soul. All have wickedly disobeyed this command, and their hearts are at enmity with God. These hearts are selfish, and proud, and worldly-minded, and ready for every vile affection to which they are tempted; but they are "not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be." Now such hearts as these *cannot* be mended. They must be "broken," and melted, and subdued. They must be "taken away out of our flesh, and a heart of flesh" be given. The gospel calls upon all such sinners to *repent*; to rend their hearts, and not their garments; to break up their fallow ground and not sow among thorns. All this implies that the heart is desperately wicked; that there is no part of it holy and right with God; and that it must be made clean by "the washing of regeneration and the renewing of the Holy Ghost," before we can become Christians or be accepted with God.

Many persons, both old and young, have attempted to *mend* their wicked hearts and make them better, without their being broken in godly

sorrow for sin. They have thus attempted to establish their own righteousness, and have not come to Christ for life as needy and guilty sinners. The consequence was, they "cleansed the outside of the cup and platter," while within they were left "full of all uncleanness." This will not be sufficient to make us the children of God, or fit us for the kingdom of heaven. No; let us not marvel that our Lord says to us, "Ye must be born again." Let us hear and obey when he says, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Because the Holy Spirit is the author of the change, and because we cannot save ourselves by mending and patching up our wicked hearts, we are not therefore to conclude that we have *nothing* to do. We have *every* thing to do, and *now* is the accepted time, and tomorrow may be too late. Our duty is, to *repent* and believe on the Lord Jesus Christ; and then *he* will save us with an everlasting salvation. May we all know the blessedness of having a new heart and a right spirit, which will by the grace of God make us happy and useful here and prepare us for peace and endless life.

## MISCELLANY.

### ANECDOTE OF COL. GARDINER.

Colonel Gardiner had just been reading in Rollin's Extract from Xenophon, the answer which the lady of Tigranes made, when all the company were extolling Cyrus, and expressing the admiration with which his appearance and behaviour struck them. She being asked, what she thought of him? she answered, I do not know; I did not observe him. On what then, said one of the company, did you fix your attention? On *him*, replied she (referring to the generous speech which her husband had just made,) who said he would give a thousand lives to ransom me. "Oh," cried the colonel, when reading it, "how ought we to fix our eyes and hearts on Him, who not in offer, but in reality, gave his own precious life to ransom us from the most dreadful slavery, and from eternal destruction!"

*The Chimney-Sweeper and Thieves.*—The following curious circumstance occurred a few years ago at a country village near Horncastle, in Lincolnshire, England. A boy, belonging to a chimney sweeper at Lowth, taking his usual rounds in the country, called at a farm house in the above village, late in the evening; but it not being convenient to employ him till the morning following, the farmer informed him he might, if he thought proper, sleep in his barn, which he very readily agreed to. He accordingly made himself a comfortable bed among the straw, and went to rest. Some time in the night, he was awakened by two men entering the barn with a lantern and candle, and each of them a sack; he immediately supposed they were not about their lawful business, lay still to watch their motions, when they began to consult how they might place the light till they had filled their sacks from the corn heap. Seeing they were at a loss how to proceed, he crept softly from his couch, and with an audible voice said, "I'll hold the candle." Turning round suddenly, they beheld the knight of the brush in his sable robes, and supposing him to be a messenger from the infernal regions, threw down their sacks and lanterns and immediately disappeared.

*Man's Dependence.*—A great man, however high his office and talents, is dependent on little things. *Jonah was exceeding glad of his gourd.* However splendid and towering, man is *crushed beneath the moth*, if God does not uphold him: so that, while we are admiring the great man, as he is called, and however he may be disposed to admire himself, and to speak *great swelling words of vanity*, facts will show that he is a poor dependant creature, who cannot live a moment without God. If the Holy Spirit opens his eyes, he will perceive that he cannot stand alone; but can only support himself, and climb like the ivy, by clasping one stronger than himself.—*Cecil.*

*Humility* makes us acceptable to God, whose communication is with the humble. Without this foundation, our whole spiritual building falls to the ground.

*Sense* shines with the greatest beauty, when it is set in humility. An humble, able man, is a jewel worth a kingdom.—*Penn.*

Inquisitive people are the funnels of conversation; they do not take in any thing for their own use, but merely to pass it to another.—*Steel.*

*Truth.*—My principal method of defeating heresy, says John Newton, is by establishing truth. One proposes to fill a bushel with tares; now, if I can fill it first with wheat, I shall defy his attempts.

Few occurrences are so bad, but they may be made still worse, or so good as not to be improved, by the manner in which we meet them.

## POETRY.

### For the Youth's Companion.

#### GOD, SEEN IN HIS WORKS.

Who gave thee clothes to shield thy fragile form?  
Who spread thy shelter from the wintry storm?  
Ordain'd the unconscious beasts to be thy food?  
Fill'd for thy use the pure and limpid flood?  
Taught the quick ear to hear,—the mind to know,—  
The eye to sparkle,—and the blood to flow?  
—Who grants the day of health,—the night of rest,  
Joy at thy call, and comfort in thy breast?  
Who deals with kindest care thy changeable lot?  
Whose arm sustains thee, though thou see'st it not?  
Whose watchful eye observes thy secret ways?  
Who writes the record of thy fleeting days?  
—Go, ask the stream that rolls in torrents by,  
Ask the mild stars that light yon darken'd sky,—  
Ask of the fields array'd in garments fair,  
Or the bright birds that carol through the air,—  
Or of the mountain-lilies wet with dew,  
Or of the groves, and they will tell thee who:  
Then lift thine eye to His unsullied Throne,  
And pour thy prayer to Him,—the Everlasting One. M.

#### THE ROMAN PRECEPT.

"Take heed;—Cato sees you."  
The Roman sages said,—"beware of sin,—  
Injustice to thy friend, or guilt within,—  
Obey with reverence Virtue's pure decrees,—  
Take heed to what ye do,—for Cato sees."  
—Say, were the men who bow'd to flesh and blood  
More wise than we who serve the living God?  
Forgetful Christian!—teach thy heart to fear,  
Not because Cato sees,—but God is near. M.

#### LIFE.

Life is like a painted dream,  
Like the rapid summer-stream,—  
Like the flashing meteor's ray,—  
Like the fleeting winter's day,—  
Like the fitful breeze that sighs,  
Like the wavering flame that dies,  
Darting,—dazzling on the eye  
Fading,—in Eternity. M.

#### COMPASSION.

Walking alone the other day,  
I met a cottage lad:  
With downcast looks, he took his way,  
As though his heart were sad.  
"Why Ralph! the laughing summer sky—  
Hath it no charm, my boy?  
The birds are warbling merrily;  
The streamlets dance with joy.  
A thousand sheep are on the hills;  
The bees are round the flowers;  
The spicy East no breath distils  
Sweeter than this of ours.  
The fields of waving grain looks glad;  
There's mirth among the trees:  
What is it makes thy bosom sad,  
Mid sights and sounds like these?"  
"I know the earth is full of joy;  
The sheep are on the hills;  
And even this," replies the boy,  
"My heart with sorrow fills.  
I saw them lead a young ewe lamb  
Away from all the rest:  
I heard the bleating of the dam—  
What grief that cry expressed!  
But, when I saw the gentle ewe  
Lay down her head to die—  
I wondered men could hear to do  
Such deeds of cruelty.  
I think I could not crush a flower,  
That bowed its head so low;  
It may be pleasant to have power;  
But not to use it so." [Juv. 36.



# YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Published Weekly, by WILLIS & RAND, at the Office of the Boston Recorder, No. 127, Washington-Street....Price One Dollar a year in advance, or \$1, 50, if not paid in advance.

No. 35.

BOSTON, JANUARY 20, 1830.

VOL. III.

## NARRATIVE.

For the Youth's Companion.

### THE DEACON'S SON.

In a small town in the western part of Connecticut, dwelt Deacon B. a man of eminent piety, who walked in all the ordinances of the Lord blameless. His moral integrity, his humility and excellence of character, were proverbial even among the enemies of religion. And if they had any disputes to settle or any wrongs to redress, for many miles round, Deacon B. was sure to be called upon to act as umpire, for lawyers were not very plenty in the town of H—, and such veneration was paid to his unbiassed judgment, that whatever decision he gave was *always right* in the opinion of all parties. He was in fact, a kind of ruler among them, and although they were blest with a very worthy pastor, yet in all affairs out of the pulpit, except on wedding and funeral occasions, Deacon B. was much preferred, for he entered into all their little sympathies, and listened to all their long stories, with a patience and complacency peculiarly his own.

He was moreover a praying man—and when the revival commenced in the spring of 1807, it was by many ascribed to the prayers of Deacon B. Three months previous to that happy event, he appointed a prayer meeting at his own house, and then it was extended around the neighborhood, and whether it was attended by many or by few, every Thursday evening was sure to find Deacon B. at his post. But the people grew weary at length, and “began with one consent to make excuse.” With one it was inconvenient to have the prayer meeting at his own house, and with another it was inconvenient to attend at his neighbor's, “one was engaged with his farm, and another with his merchandize,” so that Deacon B. was left alone, except by a few “mothers in Israel,” who assembled regularly every Thursday evening at Deacon B.'s house, to pray for a revival of religion. What will not faith and prayer accomplish? A revival commenced. The young were deeply engaged—the middle aged began to inquire, and the aged “searched the Scriptures to see if these things were so.” Meetings were held every day in the week, and every evening witnessed the assembling of themselves together. Numbers were born in a day, while others were groaning under the burthen of sin and death. I was then a child of twelve years old, and lived in a neighboring town. The sweet influence spread until it reached G—, where I then resided, and if ever I experienced the new birth I trust it was in the time of that revival. O how precious, though years have intervened, is the recollection of that season! How sweet is the remembrance of that blest hour when peace and pardon are first administered to the sick soul! What rejoicings are then heard among the angelic choir! Saints and angels and glorified spirits echo pious anthems, and all heaven is filled with the Great Redeemer's praise.—“There is greater joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, than over ninety and nine just persons which need no repentance.” There was great joy and rejoicing in the town of H—. But in one house there was sadness. The pious, the humble Deacon B. had an only son, and that son though only fifteen years old, was a scoffer at religion! Yes, my dear young reader! Notwithstanding his tender years, and the tenderness and care with which he had been educated, he scrupled not to display his opposition to God and goodness on all occasions.—He called his father an old hypocrite—and his mother he reviled with the most opprobrious epithets. He absented himself at family worship morning and

evening, and when his parents remonstrated with him in the kindest manner for such acts of impiety, he replied in the most profane and abusive language.

One evening their friends and neighbors had assembled at the request of Deacon B. for the express purpose of making him the subject of their prayers.

His mother felt it to be her duty to apprise him of their intention and also beg of him to stay at home and form one of their number. But he left the house in the most violent rage just as the people began to assemble to pray for him.

Their beloved pastor was present. He commenced by reading the beautiful and pathetic parable of the prodigal son. The hymn was sung

“I'll go and with a mournful tongue  
“Fall down before his face,  
“Father I've done thy justice wrong  
“Nor scarce deserve thy grace.”

And then he addressed the throne of Grace in behalf of one so young and yet so rebellious.—But what was the dismay of all present when in the midst of their supplication the unhappy subject of their petition was brought in, apparently dead! He had been found in the street by a traveller, who on making it known at the nearest house, was assisted in conveying him home. A physician was called in, who gave it as his opinion, that he had most probably fallen in a fit, and had afterwards been run over by a loaded wagon, as his leg was terribly broken and mangled—his countenance dreadfully distorted—and he had besides bled at the mouth. Every necessary restorative was administered, and at length he opened his eyes, and revived to reason and reflection.

A surgeon from the next town was sent for, and the broken limb was set. He bore the operation with much fortitude, and for several days was silent and thoughtful. When a suitable opportunity offered, his father spoke to him on the subject of religion, and the manifold goodness of God so strikingly apparent in his recent escape from death. “What my son,” said he, “would have been your condition, had you been called *that night* to meet your Judge?”

The son was silent but was evidently affected.

The utmost tenderness and compassion were evinced by their good pastor and pious neighbors. They all hoped that judgment and mercy so strikingly blended would lead him to the foot of the cross. His parents too, derived much consolation from his present subdued state of feeling, and ceased not, day and night to implore the mercy of heaven on their beloved son. It was judged most fit, however, not to harrass him with questions and exhortations in his present feeble state of body; but as he discovered no opposition, family worship was conducted morning and evening in the patient's room. About two weeks after the *fatal night*, he expressed a wish to see his father and their pastor alone. The request was granted immediately. He acknowledged his past transgressions with many tears and promises of future amendment, and implored them to continue their prayers in his behalf. “I have been a dreadful sinner,” said he, “but if my life is spared, I will make amends to my much injured parents and friends, by a life devoted to the service of my compassionate Redeemer.” Their conversation was long and interesting, and every way calculated to lead them to hope that a work of grace was begun in his heart.

Youth, and a good constitution, together with the skill and attention of his physician and nurse, did much for him. The broken limb healed apace. At the end of four weeks he was able to sit up, and before the close of six weeks he began to walk a little with the aid of crutches. But how shall

I proceed with my narrative? or how find words to say that in this short space of time he forgot his promises and resolutions of amendment, and began as his health and strength increased, to evince an increased aversion not only to religion but to all its professing people. He was if possible more open and profane in his impiety than before. The heart of his afflicted father almost died within him. “Surely,” he exclaimed, “there is no sorrow like that of having an undutiful rebellious son.” His mother hid her grief in her own bosom, except when in secret she ventured to pour it into the bosom of her God. But a change was near—an unexpected change.—The proud rebellious heart which spurns at offered mercy in the mild and gentle voice of love, is oft-times won by judgments dark and terrible.

How great! How unspeakably glorious is that love and mercy which determines to save the sinner against his will! Multitudes of ransomed souls now in the realms of bliss, are doubtless praising the chastising rod which drove them home to glory.—Among this number is *The Deacon's Son*.

In walking across the floor of his chamber, his crutch slipped—he fell; and the newly healed bones of the leg were broken again in the same place as before.—When the shocking intelligence reached his father, he returned thanks to God with true fervency of soul.

The surgeon was again called in, and the limb was set again. Every kindness and attention was again administered, but the shock was more than his nervous system could sustain, enfeebled as it had become from his late sufferings. The weather too had now become excessively warm—it being mid-summer.

He lingered about eight or nine weeks with a feverish hectic excitement, accompanied by a gradual sinking, and then expired. But from the moment of his fall, his pride was crushed—his stubborn and rebellious spirit was broken down. He retained his reason to the last moment, and died exulting in the mercy and goodness of God, which through the merits of a crucified Saviour, had extended peace and pardon to so guilty a sinner. His parents and friends mourned for him not as those without hope.—And to this day is the pious, the venerable Deacon B. now tottering under the weight of years and infirmity, often heard to relate the story of his son's conversion and death, with a benignity of countenance and manner, that speaks his entire submission to the will of God. S\*\*\*\*\*.

## RELIGION.

From the Youth's Friend.

### WHAT GOD SAID OF CALEB.

The people of Canaan had become so very wicked, that God determined to cast them out of the land, and to give it to the children of Israel. And the Lord directed Moses to send some of them to see whether the inhabitants of the country were “strong or weak, few or many,” and whether the land was good or bad, and to bring of its fruit. And they who went on this errand came to the brook of Eschol, and cut down a branch from some beautiful vines that they found there, on which was a single “cluster of grapes, and they bare it between two upon a staff.” It was so fine and large that one man could not well carry it.

But though the land was “exceeding good,” yet all but Caleb and Joshua brought up a bad report of it. This was very wicked of them; because what they said was not true.

The great God, therefore, was much displeased: and he said that none of them should live to enter



into Canaan: and so they all died in the wilderness. God's word of promise, or of threatening, cannot fail.

But God was pleased with Caleb, and he called him his servant.

And God said of Caleb, that he had a better spirit than that of the men who went with him to survey the land of Canaan. And truly this was the case. They wished that they had died in Egypt; and they even proposed to choose a captain, and to return again into abject slavery. Their spirit was very mean and grovelling; that of Caleb was noble. When he heard what they said, he rebuked them: and, to show his grief and indignation, he rent his clothes. He could not think, even for a moment, of going back into Egypt. He was determined to march into Canaan; his heart was there already, and he himself, in divine strength, resolved to go thither, as soon as he was able.

The spirit of the people who went with Caleb was an unbelieving spirit. God had promised, that he would give them "the land flowing with milk and honey;" but they did not believe that he could or would do as he had promised; and so God would not permit them to enter into it, on account of their unbelief. But Caleb's spirit was another spirit; he believed that God would do all which he had promised. And still there are people who do not believe God's word. They do not believe that sin is so great an evil, that they are exposed to the danger of being lost for ever on account of it; that the soul is worth more than the whole world; that the favor of God is the one thing infinitely needful; and that it can be obtained only by fervent prayer, through the merits of Christ. But the spirit which animates the good man is another, a better spirit,—a spirit of faith; he believes, that things are, and that they will be, just as God has declared in his holy word.

The people who went with Caleb were of a fearful spirit,—they were alarmed at the stature of the inhabitants, because they saw some among them who were giants: and they despaired of taking the towns, because the walls were so high,—as if the almighty God could not, with ease, remove every obstacle. But Caleb's was a courageous spirit; he said, "the Lord will bring us into the land;" difficulties are nothing before him; at his word, the mountain shall sink into a plain. Even in the present day, many are afraid to confess Christ, and to take his people for their people. A truly good man is of a better spirit. "The Lord is my light, and my salvation," he exclaims; "whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my heart; of whom shall I be afraid?"

But did God say any thing else of Caleb? Yes: he said, that he had "followed him fully." But what is it to follow the Lord fully? I will tell you. To follow the Lord fully, is to follow him or his counsel exclusively, *or alone*. Our hearts must not be divided between him and the creatures; between his service and that of the world and of Satan. "Ye cannot," said the Saviour, "serve God and Mammon."

He who follows the Lord fully, follows him *sincerely*. The hypocrite walks "in a vain show;"—his feet and not his heart, follow the Lord. The Lord desires truth and sincerity in the inward parts. The faithful soul follows the Lord *constantly*: he is not one thing to day and another to-morrow. "If ye continue in my word," said the Saviour, "then are ye my disciples indeed!" He follows him *universally*;—wishing to obey all the Lord's commands; and not to attend to one, and neglect others. And he follows the Lord *resolutely*;—determined, in the strength of his grace, to sacrifice every sin, though "dear as a right hand, or a right eye." He says with Joshua, "Choose ye whom ye will serve;" but I will serve Jehovah. I have counted the cost; and, whether men, frown or smile, by the gracious aids of his Holy Spirit, I am fully resolved, to "follow the Lord."

But there was one more thing which God said about Caleb, which was very encouraging; it was, that he would give the goodly land which he had promised to him and to his posterity. And, as he

is always as good as his word, he did as he said he would. And still he is the same. He will bring all those who "follow him fully," to Heaven; and those beloved children who seek his favor, and who call upon his holy name for mercy in Christ Jesus, he will assuredly raise to the heavenly Canaan: on them he will confer "the inheritance incorruptible, undefiled and that fadeth not away." O my dear young friends,—let me entreat, let me beseech, let me urge you, by every solemn, by every endearing motive, to seek, without delay, after this infinite felicity. It is the constant, the earliest, the affectionate prayer of your dear parents and teachers, that the gracious God may indeed give you, in early life the spirit of Caleb. And say, shall it not, beloved youth be your prayer also?

## BIOGRAPHY.

For the Youth's Companion.

### MISS ELIZABETH HUTCHINSON.

I will give you a slight abstract of a young female, estimable for native talents, and acquired knowledge;—for amiable virtues, and ardent piety. She was a native of England—her name Elizabeth Hutchinson. She excelled in the usual branches of female Education, and made uncommon progress in the sciences of botany and zoology. Specimens of her ingenuity in these pursuits, are still preserved, which would not disgrace a professor. But still higher objects engaged her attention, and ennobled and sanctified every inferior attainment. At the age of fourteen she became deeply awakened, and sincerely pious, and from that period the extraordinary vigor and improvement of her intellect may be dated. She strongly exemplified that real piety, far from debasing or contracting the mental powers, is adapted to enlarge and elevate them—to call them into action, and consecrate them to their proper use. Her inquiries on the subject of religion were marked by peculiar earnestness;—and her life was regulated by a constantly active and divine principle. She was much in retirement, in the examination of her own heart, and the study of the Scriptures. That she might understand them in their literal sense, and draw from the fountain head, she applied herself to the study of the Hebrew language, and soon read it with an ease and critical discernment which would do honor to the sacred profession. Such was her facility and delight in this study, that at the age of 16, she abridged the Hebrew Grammar and Lexicon of Parkhurst, and during the last six months of her illness, wrote a large Grammar and Praxis of that language, which notwithstanding her debility she executed entirely herself, in a style of superior accuracy and beauty. These she presented to her parents, as testimonies of her filial affection. Her extraordinary attainments were accompanied by no affected superiority;—in company she listened with modest silence, discriminated with judgment, and treasured whatever was valuable. But the most prominent feature in her character was piety—not heartless and formal, but warm active and evangelical. Her letters breathed its spirit, and her life was a comment upon them. She considered the sermons of President Edwards, as first instrumental in awakening and convicting her mind, and "she had," said her minister, "more deep views of sin, and a more entire sense of her personal demerit before God, than is scarcely ever witnessed in a young person of such amiable qualities."

She was called in youth, to pass from time to eternity, but her removal was not sudden. For more than two years she lay in the furnace of affliction and pain, but He who loved her, and gave himself for her, sat by as a refiner. "I am quite willing, quite ready to die," said she "for to me to die is gain. I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep what I have committed to Him against that day."—She often said to the servants who attended her—"I have no dependence on any thing I have done; all the ground of my hope is in Christ, who hath done all things for me." When asked by her minister—"Is there any subject, or view of truth, which in

your present circumstances, particularly impresses your mind, and which you would wish me to recommend to the congregation?"—she answered, after a short pause with inexpressible composure—"the faithfulness of God." Immediately after he retired, she repeated the words "Lacked ye any thing?"—adding with ineffable sweetness of countenance—"nothing—nothing," and expressing at the same time a wish, that this might be the text of her funeral sermon. She then arranged her temporal concerns, and gave directions for her funeral, speaking of death as if she had been going a journey. In mentioning that her corpse would be carried to the church, when her funeral sermon was preached, she said—"Well, this poor body will once more go into the house of God." After a short interval she added, "I can now resign you all. I am going to glory. Do you not wish to join me there? We shall shortly meet again, for Jesus is in us the hope of glory."—"Do you not wish once more to see your brother?" asked one—for he was at a distance, and had been written to of her dangerous situation. "I should be happy to see him: but if not, shall be still happier;—for tell him that I shall then be complete in Christ." So strong was her desire to depart, that on recovering from a faint turn, she said with tears, "This has been the greatest trial, that I must now think of coming back again." Her rejoicing was sometimes mixed with doubts and darkness, but as she approached the time of departure, her soul was filled with such manifestations of divine love that her mortal frame could scarcely sustain the impression. She said "I am not in ecstasies, but I cannot express how happy I am. I know not what the joys of heaven may be, but this body can scarcely contain what I now feel,

A mortal paleness on my cheek

And Glory in my soul."

Her brother arrived just to receive her parting benediction. "Now I have taken leave of all," said she, "and have nothing to do but to die." Just as her soul took its flight she uttered "I am going." "You are going to glory," said a friend who bent over her. "Yes," answered she "I am going to glory—I love my Jesus—I love my Jesus!"—and thus expired, on the 10th of July, 1800, in the 21st year of her age. H.

## THE NURSERY.

### THE POOR FAMILY.

In the house at the corner of the next lane, there lives a family that has often taken up much of my thoughts. Not that I am a busy body, little reader! but their conduct is too striking not to draw my notice. The father and master of the family is a day-labourer, and is crippled in one arm. Of course his wages are small, and whenever work is scarce, as it sometimes is, he is among the first that are out of employ. His wife, when she is well, earns something by spinning, and doing char work; but then she is often lame with the rheumatism, which has come upon her by exposure to the cold and wet. You may be sure that people like these can earn but little, and must live but poorly. And yet these poor afflicted people have four little children to support, to feed, to clothe, and to bring up to "get their own living, and do their duty in the state of life in which God has placed them." 'Ah! perhaps you are thinking 'how unhappy they must be! how hard it must be to struggle along, with so much misery!' Hard no doubt it is, and I do not believe that flesh and blood alone could bear with all that they have suffered at one time or another. But do not think that they are *unhappy*, my young friend! It is this that has made me wonder at them. Never did I know the time when they seemed afflicted or cast down by their worldly troubles. Let what will come upon them—sickness, or want of work, or distressing accidents—all seem to be the same to them; they are thankful for all, they seem always full of inward peace and joy. What secret can they have that makes them get over all their trials with so much ease? What makes them differ so greatly from other people? It is this: they have learn-



ed a lesson that St. Paul the apostle tells us *he* had learned—"in whatever state they are, therewith to be content." "But this," you will say, "is the very thing I wish to know. How did they learn that lesson?" By the teaching of the Holy Spirit. They have studied God's word till they know it almost by heart. They have all his promises in their minds, and always ready for their comfort in whatever evil happens to them. They know that God's Only Son has died for the salvation of their souls, and, as the father said the other day, "Would God who has done so much to show his love, do any thing that was not for our good?" It is belief in Jesus Christ, the Redeemer of the world, that has brought these people comfort in their poverty. Because they believe what *he* has done for them, they trust his promises of what *he* will do; and this trust supports them in every trouble. "He hath done all things well—even this is for good," is what, in the words of the Bible, they say or think, whenever poverty and distress seem to press them down, and *would* make a person without religion completely miserable.

Little reader! the time may come when *you* shall be poor and in worldly misery. If you wish to have comfort in that day—if you wish to be prepared against every trouble—make yourself acquainted with the word of God. Learn early to believe his promises, to put your trust in his love and mercy, and to own his goodness. Give yourself to him now, in the days of your youth and prosperity, and when the evil day comes he will not forsake you. [Children's Mag.]

## LEARNING.

From the Children's Magazine.

### WHAT SHALL I WRITE ABOUT?

"Sister Anne, give me a subject. What shall I write about?"

"I cannot give you any that has not been written on before, brother:—Oh, yea, I can! write about *Nothing*."

"You have given me an unprofitable subject, sister; and yet it is as good as many that older people have chosen, and spent much precious time upon. Let's see what I can make of it. *Nothing* is what God made the world of. *Nothing* is what God cannot see. *Nothing* is what God cannot do. *Nothing* is what we are able to do of our own power, without the help and leave of God. *Nothing* is what the idle do. *Nothing* is just what every thing in this earth will be worth at the day of judgment."

This is a matter with which we all have a great deal more to do than we ought, and, perhaps, than we are aware. As you sat this morning with your face upon your hand, looking as important as if the world depended upon your care, do you remember what, when I asked, you told me you were thinking of?—*Nothing*. When you came to me, not long after, with so much news about what Mr. —, our neighbor, had been doing, do you recollect what I assured you all that would profit you? *Nothing*. Often, when, in your merry moods, you think play much better than your lessons, and regret to leave it, what is that which older and wiser heads declare to you, is the fruit of play? *Nothing*.

I have known this unlucky word made use of, too, in a very improper way, by more than one of my young acquaintance. When some idle scheme has been contriving, or, perhaps, some mischief plotting, if their parents, or some watchful friend, happened to ask them how they were employed, the answer was always, *Nothing*. If left alone for a little while and afterward inquired of, how they had spent the time? it was always sure to be, in doing *nothing*. I want no surer proof that a child is growing up in evil habits and vain desires, than such answers give.

But I must write more seriously. I have been talking as if there were really a substance—something existing—called *Nothing*. You know it is not so. When we speak of 'doing *nothing*'—when we say that 'there is *nothing*' in a place, our meaning is, that 'we are not employed at all'—that,

'there is not any thing.' Those children then, who make "doing nothing" a cover for mischievous or foolish conduct, say what is not true,—and you know the fate of liars.

One word more, and I have done. The time was when there was no man. God made man of the dust of the earth, and the earth he made by his power, from *nothing*. But now, the time will never come, when there shall be no man. We are made to live for ever; we cannot return to *nothing*. And it is by this life—the few short years that we spend in this world—that our condition, for ever and ever, will be fixed. Think of the value of those years, on which so much depends! Do not, I beseech you, live in such stupid carelessness about your immortal soul, that when you shall be asked, at the day of judgment, what you have done to make sure its eternal happiness? you shall have to answer,—*Nothing*! E.

## NATURAL HISTORY.

From the Youth's Friend.

### THE BAT.

This creature, which is placed at the end of the list of birds called unclean, (Lev. xi. 19. Deut. xiv. 18.) has properties so uncommon, as seem to class it neither with beasts nor birds. It is too much a bird to be properly a mouse, and too much a mouse to be properly a bird. It is, however, usually classed with beasts.

There are many kinds of Bats; some of them, very violent and powerful. The common Bat, well known in our own country, is about the size of a mouse, or nearly two inches and a half in length. The membranes, commonly called wings, are nothing more than an extension of the skin all round the body; the skin is stretched on every side, when the animal flies, by the four inner toes of the fore feet, which are very long, and serve to keep it spread, and direct its motions. The body is covered with a short fur, of a mouse color, tinged with red; the eyes are very small, and the ears resemble those of a mouse. It is perfectly harmless, yet generally disliked on account of its unpleasant appearance, and its choice of dark, damp, and ruined places for its abode, and its flitting about in the dusk of the evening. It sleeps away most of the day, even in the summer, and lies all the winter in a torpid state.

The Bat always gives an idea both of uncleanness and desolation; and to throw any thing to the Bats, is consigning it to darkness and oblivion. Hence it is said in the Bible, that when the Lord shall arise to shake the earth, those who worship idols, shall be so alarmed and afraid, as to cast them to the moles and the bats. We spoke more fully on this subject, when describing the mole, [see p. 55 of the present volume of the Companion,] to which the reader is referred.

The day is drawing near when the heathen shall cast away their idol-gods to be for ever forgotten, when the glory of the Lord shall fill the whole earth, and nothing shall hurt or destroy in all the holy mountain of the Lord. What are you doing, dear youthful readers, to hasten the coming of this happy day? Does your heart feel for the ignorance and misery of the heathen? Are your hands active in the cause of the Lord? If not—if you are doing nothing for the Lord Jesus Christ; if you are not praying that his kingdom may come in the earth; then have you no part or lot in this matter, your heart is enmity against God, and you are in danger of His everlasting displeasure.

## MORALITY.

From the Children's Magazine.

### THE ALMOND BLOSSOM.

'Dear mamma,' said a lovely little girl to her mother, as they were walking together in the garden, 'why do you have so few of these beautiful double almonds in the garden? You have hardly a bed where there is not a tuft of violets, and they are so much plainer! what can be the reason?'

'My dear child,' said the mother, 'gather me

a bunch of each. Then I will tell you why I prefer the humble violet.'

The little girl ran off, and soon returned with a fine bunch of the beautiful almond, and a few violets.

'Smell them, my love,' said her mother, 'and see which is the sweetest.'

The child smelled again and again, and could scarcely believe herself, that the lovely almond had no scent; while the plain violet had a delightful odour.

'Well, my child, which is the sweetest?'

'Oh, dear mother, it is this little violet!'

'Well, you know now, my child, why I prefer the plain violet to the beautiful almond. Beauty without fragrance, in flowers, is as worthless, in my opinion, as beauty without gentleness and good temper in little girls. When any of those people who speak without reflection may say to you, "What charming blue eyes! What beautiful curls! What a fine complexion!" without knowing whether you have any good qualities, and without thinking of your defects and failings, which every body is born with, remember then, my little girl, the almond blossom; and remember also, when your affectionate mother may not be there to tell you, that *beauty without gentleness and good temper is worthless*.'

A. N. H.

For the Youth's Companion.

### A MOTHER'S LAST BEST HOPE.

From a Parent, the pardon comes, before the asking.

A lovely youth, with but one very prominent defect in his character was the subject of many a fervent prayer, and also of the following soliloquy.

Where is my dear son now, and what is he doing? I should not dare to know! O that I could call him back! My Heavenly Father, wilt thou restore the wandering, wayward child—my earliest born, the only son of his mother, and she is a widow. I know not where his erring footsteps stray,—thou knowest. Even to worms, the care of Heaven extends. The last news pierced me through with many sorrows. He had relinquished his employment at the office, and seemed bent only on sordid pleasure. But all my hopes have not fled; many parents have had occasion to say, My son was dead, but is alive again, was lost but is found. My boy was for a long time my brightest star, and he may yet be my crown of rejoicing. Could I but see him, I would in one word, tell him of my love and forgiveness. I would tell him the enemy of his soul was determined to destroy him, for time and eternity, but the Lord Almighty was willing to rescue those, who placed their dependence on him. I would intreat him to consider the infinite power of his Saviour, who died that the chief of sinners might be saved. I would gently remind him of his blessed words,—"Come unto me, and I will give you rest" from all your sins. I would follow him to his bed-side, and there bend my feeble body, and raise my feeble voice in prayer. If God would not spurn me his unworthy child from his presence, the child would not, could not, despise the supplications of his mother—and while his head was resting on the downy pillow; and the parent agonizing with groanings which could not be uttered, would his ear be heavy, and could his heart be hard? The Lord reigns, and he will have mercy, on whom he will have mercy. This is a mother's last best hope. Z.

For the Youth's Companion.

### HOW OLD ART THOU?—BIBLE.

"When shall I be five years old?" said a blooming little boy. "Next July," replied the mother. "You mean, if I live, Mamma," continued her child. This admonition from one so young, God enforced by his unexpected death, before the anniversary arrived.

Reader, how old art thou? and when will thy birth day come? How many of thy golden sands are gone, and how many more remain of thy three score and ten? *You mean if I live*, said the dear departed child. Thus far, but no farther might his little bark adventure in this world, though



still borne on a stream which is to bear him on forever.

Wishing in vain for some likeness of the child, suddenly removed from my sight, I have reflected, that each and every individual, of us is drawing his own portrait—each day, he is adding some fresh touches to the canvass, which at death will be hung up, for exhibition, before the assembled universe. Here thoughts are as pencils, and actions as indelible paints. With such pictures, there should be no trifling, no careless strokes—as no dark line of defect, can be obliterated without power divine, without the washing of regeneration, and the blood of the adorable Lamb. Z.

### EDITORIAL.

#### RELIGIOUS CHEROKEE BOY.

The following letter was written to the junior editor of the Companion by a young Cherokee boy at Brainerd, and sent to us by his teacher. It is in a very fair and neat hand, such as few English lads of twelve or fifteen years can write. The expressions are his own, and will show that the language he is using is not his native tongue; but it also shows that he has studied the English faithfully and successfully. We have altered nothing, except the punctuation in a few instances.

Brainerd, C. Nation, July 23, 1829.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,—I suppose you will like very much to see a letter from a Cherokee boy at Brainerd. I am at school here learning Geography, Arithmetic, and writing. My mother is living fifteen miles from this place. I have often read in the Youth's Companions, and find in them very good stories, and sometimes I complain because I can't understand the long words. Perhaps you wish to know whether I am a religious boy or not. When I saw and felt it how wicked I was lately, I did not put it off, but kept on till I thought I had found Him. When the Spirit of the Lord was about me, I did not go to bed when my schoolmates did, but I went away and prayed to the Saviour till the cock crowing. It was very cold and it was last winter. But I did not find him that night; and the next day after that, I went in the morning and did not come back till the evening, and at that time I thought I found the Saviour. And now I hope I love the Saviour and am living in peace. In May, I was received to the Church. I thought it was my duty to do it. I did not feel ashamed to go and stand before the people; but I said in my heart, Know ye, all people, that I mean to follow Jesus and to do what he has told me.

I am, Dear Sir, respectfully,  
your young Cherokee friend, W—R—.

The teacher of this boy expresses great interest in her school of Cherokee children, gathered from the forest and the chase, and trained in the knowledge of Jesus Christ; some of whom give cheering evidence of being children of the light and fellow citizens with the saints. She also appears very grateful for the Companion, as being very useful to the children, and even to adults. She remarks, "It is a pleasant, instructive and delightful companion to many youth and children here. It is read too by [grown] persons in this nation, more than any other paper which reaches us. The reason is obvious; it is better suited to the capacity of our readers." It is a great comfort to us, that our feeble labors are blessed to any of our fellow men; and especially that though we shall never go beyond the Alleghany mountains, our little paper can travel there, and convey a few rays of gospel light to the neglected and benighted Cherokees. We hope to meet some of them at the right hand of the Judge in the great day, as those that have been awakened and saved by our means. If such a privilege shall be ours, Christ will have all the glory.

"Perhaps you will wish to know," says W. R., "whether I am a religious boy or not." Truly we did so. There was nothing about him we so much wanted to know. It is true, we should be glad to set our eyes on his Indian features, and the erect form of that noble race; also to witness the speed of his foot in running, and the agility of his

athletic exercises. We should like to attend an examination of the school, and hear him in "Arithmetic, and Geography," and reading; his writing we have already seen. We should like to see how much he has learned about work, and how industriously and cheerfully he labors for his benefactors. We should like to know whether he is a pleasant boy among his schoolfellows, and obedient and respectful to his teachers. It would give us satisfaction to be informed whether he has any brother or sister in the mission family and school; and how much he thinks of his parents "fifteen miles" from Brainerd, and whether he wishes them to partake as far as possible of the same privileges that he does himself. Still the little boy judged right, that we wanted "to know whether he was religious," first of all and more than all. For "wisdom" from above "is the principal thing;" and if he "should gain the whole world, and lose his own soul, it would profit him nothing." If the missionaries could give him all America, yea, "all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them," and he should live and die a sinner, what would the poor Cherokee "give in exchange for his soul?" We are glad therefore that he has given his teachers reason to believe that he is born again, and we trust he is not deceived. We hope that he will not fall from his steadfastness; but grow in grace, watch unto prayer, fight the good fight of faith, be useful in his day and generation, and lay hold on eternal life.

There are also many lads in happy New-England, and in other parts of the United States, about whom we should like to know "whether they are religious boys." They read our paper, and have many other ways of knowing about Christ and the things of religion; but many can have great light, and many instructions and warnings, and yet not be religious. But without religion all their blessings will avail them nothing. May every child who reads these pages inquire, Am I "a religious child?" Am I, like the Cherokee lad, seeking my Saviour in humble and earnest prayer? Have I also reason to believe that I have "found him," and am I inclined to take his yoke upon me and serve him? Can I say to my young friends and associates, and to "all the people, in my heart, Know, all ye people, that I mean to follow Jesus, and do what he has told me?"—We hope that very many will follow this good example; and that the Cherokee lad may not rise up in the judgment against any of us to condemn us.

### MISCELLANY.

#### EVENNESS OF TEMPER.

Madame Neekar relates the following anecdote of M. Abauret, a philosopher of Geneva:—It is said of him that he had never been out of temper; some persons, by means of his female servant, were determined to put him to this proof. The woman in question stated that she had been his servant for thirty years, and she protested that during that time she had never seen him in a passion. They promised her a sum of money if she would endeavor to make him angry; she consented, and knowing that he was particularly fond of having his bed well made, she on the day appointed, neglected to make it. M. Abauret observed it, and the next morning made the observation to her; she answered that she had forgotten it; she said nothing more, but on the same evening she again neglected to make the bed; the same observation was made on the morrow by the philosopher, and she again made some excuse in a cooler manner than before. On the third day he said to her, "You have not yet made my bed; you have apparently come to some resolution on the subject, as you probably found that it fatigued you. But after all, it is of no great consequence, as I begin to accustom myself to it as it is." She threw herself at his feet, and avowed all to him. Youth's Instructor.

Prompt Answers.—At an anniversary meeting of the London Sunday School Union, the Rev. S. Kilpin remarked that in catechising some children

on the subject—"Thy will be done on earth as it is done in Heaven"—the following were the questions and answers:—What is to be done? The will of God. Where is it to be done? On earth. How is it to be done? As it is in Heaven. How do you think the angels do the will of God in Heaven, as they are our pattern? The first replied "They do it immediately." The second, "They do it actively." The third, "They do it unitedly." Here a pause ensued, and no other child appeared to have any answer; but after some time a little girl arose and said, "Why, sir, they do it without asking any questions."

Maxims.—A good mind is unwilling to give pain to man or beast.

Believe nothing against another, but upon good authority; nor report what may hurt another, unless it be a greater hurt to others to conceal it.

Gaming, is the child of avarice, but parent of prodigality.

Discontent often nourishes passions, equally malignant in the cottage and in the palace.

A life of pleasure and dissipation is an enemy to health, fortune and character.

If there is any person to whom you feel a dislike, that is the person of whom you ought never to speak.

### POETRY.

#### MORNING.

The misty dawn away hath roll'd;  
The birds are soaring high,  
And lo! a ray of liquid gold  
Darts from the eastern sky.  
What shall I say in this blest hour,  
While tides of mercy flow?  
What shall I render to that Power  
Whose hand supports me so?  
Oh! raise my grateful thoughts above,  
Where holy bands adore;  
Nought can I render for thy love,  
Save this request for more. H.

[“EVENING,” by the same writer as the above, see are unable to publish, (as part of the copy has been accidentally destroyed) unless the author can oblige us with another copy.]

From the Old Colony Memorial.

#### THE OCEAN BIRD.

STRANGER.

Whither thy wand'rings,  
Bird of the Ocean,  
Darting so swiftly  
On the wings of the wind?  
Loosen thy pinions,  
Stay but a moment,  
Tell me the object  
You're eager to find.

BIRD.

Oh stay me not, stranger,  
I'm bound to my home,  
My offspring are screaming,  
So long do I roam.  
Oh stay me not, stranger,  
I fancy their cry,  
Is borne on the wild blast  
That whistles on high.

STRANGER.

Say where is thy home  
Thou tenant of air—  
And where hast thou left  
Thy unledged care?

BIRD.

Afar on the rough crag,  
My carle is hung,  
The foam of the billow  
Around it is flung.  
A place where the storm spirit  
Loves to repair,  
And wake the rough music  
Of ocean and air.  
A place where the wonders  
Of God may be seen,  
In horrible blackness  
Or beautiful sheen.  
Oh there is my young brood,  
And thither I go—  
Dethine me not, stranger,—  
My story you know.

STRANGER.

Hie thee then, rover,  
On white wing away,  
Stoop not to dip thee,  
In silvery spray.  
On like the lightning,  
No rest to thee take,  
And God give thee speed  
For thy little ones' sake.



# YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Published Weekly, by WILLIS & RAND, at the Office of the Boston Recorder, No. 127, Washington-Street... Price One Dollar a year in advance, or \$1, 50, if not paid in advance.

No. 36.

BOSTON, JANUARY 27, 1830.

VOL. III.

## NARRATIVE.

### PATERNAL FORGIVENESS.

Mr. Spencer, a gentleman of handsome fortune, was left a widower at an early age, with one infant daughter. The only consolation he felt after the loss of a partner whom he tenderly loved, was in the contemplation of the opening charms and grace of his little Maria, who soon promised to become all that he had so much admired in her deceased mother. He attended to her education with the utmost care and assiduity, procuring her instructors of every kind, of approved merit, and often taking that pleasant office upon himself, for which his good sense and knowledge eminently fitted him.

With these advantages, she grew up lovely and accomplished in an uncommon degree; and seemed in every respect formed to complete the warmest wishes of a parent. He accordingly doated on her with the extremest fondness, and formed no other desire or purpose in life than that of seeing her happily and honorably established.

In pursuit of this design he did not, like most parents, cast his eyes on wealth or rank. Convinced, from impartial observation, that happiness, in the conjugal state, is only to be expected from a mutual confirmed relish for sober and rational felicity—the first and greatest felicity he looked for in a son-in-law, was a mind formed to steady and habitual virtue. The character usually distinguished by the title of a man of pleasure was therefore the object of his most rooted aversion and dread.

Maria had received from nature that dubious gift, a heart of exquisite tenderness and sensibility. This, while it made her return her father's fondness with the warmest affection, rendered her also liable to attachments of a stronger and more dangerous kind. Unpractised in the world, she did not look at mankind with the discerning eyes of her father; and where she saw an amiable appearance, she was easily led to imagine that every thing else was correspondent.

A young officer happened to be quartered in the town where she lived; who, to a most pleasing figure and address, added a manner and conversation the most specious and insinuating that could be conceived. He appeared all softness and refinement, at the time that his heart was vitiated by the loosest principles, and most confirmed habits of debauchery. Accident gave him an opportunity of commencing an acquaintance with Maria, before her father was aware of the danger to which she was exposed. The impression he made was too strong to be eradicated; and, although her father, as soon as he discovered the connexion, used every art of persuasion, and every exertion of parental authority to dissolve it, he was unable to succeed.

As Mr. Spencer refused his consent to a union the unhappy consequences of which he clearly foresaw, the lovers had no other resource to gratify their passion than an elopement. It was long before one educated in the habits and principles that had so carefully been implanted in Maria, could resolve upon so rash and guilty a step; but at length it was determined on and effected; and the unfortunate daughter was too late convinced of the dreadful exchange she had made, of the caresses of the most indulgent of parents for the fugitive embraces of an abandoned and faithless husband.

Justly incensed, as her father was, she durst not attempt to smother his resentment, which, founded upon an act of disobedience that overthrew all his dearest hope, was likely to be steadfast and durable. After suffering a variety of misery, both in body and mind, in following a husband who treated

her with brutal neglect, she buried him in a garri-son abroad, and returned to the neighborhood of her early home, in the utmost indigence, the third year after her marriage, with a son about two years old.

She had the good fortune to meet with a comfortable asylum, soon after her arrival, at the house of a lady who had been her mother's most intimate friend. By her she was treated with all the kindness of a parent; and her benefactor, desirous of doing her still more essential service, resolved to attempt the arduous task of reconciling her to her father. As this lady's good sense was equal to her benevolence, she was sensible that in order to succeed in such an attempt it was not advisable to make a direct application, which would give resentment an opportunity of being heard as well as natural affection; but first to awaken his paternal feelings: and then urge the suit while the impression was still warm. She had soon an opportunity for executing her plan.

Mr. Spencer, who had always kept up an intercourse of strict friendship with her, came to pay her a visit. It was contrived that Maria's child, one of the loveliest children ever beheld, should carelessly enter the room, and play about among the company. It soon caught the eye of Mr. Spencer, who was very fond of children, and he asked the lady to whom the charming boy belonged. 'To a friend of mine,' she slightly answered, and turned the discourse to some other subject. The child attracted more and more of Mr. Spencer's notice. He called it to him, and set it on his knee, and by several acts of endearment rendered it familiar with him. The boy, pleased with the notice taken of him, exerted all his little powers of engaging, and at length entirely won the heart of his unknown grandfather.

The lady of the house, who had been an attentive though silent observer of this progress of affection, now came up, took the little one in her arms, and kissing it, cried, 'Heaven help thee, sweet boy! thou hast a troublesome world to struggle through! This little child,' continued she, addressing herself to Mr. Spencer, 'has already lost his father—and his mother, a most amiable creature, is almost destitute of support.' Mr. Spencer was touched to the soul. He took the child from the lady, and embracing it, with tears in his eyes, 'Heaven help thee, indeed!' says he, 'but if thou art destitute of all other friends, I will be a friend to thee! Pray, madam, will it not be impertinent to inquire more particularly into the circumstances of the lady's situation?' 'She is now in my house, sir,' says she, 'and will inform you herself.' On this, she rung a bell, when Maria, dressed in deep mourning, entered, and, rushing across the room, threw herself at her father's feet. With a voice choked in tears, she could only say, 'Forgive me, Sir! Forgive me.' He remained a while in suspense, looking first at his daughter, then at the child—at length the tears began to flow; catching Maria in his arms, 'I do forgive thee, my poor child!' says he, 'from my soul I do; all that is past shall be forgotten—this little angel makes amends for all.'

This sudden stroke of felicity was too much for Maria, who fainted in her father's arms. A scene of tender confusion ensued, which, however, soon terminated in transports of affection and gratitude—and the lady whose benevolent ingenuity had brought about this happy event, received the most heart-felt satisfaction from her success.

### MODESTY.

Immodest words admit of no defence;  
For want of decency is want of sense. Roscommon.

## THE MARRIAGE OF ISAAC AND REBEKAH.

"And Abraham said unto his eldest servant of his house, that ruled over all that he had, Put, I pray thee, thy hand under my thigh: and I will make thee swear by the Lord, the God of heaven, and the God of the earth, that thou shalt not take a wife unto my son of the daughters of the Canaanites, among whom I dwell: But thou shalt go unto my country, and to my kindred, and take a wife unto my son Isaac."—Gen. xxiv. 2, 3, 4.

Abraham was now one hundred and forty years old, for he was one hundred years old when Isaac was born, and Isaac was forty years old when he married Rebekah. Like a kind father, he was desirous of his son doing well and being happy in life, and he wished to see Isaac married. But as there were people who served false gods all around him, he would have his son take care not to choose any one of them for a wife; he therefore called his steward, who was the head servant of his house, and no doubt a good and faithful man, and he desired him to take an oath, or give his solemn word, that he would go among his relations, where the true God was worshipped, and seek him a wife.

See here how careful Abraham was, that his son should have nothing to do with wicked people, and that he should not have a wife of that kind to live with him. We ought always to take care not to live with the wicked, lest they should teach us to do wrong.

The servant put his hand under Abraham's thigh; and this was a sign used at that time, to show that he swore, or promised faithfully—for by swearing is not meant in this case, the use of any wicked words; Abraham was too good a man to want such words to be used—he would rather have reproofed any one for using them.

And now the good servant, having sworn to his master, set out on his way to the city of Nahor, or where Nahor lived, who was Abraham's brother. This city was called Haran, and was in the country called Mesopotamia. "And the servant took ten camels, of the camels of his master, and departed: for all the goods of his master were in his hand;" or trusted to his care: and of these, no doubt with the advice and permission of Abraham, he took just as many as were wanted to answer all the ends of his journey.

The Camel is a very useful beast in the Eastern parts of the world, and rich people had then, and still have, great numbers of these animals: they are very strong, and will carry very large loads—as much as a thousand pounds in weight. Some have two humps on their backs, and some have one; they will go long journeys through hot deserts, without any water. Abraham's servant took ten of these, laden with presents for the expected wife of Isaac, and her friends.

Having ended his journey of several days, he made his camels to kneel down, without the city, by a well of water, at the time of the evening—even the time that women go out to draw water.

Camels are early taught to kneel, that they may take rest, and be loaded and unloaded, as they are very high. They were in this instance, as in others, made to kneel by a well, for the purpose of giving them water.

The women went to the well, in the evening, to draw water; and in Arabia, to this day, the women do the same. After they have done their work in the house, such as weaving, grinding corn, making bread, and other things, they take a pitcher or a goat's skin, and tying their infants behind them, if they have any, they will go two or three miles, to the nearest well; for they have not got water in plenty as we have here.

And now Abraham's servant prayed to God that



he would direct in his providence, that the young woman who should offer him and his camels to drink, should be the wife of Isaac.

We can never hope for a blessing on any thing that we do, that is important in life, unless we pray to God for it.

When the servant had done praying, Rebekah, who was the daughter of Bethuel, Abraham's brother's son, came to the well, and brought a pitcher on her shoulder; and she was very kind, and good-natured, and obliging, and did present the servant and his camels with water; and as there were ten camels it was no small trouble.

And you may also observe that she was very diligent; "She went down to the well, and filled her pitcher, and came up." There were probably other damsels or young women there; but she did not waste her time in idling and gossiping, as some do, but returned quickly about her business.

All this must have pleased the good servant; and besides, we learn that "the damsel was very fair to look upon," but her beauty would have done nothing, if she had not had good temper.

You must not wonder at Rebekah going to draw the water, for it was quite usual then, and in that country, for persons of the first rank to be so employed. Industry is no disgrace to any rank, but idleness always is.

The steward now hoped that his journey would succeed, and he gave Rebekah a golden ear-ring and two bracelets for her arms, which together weighed ten shekels and a half, every shekel of gold being worth about eighteen shillings.

The steward next asked her about her relations, and inquired if they could give him a lodging for himself and camels.

In that country it is quite usual still, for those who have large houses, or roomy tents, to show the same politeness and hospitality to travellers. They have large court-yards for the beasts, and plenty of room for any friends or respectable strangers.

Having so far succeeded, the good man "bowed down his head, and worshipped the Lord," or thanked God. We ought always to thank God for all our comforts.

And now Rebekah, having learnt who he was, ran and told her mother: the women lived in apartments by themselves, as they still do in the East. And then her brother Laban, soon learnt the news; and he ran out to the man, and invited him in, and told him he had room for himself and camels.

"And the man came into the house: and he ungirded his camels, and gave straw and provender for the camels, and water to wash his feet, and the men's feet that were with him."

Good travellers always take great care of their beasts; and humane people always remember that they are tired, and need food and rest as well as they do: and therefore they cannot be happy till their poor beasts are put to rest, after laboring hard in their master's service. Laban was aware how much the camels needed comfort as well as their masters; and hence he instantly ordered them what was necessary, as well as water to cool and cleanse the feet of the travellers, and food for them also.

Laban's father was perhaps dead, or not able to move about with age, and so Laban was the acting master of the house. It is the custom in the East still, for the master to be active in inviting his guests.

And now the steward told about his master's wealth, and that he had a son born in his old age, and what had passed between him and his master about Isaac's marriage, and what he had prayed, and what had happened at the well.

When he had finished, Laban and Bethuel agreed to let Rebekah go, as they saw God's will was in the matter. This Bethuel is thought to have been a younger brother of Rebekah, and not the father. And they blessed Rebekah, or expressed the kindest wishes for her, that she might be comforted in her children, and that they might be many, and overcome all their enemies.

"And Rebekah arose, and her damsels, and they

rode upon the camels, and followed the man; and the servant took Rebekah, and went his way."

And it happened that Isaac was walking in the field on the evening of their arrival; and seeing them coming, he went towards them. And Rebekah inquired of the steward who he was; and as was, and is, the custom of that country, she put a veil on her face as a token of modesty on meeting Isaac; for nothing in a female is so lovely as modesty in behaviour.

And now the different customs required were all gone through, "and Isaac took Rebekah to be his companion for life; and he loved her; and Isaac was comforted after his mother's death."

Thus, as one observes, "What is begun in prayer, ends in praise." [Child's Commentator.]

## RELIGION.

### YOUTHFUL PIETY.

For the Youth's Companion.

MESSRS. EDITORS,—Perhaps there are some of your little readers who are intending, at some future time, to repent of their sins, and give their hearts to the Lord Jesus Christ, but who think that they are *too young* to do it *now*, and are waiting until they shall have grown up to be men and women. To such I would say, that they cannot too soon begin to love God, and that they would be far happier if they were really pious children, than they can be while they remain in sin. I hope they will read the following letter which was written by a little boy only 13 years of age, who has recently (it is hoped) been "born again."

The Lord Jesus Christ is as ready and willing to save young children, as older people; indeed He has given them peculiar encouragement in His holy word to *come unto Him*, and if they will seek this Blessed Saviour as earnestly as this little boy did, they too may find Him precious to their souls. S. F. A.

Letter from J. — to his friend William —.

Dec. 1829.

"DEAR WILLIAM,—I hail you as a brother in Christ Jesus journeying on the road to Zion, in full expectation of reaching it, and of being one of the number to whom Christ, our blessed Lord and Saviour, will say "Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you, from the foundation of the world."

"I trust you have experienced the necessity of coming to Christ; embracing Him as your Master, acknowledging Him as your Redeemer, and leaning upon and looking unto Him as your standard while you are yet young.

"We have reason to bless and praise Almighty God for His goodness in preserving us thro' so many years of sin, and at last, after all our rebellion, bringing us to the knowledge of His Son, who turned His back to the smiters, and His face to the buffeters; who endured the wrath of God, and the cursed death of the cross, all for our sins. And see Him yet stretching forth His bleeding hands to us and saying "my son, give me thine heart." And are we not willing, both of us, with one accord, to give our hearts to this Saviour, who stands with open arms to receive all who will come to Him?

"And are we not willing to enlist under His banner after all He has done for us? Are we ashamed to own Him, as our Friend, our Saviour, our Redeemer? Think of it: what! ashamed of Jesus, who bled and died for us? Ashamed of Him? No. He has said, "whosoever is ashamed of me and my cause, of him will I be ashamed." I hope you will congratulate me on my escape from the arms of satan, who has held me for about thirteen years, and was hurrying me down to the abyss of woe, as fast as the wheels of time could carry me. I hope I have embraced the Lord Jesus Christ as my master, and I humbly pray that I may not go back to the world, but that the Lord would keep me "as in the hollow of His hand." I have "put my hand to the plough" and hope I may not "look back," but, "remember Lot's wife."

Your sincere friend,

J. —.

## REVIEW.

For the Youth's Companion.

AN ALARM TO UNCONVERTED SINNERS. By JOSEPH ALLEINE.—Am. Sabbath School Union. 1229.

An alarm to unconverted sinners! We see in imagination the members of a Sabbath school gathered around the library, busy selecting books. As their eyes pass eagerly over the titles they rest for a moment on "Alleine's Alarm." Some have the curiosity to open it and read the title page—"An Alarm to unconverted sinners"—but they all shut it up again in silence and pass along. What is the matter? They are in pursuit of something more interesting—some story—O yes, any thing but an *Alarm to the unconverted*. But, young friends, are not you unconverted sinners? The book was written for you. Why do you lay it aside as if you were ashamed to be caught reading so serious a book? Are you afraid you shall be *alarmed* for yourselves? O, is it not better, to hear the note of alarm now, and flee to Jesus Christ for refuge, than to neglect the call till you find yourselves in the world of despair! Then, an alarm will sound in your ears, forever and ever—an alarm more terrible than that which sometimes comes to you from the coffin and the grave—and there is no Saviour, no ark of safety there. "Their worm dieth not and their fire is not quenched." We think we see, also, our young readers, whose eyes passed rapidly over these lines which we have written, dropping off, one by one, and turning away to some other part of the paper. Now, they are busy with an anecdote or an interesting narrative. What is the matter? We wrote this review on purpose for you, and will you not read it? Some are saying "we do not like to read reviews, they are so dull"—but an *alarm to unconverted sinners* cannot be a *dull* book. We will engage that you cannot read it attentively, without being interested. Nor do we mean that this shall be a *dull* review. Read it, and think of the solemn truths which it contains.

Joseph Alleine, the author of this *Alarm*, was born in the year 1633, "at the age of eleven, he was much addicted to private prayer." Reader, do you pray in secret? There are some children who love to pray *loud*, like the Pharisee, but when told that God can hear the prayer that is offered in silence, in the secret chambers of the soul, seem to be offended and refuse to pray at all. We have known such—it was plain that they prayed to be *heard* of men. They had their reward, for men heard them, and, very unwisely, praised them for being very *pious good children*. Men heard them, but the great God did not. He never hears the prayer which does not rise from a penitent heart. Children, when you attempt to pray, remember this. Our author grew up and became a faithful minister of the gospel, and after he was dead, "the alarm to the unconverted, the most successful of all his works," was published, and in three years, 70,000 copies were distributed, and from that time to the present, they have been unceasingly multiplied. 70,000 copies in three years! Think of 70,000 people, all engaged in reading this book, which you have passed by. Can it be so *dull* a book as you imagined? 70,000 people! and "is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?" We now hear some inquiring, as if they had just awoken from sleep, 70,000! 70,000! what is the book about? It is about "the necessity of conversion." "The miseries of the unconverted" and "the motives for conversion." The author wrote in a quaint style, and many sentences will sound *odd* in your ears, but you must fix your minds upon the meaning.

He says to the unconverted, "O that you would but hearken to me! That you would presently set upon a new course! Will you be made clean? When shall it once be? What! will nobody be persuaded? Reader, shall I prevail with thee for one? Come, and let us reason together; is it good for thee to be here? Wilt thou sit till the tide comes in upon thee? Is it good for thee to try whether God will be so good as his word, and har-



den thyself in a conceit that all is well with thee, while thou remainest unsanctified?" "Awake, awake, O sinner! arise and take thy flight: there is but one door thou mayest flee by, and that is the straight door of conversion, and the new birth. Unless thou turn unfeignedly from all thy sins, and come to Jesus Christ, and take him for 'the Lord thy righteousness' and walk in him in holiness and newness of life; as the Lord liveth it is not more certain that thou art now out of hell, than that thou shalt without fail be in it, but a few days or nights from hence."

Do not call this language too harsh to be applied to yourselves. If you are not Christians, examine your Bibles and you will find the most awful punishment threatened against you. The Bible says "He that believeth not shall be damned." If you are an unbeliever you are in danger of being cast into hell, "where their worm dieth not and their fire is not quenched." You may be averse to thinking on such a subject, and may try to hope that it is not true, yet *it is true*, for it is the word of God. Cannot he who made you, punish you in hell forever? Hath he said, and will he not do it? Complain not then, of those books which tell you the plain truth, but read and ponder, and flee from the wrath to come. Turn away from all those *story books* which tend to lead your hearts away from God, and read those books which will unfold to you your characters and danger, as sinners, and also the way of escape, from that condemnation which will assuredly come upon the finally impenitent.

REVIEWER.

## THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

From the Youth's Friend.

### LITTLE JAMES, A SABBATH SCHOLAR.

The parents of little James were very poor; they had many children, and were obliged to work very hard to support them. His mother, knowing how good a thing it is to be able to read the Scriptures, sent him, when very young, to a Sunday-school. Though his health was always feeble, he attended regularly and cheerfully, till he was interrupted by sickness. His improvement was great and rapid, and his teachers always loved him, he was so attentive to their advice, and so anxious to listen to all the instruction they gave him. When in the place of worship, he fixed his eyes on the minister, and attended to nothing else.

But, as his health became more broken, he was not able to be at school so frequently as he wished. When he came to school, he wore such clothes as his parents were able to procure for him, and never appeared to feel ashamed, because they were not so fine, or so expensive as the other boys. How different was James from a little girl I once knew, who staid away from school, because her bonnet was not so good as those of the other girls. He did not seem to enjoy play much but frequently said to his mother, "I think it will be better to read a chapter in the Bible, than to go and play." He was obedient to his parents, and often said he should never be able to repay their kindness to him.

He prayed much; and never was there seen by the writer, more meekness of temper, sorrow for sin, and love to the Saviour, than appeared in this dear little boy.

During his last illness, which confined him to his bed only about six weeks, his teacher and friends often visited him and prayed with him. One day, it was remarked to him, you love your Bible, James; "I do," he said; "I cannot do any other; I love to hear of my Saviour, to hear what he did while on earth, and what he is doing in Heaven, and what he will do for my soul; but oh, I cannot love as I ought." He was asked, "What is your hope, or how do you expect to get to Heaven?" He replied, "Christ is my hope. The Spirit must make me a new creature. I am not able so much as to think a good thought, but He has promised his Holy Spirit to help our infirmities; He must do all for me; He must have all the glory; He is worthy, He is worthy."

One day, being much worse than usual, and seeing one of his sisters going from home for that day, he called her to him, and gave her such advice as, we trust, will not soon be forgotten, and earnestly pressed her to follow Christ, so that in her dying hour she might have peace.

It was remarked to him by his mother, "You suffer much now, my dear;" he mildly said, "Not too much." His lips were seen to move, as if in prayer, when it was heard in soft accents from him, "Come Jesus, come quickly." Soon after he fell asleep in Jesus, on the 13th of April, 1829. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." H.

## THE NURSERY.

### EVERY THING IS FOR THE BEST.

[Translated from the French.]

Toward the evening of a fine day in summer, a gentleman who lived in the country, took his little son with him to the top of a neighboring hill. While they were admiring the beauty of the setting sun, which made every thing around them look bright and happy; they saw a shepherd driving his flock, and heard the joyful bleating of the frolicksome little lambs. The sides of the road, which they were obliged to travel, were lined with thorn bushes and thistles; and every sheep in passing, rubbed against the briars, and lost a piece of his wool. This troubled little William very much.

"See, Papa!" he exclaimed—"see how the naughty thorns steal the wool from the sheep. Why does God, who is so good to every thing, let the thorns grow to do mischief? Why do not men destroy every one of them? Poor sheep! To-morrow morning I will come with my pruning knife, and I will cut down all these wicked bushes. Won't you come and help me, Papa?"

Father.—I will see about it, my son. But why are you so angry with the briars and thorns? Don't you know that we ourselves rob the sheep, when shearing them? Instead of taking a few locks of wool, we take their whole coat.

William.—But then we have need of it, to make our clothes; and it grows all the better after being cut off. Beside, I have heard you say, that sheep always shed their wool in summer; and it surely is better that we should cut it off, and make some use of it, than that it should be entirely lost. But these thorns do not need the wool. They do mischief, without its being of use to any body. Dear Papa, do come with me to-morrow, and cut them down.

Father.—Very well. We will take a walk at break of day; and then we will see about it. But, my dear son, let me caution you against saying too suddenly that things are of no use, merely because they do not happen to be of use to ourselves. Remember, God is wise; and all things are for the best.

William, who thought himself a great hero because he was going to destroy the hurtful bushes, could hardly sleep; so much was his mind occupied with his glorious project. He waked his father, as soon as the singing of birds gave notice that morning was coming.

Both of them enjoyed the clear air, and the glorious spectacle of the rising sun; and went along singing merrily, until they arrived at the foot of the hill. William was running to the bushes to cut them down, when his father called to him to stop. A great number of birds were flying round the thorns; and William's father told him to watch, and see what they came there for. He soon discovered that each little bird carried away in his bill a lock of the wool, which the briars had torn from the sheep. Wrens, linnets, goldfinches, and robins, all went away loaded.

"You now see," said the father, "that God takes care of every thing. The thorns which you thought did nothing but mischief, furnish the pretty little birds with wool to line their nests. The sheep do not miss these few locks of wool, and the birds are made very rich by them. And now, does my dear little boy wish to cut all the thorns down?"

"Ah no, papa;" replied William; "I see I judged without knowledge. God, is wise; and all things are for the best."

[*Juv. Miscellany.*]

## LEARNING.

### THE TICKET.

'How is it, my dear James, that you have not shown me the usual ticket for good behaviour in church, this afternoon?'

Upon hearing this question, put to him by his careful mother, James hung down his head with shame, but did not answer immediately. At last he said that 'he had taken his seat in church next a boy, who had a long story to tell of his adventures during the week. This drew my attention from the service, and from the minister when he preached, and—and—'

'And what? James.'

'Why, when I listened to him, I asked some questions, and the teacher took my name for bad behaviour, and this made me forfeit my ticket, for you know, the ticket is only to show who has behaved well in church.'

'Indeed, James, you cannot tell how this afflicts me, my dear boy. I once thought I could put the utmost confidence in you—and your teacher, what will he think of this? It was but lately that he called to see me, and then, how he delighted my heart by the good account he gave of your conduct in school! Ah, my son, what do you think of your behaviour?'

'My dear mother,' interrupted James, while he burst into tears, and sobbed aloud, 'do not, do not, be offended with me! I will not be bad any more, indeed I will not!'

'I am not *offended*, James; I am *hurt*, that my boy should attend Sabbath School, for religious instruction, and church, to worship God, and yet, while there, offend Him by the great sin of indifference to the prayers which are offered up for the good of mankind, and for blessings on himself. And, besides, think of the disturbance you must have caused to those who sat near you! The teacher must have a disagreeable task, to sit with the school, if the children who know how to not behave well; and consider the evil of the example that you set to those younger than yourself? Ask forgiveness of your Maker for this offence, my child, and pray to him to "lead your steps in the right way," and to make you able to "set a watch over the door of your lips," and to "keep your foot when you go into the house of God."

James was very sorry for his fault, and sincerely promised to do according to the advice of his good mother. I trust that he will soon, by his correct behaviour, regain her love, and secure the affection and esteem of all his school-fellows, & his teacher.

[*Children's Magazine.*]

## NATURAL HISTORY.

### THE LOCUST.

There are a great many species of the Locust, some of which are very much, and all are in some degree like our grasshopper. It is said that about the head they resemble the horse, to whom they are compared, and their speed is often very great. They are commonly eaten in some countries, and esteemed a delicacy.

The mischief done by these terrible insects is often very great. Africa, Asia, and also the southern countries of Europe, have been visited by this awful calamity. They fly in swarms, and in such great numbers, as often to obscure the sun. Desolation and famine mark their progress: fields, which at the rising sun were covered with luxuriance, are before evening a desert: the produce of the garden, and the orchards, are equally destroyed; for where these destructive swarms alight, not a leaf is left upon the trees, a blade of grass in the pasture, nor an ear of corn in the field. And thus the face of the country is sometimes covered with them for many miles. These terrible insects are not only the cause of a famine, but when they have been washed into the sea, and thrown up again on



the land by the tides, their dead bodies have lain in heaps, and been the occasion of a deadly pestilence and plague.

The Locusts are frequently mentioned in the Scriptures. They were one of the plagues sent upon the land of Egypt, by the hand of Moses, for the sin of Pharaoh. (Exodus x.) The Jews were permitted by their law to eat the locust: (Lev. xii. 22,) accordingly, it is commonly supposed the meat of John the Baptist, in the wilderness of Judea, was these insects and "wild honey." (Matt. iii. 4.) In the book of the prophet Joel there is a most awful and sublime description of a plague of Locusts, sent by Almighty God to punish a wicked people. They are called "a nation strong and without number, whose teeth are the teeth of a lion," and having "the cheek teeth of a great lion." Spreading themselves like a great cloud over the country, it is said, that "the sun and moon shall be dark, and the stars shall withdraw their shining;" "the land is as the garden of Eden before them, and behind them a desolate wilderness; they shall march every one in his way, and shall not break their ranks."

All these particulars agree exactly with the description which travellers have given us of this insect; and of the countries of Judea, and those bordering upon it, and thus serve to confirm the truth of the Bible. [Youth's Friend.]

## EDITORIAL.

### NOTICES OF BOOKS.

THE LITTLE PHILOSOPHER, or the *Infant School at Home*. No. III. By Erondre. Boston, Carter & Hendee, 1830.—Children, "the Little Philosopher" has come again; do you wish to see him? You recollect, we have told you of him twice before, and of the little books he has prepared for you, to teach you natural philosophy. Now he comes with "No. III," to tell you more about it, and talk with you in the same familiar and instructive way. By this time, if you have seen Nos. I and II, you have become acquainted with him and his mode of teaching; and need not that we should say much about them. You have learned that philosophy is something about *common things*: such as you see, and hear, and handle, every day. It is not about something away in the moon, or in the farthest islands of the sea; but you may study it "at home," in the parlor, in the kitchen, in the garden. But then you need some teacher, or some book like this, to make you *think* about these objects, and *inquire* about them, and then you will learn. With such plain little books as these "Philosophers," you can learn a great deal without a teacher; though a teacher would help you still more.

An *Infant School*, perhaps you know, is one where the teacher uses prints and cards, and asks a great many questions; not one where the children sit a long time on their seats and study hard lessons, and then come to the teacher and draw them over in reciting. Now each of these books has a *second* title, [what does that mean?] "*Infant School at Home*." As much as to say, that three or four brothers and sisters can take this book, and make an *Infant School* in their own house. Perhaps their mother, or their father, or some elder brother or sister, will be the teacher. If these are too busy, and there is only the younger ones together, one of them can take the book and be teacher for a time; & then another may take his turn; and so all will be teachers and learners too. If one holds the book and asks questions, the others may answer, one at a time, or all may answer together. It is a delightful and useful exercise. Many children like it as well as they do any sort of play; and besides, they learn a great deal that will make them wiser and do them good. We wonder in how many families "*Infant Schools at Home*" have been formed, for using Nos. I and II of the "*Little Philosopher*." We hope there are many, and that there will be many more. We are sure they will all want No. III. We do not know the price of the book, but think it cannot be over two or twelve cents. We must give

our readers a short specimen of the work which is about

### THE EYE.

"How many eyes have you?  
What are your eyes for?  
How many eyes have I?  
How many eyes has the cat? A dog?  
Has every living thing two eyes? No; spiders, and flies, and some other animals, have a great many, but they are very small.

Where are your eyes?  
Why are your eyes made so near the top of your head? Because I can see better with them than if they were placed low.

Could you not have seen with them if they had been in your side? Not so well.

Why would it have been not as well to have had them in the back of your head? Because I could then see only behind me, and not before me where I want to go.

Why would it not be well to have your eyes higher, quite upon the top of your head? Because there would be danger that things would fall into them, and besides I could only look up into the air.

Why would it not have been as well to have had your eyes upon your hands?

Can you not think of any place where your eyes would be better than as they are?

Where are your eyebrows?

What are they?

What good do they do?

Where are your eyelids?

What are they?

What good do they do?

Has the cat eyebrows? Eyelids?

What difference can you observe between the eyes of a cat and of a child?

Can you think of any other animals whose eyes you can examine?

Are the eyes of all children alike?

What difference is there?"

THE MULTIPLICATION TABLE, IN RHYME. By a Lady. Boston, Carter & Hendee, 1830. O how many children have sweat, and toiled, and murmured and fretted, for days and weeks, in committing to memory the multiplication table. How often have they been chided and perhaps chastised for their dulness, before they have accomplished that wearisome task. "A lady" has had compassion upon them, and contrived a mode of relieving them of a tedious burden. She has put the table into rhyme, and proposes to teach them to multiply poetically. Here is a specimen:

"Three times seven are twenty one—

Rude and wicked children shun.

Three times eight are twenty four—

Be not fretful any more.

Three times nine are twenty seven—

Keep your writing fair and even.

Three times ten are thirty—

Let not your hands be dirty.

Three times eleven are thirty three—

Let your manners gentle be.

Three times twelve are thirty six—

How rule the child that contradicts."

You see that maxims and advice are mingled with each line of the table, and it is so through nearly all the book. We do not think the poetry is made so easy as it might be, hard as the *subject* is; but children will find it amusing, and it will help them to master the multiplication table almost before they know it. We hope they will make the trial, and learn to sing the table, as well as say it.

MEMOIR OF HANNAH RIPLEY, A SABBATH SCHOOL-AR. A *Narration of facts*. Boston, True & Greene, 1830.—This is a short account of a little girl, who had belonged several years to the First Baptist School in Boston; and who died the 27th of April last, aged 10 years and 11 months. "It was written by two young Sabbath school teachers, who were acquainted with her; and who wish to have other dear children read Hannah's story, that they may see how lovely and how happy religion can

make them." The Rev. Mr. Grosvenor certifies that "the story of Hannah is true;" and as we like to have as many *true* histories published as are useful and interesting, we recommend this to our readers.

## MISCELLANY.

*Skating on the Sabbath*.—At a meeting of the Port of London and Bethel Union Society, the Rev. Benjamin Allen, from Philadelphia, proposed one of the resolutions. "On entering the room," he said, "a short time ago, he heard some allusion made to the children, and he would mention the case of a boy in America. The boy to whom he alluded was born of pious parents, and had received good religious instruction, which unhappily did not make a due impression upon him, for, on being bound apprentice, he with other boys was in the habit of breaking the Sabbath. One Sabbath he was going with his skates on his back to join his companions, when suddenly the church bell tolled upon his car. He paused and asked himself, 'What am I going to do? I am going to break the Sabbath.' He returned home, put up his skates, and went to church. From that hour the Spirit of God entered deep into his heart, and that boy was the late celebrated Joseph Eastburn." The Rev. gentleman here entered into many particulars of Mr. Eastburn's life, his anxiety to instruct sailors, his visiting prisons, comforting the sick, consoling the afflicted, and various other Christian and benevolent acts. "One particular instance of the efficacy of Mr. Eastburn's religious instruction fell within his own knowledge. The second officer of the ship in which he crossed the Atlantic for England, told him that he had been on board a man-of-war, and had led a loose and dissolute life; but he had heard Mr. Eastburn once, and since that time he had never sworn an oath!"

*Pleasures of Blindness*.—A blind girl in France, upon saying that she had no wish to see, was asked the reason, to which she replied—"If I could see, I should then have only my own eyes; now I enjoy the eyes of every body. I am obliged in some way by every person, and I am every moment grateful. Alas! if I were to see, people would speak of me no more." The same girl, hearing of the misconduct of a certain individual, whose speech was unusually pleasant, said—"Who would have thought it of him, with so sweet a voice?"

*Pertinacity of Opinion* more frequently arises from a partial view of a subject, than from a full comprehension of it, and certainly is not of itself any proof of rectitude of judgment.

## POETRY.

### A CHILD'S PRAYER.

O, God of yonder starry frame,  
How should a thing like me  
Dare to pronounce thy holy name,  
Or how to thee the knee?  
I know not of my spirit's birth,  
How dust and soul combine,  
Nor being of one thing on earth,  
And how can I know thine?

I only know that I was made  
Thy purpose to fulfil,  
And that I gladly would be good,  
And do thy holy will.  
For this, my being rational,  
For this, my dwelling place,  
I bless thee, Lord; but, most of all,  
For gospel of thy grace.

Direct my soul to thy grace and know  
What Jesus did for me,  
And teach my little heart to glow  
With thankfulness to thee.  
And when this weary life is done,  
And dust to dust declines,  
Then may I dwell beyond the sun,  
Where thy own glory shines.  
Take my dear parents to thy care,  
My little kinsfolk too,  
And listen to their humble prayer,  
When they before thee bow.  
And when they pray for sinful me,  
With fervor that exceeds,  
Do thou return the blessing free  
And double on their heads. *Eltrick Shepherd.*



# YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Published Weekly, by WILLIS & RAND, at the Office of the Boston Recorder, No. 127, Washington-Street....Price One Dollar a year in advance, or \$1, 50, if not paid in advance.

No. 37.

BOSTON, FEBRUARY 3, 1830.

VOL. III.

## NARRATIVE.

*From the Juvenile Miscellany.*

### THE IRISH EMIGRANTS.

"Come, Come," said Henry Campbell to his sister, "there is a fine slide on the Piazza."

"Slide on the Piazza! how came ice there, Henry?"

"Oh it rained and snowed all night, and the mind blew it, I suppose over the floor; and 'tis as glib as glass; so come, before we go to school, let's have a real slide."

They ran to the Piazza; and as Henry was first there, he got the best and longest slide."

"Oh that's not fair," said Laura, "my slide is full of ridges."

"Ycs, Laura; but I came first."

"Well you might be generous enough to take turns, if you can't be polite. Mother says boys ought always to give the best places to the girls."

"I know mother says so; but 'tis something I have'n't learnt, yet," said Henry, laughing, "I like myself mighty well; and to tell the truth, Laura, I think boys have just as good a right to the best places, as girls. But now I have slid a little while, I will let you try it; for you seem to be slipping and hobbling terribly over your part."

Laura ran to the other side, and in her eagerness to go the whole length of the slide, would have gone quite off the Piazza, but for a little boy, who had been sitting unperceived by the children, behind one of the columns. He spread out his arms, saying, "You'll fall, Miss; 'tis all ice here." She came so violently against him, as almost to throw him from the steps; and retreating a little, fell herself; but she was not hurt; and jumped up, exclaiming, "Why didn't you tell me, Henry, 'twas all ice, quite to the steps?"

"What are your eyes for, Laura? But where did that boy come from? Out of the frozen ground? And where is he, now?"

He had sunk down again behind the pillar; they went to the front of the Piazza, and saw him seated on the steps, bending and crouching over, apparently to screen himself from the cold. He looked up to the children; his full, dark, bright eyes formed a striking contrast to his pale cheek; his tattered hat, through the large openings of which his curling locks were visible, was merely a shade for his eyes. He was dressed in a suit of summer clothes, over which he had the remains of a great coat; or rather the cape and collar of what had been once, an over coat of dark cloth; part of the sleeves remained, and some strips hung on his back; but his whole appearance betokened extreme poverty. 'Twas a cold morning in January, and his bare legs were blue as the sky. Laura looked with pity on the little suffering boy, and said kindly to him, "Are you not very cold? What is your name?"

"Yes, I am very cold and hungry, Miss. My name is Willy MacVinny; and I live by the colleck."

Mrs. Campbell called her daughter at that moment; and, Henry asked him where he came from. "Ireland," was the reply.

"Oh, you are an Irish vagabond; you had better run off," said Henry, with an air of consequence; "for my father don't like the Irish, at all."

The little boy's heart seemed full; but he only said as he walked away, "I am no vagabond; but a your Irish boy seeking work or food."

Henry went on sliding; but his heart reproached him for his unkindness to the little beggar. He felt, as many little boys do, at times, a desire to appear important; and when Laura came back, with a

plate full of good food for the suffering boy, he wished he had not turned him away so rudely. He looked up and down the street, and would without doubt, have run after him, if he had been in sight; for he was not an unfeeling boy, though he was sometimes consequential and vain. He tried to put the best face on it, by saying, when Laura asked him why he went off so soon, "Oh, I sent him away, Laura; you know Pa don't like the Irish at all. He says the country is *nundated* with them."

Henry stood quite straight, and looked, as little boys would say, "*mighty big*."

Laura laughed, and said, "*nundated*! what does that mean, master Henry? You are very grand this morning."

"Mean?" said Henry, "something bad, I suppose," and he looked mortified at using a word that he did not understand.

"Mother says it is vain and affected to use words without knowing their meaning, Henry."

"You don't know the meaning yourself, Laura; so you needn't laugh at me."

"But I have not used the word, Henry; and I think you have made a mistake in it."

"No, I have not; for Pa said, only yesterday, that he wished there could be some stop put to the constant — something, — 'twas a big word, I never heard before, but I know it meant bringing the Irish here; for he said, the country was *nundated* with them."

"*Inundated*, Henry."

"Well, that is just the same."

"Not exactly, I think; but come, let us go ask mother the meaning of inundated."

The result of their inquiries I will not relate; as any of my young friends can find out the meaning by asking their parents, or looking in their dictionaries; though most of them I have no doubt are acquainted with the meaning.

When Mr. Campbell had dined, he said to the children as he drew his chair close to the bright fire, round which the family had assembled, "You would know how to value this warm room, and all the comforts that we are constantly enjoying, if you had heard the tale of misery I have heard to-day, my children." And turning to Mrs. Campbell, he continued, "There is an Irish family in extreme distress, at no very great distance from us. The old Grandmother accosted me in the street to-day, begging me for the love of Heaven to give her something for her children, who were starving with cold and hunger. Her hair was silvery white; her cheek pale with want and misery. I never was so much interested in a street beggar in my life." Laura looked at Henry; he turned very red, but said nothing. "I am sure she was a real object of charity; and I wish, my dear, you would (if 'tis not inconvenient for you) take John with a basket of wood, and bread, and see to their wants. I had nothing, but a large bill in my pocket this morning, and am obliged to go to Brooklyn, or I would not trouble you, this cold day. There is the number," said he, laying a card on the table; "and you had better take Laura and Henry with you; it may be useful for them to see by contrast how blessed their lot is. It must increase their gratitude to the great Giver of all good."

"I will go immediately," said Mrs. Campbell.

They were soon warmly dressed, and on their way to the abodes of wretchedness. It was clear, though cold, and the children complained of the keenness of the air. As they passed the streets leading to the North river, snuggled close to their mother, they found the objects of their search in a cellar; and when the door opened, a scene of misery was presented that astonished and almost terrified

the children. The suffering family, supposing 'twas their grandmother who had gone to get food, for them, rushed to the door, saying, "Oh, Granny, have you got some? have you got some?" Then seeing a stranger, they sunk back to their places on the floor. In the corner of the rough-looking fireplace, sat a slender, pale-looking woman, with a sick infant in her arms; over which she was bending, apparently, to keep it from the cold air. The poor baby was trying its best, to draw nourishment from her exhausted mother; but the tears came faster from her eyes, than the milk came from her bosom. Before the fire-place, sat a young girl endeavoring to hlow into a flame, with her apron, some chips, dirt, and leather. In the corner of the room was an heap of straw, on which lay a few ragged bed clothes. There was neither table, chair, nor utensil of any kind in the room, except a broken pitcher, and an old pail with a rope handle.

I have been thus particular in my description of their abode, that you, my dear young reader, may when you are surrounded with every comfort, feel grateful to God for his goodness to you; and be contented and happy, though there should be some among your companions whose clotics are finer and more fashionable, and who have elegance and luxuries, that you may if you choose be *very happy without*. A few days since I saw the round red cheeks of a little girl wet with tears, because her bonnet was not as handsome as she wished. When you are disposed to repine at any such trifles, think of the damp, cold cellar, where six children, with their mother, sat without food or fire; and then I am sure you will look up to your mother, or the friend who supplies your wants, and say, "you know best what is proper for me, I can be happy in any dress you choose." What I have told you of this Irish family is entirely true. I myself stood among them, and dropt many tears on the pallid cheeks of the sick baby. I saw these Irish emigrants, just as I have described them to you. But to go on with my story; Mrs. Campbell spoke kindly to the mother, (who had started up, and offered the wooden box on which she had been sitting,) and asked her how she came to be so reduced as to have neither fire nor food.

"Alas, madam," said she, sobbing, "sickness and death have been with us; and what signifies any thing we say? Nobody cares for an Irish beggar. My poor old mother has been out seeking food for us these two days; and she has scarce got enough to keep us from starving, madam. This morning I sent Willy, there, thinking he was so young and innocent-like, nobody would be for calling him a cheat; but he was not used to the trade, ma'am; for as he sat trying to get courage to tell his story, a little boy sent him off, because his father hated the Irish."

Henry and Laura both looked at the little boy, who had sunk down among the straw; and Henry, while the tears stood in his eyes, said, "Oh, mother, that was I! Yes it was; I was so foolish as to think I understood father's conversation with uncle James; and I told him to run away; but I hope, little boy, you will forgive me; for I am sure I would have given you my breakfast, and dinner too, had I known how poor and hungry you were." Henry gave his hand to Willy MacVinny; when his black eyes sparkled, and his pale face flushed with pleasure, amid all his rags and wretchedness. So easy is it for the rich to give pleasure to the poor. The Irish woman continued, "He tried once more, and knocked on the door of a large house; the servant, who came, said, 'Get about your business, you little thieving paddy! and don't trouble me any more with your knocking.'" He came back



sorrowful enough; and has sat, ever since, shivering in the straw."

"Why didn't you apply to the alms-house?"

"Och, and didn't we, sure enough! but could get nothing, because we were not resident six months. I have sold every thing, madam, even my clothes, before I could beg."

John was left in with the basket; a fire was kindled; and some milk bought, as soon as possible. The tears trembled in Mrs. Campbell's eyes, as she saw the eager faces of the children while the bread was broken among them. The grandmother returned, and was surprised and delighted to see them thus employed. She said, while tears streamed down her wrinkled face, "God bless you always, lady! I have had a wearisome day; and sure I was ready to lie down and die, when I thought I should bring nothing to the children." She seated herself on the heap of straw, and sobbed like an infant. Her daughter tried to comfort her, and said, "Drink some of the warm milk, mother, you are faint and weary; and don't take on so now, when comfort has come to us." Mrs. Campbell left them with means to make them comfortable until some plan could be devised to give them employment, by which they could support themselves. As soon as their situation was known, they were supplied with every necessary; for there is no place in the world where the people are more liberal to the poor than in New-York. Laura and Henry never forgot the lesson they learnt from this poor family. They were ever after kind to their inferiors, and generous to the poor. Henry was careful never to repeat any of his father's observations, without being sure he perfectly understood them. L.

## RELIGION.

JACOB HAUSER, THE HESSIAN GROOM.

*Translated from the Berlin Evangelical Church Journal.*

Jacob Hauser was the groom of a Dutch general at Amsterdam. He was a smart, active fellow, and attended to his business to the satisfaction of his master; but in his leisure hours he was addicted to card playing, and knew no greater pleasure than drinking and its attendant vices.

Jacob was in the habit once a week (usually on Saturday) of carrying his clothes to a poor woman to be washed. He often found at her house other poor people employed in pious conversation, and in prayer and singing. On such occasions the washerwoman, who was otherwise remarkably punctual, would let him wait some minutes, and the good natured Jacob would then place himself at the stove, and there, yawning and indifferent, would look on and hear what was said. One day when he brought his clothes, the company were in earnest conversation, so that they did not even notice him. "Tomorrow," one of them remarked, "Mr. Boeckler (a minister from the country) is to preach in the city as candidate for the vacancy in Peter's church." The poor people were elated with joy. They promised, and gave their hands for it, that if indeed God would so smile on the election as to send this pious apostolical preacher to the city, they would as a proof of their gratitude give, one so much, and another so much, to the poor. The washerwoman would give two guilders.

Jacob was surprised; for this devoted love to the Lord, this joy in Him which is found among poor believing Christians, has always something in it to excite the notice and the astonishment of unbelievers. Infidelity, not having Christ and God for its portion, will not, for the sake of diffusing its own spirit among the people, sacrifice its whole substance, its goods and possessions, not to say its health and life. But Christianity has often prompted its possessors to do it, where it avails to make known the name of Jehovah, and to win souls for his kingdom. Jacob was surprised. What means this poor woman, thought he, to give two guilders, (she scarcely spent so much upon herself and children in as many months,) if Mr. Boeckler should succeed in his election to-morrow? There must be some particular end in view. I wish I could hear the sermon.

He paid for his washing and went home. The next morning he set himself very early to his work, and was ready in time at church. There was singing, and Mr. Boeckler entered the pulpit. He was a man of a mild but grave aspect. He preached on the condition of the impenitent sinner who lived without God or Christ in the world, a slave of sin and hell.—He had not proceeded far, when Jacob remarked that the sermon was intended wholly for him. No other than I can be meant, he thought, and though the preacher did not know Jacob, yet the piercing look which he now and then cast upon him, convinced him that he was the person whom the sermon described. The minister appeared to know all that Jacob had done, and what he intended to do. Ashamed and confounded, Jacob would gladly have slunk out of church, but the shoemaker who worked for the general and him, stood not far off. This man appeared not to be aware to whom the sermon pointed, for he looked at the minister only, not at Jacob, and as for the rest of the congregation, they did not know him. If now he should go out suddenly, he would be noticed, and all would remark who was meant by the preacher. With much constraint, therefore, he remained quiet till the sermon was finished, and the singing at the close of the service. But when he was once out, and found himself alone, he gave vent to his expressions of anger. "Who can have told the minister," thought he, "who I am, and how I live, who else but those wretches at the washerwoman's, and the washerwoman herself. How indeed could they know all so exactly, but still it is sure that no other than they can have caused this sermon to be preached to me. Wait only," he thought, "you hypocrites, till next Saturday, when you will be together again, and I will frighten you, and throw stones into your windows that shall fly about your heads, and then I will laugh loud at your fright."

But from Sunday to Saturday was a long time, and in this time Jacob's mind was so exercised that he forgot entirely his anger towards the poor washerwoman. He had experienced, what so many thousands before and since have experienced, that there is a power in the word of God, when it is faithfully preached, which reaches the inmost soul. For this word, according to Rev. xix, 12, has eyes like flames of fire. An arrow of conviction had been fastened in Jacob's heart, which he could not remove. The preacher is right, he thought, I am lost. He could not sleep that night. A sin of his childhood weighed heavily on his mind. He had denied a theft of which his mother had justly suspected him, and had added to his denial an oath, with which he doomed his soul to hell. For other sins, he thought there may be pardon, as the minister said at the end of his sermon, but not for this sin. I am a lost man, for I have sold my soul to Satan. His distress of mind increased for some days; at last it became insupportable; Jacob threatened to take his own life. But it occurred to him that he would once more go to the washerwoman who had caused his trouble, and tell her how the sermons had affected him, and what was to be the consequence.

The poor, pious woman, could not but weep from compassion and joy, as Jacob told her his distress.—He could then no longer refrain, but wept with her, and his heart for the first time became light and happy. Light and happy as it never had been in his life before. For the poor washerwoman soon convinced him that not she, but the all-wise and all-merciful God, had directed this sermon to him, and not indeed that he should perish, but that he should repent and live. She spoke to him of salvation through Christ. His anxious soul understood and seized gladly every word. He was soon another—a new man. The change was manifest. His early vicious habits and darling sins were denied and subdued, and the temptations to them effectually resisted. He bore without a murmur all the derision and contempt of his fellow servants, and when at last his master, from enmity to religion, dismissed him from his employment, he submitted with meekness, full of faith that the Lord would provide for him, since he had silently and willingly borne reproach for his sake.

## DIALOGUE.

*From the [Utica] Youth's Miscellany.*

### THE TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

*Dialogue between two Young Men, John Stanley, and Francis Cavetlar.*

John.—Good morning, Frank; did you join the Temperance Society which was formed last evening?

Francis.—No, indeed; I do not see any need of my joining such a society. Do you think that I am disposed to be intemperate?

J.—By no means. If you were so, you would not be a very fit member for a temperance society.

F.—But if I am in no danger of becoming intemperate, what is the use of my joining such a society?

J.—Rather too fast, Frank. I did not say that you were in no danger; I believe you are very temperate now; but you have never been strongly tempted to forsake your good habits. You might, however, (as was observed by a speaker last evening,) be placed in circumstances in which you would find it hard to resist the influence of custom, the urgency of friends, and the impulse of social feeling, which would constrain you to take a glass or two, now and then;—and if you should do this, who can tell where you would stop? No man ever became a drunkard all at once, Frank, but only by small degrees.

F.—This is very true; but do you not suppose, John, that I have resolution enough to take care of myself in such cases?

J.—I do not certainly know that, nor do I believe that you have reason to be very sure of it. Many have yielded to temptation, who seemed as strong in their resolutions as you do now. You know Solomon says, 'He that trusteth in his own heart is a fool;' and while we pray, 'Lead us not into temptation,' we should be careful not to rush heedlessly into it.

F.—This is very good advice, to be sure; but how would a temperance society guard me from temptation?

J.—It would do this in two ways. First, it would make you more watchful. The only danger of your ever yielding to intemperance, arises from the deceitfulness of the evil. Its influence gains upon one, unperceived. Now, though you may have made some good resolutions in your own mind, yet you do not feel half so careful as you would if you had signed the constitution of the society, and thus given to the public a pledge of your fidelity to the cause of temperance. Is it not so?

F.—Why, I confess, John, if I had publicly pledged myself, so as to make my good character depend on my entire abstinence from a single glass of ardent spirits, I should be far more watchful than I am.

J.—No doubt of it; and it certainly would be wise to use every means, to secure yourself against the influence of temptation. And I feel confident that entire abstinence is the only safe ground. I would not trust myself on any other. The celebrated Dr. Rush, of Philadelphia, has stated, that a single glass of distilled liquor will raise the spirits of a healthy person considerably above their natural tone; and after the effect of that has ceased, the spirits will be just as much depressed below their natural tone. Now in such a case, Frank, when the nerves of any person are disordered by one glass, how strong must be his desire to take a second, and then a third! I tremble when I think how dreadfully many of my friends expose themselves, by tampering with temptation. We cannot be too careful.

F.—I know that this is true, John, from my own experience: but you have another reason why I ought to join the temperance society. Let me hear it.

J.—It is this. Such a step would make the practice of temperance more easy to you. You know when you are in company where moderate drinking is the fashion of the day, it is not easy to resist the invitation of your friends to drink with them, without appearing rude and unsocial.



**F.**—What! do you think I have not independence enough to do what is right, without regard to the opinions of others?

**J.**—No, no. I know your independent spirit, when you feel yourself aroused to take a decided stand in favor of what is right and good. But then are you not apt to yield to the kindness of your friends, and to give way in *little things*, for the sake of gratifying their wishes? For instance—last week you took a sleigh-ride with your friends, Charles and George. Charles told me that you all had a very pleasant time. You stopped at the house of the Rev. Mr. Christmas. Did not the good lady bring out, as she usually does, some of her excellent cake, and cherry ruin? And did not you drink socially with the rest?

**F.**—I did, to be sure, Mrs. C. urged it very kindly, assured me that I need not be afraid of it, for it was quite mild;—and I did not wish to appear singular, or monkish.

**J.**—Ah, Frank, there you have it—you did not wish to appear singular in refusing to drink. Now let me ask you, Is not this moderate social drinking the great source of intemperance? Did any man ever become a drunkard in a moment? Is it not because so many good people use ardent spirits on so many occasions, that so many are led away and ruined? In our town, it has been handed forth at the call of every friend; at the transaction of every piece of business. In winter, they tell us it is to keep us warm; in summer, to prevent the bad effects of cold water; and especially in the company of our friends, we must drink, because it is thought to be unmanly and ungenerous to refuse.

**F.**—Really, John, you are quite eloquent. But I thank you for what you have said. I have never considered the subject much, nor have I seen the evil so clearly before. You think, then, that if I join the temperance society, it will be more easy for me to decline drinking on all occasions.

**J.**—Certainly. No friend would urge you to drink a moment, when you say, 'My sacred honour is pledged, to abstain entirely from ardent spirits.' And then, what a delicate reproof would you convey to all around you. No one could be in the least offended, and yet your hint would be very effectual.

**F.**—You are right. I see that it is very important that the friends of temperance should be united in a society, not merely that each should be more secure from temptation, but that all may exert an efficient influence.

**J.**—Yes. Individuals can do comparatively little in attacking a great national evil, which custom has long sanctioned. Franklin, and Rush, and many other great men have been firm advocates for the cause of temperance; but they did not effect as much in all their lives as has been done by temperance societies within three years past.

**F.**—Do you think, if those men had engaged in forming temperance societies, that the habits of the people generally would now be different.

**J.**—I have not the least doubt of it. The drinking of ardent spirits would have been *frowned out of fashion* among respectable people; and then the broad road that leads to intemperance would have been closed up. Have you heard of the Anti-Duelling Society of South-Carolina?

**F.**—Yes.

**J.**—If you should live in that State, would you not join it?

**F.**—I would.

**J.**—Why?

**F.**—Because I should wish to use all my influence to correct such false views of honour as there prevail, and to secure those from the evil, who feel strongly tempted to indulge in this dreadful practice.

**J.**—And will not the same principles lead you to join the temperance society here?

**F.**—Yes, John, I confess they must. You have the best of the argument.

**J.**—Why, I believe that humanity, reason, and the scriptures are in my favor.

**F.**—They are. You would not have converted me to your views so easily, if my conscience had not been already on your side.

## MORALITY.

*From the Child's Commentator.*

### BATTLE OF THE KINGS.

"And there went out the king of Sodom, and the king of Gomorrah, and the king of Admah, and the king of Zehoim, and the king of Bela (the same is Zoar); and they joined battle with them in the vale of Siddim.

"With Chedor-la-omer (pronounced Ke-der-la-omer) the king of Elam, and with Tidal king of nations, and Amraphel king of Shinar, and Arioch king of Ellasar; four kings with five.

"And the vale of Siddim was full of slime-pits; and the kings of Sodom and Gomorrah fled, and fell there; and they that remained fled to the mountain.

"And they took all the goods of Sodom and Gomorrah, and all their victuals, and went their way.

"And they took Lot, Abram's brother's son, who dwelt in Sodom, and his goods; and departed."—*Genesis* xiv. 8—12.

We have here an account of the first war that ever we read of in Scripture. It is a very shocking thing, that men cannot live in the world without quarrelling, and killing each other; and it is a breaking of God's command, "Thou shalt do no murder." And, though little children do not kill each other, yet, when they are naughty children, they often fight and hurt one another in a passion about their play things;

"But! children, you should never let  
Such angry passions rise;  
Your little hands were never made  
To tear each other's eyes."

Chedorlaomer was king of Persia, which was in old times called Elam. He was not content with what he had, but had probably beaten five other kings not so strong as he, and had made them pay him some money and goods every year, to keep their crowns. After he had done so for twelve years, they thought they were strong enough to beat him, and so they would pay the money and goods no longer. The king of Elam, or Persia, did not like to lose their tribute, or what they paid him; and he got the king of Shinar, or Chaldeas, and two other kings, to join him, and go and beat and regain these people. They met in a plain, or large piece of flat ground, and there they fought. The king of Elam, or Persia, conquered or beat them, and they all ran away. Among those that were beaten, was the king of Sodom, and his city was entered; and all that was worth having, was taken away; and Lot, having gone to live there, lost all that he had, and was carried off to be made a slave of, with all his family.

A wretched condition poor Lot was in now! This came from choosing to go and live among people that did not fear God, and that, as we shall soon learn, were noted for being wicked.

One of the people of Sodom escaped, and made haste to Abram, and told him of what had become of Lot. Abram pitied his poor nephew, and resolved to save him. So he took all his men, three hundred and eighteen in number, and divided them into several parts, that he might come upon the enemy on all sides; and, overtaking them at night, he took them by surprise—that is, when they did not expect it—and beat them in turn, and brought back Lot, "and his goods, and the women also, and the people."

And now the king of Sodom, hearing of what Abram had done, went to see if he could get back any of his people. You will see in the chapter, that the kings of Sodom and Gomorrah fled, and fell into the slime-pits, or pits full of a kind of black mud, and probably were smothered there; so that this was either a new king of Sodom, or it was only his people that fell into the pits, and he escaped. Abram very kindly gave back all he had got, and would have nothing for what he had done. He was too good a man to wish to get rich by war; and he restored every thing to the lawful owners, lest he should break God's law, which says, "Thou shalt not steal," & "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's goods." It is a sad thing, that even little children

have been known to take away, by force, from others, things which were not their own, because they were stronger than they. This is wicked; and children who do so, if they do not grow better, will do much worse things when they are men.

## NATURAL HISTORY.

*For the Youth's Companion.*

MESSENGERS. EDITORS.—The following incident which I know to be a fact of recent date, may serve to amuse the readers of the Youth's Companion, and with that view I have committed it to writing and submit it to your disposal. Yours &c. T. S.

### ANECDOTE OF A BEAR.

In that part of New-York that borders on Lake Ontario bears are often seen. One day a young man while walking near the lake, saw a large bear jump into the water and swim away. He immediately got into a canoe which was lying near, to go in pursuit of the bear; thinking he might by some means take him, and get possession of the skin which is valuable. As he approached near to him, the bear, to his surprise, instead of trying to escape, turned round and swam toward the boat. He no sooner reached it, than raising his paw, he so rudely placed it on the side of the boat, that it was with difficulty kept from upsetting. Not contented with this, Bruin soon jumped into the boat, and took his seat at one end, opposite the man, looking him steadily in the face. With this unwelcome passenger the man's first object was to row immediately to shore. But his companion showed such signs of displeasure at this, that he was obliged to row out into the lake. He accordingly continued rowing, unmolested by the bear, until he reached the opposite shore, when out jumped Bruin and was seen no more. The man made the best of his way back, well contented to let the bear have his passage free; and the bear glad not only to escape from his pursuer, but to be saved the trouble of swimming across the lake.

### TIGER AND PUPPY.

The following anecdote is from Lieut. White's "*History of a voyage to the China sea*," just published. It shows the effect of courage in conciliating the affections of a tigress.

"The common tiger of Cochinchina, is not greatly dreaded; but the royal tiger is a most terrific animal. The Governor presented one of the latter to the commander of each ship. They were confined in very strong cages of iron wood. That which I had, was a beautiful female, about two years old; nearly three feet high, and five long. Her skin is now in the museum of the East-India Marine Society at Salem; for in consequence of losing, by bad weather, the stock of puppies and kids provided for her on the homeward passage, we were obliged to shoot her. A remarkable anecdote relative to this animal I cannot forbear relating. In Saigon, where dogs are "dog cheap," we used to give the tigress one every day. They were thrown alive into her cage, when, after playing with her victim for a while, as a cat does with a mouse, her eyes would begin to glisten, and her tail to vibrate; which were the immediate precursors of death to the devoted little prisoner, which was invariably seized by the back of the neck, the incisors of the sanguinary beast perforating the jugular arteries; while she would traverse the cage, which she lashed with her tail, and suck the blood of her prey which hung suspended from her mouth. One day a puppy, not at all remarkable or distinguishable in appearance from the common herd, was thrown in, who, immediately on perceiving his situation set up a dismal yell and attacked the tigress with great fury; snapping at her nose, from which he drew some blood. The tigress appeared to be amused with the puny rage of the puppy; and with as good humored an expression of countenance as so ferocious an animal could be supposed to assume, she affected to treat it all as play; and sometimes spreading herself at full length on her side, at others crouching in the manner of the fabled sphynx, she would ward off with



her paw the incensed little animal; till he was finally exhausted. She then proceeded to caress him—endeavoring by many little arts to inspire him with confidence—in which she finally succeeded; and in a short time they laid down together and slept. From this time they were inseparable; the tigress appearing to feel for the puppy all the solicitude of a mother, and the dog in return treating her with the greatest affection; and a small aperture was left open in the cage by which he had free ingress and egress. Experiments were subsequently made, by presenting a strange dog at the bars of the cage; when the tigress would manifest great eagerness to get it. Her adopted child was then thrown in: on which she would eagerly pounce, but immediately discovering the cheat, she would caress it with great tenderness.

### THE NURSERY.

From the Children's Magazine.

#### THE RAINBOW.

The grass was yet wet with the drops of rain, and the 'flowers of the field' were bent down along their path by the weight of the friendly moisture, when Mr. R—— walked out with his two sons, to enjoy the air, and behold the beauties of the works of God. "We shall get our feet wet, I fear," said he, "but we must not be stopped by small inconveniences, if we would gain any great enjoyment." Upon the clouds yet hanging in the west was painted a beautiful and very vivid double rainbow—the air, cooled by the shower of the afternoon, was made sweet by the perfumes of flowers and strawberries—the rainbow, stretching across the sky, fixed the attention of the boys: "Is not that a pretty rainbow, papa?" said Alfred, the youngest of the boys.

Father.—All the works of our great Creator, which *sin* has not spoiled, are beautiful, my children; and *this* is among the fairest. Can you tell me, William, what is said of it in the Bible?

William.—That it is a sign of God's promise that the waters should never again cover the earth.

Father.—And has not God kept his promise?

William.—Yes sir, all history speaks of but one deluge.

Father.—Of what then should you think, my child, when you see this great and beauteous work of God?

William.—That God always keeps his promises.

Father.—Yes, William; you could not have given a more fit answer. *God always keeps his promises;* and these promises, my children, have been your father's stay and support since first he became acquainted with the troubles and sorrows that all must feel on earth. For every one of these God has given a promise to those who love and trust him. He says he will 'deliver the righteous out of all his troubles;' and, above all, the godly have '*the promise of the life which is to come.*' I have been cheered by this promise, when all things else have failed to cheer me; and when I looked upon the rainbow my heart is always gladdened; it seems to be a messenger from that other world, bidding me to wait still upon God, because He '*always keeps his promises.*' Over your mother's grave I have wept with you, my boys, and there have thought of '*the life which is to come,*' and dried my tears; and now when I think of that separation which must soon or late leave you orphans, I remember that God has said, "He will be a father to the fatherless," and that rainbow tells me, "God always keeps his promises." J. V.

#### "THOU SHALT NOT COVET."

Little Emily and her mother were walking one pleasant summer afternoon, when they were surprised by the sound of carriage wheels, which was rather uncommon, as the place where they resided was in a retired part of the country. In a few moments a handsome carriage, drawn by two white horses, passed them. Emily gazed after it, till by a turn in the road it disappeared from her view. She was thoughtful for a moment, then turning to her mother, said, "Mother I wish we had such a fine carriage as that to ride in! Then we should

not get our shoes all dirt by walking. O! I should be so happy! And when I went out, all the little girls in the village would look out to see little Emily in her fine carriage."

She had hardly done speaking, when they met a poor man, leaning on crutches, who asked their charity. The lady gave him something to relieve his wants, and turning to her daughter, said, "Emily, did you notice that poor man's miserable condition?" "Yes, mamma," answered the little girl, the tears starting to her eyes, "and I feel very sorry for him." "Consider then," said her mother, "how wicked were your feelings a few moments since! Others, it is true, may possess luxuries which your parents cannot afford you; but you have all the necessities and the comforts of life. You have a home where you may be happy, and friends who strive to make you so; while many, like the poor man we have just seen, are obliged to beg their bread from door to door, without a home to rest in, or a friend to give them welcome." [Children's Magazine.]

### MISCELLANY.

#### A YEAR COMPARED TO A BOOK.

A year may be compared to a book. Every day is a leaf, and every seventh leaf is the Sabbath. The last day of every year finishes a volume, and every New-Year's day commences a new one. On one page of every leaf is written our opportunities for doing and getting good, and on the other our improvement of them. On one page God's dealings with us; on the other our behaviour towards him. On one page of every seventh leaf, the sermons we hear, the books we read, and the opportunities for retirement, and for mental and spiritual improvement: on the other the use we make of those opportunities. Some of our little readers have finished eight, some ten volumes, and perhaps some of our teachers eighteen or twenty. They are all arranged in the great universal library, waiting for the sound of the last trumpet when they will be brought forth and read before an assembled world.

What frightful and alarming records will then be exposed—blanks—blots—errors, and crimes of every sort, according to the size of the volumes. Which of us would not shudder to have our annual volumes audibly read, or even to look into them ourselves? We have now just completed another volume; it is already sealed, and added to those before in the library. No alteration can now be made. We cannot examine, erase, and revise it, as we do other books. What is written is written, and we must meet it at the last day as it now stands. All we can do is to regret what is wrong in the past, and amend it in the next volume, if we are spared to finish it.

I could not anticipate with composure the day when my books shall be read, were it not that in every page of the last few volumes I have written, "CHRIST CRUCIFIED." If our little readers are not able to comprehend the meaning of these words, they will do well to ask their parents or teachers, and get a friend to write them in the beginning of the volume for the present year, and endeavor to remember that "there is no name given under heaven, nor among men, whereby we can be saved, but JESUS CHRIST AND HIM CRUCIFIED."

*The Captive Prince.*—Cyrus, the renowned conqueror of Babylon, had, in his Armenian war, taken captive the young prince of Armenia, together with his beautiful and blooming princess, whom he had lately married, and of whom he was passionately fond. When both were brought to the tribunal, Cyrus asked the prince what he would give to be reinstated to his kingdom? He answered, with an air of indifference, "That as for his crown and his own liberty, he valued them at a very low rate. But if Cyrus would restore his beloved princess to her native dignity and hereditary possession, he should greatly rejoice, and would [this he uttered with tenderness and ardor] willingly pay his life for the purchase."

When all the prisoners were dismissed with freedom, it is difficult to express how much they were

charmed with their royal benefactor. Some celebrated his martial accomplishments; others applauded his social virtues. All were prodigal of their praises, and lavish in grateful acknowledgments.—"And you," said the prince, addressing himself to his bride, "what think you of Cyrus?" "I did not observe him," replied the princess. "Not observe him! upon what then was your attention fixed?" "Upon that dear and generous man who declared he would purchase my liberty at the expense of his very life."

If this lady was so deeply affected by the love of him who only offered to die for her temporal good, how much more strongly ought we sinners to be affected by the remembrance of the love of Jesus, who actually died to obtain our everlasting salvation.

*The Priest confuted.*—"An Observantine monk, preaching one day at Imolu, told the people that it behoved them to purchase heaven by their works. A boy who was present, exclaimed, 'that's blasphemy! for the Bible tells us that Christ purchased heaven by his sufferings and death, and bestowed it on us freely by his mercy!' A dispute of considerable length ensued between the youth and the preacher. Provoked at the pertinent replies of his juvenile opponent, and at the favorable reception which the audience gave them, 'Get you gone you young heretic!' exclaimed the monk, 'you are but just come from your cradle, and will you take it upon you to judge of sacred things, which the most learned cannot explain?' 'Did you never read those words, 'out of the mouth of babes and sucklings God perfects praise,' rejoined the youth; upon which the preacher quitted his pulpit in wrathful confusion, breathing out threatenings against the poor boy, who was instantly thrown into prison.'"—*M'Crie's Reformation in Italy.*

### POETRY.

From the Albany Christian Register.

#### ON DEATH.

Questions and answers between Henry T—— and his father.

Father, I want to see the babe,  
For mother says she's dead;  
And that her sweet blue eyes are closed—  
Her little spirit fled.

I knew that she was very sick,  
But did not think she'd die;  
She was so very young, papa,  
And smaller far than I.

Do hold me up to see her face,  
She sleeps—look at her eye;  
If I should make a noise, papa,  
Would she not wake and cry?

O Henry, no! she'll never wake,  
Just see how still she lies;  
Her hand is cold—and ne'er again  
You'll hear her infant cries.

Father, what makes her look so pale?  
What makes her lie so still?  
What makes her little hand so cold?  
Her cheeks so stiff and chill!

Henry, my dear, your sister's dead!  
She never more will play,  
Nor laugh to see you run to her,  
As she did't other day.

She never more will clap her hands,  
As you taught her to do;  
She'll never move again—she's dead!  
Though younger much than you.

But tell me, father, what is "death?"  
And what does "spirit" mean?  
And tell me where her spirit is,  
And if it can be seen?

When she stopp'd her breathing yesterday,  
And dear mamma cried so,  
You said, "her spirit now is gone:"  
I did not see it go.

O Henry, she has gone to heaven,  
To dwell where Jesus is;  
And if you're good, then when you die,  
You'll live with her in bliss.

And when you're old enough, my boy,  
I'll tell you more of death:  
At present all you'll understand,  
Is—that it stops the breath.

But Mary's very happy now,  
She'll never cry again,  
She'll never suffer any more  
With sickness or with pain.

Then dry your tears, my darling boy,  
And go, tell dear mamma,  
That sister's gone to dwell in heaven,  
Where happy spirits are.

Albany, Dec. 8, 1829.

J. N.



# YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Published Weekly, by WILLIS & RAND, at the Office of the Boston Recorder, No. 127, Washington-Street....Price One Dollar a year in advance, or \$1, 50, if not paid in advance.

No. 38.

BOSTON, FEBRUARY 19, 1830.

VOL. III.

## NARRATIVE.

### LAFAYETTE AND THE INDIAN GIRL.

Levasseur relates the following singular meeting between Lafayette and a young Indian, who was educated among the whites and returned to savage life, in his Journal of Lafayette's journey in America. This interesting scene took place at Kaskaskia, Illinois.

I was still among the Indians, questioning the hunter as to the situation and force of their tribes, which civilization is rapidly diminishing, when I saw the secretary of the Governor of Louisiana, Mr. Caire, approach, who came to propose that I should go with him to visit an Indian encampment at a very short distance from the village. After about a quarter of an hour's walk, we arrived at a fence, which we climbed, and behind which two horses attracted our attention by the noise of the bells hung round their necks. A little further on, the pass enlarging, formed a delightful little valley, in the middle of which some huts of bark were raised in a half circle—this was the Indian camp we sought. After a minute examination of this little camp, we were about to leave it, when I was arrested on the border of the streamlet which ran through it, by the sight of a small mill wheel which appeared to have been thrown on the bank by the rapidity of the current. I took it up and placed it where I thought it had been originally put by the children, on two stones a little above the water—and the current striking the wings made it turn rapidly. This puerility, (which probably would have passed from my memory, if on the same evening, it had not placed me before the Indians in a situation sufficiently extraordinary) greatly excited the attention of the old woman, who, by her gestures, expressed to us a lively satisfaction.

On returning to Kaskaskia, we found M. de Syon, an amiable young Frenchman, of much intelligence, who, on the invitation of Gen. Lafayette left Washington City with us to visit the southern and western States. Like us, he had just made an excursion into the neighborhood, and appeared quite joyous at the discovery he had made—he had met, in the midst of the forest, at the head of a troop of Indians, a pretty young woman who spoke French very well, and expressed herself with a grace at which he appeared as much astonished as we were. She had asked him if it was true that Lafayette was at Kaskaskia, and on his replying affirmatively, she manifested a great desire to see him. "I always erry with me," said she to M. de Syon, "a relique that is very dear to me—I would wish to show it to him—it would prove to him that his name is not less venerated in the midst of our tribes than among the white Americans for whom he fought." And in speaking thus she drew from her bosom a little pouch which enclosed a letter carefully wrapped in several pieces of paper. "It is from Lafayette," said she, "he wrote it to my father a long time since, and my father when he died, left it to me as the most precious thing he possessed." At the sight of this letter, M. de Syon proposed to the Indian girl to go with him to Kaskaskia, assuring her that General Lafayette would be very much pleased to see her—but this proposition seemed to embarrass her, and under various pretexts, she refused to come. "However," she added, "if you have any thing to say to me this evening, you will find me in my camp, which is close by the village—any one can direct you the way, for I am well known at Kaskaskia. My name is Mary."

Afterwards I spoke to General Lafayette of the meeting with the young Indian girl—and from the desire he manifested to see her, I left the table with

M. de Syon, at the moment when the company began to exchange patriotic toasts, and sought me a guide to Mary's camp. We soon arrived at the middle of the camp, which was lighted by a large fire, around which a dozen Indians were squatted, preparing their supper—they received us with cordiality, and, as soon as they were informed of the object of our visit, one of them conducted us to Mary's hut, whom we found sleeping on a bison skin. At the voice of M. de Syon, which she recognized, she arose and listened attentively to the invitation from General Lafayette to come to Kaskaskia—she seemed quite flattered by it, but said before deciding to accompany us, she wished to mention it to her husband. While she was consulting with him, I heard a piercing cry—and turning round I saw near me the old woman I had found alone in the camp in the morning—she had just recognized me by the light of the fire, and designated me to her companions, who, quitting immediately their occupations, rushed round me in a circle, and began to dance with demonstrations of great joy and gratitude.—Their tawny and nearly naked bodies, their faces fantastically painted, their expressive gesticulations, the reflection of the fire, which gave a red tinge to all the surrounding objects, every thing gave to this scene something of an infernal aspect, and I fancied myself for an instant in the midst of demons. Mary witnessing my embarrassment, put an end to it by ordering the dance to cease, and then explained to me the *honors* which they had just rendered me. "When we wish to know if an enterprise we meditate will be happy, we place in a rivulet a small wheel slightly supported on two stones—if the wheel turns during three suns without being thrown down, the augury is favorable—but if the current carry it away, and throws it upon the bank, it is a certain proof that our project is not approved by the Great Spirit, unless, however, a stranger comes to replace the little wheel before the end of the third day. You are this stranger who has restored our *manitou* and our hopes, and this is your title to be thus celebrated among us." In pronouncing these last words, an ironical smile played on her lips which caused me to doubt her faith in the *manitou*.—"You do not appear to be very much convinced," said I to her, "of the efficacy of the service which I have rendered you in raising the *manitou*?"—She silently shook her head, then raising her eyes, "I have been taught," said she, "to place my confidence higher;—all my hopes are in the God I have been taught to believe in—the God of the Christians."

I had at first been much astonished to hear an Indian woman speak French so well, and I was not less so in learning that she was a Christian—Mary perceived it, and to put an end to my surprise, she related to me her history, while her husband and those who were to accompany her to Kaskaskia, hastily took their supper of maize, cooked in milk. She informed me that her father, who was a chief of one of the nations who inhabited the shores of the great lakes of the north, had formerly fought with a hundred of his followers, under the orders of Lafayette, when the latter commanded an army on the frontiers. That he had acquired much glory, and gained the friendship of the Americans. A long time after, that is, about twenty years ago, he left the shores of the great lakes with some of his warriors, his wife and daughter—and after having wandered a long time, he established himself on the shores of the river Illinois. "I was very young then, but have not yet, however, forgotten the horrible sufferings we endured during this long journey, made in a rigorous winter, across a country peopled by nations with whom we were unacquainted—they were such, that my poor mother, who near-

ly always carried me on her shoulders, already well loaded with baggage, died under them some days after our arrival—my father placed me under the care of another woman, who also emigrated with us, and occupied himself in securing the tranquil possession of the lands on which we had come to establish ourselves, by forming alliances with our new neighbors. The Kickapoos were those who received us best, and we soon considered ourselves as forming a part of their nation. The year following my father was chosen by them, with some from among themselves, to go and regulate some affairs of the nation with the agent of the United States, residing here at Kaskaskia—he wished that I should be of the company—for although the Kickapoos had shown themselves very generous and hospitable towards him, he feared that some war might break out in his absence, as he well knew the intrigues of the English to excite the Indians against the Americans. This same apprehension induced him to accede to the request made by the American agent, to leave me in his family, to be educated with his infant daughter.—My father had much esteem for the whites of that great nation for whom he had formerly fought,—he never had cause to complain of them, and he who offered to take charge of me inspired him with great confidence by the frankness of his manners, and above all by the fidelity with which he treated the affairs of the Indians—he, therefore, left me, promising to return to see me every year after the great winter's hunt—he came, in fact, several times afterwards—and I, notwithstanding the disagreeableness of a sedentary life, grew up answering the expectations of my careful benefactor and his wife. I became attached to their daughter, who grew up with me, and the truths of the Christian religion easily supplanted in my mind the superstition of my fathers, whom I had scarcely known—yet, I confess to you, notwithstanding the influence of religion and civilization on my youthful heart, the impressions of infancy were not entirely effaced. If the pleasure of wandering conducted me into the shady forest, I breathed more freely, and it was with reluctance that I returned home—when, in the cool of the evening, seated in the door of my adopted father's habitation, I heard in the distance, through the silence of the night, the piercing voice of the Indians, rallying to return to camp, I started with a thrill of joy, and my feeble voice imitated the voice of the savage with a facility that affrighted my young companion—and when occasionally some warriors came to consult my benefactor in regard to their treaties, or hunters to offer him a part of the produce of their chase, I was always the first to run to meet and welcome them—I testified my joy to them by every imaginable means, and I could not avoid admiring and wishing for their simple ornaments, which appeared to me far preferable to the brilliant decorations of the whites.

"In the meanwhile, for five years my father had not appeared at the period of the return from the winter's hunting—but a warrior whom I had often seen with him, came and found me one evening at the entrance of the forest, and said to me, "Mary, thy father is old and feeble, he has been unable to follow us here—but he wishes to see thee once more before he dies, and he has charged me to conduct thee to him." In saying these words he forcibly took my hand, and dragged me with him. I had not even time to reply to him, nor even to take any resolution, before we were at a great distance, and I saw well that there was no part left for me but to follow him. We marched nearly all night, and at the dawn of day, we arrived at a bark hut, built in the middle of a little valley.—Here I saw my father, his eyes turned towards the just rising sun. His



face was painted as for battle. His tomahawk ornamented with many scalps, was beside him—he was calm & silent as an Indian who awaiteth death. As soon as he saw me he drew from a pouch a paper wrapped with care in a very dry skin, and gave it to me, requesting that I should preserve it as a most precious thing. "I wished to see thee once more before dying," said he, "and to give thee this paper, which is the most powerful charm (*manitou*) which thou canst employ with the whites to interest them in thy favour; for all those to whom I have shown it have manifested towards me a particular attachment. I received it from a great French warrior, whom the English dreaded as much as the Americans loved, and with whom I fought in my youth." After these words my father was silent; next morning he expired. Sciakapa, the name of the warrior who came for me, covered the body of my father with the branches of trees, and took me back to my guardian."

Here Mary suspended her narrative, and presented to me a letter a little darkened by time, but in good preservation. "Stay," said she to me, smiling, "you see that I have faithfully complied with the charge of my father,—I have taken great care of his *manitou*." I opened the letter and recognized the signature and hand writing of General Lafayette. It was dated at Head Quarters, Albany, June, 1778, after the northern campaign, and addressed to Panisciowa, an Indian Chief of one of the Six Nations, to thank him for the courageous manner in which he had served the American cause.

"Well," said Mary, "now that you know me well enough to introduce me to General Lafayette, shall we go to him that I may also greet him whom my father revered as the courageous warrior and the friend of our nations?" "Willingly," I replied, "but it seems to me that you have promised to inform us in what manner, after having tasted for some time the sweets of civilization, you came in the rude and savage life of the Indians?" At this question Mary looked downwards and seemed troubled. However, after a slight hesitation she resumed in a lower tone,—“After the death of my father, Sciakapa often returned to see me. We soon became attached to each other; he did not find it difficult to determine me to follow him into the forest, where I became his wife. This resolution very much afflicted my benefactors. But when they saw that I found myself happy, they pardoned me; and each year during all the time that our encampment is established near Kaskaskia, I rarely pass a day without going to see them; if you wish, we can visit them, for their house is close by our way, and you will see, by the reception they will give me, that they retain their esteem and friendship.”—Mary pronounced these last words with a degree of pride, which proved to us that she feared that we might have formed a bad opinion of her, on account of her flight from the home of her benefactors with Sciakapa. We accepted her proposition, and she gave the signal for departure. At her call her husband and eight warriors presented themselves to escort us. M. de Syon offered her his arm, and we began our march. We were all very well received by the family of Mr. Mesnerd; but Mary, above all, received the most tender marks of affection from the persons of the household. Mr. Mesnerd, Mary's adopted father, was at Kaskaskia, as one of the committee charged with the reception of Lafayette, and Mrs. Mesnerd asked us if we would undertake to conduct her daughter to the ball which she herself was prevented from attending by indisposition. We assented with pleasure; and while Mary assisted Miss Mesnerd to complete her toilet, we seated ourselves round a great fire in the kitchen.

After a little time, we took leave of Mrs. Mesnerd, and found our Indian escort who had waited patiently for us at the door, and who resumed their position near us at some distance in front, to guide and protect our march, as if we had been crossing an enemy's country. The night was quite dark, but the temperature was mild, and the fire-flies illuminated the atmosphere around us. M. de Syon con-

ducted Miss Mesnerd, and I gave my arm to Mary, who, notwithstanding the darkness, walked with a confidence and lightness which only a forest life could produce. The fire-flies attracted and interested me much; for, although this was not the first time I had observed them, I had never before seen them in such numbers. I asked Mary if these insects, which from their appearance seem so likely to astonish the imagination, had never given place among the Indians to popular beliefs or tales. "Not among the nations of these countries, where every year we are familiarised with their great numbers," said she to me, "but I have heard that among the tribes of the north, they commonly believe that they are the souls of departed friends, who return to console them or demand the performance of some promise. I even know several ballads on this subject. One of them appears to have been made a long time since, in a nation which lived farther north and no longer exists. It is by songs that great events and popular traditions are ordinarily preserved among us, and this ballad, which I have often heard sung by the young girls of our tribe leaves no doubt as to the belief of some Indians concerning the fire-fly." I asked her to sing me this song, which she did with much grace. Although I did not comprehend the words, which were Indian, I observed a great harmony in their arrangement, and in the very simple music in which they were sung an expression of deep melancholy.

When she had finished the ballad, I asked her if she could not translate it for me into French, so that I might comprehend the sense. "With difficulty," she said, "for I have always found great obstacles to translating exactly the expressions of our Indians into French, when I have served them as interpreter with the whites; but I will try."

Mary ended her ballad, and I expressed to her my thanks as we arrived at the bridge of Kaskaskia. —There, Sciakapa collected his escort, said a few words to his wife, and left us to enter the village alone. We approached the house of Mr. Morrison, at which the ball was given to General Lafayette. I then felt that Mary trembled; her trouble was so great that she could not conceal it from me. I asked the cause. "If you would spare me a great mortification," she said, "you will not conduct me among the ladies of Kaskaskia; they are now without doubt in their most brilliant dresses, and the coarseness of my clothes will inspire them with contempt and pity, two sentiments which will equally affect me. Besides I know that they blame me for having renounced the life of the whites, and I feel little at ease in their presence." I promised what she desired, and she became assured. Arrived at Mr. Morrison's, I conducted her into a lower chamber, and went to the hall to inform General Lafayette that the young Indian girl awaited him below. He hastened down and several of the committee with him. He saw and heard Mary with pleasure, and could not conceal his emotion on recognizing his letter, and observing with what holy veneration it had been preserved during nearly half a century in a savage nation, among whom he had not even supposed his name had ever penetrated. On her part the daughter of Panisciowa expressed with vivacity the happiness she enjoyed in seeing him, along with whom, her father had the honour to fight for the good American cause.

After a half hour's conversation, in which General Lafayette was pleased to relate the evidences of the fidelity and courageous conduct of some Indian nations towards the Americans, during the revolutionary war, Mary manifested a wish to retire, and I accompanied her to the bridge, where I replaced her under the care of Sciakapa and his escort, and bade them farewell.

## BENEVOLENCE.

### DO GOOD.

The Bible teaches us our duty to God and our fellow men. It is in this blessed book we are told in what way we are to live if we would gain God's favour in this world, and eternal happiness in that which is to come. One of the things which the Bi-

ble commands, is "To do good." Now children, although they cannot comply with this direction in so many ways and to so great an extent as grown people, yet must not think they have no means of doing good. You may not have money to give to the poor—you may not be able to assist the distressed, or to comfort the afflicted; yet you can still do good. I will tell you of one way:—One of the Missionaries who is in Africa preaching the gospel to the inhabitants of that unhappy country, relates that he was much gratified on "overhearing a boy about eleven years of age endeavoring to explain to a still younger boy the parable of the virgins. He did his best, and was often right." Now this little boy felt thankful that he had been taught God's Holy Book, and he wished that others might learn as well as himself.

Many of you can in this way do good. You have brothers and sisters whom you can often help in getting their lessons. You can tell them what you know, and thus assist them very much. This is one way of doing good; but you must take care that when you do this you don't do it to show how much you know; if you do you are governed by a bad motive; you are led by pride, and not by a love of God, and a desire to obey his commandments. Your conduct God will not approve, but will look on it with displeasure. See then when you are about to try to do good in this way, what are your motives, and pray God to "cleanse the thoughts of your heart by the inspiration of his Holy Spirit, that you may perfectly love him, and worthily magnify his holy name." [Children's Mag.]

## RELIGION.

From the Sabbath School Treasury.

### RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE OF A LITTLE GIRL.

The following is an exact copy of a relation presented to the church of Christ in Stratham, N. H. thirty one years since, by a little girl then about eleven years of age. The Pastor, who received her into the church, left Stratham about twenty-one years since; but says she is still living, and he has frequently received very pleasing accounts of her pious and Christian walk and conversation. "When I was occupied," he continues, "in a course of parochial visitation, I met her with a family at some distance from her paternal habitation. After conversing with her friends, one of whom was a pious sister, and young convert, she accosted me, and said—"I have desired, for some time, to enjoy an opportunity of conversing with you, but had not courage enough to speak to you when we are surrounded with company." Well, said I, nothing will discourage you now; and if you wish to converse on any particular subject, you will tell me. "Oh yes," said she, "I want to tell you what God has done for my soul." I assured her it would be delightful to me to hear what she had to say on that subject. She immediately commenced by giving in substance what is contained in the relation."

### Relation to the Church of Christ in Stratham, N. H.

"My dear and honored parents had often told me, when I was preparing to go to meeting, that I ought to attend to the religious exercises, and at least to remember the text. On the Lord's day last summer as I was going to meeting, I recollected my mother's advice, and had a great desire, and some strong resolutions, to attend and at least to carry the text home with me, but I think I shall never forget it. Those solemn words, "How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?" seem to be imprinted on my heart, and will not, I trust, be soon blotted out of my memory. I think I felt the truth of every word that was said in the sermon. I am sure I saw that the salvation of Jesus Christ was truly a great salvation, and that it was very wicked to neglect it; and as dangerous as it was wicked. And I am very sensible, that though I was a young sinner, I needed that great salvation, as really as the oldest sinner in the meeting house. I was very sure I had wickedly neglected it. Returning home I could not help think-



ing of the text and sermon. Nor could I help reproaching myself for my wicked neglect of Jesus, and his great salvation.

"After this, I attended lectures whenever I could; and thought all the awful and solemn warnings of the word of God were directed to me, as really as if I had been named. I heard those alarming words, 'Depart ye cursed into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels.' And this awful sentence I believed would be addressed to all those who lived in sin, and died destitute of love to God and the Lord Jesus Christ. I found I had no love to God, no love to Jesus, and was certain that if I lived and died so, God would say to me, 'depart.' The thought distressed me. I could not bear to think of being banished from God. I wanted to know and love God. I asked for mercy. My heart I saw was wicked, and must be changed, or God could not love me. I found I could not change it myself, and I tried to pray that God would renew my hard and sinful heart. I saw too that I could not merit this favor, that my prayers could not help me nor oblige the Lord to save me. I found myself altogether helpless, and lying at the mercy of God. And forever blessed be his name, He led me to trust in his mercy in the Lord Jesus Christ. I had, I think, some clear view of Jesus, as the Saviour who alone can save a sinner so unworthy as I saw myself to be. I think I enjoy a measure of that peace and comfort which flow from reliance on his glorious grace alone. And though I have had many doubts and fears, I have also many sweet and refreshing seasons.

"And now, Jesus Christ is so precious to my soul; his religion is so refreshing to my mind; his beloved people are so dear to my heart; and his ordinances are so lovely in my view, that I long and wish to enjoy access to them. I cannot but anxiously desire to give myself up to God, and to his church, in the bonds of his own everlasting covenant. And now, while I ask your charity, I also beg your prayers to God, that he would own me as a child of his in that day, when he will make up his jewels."

### THE NURSERY.

#### ESAU SELLING HIS BIRTHRIGHT.

"And the boys grew: and Esau was a cunning hunter, a man of the field; and Jacob was a plain man, dwelling in tents. And Isaac loved Esau, because he did eat of his venison: but Rebekah loved Jacob. And Jacob sod [or boiled] pottage; and Esau came from the field, and he was faint. And Esau said to Jacob, Feed me, I pray thee, with that same red pottage, for I am faint: therefore was his name called Edom [or Red.] And Jacob said, Sell me this day thy birthright. And Esau said, Behold, I am at the point to die; and what profit shall this birthright do to me? And Jacob said, Swear to me this day; and he swore unto him: and he sold his birthright unto Jacob. Then Jacob gave Esau bread and pottage of lentiles; and he did eat and drink, and rose up, and went his way; thus Esau despised his birthright. Gen. xxv. 27 to 34.

Here is a new race springing up: thus "one generation passeth away" like a shadow, "and another generation cometh." Rebekah is now introduced to us as the mother of Esau and Jacob: these differed in their pursuits; Esau loved hunting, and was cunning in laying his snares to catch his game, while Jacob was a plain man watching his flocks and his herds.

Esau and Jacob were twins, or born at the same time; but Esau having been born a moment before Jacob, he was the eldest brother.

Now to the eldest brother, among the Hebrews, belonged many benefits: among the rest, he had honor paid him next to his parents; he had a double portion of the inheritance; and the Messiah, or Jesus Christ, was to be born in time, in his family—a blessing of the greatest price.

Jacob aimed to get the 'birthright' or privilege of the first-born: and it appears, from another part of this book, that his mother, being fond of

him, wished him to have it, and no doubt set Jacob to watch his moment to supplant his brother. This affair began wrongly, caused much trouble, and shows that children are not always the most happy, if their parents are so unwise as to love one better than another, therefore wise parents love all alike. Besides, if God designed Jacob to have the birthright, he would have had it without outwitting his brother.

This is a blot on Jacob's character; and it afterwards led to another, as one bad thing generally does. But Jacob turned out an excellent man at last; we must therefore follow that which was good in him, and not dwell on his faults.

Esau, however, deserved to lose his birthright, for he did not seem to set much value upon it, when he sold it for a paltry mess of pottage. No doubt he could have got something else in his mother's house; but on reaching home hungry and tired, after hunting, nothing else would suit his fancy but Jacob's mess which he had been preparing; and so Jacob, seizing the opportunity, made his bargain and tricked poor Esau.

Jacob's pottage was made of lentiles. "What were they?" A kind of bean, which is still used in those parts, and makes a drink, looking red, something like coffee: and for this "Esau despised his birthright."

But many who blame Esau, do worse than he. They cannot have heaven and the sins and follies of this world too; so they prefer the silly things called pleasures, and risk the happiness of religion; and so, as Esau, for one morsel of meat, they sell their heavenly inheritance, and lose that good part which shall not be taken away from them that choose and love it. [Child's Commentator.]

### THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

From the Sabbath School Treasury.

#### LITTLE ELIZA'S QUESTION.

Last June, Eliza L., for the first time, went to the Sabbath school. She was then between four and five years old. The first Sabbath she became so much interested in what she saw and heard, that she has ever since been very fond of attending. Indeed, nothing but absolute necessity can keep her, on the Sabbath's return, from joining her little class in the Sabbath school.

One very stormy Sabbath, her mother thought it unsafe for her to go out; but it was not without a severe struggle of feelings, that little Eliza gave up her Sabbath school. During the day, she would not unfrequently say, "Oh how I wish I could go to the Sabbath school to day." "How I want to be with my class when they recite." "Ma, I had rather it would rain all the rest of the week, than on the Sabbath," &c.

At another time, Eliza awoke early Sabbath morning, and was all engaged in looking over the little verses she had been learning through the week, and was anticipating great delight, in again meeting her class in the Sabbath school. But she was suddenly taken ill, and was obliged to give up her school again and spend the day at home with her mother. Through the day she often spoke of her disappointment, and once said, "Ma, I had rather have been sick any other day in the week than to day; then I should not be kept away from my Sabbath school."

After having spent a long season in silence and apparent thoughtfulness, Eliza said to her mother, who was reading her Bible near her, "Ma, is Mr. — (the S. S. superintendent) going to be a missionary?" "I don't know, my dear," replied her mother, "I have heard that he is thinking of it." "Well, Ma," said Eliza, "I should think he would want to go immediately; or a great many of the heathen will die, before he'll get there to tell them any thing about Jesus Christ!"

I would only add, let all who intend to do any thing for the salvation of the heathen, ponder well on little Eliza's views of their perishing condition, and "do with their might what their hands find to do." B. A.

### NATURAL HISTORY.

#### EAGLES.

I once saw a very interesting sight on one of the crags of Ben Wrevis, a mountain in Scotland. Two parent eagles, who were teaching their two young ones to fly. They began by rising from the mountain in the eye of the sun, which was shining brightly, as it was about noon day. At first they made but small circles, while the young ones imitated them. The old birds paused on their wings till they had made their first flight, and then took a second and longer one, always rising towards the sun, and enlarging their circles of flight. The young birds following, seemed to fly better as they mounted, and continued to do so, till they became mere points in the air, and at last, with their parents were lost to our aching sight. —Sabnonia.

Dear children, you may learn a useful lesson from this pretty story. Let it put you in mind to obey your parents, and to imitate them as the eagles did the old birds. Many of you are blessed with pious parents, who are trying to lead you by their advice and example, to another and a better country. They try to teach you the way to heaven; they tell you to fix your eyes on Jesus the Sun of Righteousness; and looking to him, to forget the things of this world, and press forward to those mansions in the skies, which he has prepared for them that love him. Pray for grace to do so, and you shall have it. Wait upon the Lord, and that beautiful promise in the last verse of the 40th chapter of Isaiah, shall be made good to you. Then shall you every day draw nearer and nearer to God, till having passed through the clouds and storms of this sinful world, you and your dear parents shall be received into that blessed place where you shall dwell with God and Christ for ever. [Children's Friend.]

### LEARNING.

#### A Negro Boy proving the Resurrection.

A short time since a naval officer, on a visit to some friends in Edinburgh, mentioned that he had lately been in the West Indies, and had frequently visited the negro schools taught by the Moravian missionaries. He expressed himself much delighted with the intelligence and religious feeling exhibited by many of the children. While inspecting one of these schools in the island of Barbadoes, containing two hundred negro boys and girls, a sign was made by one of the children, (by holding up the hand,) intimating that he wished to speak to the master. On going up to the child, who was just eight years of age, the master inquired what was the matter.—"Massa," he replied with a look of horror and indignation, (which the officer said he should never forget,) and pointing to a little boy of the same age, who sat beside him, "Massa, this hoy says he does not believe in the resurrection." "This is very bad," said the master, "but do you, my little fellow, (addressing the young informer,) believe in the resurrection yourself?" "Yes, massa, I do." "But can you prove it from the Bible?" "Yes, massa, Jesus says, 'I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and in another place, 'Because I live ye shall live also.'" The master added, "Can you prove it from the Old Testament also?" "Yes, for Job says, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God.' And David says, in one of his psalms, 'I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness.'" But are you sure these passages are in the Bible? Here is a Bible, point them out to us. The little hoy instantly turned up all the passages, and read them aloud.—The officer examined several of the classes in the same school, and received answers from the greater part of these little captive negroes, which evinced a degree of intellect, and a knowledge of the word of God, which might make



many a Christian child and Christian parent blush amid all the privileges of their own happy land of light and freedom.

## EDITORIAL.

### THE PROVERBS OF SOLOMON.

What is a Proverb?—It is a short sentence, containing some wise and important saying, easily understood and remembered, the truth of which is generally admitted without argument. There are many proverbs current in society now, which have been handed down from father to son; and others, which have been lately adopted. The Proverbs of Solomon are those which are contained in the Bible, in the book with that title, and which were written by Solomon, king of Israel, as he was moved by the holy Spirit. The title, *Proverbs*, is given to the whole book, as it was all written by Solomon; although the Proverbs, more especially, begin with the tenth chapter. The first nine chapters form a good introduction to the others, being an exhortation to us all to search after wisdom, the treasures of which are spread out before us in the chapters which follow.

A Proverb is "a short sentence." Look at these of Solomon. The verses are not generally much shorter than in the other chapters and books of the Bible. But you will perceive that the verses are not connected together in sense. They are not, one after another, upon the same subject. Each sentence is a complete saying of itself; and the next, it may be, is on a different subject. Read a few verses almost any where in the Proverbs; then read a few in one of the prophets, or one of the gospels; you will then see the distinction and understand what we mean.

A Proverb "contains some wise and important saying." Silly people, it is true, make maxims or sayings about trifling things; and much mischief is done among young people by this practice, making them more foolish and wicked too than they would be without them. But we do not refer to that kind of sayings now, and we do not intend to dignify them with the name of Proverbs. Some Proverbs are important for the purposes of this life; giving us directions how to be learned, or wise, or respected; or how to obtain what is needful of worldly goods. Others direct us in the concerns of the soul, of God, and of eternity. They are on important subjects, and the most essential parts of those subjects. They are wise sayings, or such as wise men adopt, after they have had great observation and experience. They are designed to put a great deal of sense and meaning into a very few simple words. Let us try an example. Suppose a parent wishes to teach his children the effects of idleness, or sloth. He may use many words, or few. He might say—"If a man is idle, he will lose all his time and his opportunities for getting property. What little money he has will soon be gone, he will become miserably poor, & wander about the streets a ragged and hungry beggar." His children would understand him, and possibly would remember the instruction. Now turn to the Proverbs, and see how briefly and beautifully Solomon has expressed this, in several ways. 'He becometh poor that dealeth with a slack hand;' and 'drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags.' 'He that gathereth in summer is a wise son; but he that sleepeth in harvest is a son that causeth shame.'

A Proverb or maxim is "easily understood and remembered." The examples just given will show this; and almost any other you can examine will do the same. Take some sayings that are familiar to children. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." Every lad knows what this means, and remembers it ten times as easily as he would a longer and more difficult sentence. "All play and no work makes Jack a mere toy." This too is plain to every mind; and once committed to memory will never be lost. How many lads have been more willing to work, and less addicted to hurtful play, by having a little wisdom beat into their heads early in the use of these two simple lines. So also are the Proverbs of the wise king of Is-

rael. 'A wise son maketh a glad father; but a foolish son despiseth his mother.' Every child understands this; what child can read or hear it, and not love and honor his parents? 'He that spareth the rod hateth his son; but he that loveth him chasteneth him betimes.' Every undutiful child consents to this in his conscience; if he has been suitably chastised, has known and felt that it is the fruit of parental love. 'Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall.' No other words can make the sentiment plainer; 'he that runs may read.'

The sentiment expressed in a Proverb is one, which is generally admitted without argument. The Proverb is used, not to *prove* a thing by evidence; not to *illustrate* it by a great many comparisons; but to bring into a few words, in a forcible manner, truths which are known and admitted. They are the truths which every body admits and believes, and which no one is inclined to dispute. Something, however, depends on the people among whom they are introduced. In a town or state where there is but little religion or knowledge and fear of God, sayings will pass for truth which the word of God forbids and which Christians do not believe. There are some passing in this country, which were adapted in a dark time and are growing out of use as the Bible becomes better known. 'Charity begins at home,' is one of these: and 'a little pride is necessary' is another. Now there is no charity at all in seeking my own things first, and chiefly; and people would be far more decent and pure, if they had true humility without a particle of pride. These, therefore, are false maxims. So the old proverbs, 'An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth;'—'as he has done to me, so will I do to him;'—'love your friends and hate your enemies,' are all unscriptural and wicked. They justify revenge, which the Bible every where condemns; and there are several Proverbs given by our Saviour, that forcibly teach us the duties of forgiveness and forbearance. 'If a man smite thee on the one cheek, turn to him the other also;'—and, 'Whoever shall compel thee to go with him a mile, go with him two.' Those maxims are usually true and valuable, which are admitted in religious communities, under the clear light of the gospel. Above all, those which are found in the sacred scriptures commend themselves to every man's conscience. Those of Solomon, for instance, were written by a wise man who had had great experience; and they are also the word of God, addressed to us and to people in every age.

These remarks have been made, for the purpose of directing the attention of children and youth to the precious Proverbs of Solomon. Some other parts of the Bible are more difficult; these can be understood by almost all. They should be read often, and committed to memory. They should be recited in the family, and in the Sabbath School. They contain treasures of wisdom beyond all we can say or think; useful to conduct us through this life, and to make us wise unto salvation. "Attend" therefore, "my son, unto my words; incline thine ear unto my sayings. Let them not depart from thine eyes: keep them in the midst of thy heart. For they are life unto those that find them, and health unto all their flesh. Receive my instruction, and not silver; and knowledge rather than choice gold. For wisdom is better than rubies; and all the things that may be desired are not to be compared to it."

## MISCELLANY.

From the Christian Advocate.

### A MOTHER'S PRAYERS ANSWERED IN THE CONVERSION OF ALL HER CHILDREN.

Not long since I had the happiness of learning, by a letter which I received from my youngest brother, that four of our family, including himself, two sisters, and a brother-in-law, had recently, to borrow his own words, "set their hands to the gospel plough, and were striving to make their peace, calling, and election sure with God." And ever since, whether in public or in private, I have been con-

ly revolving these words in my thoughts, and sometimes joyfully expressing them with my lips: "My dear mother's prayers are now answered in the conversion of all her children."—She was removed from us, and from this "world of changes," before any of her children obtained a knowledge of salvation by the remission of sins; but now all of us, (six in number,) I trust, know in whom we have believed, and are endeavoring to follow the pious example and holy admonitions of our truly beloved mother, (Proverbs xxxi. 28.) who, through faith and patience, we doubt not, is now, "inheriting the promises."

I could say much more, but I hope all praying mothers, and all who love the cause of God, and feel for immortal souls, will take courage, hope, and press forward. So prays yours in Christian love and gospel fellowship,

JESSE THOMPSON.

West Chester, Pa. Dec. 1829.

"*Mikkenary no drink grog.*"—Some time since, the officers of a U. States vessel brought to Norfolk a boy from the Sandwich Islands. The little fellow, apparently about 15 years old, attracted considerable curiosity, and especially among the clergy, on account probably as well of the missionary operations carried on among the islands, as of the peculiar appearance of a South Sea Indian. The boy had evidently been taught much of God and religion, and manifested a peculiar reverence for the missionaries, of whom he never spoke but with the utmost deference. On this account, when visited by a minister he was always introduced by Mr. W., with whom the boy resided, as a missionary, (or, to use his own phraseology, mikkenary;) on those occasions John (this was his name) was always exceedingly grave and demure. One day Dr. ——— was introduced as a mikkenary, and not long after, he was asked to take a glass of toddy, to which he consented; John at the same time looking at him with astonishment. As soon as he had drunk his glass, and while he was in the act, John retired from the room in a retrograde direction, exclaiming, "No mikkenary—no mikkenary—mikkenary no drink grog." This speaks volumes in favor of the Sandwich Island missionaries, as well as the cause of temperance.

Religious Herald.

If you would be a nuisance, be a drunkard: for the approach of a drunkard is like that of a dunghill.

## POETRY.

### THE LAD'S WINTER PLEASURES.

When the keen biting frost winds up the hard ground,  
And the piercing cold wind whistles wildly around;  
When summer's green leaves are all stripped from the trees,  
And the clear, sparkling streams are beginning to freeze;  
When nature is wrapped in her mantle of white,  
And the glad light of day soon gives place to the night;  
Oh! then how I love, when the school is let out,  
To join the gay boys in the long, deafening shout;  
To knock off the hats, and to wrestle, and run,  
And roll up the snow-balls, in excellent fun.  
Then O! the thick ice how delightful for sliding,  
And skating, how grand;—then how pleasant is riding.—  
When the moon in her beauty, pours a flood of bright beams  
On the unsullied snow, and the cold, ice-bound streams.  
The bells they are jingling, the horses are prancing,  
And my own happy heart in my bosom is dancing.  
Away we all drive with laughter and noise—  
Oh! dearly I love winter's turbulent joys.  
But better I love, when the dark evenings come,  
My foot-steps to turn to my own pleasant home.  
The greetings of loved ones fall light on my ear,  
Like the sounds of soft music, delightful and clear.  
We close the green shutters, the curtains let down,  
And now what to us is cold winter's dark frown.  
We stir up the fire, and close round the table,  
While my dear father reads us a story, or fable;  
Or a history, perhaps, of the heroes and sages,  
Who lived long ago, in the early dark ages.  
Then I lead little Sue when she's learning to walk,  
And hark to the pet while she's trying to talk;  
How sweetly the sounds from her lisping tongue fall,  
Like the Nightingale's notes, or the Redbreast's soft call.  
Then Kate spreads before me her long larded toys,  
And I join the loved girl in her innocent joys.

Yes, winter has pleasures, delightful and sweet.  
For indeed it is pleasant for kindred to meet  
Round the bright blazing fire, while kindness and love  
Reside in each breast, and the actions all move.  
To meet love-glancing eyes, the soft touch of the hand,  
From the friends that we love, makes the warm heart expand.  
[Juv. Miscellany.]



# YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Published Weekly, by WILLIS & RAND, at the Office of the Boston Recorder, No. 127, Washington-Street.... Price One Dollar a year in advance, or \$1, 50, if not paid in advance.

No. 39.

BOSTON, FEBRUARY 17, 1830.

VOL. III.

## NARRATIVE.

For the Youth's Companion.

### PIETY IN A COTTAGE.

In a pleasant little village in the interior of New-Hampshire, once lived an old gentleman and his wife by the name of Delano. Mc thinks I see them now, as I did several years since, in their neat little cottage, almost hidden from the eye of the traveller, by a luxuriant cluster of lilacs, whose branches bent modestly and gracefully over the roof as if to protect it, not only from the intense heat of a summer's sun, but also from the rude gaze of the vulgar. There were rose trees and woodbine creeping over the windows, and filling the little parlor with a sweetness which was exhilarating and refreshing. A cottage ornamented with shrubbery and flowers, almost invariably gives me a favorable impression of its inmates—I feel that there I shall find minds cultivated and refined; pure, and exalted; hearts susceptible of every kind, of every tender emotion. It is always assimilated in my mind, with the idea of virtue and of holiness—and I am sure whoever has seen this little cottage and its inhabitants, must acknowledge that in one instance at least—outward appearances have proved a literal index of what was within.

Deacon Delano had not *always* lived in that sweet little cottage; but he had always been an honest and industrious man. He had lived in several different places, but had never felt satisfied and happy, till he located himself at H—. There are few country villages, where a man of Deacon Delano's mind and temperament could feel happy—the envy, jealousy, rivalry, discord, and contention for which such places are often noted, had no charms for him; he was a peace maker, and determined to live in peace with all men. This was what induced him to go to H—. It was represented to him by a minister of the place, who was his intimate friend, as being a *peaceable* village. He went there and found it so, and concluded to remain. In a few months after, the little cottage which we have described was to be seen as a monument of his perseverance and an ornament to the village.

Deacon Delano was of a middling size, and for a person of his years remarkably erect—His countenance had nothing in it which would peculiarly impress a stranger; but there was an expression which the more you looked at him the more you would be astonished that you had not noticed it at first sight. It was a calm, collected, but cheerful expression, which told you at once of holiness, of happiness, and of heaven. His forehead was high and pale, and his blue eyes, and silvery hair, (for it could not now be called gray as it had been for thirty years before) gave him just that appearance which I have often imagined the sainted patriarchs to have had. Deacon Delano, as I have said before, was a married man; but he did not, like many in the world, choose a wife for her wealth or beauty, for she had neither; but she had what was infinitely preferable, she had piety; and it was for this he loved her. He married her too when she was young and destitute, and an orphan. Many of his friends tried to dissuade him from it, *because* she was poor and friendless; but no—he knew his duty better; and many thought the more he was advised to neglect her, the more he loved and valued her—not because he was obstinate, but because he knew a greater than they had said, the widow and fatherless should be provided for; and he thought too if he could be made instrumental in making an orphan happy while he was securing the approbation of his own heart and that of his God, it became not those

around him to strive to prevent it—so he took the orphan to his own cottage, and cherished her in his own bosom—and he never had cause to repent doing so, notwithstanding these friends in name for a long time avoided seeing or speaking to him, because he chose not to follow their advice.

"I feel just as well pleased with you, my Sarah," he would often say, "and I think sometimes more happy than I should be, were you more caressed by the worldly rich and idly great—for then you might be in danger of imbibing some of their follies and faults. It is well they do not trouble you with their unmeaning civilities, for then you would feel yourself obliged to return some of them, which would be only wasting your precious time, which is now devoted to making your real friends comfortable and happy; and I am convinced that ere long, all who are now prejudiced against you will see and acknowledge their error. Then, my dear, you will appear more lovely in their eyes, as to all others—for having borne their ill-natured remarks and imputations with meekness and submission, and for having behaved with equal propriety through good report and evil report."

Thus did this good man strive to console his wife, when she seemed melancholy and unhappy, at being the innocent cause of such a coldness as was manifested towards him by some who she knew had once been friendly. But this state of feeling soon passed away, and Mrs. Delano was acknowledged by every one to be an amiable, modest, sweet-tempered, and compassionate woman.—I had heard much of Deacon Delano and his wife in my childhood; of their exemplary life, edifying conversation, and eminent piety,—but as my father resided at a great distance from them, I never expected it would be my good fortune to know them personally. It has proved differently; I have not only seen them, but have resided a considerable time in their family, and long shall I remember that happy period. I think I can sincerely say I never saw such a constant exhibition of holiness in any other family, as in that; religion was there the business of life; every thing was transacted with a reference to eternity. Happy souls! I would often exclaim to myself, would that I were as well prepared to enter the mansions of glory as yourselves; I should care not how soon I might be called to leave this world for one so infinitely superior! Their happiest moments were those spent in prayer; and it was evident they did not pray merely because they knew it to be a duty, but because they felt it to be their highest, their happiest privilege. One listening to them could not but feel that it was so; and like the prophet of old, did they three times a day pour out their souls before the Holy One of Israel, that the whole world might come to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus. It was highly gratifying to them to see the young walking in the ways of holiness, and often did they raise earnest petitions in their behalf which in several instances seemed to be signally answered. There are some now residing in the town of H— who consider the prayers of Deacon Delano and his wife as instruments of their conversion. These worthy people had had three children but they all died in infancy, and at last they saw fit to adopt a niece when she was two years old, whose parents had a numerous family.—This child they loved as their own—and well they might, for she was one of the sweetest little creatures with which I was ever acquainted. She had a beautiful complexion, and a meek and pleasant temper. And this was not all, she had a mind more active and retentive than most children of twice her age. She learned in a few weeks, several prayers for children—which she re-

peated with every appearance of devotion, as her new parents had spared no pains to make her comprehend the necessity of understanding and feeling what she uttered, and the sinfulness of performing such a solemn duty thoughtlessly. Beside these, she learned several hymns, which she often repeated and sung before prayers. She was remarkably fond of singing, and would learn almost any tune after hearing it a few times.

Deacon Delano and his wife were heard to say—they were sensible they loved their dear child too well;—and it seemed impressed upon them that she would not long be spared to them; which was shortly verified; for in her fifth year she was attacked with a violent fever, from which she partially recovered, but was never after able to leave her room.—As her strength diminished, her faith and hope continued to increase, and a few moments before her death, she begged her friends not to weep for her, for she was not afraid to die; and after kissing them, she raised her eyes a moment—her lips moved—she smiled—and died. Mrs. Delano was little Mary's constant companion and nurse during her sickness; but the care and anxiety was too much for her; it undermined her own health, and she survived only two years, after the death of her adopted daughter. I never saw Deacon Delano but once after the death of his two dearest friends.—"I am now left alone," said he, "a pilgrim, and a stranger on the earth—but God has never forsaken me, though he has seen fit deeply to afflict me. The cords which once bound me to this world are now severed, and I feel that my work is almost finished, and that I shall shortly follow those who have gone before to welcome me to my eternal home." "My dear young friend," he added, "may you make one of that happy number who shall be ushered into the fold of the Great Shepherd, to go no more out forever." He pressed my hand, while a tear glistened in his eye as I bade him farewell. It was the last—I returned to my home from which I had been several weeks absent, and in a few months I received intelligence that this saint had departed to his final rest.

Dear reader, you will never see that good man in this world; but if you would see him in another, and a better, live such a life as he did; take the Saviour for your guide; love your Bible; delight in prayer; and verily, like him, you will receive a glorious reward. J\*\*\*\*.

## MORALITY.

### QUARRELLING.

Edward asked his mother if he might go out to play. She said yes, and he ran into the yard. In one corner of it he had been making a little garden, and he had stuck little sticks all around it to make a fence; so he went to see if his things were growing. But when he got there, all his fence was pulled up, and somebody had been treading down the little beds, and the seeds were all rooted out.

Edward began to cry. "What are you crying for?" said James, a little boy who used to play every day with him. "If I knew who did it," said Edward, "I would give it to him, that's what I would." "Would you?" said James, "you are a great fellow—then I did it, and if you do not give me that string, I'll do it again." "Then take *that*," said Edward, and he flew at James and struck him, and running to the place where James's kite was, he snapped the frame, and tore the paper as fast as his angry little hands would let him. James cried and kicked him, and he struck James again—(till his mother, who was at the window and heard it all, came down as quick as she could, and parted these



wicked children. As soon as they could get their breath and speak, they both began to threaten and accuse one another, and Edward's mother could hardly keep them from fighting again.

"What would become of you, poor, wicked, miserable boys," said she, "if you should die while you are so full of spite and anger?"

"So wicked Cain was hurried on,  
"Till he had killed his brother."

And how do you know that you might not kill one another, dealing about such blows?"

"He tore up my garden," said Edward, "and he said he would do it again, so I struck him and tore up his kite. He shall not treat me so for nothing."

"And he took my string and I——"

"Stop, stop," said Edward's mother, "I cannot bear to hear such wicked words. Are you the boys that have Testaments, and have read what the Lord Jesus says about such actions as these; and how he treated wicked men who were whipping him and spitting upon him, and mocking him, and at last took his life? Oh, shame upon such behaviour!"

Then she took the boys up stairs with her, and after saying more to them, and trying to make them feel how bad they had been, she knelt down and prayed that God would have mercy upon them for Jesus' sake, and not cut them down in their sins, but change their hearts.

Edward and James seemed to be sorry and ashamed, and then this good woman said, "I will tell you how a good man treated one of his neighbors that was unkind and spiteful to him. His horse had strayed into the road, and his neighbor put him in pound, and when he met him, said, 'I have put your horse in pound, and if I catch him in the road again, I'll do it again.' "Neighbor, said the good man, "not long ago I looked out of my window in the night, and saw your cattle in my mowing ground, and I drove them out and put them into your own yard, and I'll do it again." "This kind answer," continued Edward's mother, "did not lead to blows and wickedness, but made the bad neighbor ashamed of himself, so he went and let the horse out, and paid the charges himself."

"There was also a good minister who was sitting at dinner in company, and when a young man swore, & took God's name in vain, told him how wicked it was. The young man was very angry, & threw a glass of beer in his face. The minister said not a word, but wiped it off very patiently. After a while the young man swore again, & again the minister told him of it. He threw another glass of beer in his face, and the minister took it meekly. Then the young man was so ashamed that he came round the table and begged his pardon. And I might tell you, said the good woman, of other servants of our blessed Lord Jesus, who forgave their enemies, and blessed them that hated them; but you can read of one yourselves, in Acts 7: 54-60."

Then the boys got their Testaments, and read that, and Math. 5: 43-45, and Eph. 4: 31, 32, which texts I hope all children will read and remember. [Western S. S. Messenger.]

### THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

From the S. S. Messenger.

#### SOPHIA AND HER MOTHER.

Sophia's mother bid her bring the Bible, as was her custom before she went to bed. My dear, said her mother, (looking earnestly at her,) what sinful thing have you done to-day that we must confess before God to-night? I believe, mamma, said Sophia, I have not said or done any thing wrong to-day. "Not done any thing—think for a few moments," and her mother began to turn over the leaves of the Bible and mark it in different places.

Have you thought? said her mother. "Yes, mamma, but do not remember anything amiss." Then her mother began to read in James, 2nd chap. "My brethren, have not the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Lord of glory, with respect of persons. For if there come unto your assembly a man with a gold ring, in goodly apparel, and there come

in also a poor man in vile raiment; and ye have respect to him that weareth the gay clothing, and say unto him, Sit thou here in a good place; and say to the poor, stand thou there, or sit here under my footstool; are ye not then partial in yourselves, and are become judges of evil thoughts? Hearken, my beloved brethren. Hath not God chosen the poor of this world rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom which he hath promised to them that love him? But ye have despised the poor." Then her mamma read in other places. "When pride cometh, then cometh shame, but with the lowly is wisdom. Every one that is proud in heart is an abomination to the Lord. Better is it to be of an humble spirit with the lowly, than to divide spoil with the proud. But the meek shall inherit the earth and shall delight themselves in the abundance of peace."

Sophia looked down and thought she must have done some very naughty thing, because her mother read such passages to her. Do you now remember, my child, said her mother, how you behaved to a little girl who sat beside you in the Sabbath School this morning? You little thought that you were grieving your mother's heart as well as greatly displeasing God. Since your memory is so poor, I will tell you, for I too well remember the proud air with which you drew up your frock and moved from the little girl who had on a clean but patched frock and apron, and how you smiled and was pleased, while Jane Somers was picking at the little girl's bonnet and making sport of her poor clothes. My child had forgotten what I have so often taught her, that the Lord looketh on the heart and not on the outward appearance, and that perhaps he looked with more pleasure on the little girl in poor clothes than on any of you; if we can judge by behaviour, I would say she was one of the meek ones whom he loves, for she said her lessons better and paid more attention to what her teacher said than any of the children of the class—indeed she looked as if she pitied rather than felt angry with you. You may think this a little sin, but the Lord looked upon it with abomination. Then Sophia's mother knelt with her and confessed this with their other sins, and desired that for Jesus' sake they might be pardoned. Sophia wept and said she would love and respect those whom the Lord honours.

### THE NURSERY.

From the Youth's Friend.

#### THE LITTLE BEAUTY.

Little Rose was alone in her mamma's dressing-room.—"What was she doing?" "Learning her lesson, I suppose, or reading some sweet story in the Bible, or some nice useful thing or other." "No; she was not doing this." "Oh, then, perhaps she was at work, helping to finish something for her dear mamma, or making a cap or frock for a poor child." "No, no; it was none of these—you cannot guess it; and I must tell you: I am ashamed to say, that little Rose was standing admiring herself in the looking-glass." "Oh dear! how vain little Rose must have been!" "Yes; I am afraid she was so. She had heard some people remark, 'Rose is quite a beauty.'—One praised her eyes, another her mouth—one took notice of her nice hair, and another of her red cheeks; and Rose was much pleased: and as she walked about the house, she said to herself, 'I am a beauty—every body admires me; and so she very much admired herself.'"

"Now, was not Rose very silly? She had some wax dolls, a great deal prettier than herself, and she heard them called beauties too; and every thing that had been said about her eyes, and her mouth, and her hair, and her cheeks, might be said of a doll. And Rose had many pretty toys, which she had thought much of at first; but after a little while she had broken them, or thrown them away, or forgotten them. And the silly people, who talked of Rose's beauty, cared not a bit more for her in their hearts, than she did for her old toys. And if they had peeped in at the door, and seen Rose be-

fore the glass, how they would have laughed,—should not you?" "Why, no; I don't think I should have laughed; I should have been very much grieved." "Ah, yes; you are right. There was One looking at Rose, whom she did not think about—the Almighty God, who always sees what we do, and hears what we say, and knows what we think. Rose was proud; and God hates pride. The Bible says, 'the proud he beholdeth afar off,'—that is, he will not let them come near him. How dreadful! for if God does not keep us near him, we are left in the power of the devil, to deceive and destroy us. It is also said in the Bible, that when the prophet Samuel made Jesse's sons to pass before him, he saw one of them very beautiful, and he thought perhaps the Lord had chosen him. 'But the Lord said unto Samuel, look not on his countenance, nor on the height of his stature, because I have refused him; for the Lord seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart.' So, when Rose was gazing at herself in the glass, and thinking of her beauty, the Lord was looking at her heart, and beholding her afar off; and poor Rose was more to be pitied than any humble child, whom the Lord loves."

Is any kind mother reading this to her little girl, and praying that the Lord may bless it to her? Oh, my dear child, remember what holy David says,—"I hate vain thoughts;" and pray with all your heart that you may hate them too.

Your bright eyes must one day be closed in death; your pretty hair, and your rosy cheeks, will be turned to dust in the grave;—but your soul, the part of you that thinks and understands, will not die. If God beholds you afar off, it will go to the dreadful place of punishment; but, if the blessed Jesus gives you grace to be, like him, meek and lowly of heart, to him it will go; and with him you will live for ever in glorious beauty—even the "beauty of holiness," which cannot change nor fade away.

### BIOGRAPHY.

From the Juvenile Miscellany.

#### COUNT RUMFORD.

Benjamin Thompson, afterwards Count Rumford, was born at Woburn in Massachusetts, in 1753. No remarkable anecdotes are told of his boyhood. He had a great deal of ingenuity in inventing new plays; and when he was engaged in anything that interested him, his whole face lighted up with eagerness. Whether he was employed in study, in work, or in play, he gave up his whole soul to it; and never left it till it was finished. This was the reason he became a great man. His father died when he was two or three years of age; and his guardian resolved to educate him as a merchant. The lad never had any taste for this employment. From the time he first began to understand books, he seems to have been in love with quiet studies; such as Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, and particularly Mechanics. Perhaps this was one reason why he had such a mild temper, and kind disposition; for books are very peaceful friends. When a man does business with other men, he may become angry, because they vex him, or injure him, or misunderstand him, or prevent his making money; but one cannot quarrel with books. He was placed with Dr. Hay, of Woburn, to finish his education, preparatory to becoming a merchant. Here he amused himself every leisure moment in making surgical instruments, which he finished with great neatness. At sixteen he was placed as a clerk in a store at Salem. He never appears to have been idle, while in this situation; but he was oftener found with his file, penknife, and gimblet, than with his pen. At one time, he thought he had discovered how to keep a machine perpetually in motion; and he was so zealous about his scheme, that he travelled from Salem to Woburn in the night, to tell his plans to Col. Baldwin, an old schoolfellow and friend. He was likewise very earnest in the study of chemistry. One day, while preparing some rockets in an iron mortar, a



particle of sand concealed among the ingredients, occasioned a sudden explosion, and his whole face was so terribly burned, that he was deprived of his sight for many days.

Among other occupations, to which his various mind was bent, he occasionally amused himself with engraving. He marked penknives for his friends, until he learned to use a graver so well that he undertook the task of engraving upon copper-plate. His design was original, and was intended for a label to books. This little piece of workmanship was executed with much neatness & skill.

It is not strange that the merchant grew tired of a clerk, who was active about every thing but his proper business. He returned to his mother at Woburn, and applied himself so closely to books that he injured his health. Some of his companions pitied him, because they thought he would never attend to business, and would always keep himself poor. But though Mr. Thompson was averse to bustling employments, he had a very active and ambitious mind: he never was willing to waste a moment. In 1772, he taught a school in Bradford, for a few months; and he afterward went to Concord, in New-Hampshire, for the same purpose. In this place he became acquainted with Mrs. Rolfe, a rich and lady-like widow, whom he afterwards married. He is said to have been manly and genteel in his person, and attractive in his manners. Probably he would have remained in this country, and become as useful and eminent, as he was beloved, had not the troubles preceding the American Revolution had an unpleasant effect on his reputation and prospects. Mr. Thompson was averse to politics, and his countrymen thought he did not take sufficient interest in their opposition to the English government; he was fond of parade and splendor; and that made them think he at heart favored the rich Tories, whom they hated. Mr. Thompson was aware that his countrymen did not like him as well as they had done formerly, and being doubtful whether the Americans would succeed, or not, he embarked for England, in October, 1775. He was received with attention and respect at London, and soon became a favorite acquaintance with the principal officers about St. James's. In 1780, the king appointed him Under Secretary of State, for the northern department; a lucrative office, well suited to his ambition. Toward the close of the Revolution, he was appointed Colonel of a regiment in the queen's loyal American dragoons. He was ordered to New-York, for the purpose of raising his regiment; but the war soon closed, and he returned without effecting his object. His name is not at present so popular as most other great men, who were born among us; and the reason probably is, because he left his country in the hour of her greatest distress. However, he did so much good in other parts of the world, that we may forgive him for deserting us. Owing to some valuable improvements he made in the military establishments, the king of England conferred the honor of knighthood upon him. Soon after, he obtained leave to visit Vienna. When he arrived at Manheim, the Duke de Deux Ponts was reviewing his troops. Sir Benjamin Thompson was mounted on a large, beautiful, English horse, and clad in full British uniform. His fine appearance attracted the duke's attention, and he entered into conversation with him. This accidental interview was the beginning of a lasting friendship. The duke gave him letters of introduction to his Serene Highness, the Elector, by whom he was received with much kindness.

The poor in Bavaria, were at that time in a dreadful condition. Immense numbers of beggars infested the streets, and the public had provided no means of relief to the poor creatures.

The rich gave them food, and sometimes money; but Sir Benjamin Thompson resolved to do something better for them; he gave them employment. If my young friends do not know it now, they will learn it, as they grow older, that to be good or happy, it is necessary to have something to do. The beggars in Bavaria had become wicked, because they were idle. They would send very little chil-

dren out into the streets half starved, and naked, to beg a money passengers; and if they did not return with as much as they expected, they would beat them unmercifully. Sir Benjamin Thompson once found a little child of five years old, sitting at the corner of the street, half naked, late at night, in the depth of winter. She was crying as if her heart would break; and Sir Benjamin asked her what was the matter. "I am cold, and hungry, and afraid to go home," said she; "my mother told me to beg twelve creutzers, and I have only been able to get five. My mother will certainly beat me, if I don't carry home twelve." Sir Benjamin knew it did no good to give money to such parents—that they would grow worse and worse, as long as they lived in idleness. Therefore, he obtained land and money to establish a House of Industry. This building was fitted up with neatness and comfort; and surrounded by shops for carpenters, blacksmiths, turners, weavers, saddlers, and every description of mechanics. As soon as the establishment was in readiness, the public officers went out into the streets, and collected all the beggars they could find. In less than an hour the whole city of Munich was cleared of vagabonds, and two thousand wretched beings comfortably provided for, and at the same time, made useful to the public.

This benevolent institution made Sir Benjamin Thompson very popular. The poor were grateful to him, and the rich admired his activity and energy. The government were willing to assist him in all his plans for public improvement; and his busy mind was always inventing something useful. He founded a Military Academy in Bavaria; suggested many valuable improvements in agriculture; invented the famous cooking apparatus, known by the name of Rumford's; laid before the Royal Society many excellent hints concerning various arts and sciences; and converted a large hunting forest into what was called "the English Garden," studded with farms and cottages, and lakes.

Few men have done so much to relieve the sufferings of mankind, as Sir Benjamin Thompson. The Bavarians almost worshipped him. In one of the public squares of the English Garden, they erected a splendid monument to commemorate his exertions for the public good. On one side, are two sculptured figures, representing plenty strewn the path of Bavaria with flowers; and on the other side is a bust of Sir Benjamin Thompson, cut in Bavarian Alabaster. In the year 1791, he was created a "Count of the Holy Roman Empire," and honored with the order of the White Eagle. After he received the title of Count, he chose to take the name of Rumford, which was the former name of Concord, in New-Hampshire,—the place where he married, and where his estates were situated.

In 1798, he received a formal invitation from the government of the United States to revisit his native land; but he considered himself bound to spend his life in the service of the elector of Bavaria.

## RELIGION.

From the New York Observer.

### THE METHODIST AND THE GLASS BLOWERS, OR RELIGION PROFITABLE FOR THIS WORLD.

An English gentleman, in a letter to his friend in this city, just received, gives the following account of good effected in his vicinity many years since, by the labors of a Methodist preacher. Like the story of William and Carthus, which we inserted a few weeks since, it is another proof that religion is profitable for this world as well as for the world to come.

Many years since, at a clergy feast in \*\*\*\*\* England, after the cloth was withdrawn and the wines had circulated freely, some of the clergy began to abuse the Methodists, (a term by which all who cared for their souls, were stigmatised) calling them fanatics, enthusiasts, &c. A gentleman who was present, and had listened to the conversation with disgust, at length put a stop to it, by telling them they were abusing a set of men they knew nothing of—"Many of you know," said he, "that I do not believe in your 'lucrative fable,' and

therefore cannot speak from any sympathy with these persecuted men: but I should be the most ungrateful of mankind, if I sat here and beard men abused without cause, who have put more money into my pocket than I can well calculate. He then proceeded as follows:—

"Many of you know that I have extensive glass works some miles distant, and employ a large number of men. They were once the most unmanageable of human beings. If I had any large and pressing orders for glass, I was obliged to conceal it from them; for if they knew that I had several vessels here waiting for glass, they would frequently, just as the metal was in fusion, and ready to be manufactured, one and all set off on a drunken frolic, and for many days my works stood still, while they committed every abomination they chose with impunity. Indeed, the whole neighborhood was as you would describe it in your technical language, a 'Hell' upon earth. I remonstrated in vain—I swore and cursed to no purpose; till their frolic was over, I could not prevail on a man to return to his work, however pressing my necessities were. They set all law at defiance.

"In this state of things, one evening, a poor little meagre old man, with his hair combed strait over his forehead, came to the works and asked permission to preach to them, when their work was done. —'Preach—what does that mean?' 'Talk to you about your souls.'—'Souls,—we have got no souls here,—we are, one and all, jolly boys, determined to enjoy ourselves. You have made a mistake; you have come to the wrong place.' One of them called out, 'Bring in the old fellow, and let's see how he will roast in the annealing oven.' Some of them laid hold on the man, but one stepped forward and said, 'Stop, lads, the old boy has done us no harm, and he who will harm him, must first fight me. Let's hear what he has got to say for himself.'—To this, they all, after a while, consented.

"They put a cask for the old man to stand on. He gave out a hymn, I think they call it, which he was obliged to sing himself, amidst much laughing and scoffing. Then he made a prayer—then took out of his pocket a Bible, selected a text, and preached to them in such plain language, that they could understand. When all was over they began playing him tricks; but the one who befriended him at first stood by him, and said: 'What the old gentleman has been telling us is, I dare say, all very true, and no one shall hurt him while I have power to protect him.' Then turning to the old man, he said, 'Father, when will you come again?' He fixed a day, and came according to his appointment. He came again and again, till he became such a favorite that they began to long for his appearance. After a while the works went on with order and regularity. I rode over some months since to give some directions, and swore at one of the men; another who heard the oath, pulled off his hat, came up to me respectfully, and said, 'Master, please to look at that there paper on the wall.' What was my astonishment, when I read,

'If any man in these works swears a profane oath, he is to forfeit six pence.'

"Good, said I, very good,—call the clerk, and let him add, *If the master swears, he shall pay half a crown.* Here it is, lads."

"If any man brings any liquor into these works, he shall forfeit six pence," and so on.

"Now there is not a more orderly set of men in the kingdom. It is a pleasure to conduct the works—and you would call the neighborhood a 'Heaven' upon earth. Now, till you can show me that you have by your preaching caused the drunkard to become sober, the adulterer to become chaste, and the profane man, moral, let me hear no more abuse of such worthy men as the poor old despised Methodist."

That race of the clergy and the infidel are gone to their account, and may the Lord have had mercy on their souls—a blessed change has taken place in the character of the clergy generally speaking, and the universities now teem with excellent young men training for the sacred office.



## NATURAL HISTORY.

From the Children's Magazine.

## THE KING-BIRD.

Did you ever see a king-bird, my little friend? Did you ever hear your parents tell how it masters every other bird that flies? It is a little bird;—when you first saw it, perhaps you would say, a contemptible little bird. Yet, small as it is, the largest hawk may well be afraid of it, and own its power. The great black crow, which one would think might almost swallow the king-bird alive, dares not stay in its sight. I do not know that even an eagle would be able to drive away the little thing.

What makes a bird that is so small, so powerful? Its wisdom, and its quick and active motions. I have seen a hawk fly over a hedge where a king-bird had its nest. Whether the little animal thought the bird of prey intended to rob its nest, and eat up its young ones, or whether it thought it safest to attack the great robber first, I do not know; but in one instant, it left its nest, and as quick as thought was close upon the hawk. Do you think that it flew in front of the large bird, and attempted to conquer it by open force? No, no; it was too wise to act in that way. It knew too well what would happen if it had put itself in the way of the hawk's sharp beak, or strong, sharp, hooked claws. The king-bird flew above the hawk, and then darted down, with its sharp little beak, sometimes upon the hawk's head, sometimes upon its back, and sometimes even on the tender parts of its body under its wings. It could not have done this if it had not been wonderfully active, for you may be sure the hawk tried with all its might to get away; but the king-bird flew so swiftly round about its enemy, and darted up and down so fast, that my eyes could hardly follow it, and it was impossible for the hawk to leave it behind. I did not see the end of that fight; but I am told, that the little bird will tease large birds in that way for an hour together. If they try to turn upon him, he will dart at their eyes, so that they are glad to hang their heads, and only strive to fly away. If they alight upon a tree, he will sometimes settle on another branch above them, and wait till they again take wing. In this way he will go on, until he is sure that they are far enough from his nest, and too tired to do him any harm. This is a pretty history about the king-bird; but I did not tell it merely to amuse you. I wish you to learn a lesson from it.

Oh! but father says we must never quarrel, and the hymn says,

"But children you should never let  
Such angry passions rise;"

and the Bible tells us "to love our enemies!"

True, and I am sure that no lesson which I could teach you could be better than such advice. But it is not the quarrelsome behaviour of the king-bird that I wish you to copy. The little bird knows no better way of defending its young ones, and is only doing its duty when it drives away the hawks and crows. But God has given you reason to persuade; and has made you able to overcome evil with good.

What I wish you to notice is, the difference which is made by the way of doing a thing. If the king-bird were to attack the great, powerful hawk, clumsily and lazily, instead of driving its enemy away, it would become a prey itself.—It is the power of wisdom and activity over mere size and strength, that you may learn from the king-bird. Never think that you cannot do your duty because you are not strong enough, or large enough, or have not time. Contrivance and exertion will do wonders. E.

*The Language of the Brute creation.*—Whether one beast is capable of forming a design, and communicating its designs by any kind of language to others, we submit to the judgment of the reader, after giving the following instance, which among others is brought as a proof of it, by father Bourgeois:

"A sparrow finding a nest that a martin had just

built standing very conveniently for him, possessed himself of it. The martin, seeing the usurper in her house, called strongly for help to expel him. A thousand martins came in full speed and attacked the sparrow; but the latter being covered on every side, and presenting his large beak at the entrance of the nest, was invulnerable, and made the boldest of them repent their temerity. After a quarter of an hour's combat, all the martins disappeared. The sparrow seemed to think he had got the better, and the spectators judged that the martins had abandoned their undertaking. Not in the least. In a few seconds they returned to the charge, and each of them having procured a little of that tempered earth with which they build their nests, they all at once fell upon the sparrow, and enclosed him in the nest to perish there, since they could not drive him thence." Could the martins concert this design without some medium equivalent to language?

## EDITORIAL.

## PROVERBS FOR YOUTH.

In the last Companion we gave some account of Proverbs, particularly the Proverbs of Solomon. Many other Proverbs are true and useful; but these, which are given us in the Bible, should be all committed to memory and treasured up in the heart. They are the sentiments of a very wise and observing man, who had great experience of the ways of the world and of the dealings of God with men in his providence. They have also the sanction of the holy Spirit, and are a portion of the oracles of God.

Hoping to excite more attention to this part of the precious Bible, we have selected some of the Proverbs and arranged them under different heads. Children can commit them to memory as we have placed them below; or they can take their Bibles and find the chapters and verses where they stand there. They can recite them to their parents, or each other; and talk over the meaning of them, and how they apply to themselves and other people about them.

A few of the selections are taken from the book of Ecclesiastes, which was also written by King Solomon. This book or treatise is not, strictly speaking, a collection of Proverbs or Maxims; but some of the sentences rather take that form, and may properly be used in the same manner.

*Lying and Deceit.*—These six things doth the Lord hate; yea, seven are an abomination unto him: a proud look, a lying tongue, and hands that shed innocent blood, a heart that deviseth wicked imaginations, feet that are swift in running to mischief, a false witness that speaketh lies, and him that soweth discord among brethren.—He that speaketh truth sheweth forth righteousness; but a false witness deceit.—The lip of truth shall be established forever; but a lying tongue is but for a moment.—Deceit is in the heart of them that imagine evil: but to the counsellors of peace is joy.—Lying lips are abomination to the Lord; but they that deal truly are his delight.—A righteous man hateth lying; but a wicked man is loathsome, and cometh to shame.—A faithful witness will not lie; but a false witness will utter lies.—A wicked doer giveth heed to false lips; and a liar giveth heed to a naughty tongue.—A false witness shall not be unpunished, and he that speaketh lies shall not escape.—A false witness shall not be unpunished, and he that speaketh lies shall perish.—The desire of a man is his kindness, and a poor man is better than a liar.—It is nought, it is nought, saith the buyer; but when he is gone his way, then he boasteth.—Bread of deceit is sweet to a man; but afterwards his mouth shall be filled with gravel.—The getting of treasures by a lying tongue, is a vanity tossed to and fro of them that seek death.—A false witness shall perish.—Be not a witness against thy neighbor without cause; and deceive not with thy lips.—He that hateth dissembleth with his lips, and layeth up deceit within him. When he speaketh fair, believe him not; for there are seven abominations in his heart. Whose hatred is covered by deceit, his wickedness shall be showed before the

whole congregation. Whoso diggeth a pit, shall fall therein; and he that rolleth a stone, it shall return upon him. A lying tongue hateth those that are afflicted by it; & a flattering mouth worketh ruin.—Faithful are the wounds of a friend; but the kisses of an enemy are deceitful.

*Parental Correction.*—[Children sometimes need correction from their parents, and are apt to think it is hard to suffer it. Let them read what God says about it.]—He that spareth the rod hateth his son; but he that loveth him chasteneth him betimes.—Correction is grievous to them that forsaketh the way, and he that hateth reproof shall die.—Chasten thy son while there is hope, and let not thy soul spare for his crying.—Foolishness is bound in the heart of a child; but the rod of correction shall drive it far from him.—Withhold not correction from the child; for if thou beatest him with the rod, he shall not die.—The rod and reproof give wisdom; but a child left to himself bringeth his mother to shame.—Correct thy son, and he shall give thee rest; yea, he shall give delight unto thy soul.

*The Consequences of Filial Obedience and Disobedience.*—A wise son maketh a glad father; but a foolish son is the heaviness of his mother.—A wise son heareth his father's instruction; but a scorner heareth not rebuke.—A wise son maketh a glad father; but a foolish son despiseth his mother.—He that begetteth a fool doeth it to his sorrow; and the father of a fool hath no joy.—A foolish son is a grief to his father, and bitterness to her that bare him.—He that wasteth his father, and chaseth away his mother, is a son that causeth shame and bringeth reproach.—Whoso curseth his father and his mother, his lamp shall be put out in obscure darkness.—My son, if thy heart be wise, my heart shall rejoice, even mine.—The father of the righteous shall greatly rejoice, and he that begetteth a wise child shall have joy of him. Thy father and thy mother shall be glad, and she that bare thee shall rejoice.—Whoso keepeth the law is a wise son; but he that is a companion of riotous men shameth his father.—Whoso loveth wisdom rejoiceth his father; but he that keepeth company with harlots spendeth his substance.—The eye that mocketh at his father, and despiseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out and the young eagles shall eat it. [To be continued.]

## MISCELLANY.

*Maxims.*—He who seldom thinks of heaven, is not likely to get thither; as the only way to hit the mark, is to keep the eye fixed upon it.

Men are more civilized by their pleasures than their occupations. Business dispenses not only with ceremony, but often with common civility; and we should become rude, repulsive, and ungracious, did we not recover in our recreations the urbanity which in the bustle of our labors we disregard.

## POETRY.

## LINES

Addressed by the author to a little girl named Margaret.

Margaret we never met before,

And Margaret, we may meet no more;

What shall I say at parting?

Scarce half a moon has run its race,  
Since first I saw your fairy face,  
Around this gay and giddy place  
Sweet smiles and blushes darting.

Yet from my heart I freely tell  
I cannot help but wish you well.

I dare not wish you stores of wealth,  
A troop of friends, unfeeling health,  
And freedom from affliction!

I dare not wish you beauty's prize,  
Carnation lips and bright blue eyes!  
They speak thro' tears, they breathe thro' sighs!

Then hear my benediction:  
Of these good things be you possessed,  
Just in the measure God thinks best.

But little Margaret, may you be  
All that His eye delights to see;  
All that He loves and blesses;  
The Lord in darkness be your light,  
Your strength in sickness, shield in fight,  
Your health, your riches, and your might,  
Your comfort in distress;  
The hope of every future breath,  
And your eternal joy in death.



# YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Published Weekly, by WILLIS & RAND, at the Office of the Boston Recorder, No. 127, Washington-Street....Price One Dollar a year in advance, or \$1, 50, if not paid in advance.

No. 40.

BOSTON, FEBRUARY 24, 1830.

VOL. III.

## NARRATIVE.

*From Mitford's Village Sketches.*

### DORA CRESWELL.

I had taken refuge in a harvest-field belonging to my good neighbor, Farmer Creswell; a beautiful child lay on the ground at some little distance, whilst a young girl, resting from the labor of reaping, was twisting a rustic wreath of enamelled corn-flowers, brilliant poppies, snow-white lily-bines, and light fragile hare-bells, mingled with tufts of the richest wheat-ears, around its hat.

There was something in the tender youthfulness of these two innocent creatures, in the pretty, though somewhat fantastic, occupation of the girl, the fresh wild-flowers, the ripe and swelling corn that harmonized with the season and the hour, and conjured up memories of "Dis and Proserpine," and of all that is gorgeous and graceful, in old mythology; of the lovely Lavinia of our own poet, and of that finest pastoral of the world, the far lovelier Ruth. But these fanciful associations soon vanished before the real sympathy excited by the actors of the scene, both of whom were known to me, and both objects of a sincere and lively interest.

The young girl, Dora Creswell, was the orphan niece of one of the wealthiest yeomen in our part of the world, the only child of his only brother; and having lost both her parents whilst still an infant, had been reared by her widowed uncle as fondly and carefully as his own son Walter. He said that he loved her quite as well, perhaps he loved her better; for though it was impossible for a father not to be proud of the bold handsome youth, who at eighteen, had a man's strength, and a man's stature; was the best ringer, the best cricketer, and the best shut in the county; yet the fairy Dora, who nearly ten years younger, was at once his handmaid, his housekeeper, his plaything, and his companion, was evidently the apple of his eye. Our good farmer vaunted her accomplishments, as men of his class are wont to boast of a high bred horse, or a favorite greyhound.

She could make a shirt and a pudding, darn stockings, rear poultry, keep accounts, and read the newspaper; was as famous for gooseberry wine as Mrs. Primrose, and could compound a syllabub with any dairy woman in the county. There was not so handy a little creature any where; so thoughtful and trusty about the house, and yet out of doors as gay as a lark, and as wild as the wind; nobody was like his Dora. So said, and thought Farmer Creswell: and before Dora was ten years' old, he had resolved that in due time she should marry his son, Walter, and had informed both parties of his intention.

Now Farmer Creswell's intentions were well known to be as unchangeable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. He was a fair specimen of an English yeoman, a tall, square-built, muscular, stout and active man, with a resolute countenance, a keen eye, and an intelligent smile; his temper was boisterous and irascible, generous and kind to those whom he loved, but quick to take offence, and slow to pardon, expecting and exacting implicit obedience from all about him. With all Dora's good gifts, the sweet and yielding nature of the gentle and submissive little girl, was undoubtedly the chief cause of her uncle's partiality. Above all, he was obstinate in the highest degree, had never been known to yield a point, or change a resolution; and the fault was the more inveterate, because he called it firmness, and accounted it a virtue. For the rest, he was a person of excellent principle, and

perfect integrity; clear-headed, prudent, and sagacious; fond of agricultural experiments, which he pursued cautiously, and successfully; a good farmer, and a good man.

His son Walter, who was in person a handsome likeness of his father, resembled him also in many points of character, was equally obstinate, and far more fiery, hot, and bold. He loved his pretty cousin, much as he would have loved a favorite sister, and might very possibly, if let alone, have become attached to her as his father wished; but to be dictated to, to be chained down to a distant engagement, to hold himself bound to a mere child; the very idea was absurd; and restraining with difficulty an abrupt denial, he walked down into the village, predisposed, out of sheer contradiction, to fall in love with the first young woman who should come in his way; and he did fall in love accordingly.

Mary Hay, the object of his ill-fated passion, was the daughter of the respectable mistress of a small endowed school at the other end of the parish. She was a delicate, interesting creature, with a slight, drooping figure, and a fair, downcast face, like a snow-drop, forming such a contrast with her gay and gallant wooer, as Love, in his vagaries, is often pleased to bring together.

The courtship was secret and tedious, and prolonged from months to years; for Mary shrank from the painful contest which she knew that an avowal of their attachment would occasion. At length her mother died, and deprived of home, and maintenance, she reluctantly consented to a private marriage; an immediate discovery ensued, and was followed by all the evils, and more than all, that her worst fears had anticipated. Her husband was turned from the house of his father, and in less than three months, his death, by an inflammatory fever, left her a desolate and penniless widow—unowned and unassisted by the stern parent, on whose unrelenting temper neither the death of his son, nor the birth of his grandson, seemed to make the slightest impression. But for the general sympathy excited by the deplorable situation, and blameless demeanor of the widowed bride, she and her infant might have taken refuge in the workhouse. The whole neighborhood was zealous to relieve, and to serve them; but their most liberal benefactress, their most devoted friend, was poor Dora. Considering her uncle's partiality to herself as the primary cause of all this misery, she felt like a guilty creature; and casting off at once her native timidity, and habitual submission, she had repeatedly braved his anger, by the most earnest supplications for mercy and for pardon; and when this proved unavailing, she tried to mitigate their distresses by all the assistance that her small means would permit. Every shilling of her pocket-money, she expended upon her poor cousins; worked for them, begged for them, and transferred to them every present that was made to herself, from a silk frock to a penny tarlet. Every thing that was her own she gave, but nothing of her uncle's; for, though sorely tempted to transfer some of the plenty around her, to those whose claims seemed so just, and whose need was so urgent, Dora felt that she was trusted, and that she must prove herself trustworthy.

Such was the posture of affairs, at the time of my encounter with Dora and little Walter, in the harvest field; the rest will be best told in the course of our dialogue.

"And so, Madam I cannot bear to see my dear cousin Mary so sick, and so melancholy; and the dear, dear child, that a king might be proud of—only look at him!" exclaimed Dora, interrupting

herself, as the beautiful child, sitting on the ground, in all the placid dignity of infancy, looked up at me and smiled in my face; "only look at him," continued she, "and think of that dear boy, and his dear mother living on charity, and they my uncle's lawful heirs, whilst I, who have no right whatever, no claim at all,—I, that compared to them, am but a far-off-kinswoman, the mere creature of his bounty, should revel in comfort, and in plenty, and they starving! I cannot bear it, and I will not. And then the wrong that he is doing himself, he that is really so good and kind, to be called a hard-hearted tyrant, by the whole country side. And he is unhappy himself too; I know that he is; so tired as he comes home, he will walk about his room half the night; and often at meal times, he will drop his knife and fork, and sigh so heavily. He may turn me out of doors, as he threatened; or, what is worse call me ungrateful, or undutiful, but he shall see this boy."

"He never has seen him then? and that is the reason you are tricking him out so prettily."

"Yes, ma'am. Mind what I told you, Walter! and hold up your hat, and say what I bid you."

"Gan-papa's fowers!" stammered the pretty boy, in his sweet childish voice, the first words that I had ever heard him speak.

"Grand-papa's flowers!" said his zealous protectress.

"Gan-papa's fowers!" echoed the boy.

"Shall you take the child to the house, Dora?" asked I.

"No, ma'am, for I look for my uncle here every minute, and this is the best place to ask a favor in, for the very sight of the great crops puts him in good humor; not so much on account of the profits, but because the land never bore half so much before, and it's all owing to his management in dressing and drilling. I came reaping here to-day, on purpose to please him; for though he says he does not wish me to work in the fields, I know he likes it; and here he shall see little Walter. Do you think he can resist him, ma'am," continued Dora, leaning over her infant cousin, with the grace and fondness of a young Madonna; "do you think he can resist him, poor child! so helpless, so harmless; his own blood too, and so like his father, no heart could be hard enough to hold out, and I am sure that his will not. Only," pursued Dora, relapsing into her girlish tone and attitude, as a cold fear crossed her enthusiastic hope, "only, I am half-afraid, that Walter will cry. It's strange, when one wants any thing to behave particularly well, how sure it is to be naughty; my pets especially. I remember when my Lady Countess came on purpose to see our white peacock, that we got in a present from India, the obstinate bird ran away behind a bean-stack, and would not spread his train, to show the dead white spots on his glossy white feathers, all we could do. Her ladyship was quite angry. And my red and yellow marvel of Peru, which used to blow at four in the afternoon, as regular as the clock struck, was not open the other day at five, when dear Miss Ellen came to paint it, though the sun was shining as bright as it does now. If Walter should scream and cry, for my uncle does sometimes look so stern; and then it's Saturday, and he has such a beard! if the child should be frightened!—Be sure, Walter, you don't cry!" said Dora, in great alarm.

"Gan-papa's fowers," replied the smiling boy, holding up his hat; and his young protectress was comforted.

At that moment the farmer was heard whistling to his dog in a neighboring field, and fearful that my presence might injure the cause, I departed, my



thoughts full of the noble little girl, and her generous purpose.

I had promised to call the next afternoon, to learn her success; and passing the harvest-field in my way, I found a group assembled there, which instantly dissipated my anxiety. On the very spot where we had parted, I saw the good farmer himself, in his Sunday clothes, tossing little Walter in the air; the child laughing and screaming, with delight, and his grandfather, apparently quite as much delighted as himself. A pale, slender, young woman, in deep mourning, stood looking at their gambols with an air of intense thankfulness; and Dora, the cause and sharer of all this happiness, was loitering behind, playing with the flowers in Walter's hat, which she was holding in her hand. Catching my eye, the sweet girl came to me instantly.

"I see how it is, my dear Dora! and I give you joy from the bottom of my heart. Little Walter behaved well then?"

"Oh, he behaved like an angel."

"Did he say, Gan-papa's fowers?"

"Nobody spoke a word. The moment the child took off his hat, and looked up, the truth seemed to flash on my uncle, and to melt his heart at once—the boy is so like his father. He knew him, instantly, and caught him up in his arms, and hugged him just as he is hugging him now."

"And the beard, Dora?"

"Why, that seemed to take the child's fancy, he put up his little hands and stroked it; and laughed in his grandfather's face, and flung his chubby arms round his neck, and held out his sweet mouth to be kissed; and how my uncle did kiss him! I thought he never would have done; and then he sat down on a wheat sheaf and cried; and I cried too! Very strange that one should cry for happiness!" added Dora, as some large drops fell on the wreath which she was adjusting round Walter's hat; "Very strange," repeated she, looking up, with a bright smile, and brushing away the tears from her rosy cheeks, with a bunch of corn-flower; "Very strange that I should cry when I am the happiest creature alive; for Mary and Walter are to live with us; and my dear uncle, instead of being angry with me, says that he loves me better than ever. How very strange it is," said Dora, as the tears poured down, faster and faster, "that I should be so foolish as to cry!"

## MORALITY.

*From the Youth's Friend.*

### PROCRASTINATION.

"Will not by and by do, mother?" I heard a little girl inquire one day: the daughter of the friend to whom I was paying a visit. "Will not *to-morrow* do as well? I do not like that kind of sewing at all, and I have got something else I would rather do to-day." "I am surprised to hear you talk thus, Martha," her mother replied, "you know those cravats are for your uncle, and I really thought you loved him enough to induce you to try to conquer your foolish habit of procrastination for his sake. But although he has been gone from home three weeks, and I have repeatedly reminded you of his request, you have not been ready to comply with it, because by and by—and some future time would do as well. However, I will allow you to do as you please now, only remember, that I expect your uncle home to-night, and if the work is not done I think he will be disappointed."

Martha had no father, but with her mother and sister lived with her uncle, who had been very kind to them, and of whom she was very fond. But she had been much indulged in all her whims and desires, and she liked to do every thing just at the time she pleased, and as she pleased. And very seldom doing any thing at the very moment she was requested, she had acquired a habit of putting off, and delaying the smallest duty as long as possible. At present she knew not what to do. She knew her uncle would expect to find the work done, and as he was so good to her, and she thought, intending to bring her a present too, it would be very un-

grateful not to do as he wished. But then he might not be at home to-night, and there would be plenty of time *to-morrow* after all, and she rather thought he would not come. Retired quite early that night, as I had been walking with the little girls a good deal and felt fatigued; and Martha was determined to get up early in the morning, that she might finish her work that day at least.

The sun was shining brightly when I awoke next morning, and when I went below I was surprised to find Mr. Warner in the parlor, having arrived late the preceding evening. Martha was sitting on a chair in the corner, and I thought she looked as if she wished she had taken her mother's advice. Nothing however was said till after we had breakfasted, and Mr. Warner had taken his morning walk. He then produced a small neat work-basket, and placing it on the table, said, "Martha, my dear, I want to see how neatly you have sewed those cravats for me since I have been away." Martha could not speak; and her mother replied, "that Martha had been putting them off every day, but that she had certainly intended doing them to-day." Her uncle looked grieved, and taking the basket in his hand, said, "this must remain in your mother's room for her use until you can better understand, Martha, the meaning of the words I have so often repeated to you, 'defer not till to-morrow, what you may do to-day.' You must try to understand them. What does the word of God teach us, 'Boast not of to-morrow,' 'work while it is called to-day; for there is no device nor knowledge in the grave whither thou art hastening.'"

## LEARNING.

*For the Youth's Companion.*

### ADVICE TO CHILDREN ATTENDING SCHOOL.

Among the young readers of this paper there are probably many, who have not yet finished their course of early education, and who are now attending the schools of the winter. To such I have thought that some advice might be acceptable and useful. It will certainly be acceptable to those who are desirous of improvement, and it may be highly useful to all who strive not only to store their minds with learning, but to amend their characters, and make themselves amiable in the sight of men, and pious towards God.

In the first place then, *the good scholar will be punctual*. If it is worth while to go to school at all, it is well to go early. By this I do not mean that you should waste half an hour, or an hour of every morning by going to the school-room, and loitering or playing about it long before the school hour has arrived; but I do mean that you should never be late. No, not 15 minutes, nor 10 minutes, nor 5 minutes too late. Let it be your ambition to be in your seats, with your books before you, at the moment of opening school. You cannot imagine how much more you will learn by pursuing this course, than by coming in, as too many do, especially in the country, a quarter, a half, or a whole hour too late.—To ascertain this point, let us apply a little of the arithmetic, which you have been learning. Suppose you were to arrive at the school room a quarter of an hour after the time every half day.—This would be half an hour a day; if we reckon five days a week it will amount in one week to 5 half hours, or 2 hours and a half.

In one month it will amount to 4 times as much, or 10 hours. In a quarter to 3 times this last sum or 30 hours.—Now here, is a loss of at least 5 days' schooling, or about a week in one quarter—or 20 days in a year, by the trifling, or *loitering* away of 15 minutes only each half day! And what good scholar is there, who would be willing to throw away 20 days tuition? You say you could not have imagined that it would come to so much; true, you never thought of it, you never calculated it, you never reckoned it, by the aid of your knowledge of arithmetic; and this is the reason why you have lost hours, and days, and weeks, and months, in idleness. Let it be so no longer, I beg you, but resolve from this day to be always punctual.

The good scholar will not need to be urged by reasons and motives to his duty. If he did, I should tell him that his parents were anxious for his improvement & good habits, that his instructors are anxious for these things; that he should strive to please them, and above all he owes it as a sacred duty to God to employ every hour of his time well, and to lose none of it in unnecessary loitering & tardiness. For remember, my young reader, that a strict account will be required of you of the manner in which your time has been spent: and that God regardeth that which is past. To those good boys and girls who follow this advice, I shall next week have something more to say. J\*\*\*\*.

## THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

*From the Christian Secretary.*

### "THOU GOD SEEST ME."

My dear children, perhaps *all* of you do not *always* remember this beautiful text; if so, I will relate to you a very affecting little anecdote, which perhaps some of you never heard, and which may help you to remember the text.—There was once in England, a *little boy*, whose parents were in very indigent circumstances, and not only so, but were also very wicked; they cared very little, and perhaps knew less about that Glorious Being, who made them and took care of them, and consequently their little son was not blessed with those religious instructions, which you, my dear children, are; yet he was naturally possessed of a mild, amiable disposition: and his lovely deportment procured him many good friends, among which were some pious Sabbath School Teachers. These friends placed him very kindly at a Sabbath School, hoping that he would learn those things which would be useful to him in life, and secure to him the favor and love of Jesus in a coming world; nor in this were they disappointed. This little boy was surrounded with many very vicious and wicked children, and I am sorry to say that sometimes some of his little school fellows, would wish to entice him from school for a day, or a half day, to mingle with them in wickedness; for you know, my dear children, that they could not be about any good, if they were absent from the Sabbath School without a cause. This little boy would not mingle with them in their wicked sports, and one day being very strongly importuned to absent himself from school, to pilfer a neighbour's fruit orchard, he refused; after which, when he reflected on the conduct of those wicked boys, he became very sorrowful; this the teacher observed when he came in, and asked him the cause, when one of the other boys in the class possessing more confidence than this little boy, related to him the circumstances of his being tempted to leave the school that morning, to mingle with wicked boys—when his teacher asked him, "why he did not go?" He raised his expressive blue eyes, swimming in tears, to heaven, and exclaimed, "*I know that 'thou God seest me.'*" Then turning to his teacher, said, "Whenever I am but half inclined to sin, this beautiful text which I learned at the Sabbath School, is in my thoughts; and how can I do that which God forbids, knowing at the same time that He sees me? This text has kept me from sin many a time, and I take more pleasure in thinking upon it, I know, than I could in sin."

As he grew up, the fear of the Lord was evidently before his eyes; for the spirit of the Lord had "sanctified him through the truth," and enabled him not only to realize that God always saw him, but that he could not look on him, a vile polluted sinner, with approbation, only through Jesus Christ the Redeemer. He therefore received Jesus Christ as his righteousness and strength, and his salvation. The Lord loved him, and blessed and prospered him. He at length became a minister of the Gospel. He loved the Lord, and the souls of his fellow sinners so well, he left his home, his friends, and his all on earth, to embark for a foreign clime; and there to preach what the Bible tells you is "glad tidings of great joy" to a wicked superstitious, beathen people, who were sitting in



the region and shadow of death; who were not blessed with Sabbath Schools, Bibles, &c. as you are. He there preached many years, and was made the instrument of much good to the souls and the bodies of men; till at length his Heavenly Father was pleased to try him with a long and distressing fever. After some time, He sent His angels to carry him to Abraham's bosom, join the ransomed throng, and inhabit those mansions of bliss, which are prepared for all those who love the Lord, and keep his commandments.

And my dear children, many a pious mother in England will now collect her little ones around her, when the sun is fast sinking in the western horizon, and relate to them the beautiful story of this good little boy.—I hope you will all follow his example, and remember as he did, when you are enticed, and half inclined to sin, that "*Thou God seest me.*" *A Friend of S. School Children.*

### THE NURSERY.

*From the Child's Magazine.*

#### THE LITTLE BOY WHO WAS SAVED FROM BEING DROWNED.

Many years after the death of Joseph, a very wicked king reigned over Egypt, who dreadfully oppressed the children of Israel. He was so cruel as to give orders that all the little boys who belonged to the Israelites should be drowned as soon as they were born. Oh how wicked is the human heart!

There was a beautiful little boy, named Moses, who was hid by his mother three months, but then she could hide him no longer, and she was in great distress to think that her dear little boy must be drowned. In her trouble she prayed unto God. We should always pray to him, especially in trouble; for he can support us, and bring us out of it.

God heard her prayer. He does hear the prayer that proceeds from the heart; and he put it into her mind how to save her babe.

She gathered some large bulrushes which grew on the banks of the river, and plaited them together so as to make a little boat of them. And then, to keep out the water, she covered it all over with slime and pitch. Then she laid it among the flags on the brink of the river, and wrapped up her little boy, and put him in this boat. When she had done so, she lifted up her heart and eyes to the Lord, & prayed that he would take care of her dear babe. She bade his sister stand a little way off, and watch, that no harm might come to him.

And God did take care of him. The water did not carry the little boat away, and the monsters of the river were not suffered to do him harm. God is very good; he watches over angels, and does not forget even little sparrows.

Whilst the sister of the little boy was looking after him, the daughter of king Pharaoh, with her maidens, came down to the river; and when she saw the boat, wondering what it was, she sent one of her servants to fetch it.

When she looked into the boat or ark she saw the babe, and was struck with its beauty. The sister of the little boy now came up to Pharaoh's daughter, and said, "Shall I call thee a woman, to nurse the child for thee?"

She bade her do so; and she went and called his mother. And Pharaoh's daughter bade her bring up the child for her, and she would pay her for doing so. And she called his name Moses, which signifies, *saved from the water*, and adopted him for her son.

But when Moses grew up, he refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter; and chose rather to have a lot among the poor, oppressed people of God, that he might do them good. And why? Because the eyes of his mind were opened to see the great God ever present to help him and make him happy.

His mother had no doubt taught him that the favor of God is better than all worldly riches and honors. If God smiles, it matters not who frowns. He had learned too from her lips that there is a better world, and a crown of glory, for all who love

and serve God, infinitely brighter than the brightest crown which has been worn by any earthly monarch.

The history of this little babe, who was saved among the bulrushes, proves that the great and good God is ever willing to bless and to save those who put their trust in him.

### BENEVOLENCE.

#### THE LITTLE GIRL AND THE TRACTS.

The following is from the Report of the Southwark (Eng.) Juvenile Auxiliary Religious Tract Society.

"In the spring of the last year, a girl about twelve years of age, who is a scholar in one of the Sabbath schools connected with the Southwark Sabbath school society, was sick; her father being a sea-faring man, resolved to take her with him to Dunkirk where an English family lived with whom he was acquainted. The Sabbath before she went, on taking leave of her teacher, she asked for some tracts to take with her, as she said she hoped they might be useful. Her teacher was pleased and gave her a bundle of tracts. She was the only female on board the vessel; the sailors and the passengers were sinful people who swore very much. The vessel sailed very slowly, and at one time they were becalmed for many hours; this led some of the men to utter so many oaths that the girl who had been taught the sinfulness of swearing, was greatly shocked. Lying in her cabin very ill, she thought of her tracts, and mustered strength enough to crawl to her box, and taking out "*The Swearer's Prayer*," she put it into the hands of the young man who had been the worst, and asked him if he would like to read that little book.—He said he should be glad to read any thing to pass away the time; he read it aloud; all the men seemed very attentive, and when he stopped no one spoke. This encouraged the little girl to go to her box a second time. She then brought out "*The History of Naaman*." This was read by the same young man, and listened to with the same attention; so much so that not a word was spoken for several minutes. Some time after one of them swore; the young man who had been reading said to him, "How can you swear after hearing what has just been read! I have determined never to swear again as long as I live." "So have I," said another; and the whole company made a solemn vow that they would not swear any more. And they kept their word, at least to the end of the voyage, as no more profane language was heard during the rest of the passage. When they landed at Dunkirk, and were going to part, the young man begged the little girl would oblige him by giving him the two tracts he had read, that he might carry them with him. This she did gladly, and they then parted, probably never to meet again in this world. The other tracts she took with her, and read them to the family in whose care her father left her, and who were very glad to hear them, and while she stayed, often asked her to read them over again. After staying about a month, she returned to England in another vessel, leaving behind her at the particular request of the family all her tracts. She got home about twelve o'clock on Saturday night, and the next afternoon was in her place in the Sabbath school, and told her teacher with great pleasure the history of her little bundle of tracts."

### OBITUARY.

#### A SABBATH SCHOLAR.

Eliza Phillips was admitted into the school about three years ago, and though twelve or thirteen years old, was scarcely able to read; her progress in learning was not very perceptible, but her eagerness to get acquainted with those things which pertain to eternal life, gained her the esteem of her teachers, who hoped that there was some good thing in her towards the Lord her God. She was seized with a consumption which terminated her mortal existence. During her affliction, no murmurs escaped her lips,

and if any one spoke of the pain of her body, she would say, "What is this when compared with what Jesus Christ suffered!" On one occasion her mother said to her, "My dear, you suffer a great deal." "Yes, mother," she replied, "but do not you know, 'whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth?'" She was very desirous that her teachers should visit her. At their first visit they had apprehensions that she was trusting to her own performances for acceptance with God, & pointed out to her the necessity of entire dependence on Christ for salvation. When conversing on death, she said she would not be afraid to die, if she were sure of going to heaven.

Among many books which were read to her, was a Tract entitled, "*Sin no Trifle*," and a passage in it from James, "He that offendeth in one point is guilty of all," was fastened on her mind. "O, mother!" she exclaimed, "if that is true I am lost: how many sins have I committed!" Her mother endeavored to explain the meaning of the passage, yet she could not be satisfied, and longed for her teachers to come. As soon as she saw them, she wished her mother to show her what had so much distressed her mind. Her teachers spoke of the depravity of man, the atonement, ability, and willingness of Christ; and pointed to him as the only refuge from the wrath to come.

When her teachers departed, she wished to be left alone, which was complied with. On her mother's returning, she asked her what she had been doing. She replied, "I have been praying to God, and now I am not afraid to die."

Seeing her mother weeping, she smilingly said, "Ah! mother, if you were to shed a thousand tears, you would not draw one from me; I am too happy to weep."

She was asked by a teacher if she had gained any good by attending the school? "O yes," she replied, "all I know I learnt there."

The last time her teachers saw her, she told them she was trusting alone to the Saviour; that he would be with her, and take her to himself. On the morning of the first of February, she repeated a hymn, and offered up a prayer; after which she said something, but only the word Jesus could be heard. She then fell asleep in him without a struggle or a groan.

[N. Y. Child's Magazine.]

### EDITORIAL.

#### PROVERBS OF SOLOMON, ARRANGED.

[Continued.]

*Benevolence, Alms-giving, or Kindness.*—Honour the Lord with thy substance, and with the first fruits of all thine increase: So shall thy barns be filled with plenty, and thy presses shall burst out with new wine. Withhold not good from them to whom it is due, when it is in the power of thine hand to do it. Say not unto thy neighbor, Go and come again, and to-morrow I will give, when thou hast it by thee. Devise not evil against thy neighbor, seeing he dwelleth securely by thee. The merciful man doeth good to his own soul: but he that is cruel troubleth his own flesh. There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty. The liberal soul shall be made fat: and he that withholdeth corn, the people shall curse him: but blessing shall be upon the head of him that selleth it. There is that maketh himself rich, yet hath nothing; there is that maketh himself poor, yet hath great riches. He that despiseth his neighbor sinneth: but he that hath mercy on the poor, happy is he. He that oppresseth the poor reproacheth his Maker: but he that honoreth him hath mercy on the poor. Whoso mocketh the poor reproacheth his Maker; and he that is glad at calamities shall not be unpunished. Whoso rewardeth evil for good, evil shall not depart from his house. He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord; and that which he hath given will he pay him again. Mercy and truth uphold the king, and his throne is uphelden by mercy. Whoso stoppeth his ears at the cry of the poor, he also shall cry himself, but shall not be heard. He that followeth



after righteousness and mercy, findeth life, righteousness, and honors. He that hath a bountiful eye shall be blessed; for he giveth his bread to the poor. If thou furbear to deliver them that are drawn unto death, and those that are ready to be slain; If thou sayest, Behold, we knew it not; doth not he that pondereth the heart consider it? and he that keepeth thy soul, doth not he know it? and shall not he render to every man according to his works? He that giveth unto the poor shall not lack: but he that hideth his eyes shall have many a curse. The righteous considereth the cause of the poor; but the wicked regardeth not to know it.

*Desire of Knowledge, and Way to obtain it.*—A wise man will hear, and will increase learning; and a man of understanding shall attain unto wise counsels. The fear of the Lord is the beginning of knowledge: but fools despise wisdom and instruction. My son, if thou wilt receive my words, and hide my commandments with thee: So that thou incline thine ear unto wisdom, and apply thine heart unto understanding; Yea, if thou criest after knowledge, and liftest up thy voice for understanding; If thou seekest her as silver, and searchest for her as for hid treasures; Then shalt thou understand the fear of the Lord, and find the knowledge of God: For the Lord giveth wisdom: out of his mouth cometh knowledge and understanding: My son, forget not my law: but let thy heart keep my commandments; For length of days, and long life, and peace, shall they add to thee. Let not mercy and truth forsake thee; bind them about thy neck; write them upon the table of thy heart; So shalt thou find favor and good understanding in the sight of God and man. Hear, ye children, the instruction of a father, and attend to know understanding. For I give you good doctrine, forsake you not my law. Get wisdom, get understanding; forget it not; neither decline from the words of my mouth. Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom: and with all thy gettings get understanding. My son, attend unto my wisdom, and bow thine ear to my understanding; that thou mayest regard discretion, and that thy lips may keep knowledge. My son, keep my words, and lay up my commandments with thee. Keep my commandments, and live; and my law as the apple of thine eye. Bind them upon thy fingers, write them upon the table of thy heart. Say unto wisdom, Thou art my sister; and call understanding thy kinswoman: I love them that love me; and those that seek me early shall find me. Give instruction to a wise man, and he will be yet wiser; teach a just man, and he will increase in learning. The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom; and the knowledge of the holy is understanding. Wise men lay up knowledge; but the mouth of the foolish is near destruction. He is in the way of life that keepeth instruction. Whoso loveth instruction loveth knowledge. A scorner seeketh wisdom, and findeth it not; but knowledge is easy unto him that understandeth.

*Conceit unfriendly to Knowledge.*—Be not wise in thine own eyes; fear the Lord, and depart from evil. In the lips of him that hath understanding wisdom is found: but a rod is for the back of him that is void of understanding. The mouth of the just bringeth forth wisdom: but the froward tongue shall be cut out. The lips of the righteous know what is acceptable; but the mouth of the wicked speaketh frowardness. They that are of a froward heart are an abomination to the Lord: but such as are upright in their way are his delight. The way of a fool is right in his own eyes; but he that hearkeneth unto counsel is wise. A reproof entereth more into a wise man than a hundred stripes into a fool. Every way of a man is right in his own eyes; but the Lord pondereth the heart. It is not good to eat much honey; so for men to search their own glory is not glory. Seest thou a man wise in his own conceit? there is more hope of a fool than of him.

*Industry and Illness.*—Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise; which having no guide, overseer or ruler, provideth her meat in the summer, and gathereth her food in the

harvest. How long wilt thou sleep, O sluggard? when wilt thou arise out of thy sleep? Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep; So shall thy poverty come as one that travelleth, and thy want as an armed man. He becometh poor that dealeth with a slack hand; but the hand of the diligent maketh rich. He that gathereth in summer is a wise son; but he that sleepeth in harvest is a son that causeth shame. As vinegar to the teeth, and as smoke to the eyes, so is the sluggard to them that send him. He that tilleth his land shall be satisfied with bread: but he that followeth vain persons is void of understanding. The hand of the diligent shall bear rule; but the slothful shall be under tribute. The slothful man roasteth not that which he took in hunting: but the substance of a diligent man is precious. The soul of the sluggard desireth, and hath nothing; but the soul of the diligent shall be made fat. In all labor there is profit: but the talk of the lips tendeth only to penury. The way of the slothful man is as a hedge of thorns; but the way of the righteous is made plain. He also that is slothful in his work is brother to him that is a great waster. Slothfulness casteth into a deep sleep; and an idle soul shall suffer hunger. A slothful man hideth his hand in his bosom, and will not so much as bring it to his mouth again. The sluggard will not plough by reason of the cold; therefore shall he beg in harvest, and have nothing. Love not sleep, lest thou come to poverty; open thine eyes, and thou shalt be satisfied with bread. The desire of the slothful killeth him; for his hands refuse to labour. The slothful man saith, There is a lion without. I shall be slain in the streets. Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men. I went by the field of the slothful, and by the vineyard of the man void of understanding; and lo, it was all grown over with thorns, and nettles had covered the face thereof, and the stone wall thereof was broken down. Then I saw, and considered it well; I looked upon it, and received instruction. Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep: So shall thy poverty come as one that travellet; and thy want as an armed man.

As the door turneth upon its hinges, so doth the slothful upon his bed. The sluggard is wiser in his own conceit than seven men that can render a reason. He that tilleth his land shall have plenty of bread: but he that followeth after vain persons shall have poverty enough.

#### MISCELLANY.

*BITTER SWEET—A certain cure for drinking Spirituous liquors.*—Take two ounces of the flour of consideration. Dissolve it in one pint of the spirit of self-denial; then add one quart of the juice of resolution to it. Shake it well together—then put it into the golden bowl, (memory,) if the golden bowl be not broken—then sweeten it with the sugar of high reputation. A dram of these bitters may be taken as often as the appetite craves strong drink. A larger portion of juice may be added if necessary; and if one bowl fall should not perfect a cure, it must be filled up again with the same kind. The longer one takes these bitters, the less bitter will they taste.—They have been found by most who have used them, very beneficial to the conscience as well as the body.

*"Am I to blame, mother?"* said a young lad, the other day. The lad had joined a Temperance Society. His father and mother (probably temperate drinkers) appeared to be displeased with him. The mother openly chided. After a long silence the boy broke forth: "Am I to blame, mother? Sister Mary has married a drunken husband, who abuses her every day. Sister Susan's husband was intemperate, and has gone off, and left her, and you are obliged to take her home, and take care of her children. Brother James comes home drunk almost every night. And because I have joined the cold water company, and you are likely to have one so-

ber person in the family, you are scolding at me! Am I to blame?" *Philanthropist.*

A French writer remarks, that "the modest deportment of those who are truly wise, when contrasted with the assuming air of the young and ignorant, may be compared to the different appearance of wheat, which, while its ear is empty, holds up its head proudly, but as soon as it is filled with grain, bends modestly down, and withdraws from observation."

*Pride.*—If a proud man makes me keep my distance, the comfort is,—he keeps his distance at the same time.

#### POETRY.

We extract the following little poem from the *London Juvenile Souvenir*, as one, powerful in its simplicity, to interest the hearts of both parents and children:—

#### THE VULTURE OF THE ALPS—A FACT.

I've been among the mighty Alps, and wander'd through their vales,  
And heard the honest mountaineers relate their dismal tales,  
As round the cottage blazing hearth, when their daily work was o'er,  
They spake of those who disappear'd, and ne'er were heard of more.

For some had gone with daring foot the craggy peaks to gain,  
Until they seem'd like lazy specks to gazers on the plain;  
But in a fathomless abyss an icy grave they found,  
Or were crush'd beneath the avalanche, that starts at human sound.

And there I from a shepherd heard a narrative of fear,—  
A tale to rend a mortal heart, which mothers might not hear;  
The tears were standing in his eyes, his voice was tremulous,  
But wiping all those tears away, he told his story thus:

"It is among these barren cliffs, the ravenous vulture dwells,  
Who never fattens on the prey which from afar he smells;  
But patient, watching hour on hour upon a lofty rock,  
He singles out some truant lamb, a victim, from the flock.

"One cloudless Sabbath summer morn, the sun was rising high,  
When from my children on the green, I heard a fearful cry,  
As if some awful deed was done, a shriek of grief and pain,—  
A cry, I humbly trust in God I ne'er may hear again!

"I hurried out to learn the cause, but overhelm'd with fright,  
The children never ceased to shriek, and from my frenzied sight  
I miss'd the youngest of my babes, the darling of my care,  
But something caught my searching eyes, slow sailing through the air.

"O, what an awful spectacle to meet a father's eye,  
His infant made a vulture's prey, with terror to destroy!  
And know with agonizing breast, and with a maniac rave,  
That earthly power could not avail, that innocent to save!

"My infant stretch'd his little hands imploringly to me,  
And struggled with the ravenous bird, all vainly, to get free;  
At intervals I heard his cries, a shriek and stifled scream!  
Until upon the azure sky a lessening spot they seem.

"The vulture flapp'd his sail-like wings, though heavily he flew,  
A note upon the sun's broad face he seem'd to unto my view;  
But once I thought I saw him stoop, as if he would alight,—  
'Twas only a delusive thought, for all had vanish'd quite.

"All search was vain, and years had pass'd; that child was ne'er forgot,  
When once a daring hunter climb'd unto a lofty spot,  
From whence upon a rugged crag the climber never rene'd,  
He saw an infant's fleshless bones the elements had bleach'd.

"I clamber'd up that rugged cliff—I could not stay away,  
I knew they were my infant's bones thus hastening to decay,—  
A tatter'd garment yet remain'd, though torn to many a shred,  
The crimson cap he wore that morn was still upon his head.

"That dreary spot is pointed out to travellers passing by,  
Who often stand, and nursing gaze, nor go without a sigh."  
And as I journey'd the next morn along the sunny way,  
The precipice was shown to me, whereon the infant lay.

#### A HYMN,

*On a suitable behaviour in the worship of God.*

In God's own house for me to play,  
While Christians meet to hear and pray,  
Is to profane his holy place,  
And tempt the Almighty to his face.

When angels bow before the Lord,  
And devils tremble at his word;  
Shall I, a sinful mortal, dare,  
To mock, and sport, and trifle there?

His wrath may strike my guilty head,  
His fire from heaven may lay me dead;  
And send my careless soul to dwell  
Amidst the gloomy flames of hell.

When death, the king of fears, shall come,  
To call me to my latest home;  
The thoughts of such a shameful part  
With bitter pain may pierce my heart.

Great God, compassionate and mild,  
Forgive the follies of a child;  
Teach me to pray, and mind thy word,  
That I may learn to serve the Lord.



# YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Published Weekly, by WILLIS & RAND, at the Office of the Boston Recorder, No. 127, Washington-Street... Price One Dollar a year in advance, or \$1, 50, if not paid in advance.

No. 41.

BOSTON, MARCH 3, 1830.

VOL. III.

## NARRATIVE.

From the Columbian Star.

### MATERNAL INFLUENCE.

THAT GENTLEST OF ALL LIVING THINGS,—A MOTHER.

No sight can be more tender than that of a pious mother, fastening the look of anxious affection upon the mild and beautiful form of her infant offspring, as it lies upon her knees in balmy slumbers. What are the thoughts that seem to struggle for utterance in that breast warmed by instinctive passion? What are the bodings mingled with prayers which vibrate on her placid frame? What anticipation transports, what dread chills, what glory brightens, what gloom obscures, the confused visions of her mind? She seems to address the helpless loving, and to say, "My sweet little stranger, to what end art thou cast upon the trials and perturbations of a treacherous world? Art thou born to happiness or misery, to honor or infamy, to enjoy the sweets of friendship or the cruelties of malice, to taste the delights of fruition, or to grasp the thorn of disappointment? Will virtue preside over thy ways, and wisdom direct thy steps, and joy fill thy cup; or wilt thou be abandoned to those passions which shall tear thee like the vultures, and consume the last particle of thy happiness? Peradventure the assassin's dagger awaits my boy, or the fathomless depth contains his tomb, or pestilence comes with insidious steps to meet thee, or dismal perjury is preparing for thee its ill-advising suggestions? Will it be thy unhappy lot to forget God thy Maker, to rush reckless and inconsiderate into the way of transgression, and thus to ruin thy precious soul; or wilt thou be persuaded to repent and turn to God with all thy heart, and thus secure the prize of immortal joy? *What manner of child wilt thou be?*"

She can imagine but one relief for these portentous apprehensions; and that is found in the guard with which religion fortifies the abode of youth, in the shield which virtue places upon the unsuspecting form of juvenile infirmity. This defence is more than valiant bands, more than the treasures of opulence, and stands instead of parental care, of friendship's sweets, and fortune's smile. Her first wish, therefore, is to imbue the tender heart with wisdom's restraining virtue, and to turn upon these powers which contain the rudiments of future manhood, the salutary beam of the Sun of Righteousness.

Examples of maternal success in alluring to virtuous determinations the unformed principles of sons and daughters, stand forth in the brilliant records of goodness and piety. How much the cause of truth, of humanity, and of all that conduces to the dignity and happiness of man may be indebted to this instrumentality, is not to be known now; but that great revealer of secrets, the *Last Day*, will do justice to this important subject, and will exhibit its astonishing connexion with the whole history of man.

I feel persuaded, Mr. Editor, that you will have no objection to record one instance more which has come under my knowledge, of the happy results of a mother's influence in drawing from the snares of vice, and in directing to the *path of life*, a son whose untoward nature afforded but little promise of success.—The youth to whom I allude inherited from nature a large portion of those passions which seek an early mastery over all those in whom they abide as inherent qualities; and which are not apt to yield to the feeble restraints of discipline. He was indeed at no time so far abandoned to obduracy as to lose all sense of respect for God and his parents. But a heart deceitful above all things and desperately wicked, hurried him on into scenes and excesses,

which were well designed effectually to obliterate from his mind every impression of that pious counsel in which he had been nurtured. When sufficiently advanced in life to enter into scenes of dissipation, his greatest pleasure lay in the company of those who paid no respect whatever to the institutions of religion. Among them he heard the name of God profaned, saw the Sabbath turned into a season of unhallowed amusement and recreation, and became familiarized to various habits of an ungodly life. On one occasion when he had prepared himself for the brainless enjoyment of a horse race, and was issuing forth flushed with the expectation of the pleasure that he was about to realize among his jovial companions, and their flowing bowls, he was met by the then unwelcome form of a grieved, anxious Mother. The tear which was beginning to roll down her pensive cheek told him plainly enough the meaning of that unexpected interview, and imparted an awe to her presence which damped his headlong ardor. She improved the moment to warn the impetuous youth. The enticements of sinners were portrayed, the easy descent to the gulf smoking with the ruin of human wretches was pointed out, and the voice of parental authority faltering with grief, demanded the prompt relinquishment of his mad design. He remained for a time motionless and disconcerted. But after recovering a little from his embarrassment, in order to mitigate the affectionate solicitude which throbbed with rapid pulsations through a parent's aching heart, he promised her that this should be the last time he would ever urge his way to such a scene. The promise, however, was forgotten almost as soon as made, and the tumult of pleasure speedily drowned the voice of maternal exhortation.

That mother, who thus saw herself in a manner deserted by a profligate child, who perceived that her kindest entreaties passed like the transient gale over the heart of the fickle youth, still did not intermit her prudent efforts to arrest and restrain his infatuation. After he had violated a solemn promise, and had shown no symptoms of compunction or regret, she might have concluded it a hopeless experiment to use any further endeavors to control or persuade him. But though often disappointed, she did not cease to interpose, betwixt all the intervals of his sober reflexion, reproofs mingled with tears and kindness.

After the lapse of a little time this young man was required, in the prosecution of business, to take leave of the parental roof, and to make his abode among strangers. Even then he continued a course of thoughtless living, and seemed to harden himself in the wilful rejection of every serious thought. On one evening after a scene of mirthful levity, the thought of a distant mother stole upon his mind, and found a moment's indulgence. It rolled gently and softly upon his spirit, like a remote sound which the din of the day had drowned, but which the silence of the night permitted to reach his thoughtless sense.—With the idea of a grieved, neglected parent, was associated the remembrance of her tears, her importunate admonitions, her persevering diligence in casting obstacles in his way to destruction, and also his own repeated promises. The impression was deep and salutary. He was agitated during the night by awful apprehensions of an impending ruin, and the still more dreadful fear that he had now to deal with that God whom his crimes and ingratitude had rendered inexorable for ever. The resolution, however, was deeply fixed and imprinted on his mind, that he would break off his sins, and pursue a life of rectitude and sobriety. It pleased God at the same time to make his heart soft, and to incline him to the ways of righteousness. The pious counsels of his mother came fresh to his recollec-

tion. His soul was melted into deep contrition and he soon conveyed to the delighted ear of that affectionate parent, who had been so long afflicted by his hurtful levities and sin, the pleasing intelligence of his repentance towards God, and faith in the Lord Jesus. A. B.

## MORALITY.

From the Child's Magazine.

### EDWARD THE WOOD CHOPPER.

A few years since there lived in M—— a little boy whom we will call Edward. His parents were very poor, and his father was gone many miles from home. Edward's mother was a very worthy and industrious woman, and worked very hard for her neighbours, to provide food and clothing for herself and children. But during the winter she could get but little employment. One cold winter's day afternoon Edward's mother said to him, "I don't know what we shall do; the meal is almost gone, and I have no money, nor work to do to earn money, to buy more with." As she said these words her countenance showed that she felt great anxiety. Edward sincerely loved his mother, and felt very sorry to see her in trouble. He thought a moment and immediately replied to her, "I'll go right down to the H——, and I sha'n't come back till I get some work to do, so that I can buy some meal." Edward had no great coat, but he tied a handkerchief over his ears, and putting on his hat and mittens, he started for the H——, to see if any one would hire him to chop wood.

When he came to the H—— he began to inquire of the owners of wood whether they would hire him to cut it? Some were very cross, and abruptly answered, No: others told him he was "too small to chop wood." Indeed he was a little bashful boy, only twelve years old: and besides, he was quite lame in his feet, as he had frozen them. He was almost discouraged, but continued seeking work until it was almost dark, when a gentleman employed him, and he was to begin the next morning. Edward went home, feeling very glad that he should get money to buy some more meal.

After Edward ate his breakfast on the next morning, he took up his little old axe on his shoulder, and started off for the H—— with a light heart. At noon the gentleman who hired him gave him a good warm dinner. He worked hard that day and the next. The second day at night he asked his employer to be "so kind as to pay him for what he had done, that he might buy some meal to carry home to his mother." Mr. D. was Edward's uncle, a rich man; but he was not more charitable to the poor than he ought to be, so he paid Edward a half dollar, and told him he must work a half a day more, and that he could not hire him after that, as he was "too small to cut wood."

Edward bought the half of a bushel of meal with his half dollar, and taking it on his shoulder, lame as he was, he carried it home two miles after it was dark. His mother was very thankful for the meal, and glad she had such a son.

The next man who hired him was a stingy hatter—a very ill natured man. He did not ask Edward to eat dinner; so he had only a little cold bread and butter which he carried in his pocket. With the money the hatter paid him, he bought some butter and carried it to his mother.

A clever shoe-maker next hired Edward, and agreed to give him twenty-five smoked herrings for a day's work; besides he always took Edward to his house and gave him a good dinner. Edward still loves the shoe-maker—he was a very clever man.

Now it was very hard for this little boy, lame as



he was, to walk two miles, and chop wood all day, sometimes without any dinner, and then walk home again at night, but he did it very cheerfully, to help his mother, and to get bread for the children. But soon after this his mother had work sent her, and she earned money enough to buy food for the whole family.

But what has become of Edward? Edward has since grown up to be a man. He has for several years been a professor of religion: he loves his parents still, and when I saw him in Albany he was

A MINISTER.

## THE NURSERY.

*From the Child's Magazine.*

### THE LITTLE GIRL WHO WAS RAISED FROM THE DEAD. (See Luke viii, 41.)

The Apostle Peter said that Jesus Christ "went about doing good," Acts x, 38; and in this it is our duty to imitate him. He was always ready, when an opportunity offered, to do good to the body as well as to the soul; to heal all manner of diseases, and to pardon all kinds of sinners, who with penitence and contrite hearts believed on him. It is true we are not called to do as he did, when he walked on the sea, fed five thousand persons with a few loaves and fishes, healed diseases, cast out devils, and raised the dead, by a word or a touch: these were miracles, and done to prove that he was indeed the Son of God, God manifest in the flesh; but we are to follow his example, and imitate him, by instructing the ignorant, reproving those who commit sin, giving alms to the poor, visiting the sick, and praying for the salvation of all men.

But it is time that I should tell you about this little girl. Her father's name was Jairus; he was the ruler of a synagogue, or Jewish place of worship, and looked upon as a great man among the people. She was his only daughter, about twelve years old, and no doubt he loved her tenderly. Her sickness was a very heavy affliction to him; for, if he lost her, he would then be childless. It is a hard thing for parents to put their dear children into a coffin, and lay them in the cold earth: but where there are many children in a family it may be a comfort if one die, that more are left; but Jairus in losing his one lovely girl would have lost his all.

He had heard of man's best friend, the Lord Jesus; to him therefore he comes, and, falling down at his feet, worships him. Great and small are alike dependent on God, and when we have any thing to ask for, we should put ourselves in a reverent posture. Nothing can be more indecent than to see persons in a place of worship sitting at their ease; when they should stand reverently, while praying to their Father who is in heaven.

Jairus had a request to make: it was one that lay near his heart; and, having put himself in the most reverent posture, he besought him greatly, saying, "My little daughter lieth at the point of death; I pray thee come and lay thy hands on her, that she may be healed; and she shall live."—Children may grow ill, and die, as well as grown up people;—and should seek the favor of God without delay, that they may be happy for ever. When a man knows that he must quit the house in which he now lives, he will, if he be not foolish indeed, look out for another.

Jesus pitied poor Jairus; and he still pities the afflicted and miserable: though men may not have a friend on earth, they may, if they seek for it, have one in heaven, who will never forsake them.

Whilst Jesus and the ruler were on their way to the house, some persons came to bring them the doleful news that the little girl was dead; and addressing themselves to Jairus, said, "Thy daughter is dead; trouble not the Master." The case now appeared hopeless; but Jesus, knowing what he was going to do, said, "Fear not: believe only, and she shall be made whole."

On his reaching the house, he found it a scene of distress; the little girl was laid out in death, and the company were weeping and wailing on every side; it is probable that, as was customary on such

occasions, there were also flute players, who filled the house with plaintive sounds.

Sorrow, however, will not long abide when Jesus appears. His first words were a reproof: "Why make ye this ado, and weep? the damsel is not dead, but sleepeth;" that is, she is not finally dead, but has only fallen into a short sleep, from which I soon shall awake her. Death is often called sleep in Scripture. This speech was not understood by those present, who immediately began to laugh him to scorn, knowing that she had really expired.—Unhappy creatures; but how many ignorantly mock at the word of Jesus, and deny his power to save!

Having put them all out, except the father and mother, and his three disciples who had accompanied him; he took hold of the hand of the deceased child, saying, "Damsel, I say unto thee, arise." In obedience to his Almighty word, the soul came back again into the body, and she, restored to health as well as life, rose up and walked. Our Lord ordered something to be given her to eat; for Jesus would not work a miracle to do what could be done by suitable nourishment. The house of Jairus was now filled with joy, and the people wondered at this extraordinary miracle.

Can we, after reading this, help saying, "Certainly this man was the Son of God, and Saviour of the world?" But after all, this little girl could not have lived many years. All must die; nor need we fear death, for if we believe on Jesus who is the resurrection and the life, when we die we shall sleep in him, and at the last day we shall rise again to eternal happiness.

## LEARNING.

*For the Youth's Companion.*

### EMPLOYMENT OF TIME.

I last week gave to my young readers a few remarks on the importance of punctuality in attending school; and I then promised that, to those good children who endeavoured in the mean time to put my advice in practice, I should this week have something more to say.—A subject even more important than that of *punctuality* is, the proper employment of time. But as you may ask me what I mean, I will try to explain. I mean that you should let no day, no hour, no minute pass without learning or doing something useful or good. You have taken your seat at school in good season.—Well, when you are there, do not sit staring at the wall; do not lay your head down and go to sleep; do not waste your precious time in idle whispering, and talk with your nearest school fellows; for do you know, my dear child, that an hour once gone will never return to you! It is departed; it is fled; no human power can cause it to come back again. Well, then, if you know this, do not waste an hour or a minute.

A lesson is set you; put yourself down to it, and get it at once, and then ask your teacher what to do next. How pleased will he be! How he will rejoice at so much industry and zeal on your part! And do not proceed in this way merely for one day or two, but *every day*. Do you know how much it will please your parents, if you are so industrious? Do you know that they pray every day that you may not be an idle child? O if you have been idle, if you have lost time which can never be recalled, pray God to pardon your fault and set about amending it to day. For if you once get into an idle habit, you offend your Maker and Preserver, grieve your friends, vex your instructors, make yourself unhappy; and are beginning a course which, if pursued, will bring you to misery and want in this life, and take from you all hope of the favor of God, in the life to come.

If then you consult your duty, you will study constantly and earnestly; if you consult your *interest*, you will study. But from all this I would not have you infer that I allow of no diversion, no exercise, no amusement. Far from it. When you are dismissed, play then as you studied, with all your might, if you please. Exercise your body, as you

exercise your mind, freely and energetically. When I see a school-boy standing and yawning, while his lively companions are shouting, running & leaping, I conclude at once, that he is no scholar. His mind will be dull, his spirits will flag, he will have no desire to excel others, or to win his teacher's favor; he will know nothing. Play then if you like; but do not play in the school room. Remember that this is the place for close, earnest study; the place to gain good, industrious habits; the place to lay up a store of knowledge; the place to fit yourself for future life. To close my advice to you for this week, I will give you a question in arithmetic. If you spend one hour a day in idleness, how much will that be in a week? How many hours a month? How many for a quarter of three months? J\*\*\*.

## THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

*From the Christian Mirror.*

### LITTLE STEPHEN.

"I won't! no, I won't," said little Stephen, as he ran into the house after the dismissal of School, one Sabbath morning.

"Wont what, my child?" said his mother, "what is it that you will not do? I hope it is nothing that your teacher has bid you do."

"No, mother, 'tis nothing that he has bid me do, for I would not disobey him on any account;—but William, one of the scholars of our class, seldom gets his lesson, and to-day he's been persuading me not to get the one given out for the next Sabbath—but I would not hear to him. Does he think that I want to displease our teacher, when he is so kind and good to me? I will get my lesson, and I'll get it perfect too!"

"That is right, Stephen," said his mother, drawing him closer to herself, and smoothing his flaxen hair. "Obey your teacher and he will always love you. Whenever you are disobedient to any one, his feelings cannot but be hurt;—and I am heartily glad, my child, to see you so resolute, to do that which is right. But I trust that you are now sorry for your conduct the other week, when you did not commit to memory that evening prayer, which your teacher requested you to do."

"I am, mother; but I don't think I ever shall refuse again, however long and hard my lessons seem."

"But what did your teacher think, when I had your sister tell him, that *I would make you learn it*, if he would give you another prayer; as the one he first gave you was misplaced?"

"O, mother, mother! I didn't think so much about it then as I now do," said the tender hearted Stephen, while the pearly drops sparkled in his clear blue eyes.

"Recollect also, my dear boy, that you not only displease those to whom you are disobedient, but your Father above is angry. God loves a dutiful child, while he is angry with a disobedient one. It is very wicked in William not to get his lessons, and persuade you to do the same."

"But I never will mind him—I love my teacher, and I know he loves me, and he wouldn't want me to do any thing, but what's for my own good; but I do hope he has forgiven me."

"He has, I've no doubt; but you must be careful in future. But have you never disobeyed him before, nor since?"

"Yes, mother, yes! he tells me I must pray to God every day, for a new heart, that I may become a Christian; and often I have neglected it—but I mean to do so no more."

Just as Stephen spoke these words, the ringing of the second bell, proclaimed the hour of worship, and with rosy cheeks, and a light heart, with his hand in his mother's, Stephen joyfully walked to the house of God; and I trust that his attention there was manifested by a hearing ear, and a bosom glowing with love, from hearing God's word proclaimed by his true and faithful shepherd.

At the close of worship, Stephen quietly returned to his home, and his conversation with his mother in relation to the Sabbath School, is preserved for a future number.

S. D. O. C.



## BENEVOLENCE.

From the Children's Magazine.

## GREENLAND MISSION.

Many little boys and girls who could tell you a great deal about Greenland, and where it lies upon their map, do not know that there are Missionaries in that cold country. More than a hundred years ago Hans Egede, a Norwegian, that is, a native of Norway, after struggling with difficulties which would have discouraged many a one, visited this country, and began to teach the gospel to the natives. In this good work he spent his whole life, amidst the greatest hardships.

Children who have all the comforts that make sweet a home in a Christian land, and in a temperate climate, cannot think how much people suffer who leave all these and go away, as Hans Egede did, and very many others have done, to live amid the snows and frosts of Greenland.

Ninety-six years ago the Church of the United Brethren sent out three ministers to teach the people of this country those things which children learn at home and in Sunday School, out of the Bible—such as, Who made us, who redeemed us, who makes us holy, and where we go to when we die. Hans Egede, and a very few who had gone there to help him, from his own land, were then the only ministers in the whole country.

These three ministers of the United Brethren lived not far from the settlement of Mr. Egede; they called the name of their settlement New Hernhut. For six years they tried to teach the Greenlanders, and to get them to believe what they told them out of the Bible, without seeming to do them any good; but at the end of this time one was converted; that is, returned to be a true Christian. You may imagine that this was very cheering to the missionaries, for it was the reward, it was the wages they had so long expected for their labor. To see ourselves or others growing better by what we do in the fear of God, and by his help, is the best of all rewards, although I have often been fearful that many children are not satisfied unless they are paid in a different way.

At the end of thirteen years the number of those who had been converted, or turned to be good Christians, was fifty-three, and since that time six thousand at least, have been baptised. Great numbers have lived the lives of Christians, and died as all true Christians do, happy that they were going to a better world.

When you grow tired of your book, or of your school, remembering the hardships of the Missionaries, you will be ashamed to say, 'I am tired,' and as you grow older, do you too teach the gospel. It may be that you will never go to a foreign land; yet if, in the fear of God, you teach the ignorant, and try to make good Christians, in your own country, in your own Sunday School, in your own father's house, even you may be a little missionary. J.

## NATURAL HISTORY.

From the Child's Magazine.

## THE OSTRICH.

This is the tallest of all birds. When he holds up his head he can reach full eight feet in height. From the back to the ground he seldom measures more than four feet, the rest of his height being made up by the extreme length of his neck. The head is small, and, as well as the neck, is covered with hairs thinly set. The feathers of the body are black, and so soft as to resemble wool; those of the wings and tail are white, having here and there a bit of black. These are the long waving feathers that are worn on the heads of ladies, and the helmets of warriors. Its legs are covered with scales strong, jointed, and well adapted for speed in running. It has two large toes, each of which is nearly seven inches in length.

The ostrich wallows almost any thing that comes in its way, such as leather, glass, iron, thread, hair, &c. Its eggs are remarkably large, being

sometimes as big as the head of an infant. These are laid in the sand to the number of thirty or forty in one place, and chiefly cherished by the heat of the sun. It is said that if the eggs are touched by any person during the absence of the parent, the bird tramples all that are left to pieces with its feet.

The Ostrich is called the "daughter of vociferation," probably on account of the horrid noise it makes. Travellers say that during the night these birds often make very doleful and hideous noises, sometimes like the roaring of a lion, and at others resembling the hoarser voice of a bull.

*Anecdote.*—At a French factory at Podor, on the southern bank of the river Niger, in Africa, there were two young ostriches, nearly full grown, and so tame, that two little blacks mounted the back of the largest, when he began to run as fast as possible, and carried them several times round the village. Afterwards a full grown negro mounted the smaller, and the two others the larger bird. The burden did not seem too much for them. At first they went at a tolerable sharp trot; but when they became heated a little, they expanded their wings as though to catch the wind, and moved with such fleetness that they scarcely appeared to touch the ground.—Bingley.

## THE LEOPARD.

The length of this animal's head and back is about four feet, and his tail about two feet and a half. His back is about two feet and a half from the ground. His eyes are bright and restless, and his countenance so remarkably ferocious as to appear extremely terrific. His skin is of a strong yellowish colour, marked with numerous spots, each composed of four or five dark dots arranged in a circle, and nearly similar in form to the print of the animal's foot in the sand. His general habits are fierce, cruel, and insatiable in his thirst for blood. He is swift in the chase, but usually catches his prey by leaping suddenly from some lurking place. He destroys almost every kind of beast that he has strength to overcome, and is exceedingly enraged against mankind. These animals have been known to come from their lurking places in great numbers, and commit dreadful slaughter among the cattle that feed in the plains.

Leopards' skins are highly esteemed, and in England the most beautiful of them will sell for about ten guineas each. The Panther differs little from the leopard, either in shape, color, or disposition.

A male and female leopard, with their young ones, entered a sheepfold near the Cape of Good Hope, and killed about a hundred sheep, and regaled themselves by sucking their blood. When the old ones were satisfied, they tore a carcass into three pieces, and gave one piece to each of their offspring.—They then took each a whole sheep, and began to move off. Having, however, been observed, they were waylaid on their return, and the female and three young ones were killed; but the male effected his escape.

## EDITORIAL.

## PROVERBS OF SOLOMON, ARRANGED.

[Continued.]

*The Value of Wisdom.*—For they shall be an ornament of grace unto thy head, and chains about thy neck. Wisdom crieth without; she uttereth her voice in the streets; she crieth in the chief place of concourse, in the openings of the gates; in the city she uttereth her words, saying, How long, ye simple ones, will ye love simplicity, and the scornors delight in their scorning, and fools hate knowledge? Turn ye at my reproof; behold, I will pour out my Spirit unto you, I will make known my words unto you. Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding: For the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold. She is more precious than rubies: and all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her. Length of days is in her right hand, and in her left hand riches and honor. Her ways are

ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace. She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her; and happy is every one that retaineth her. Forsake her not, and she shall preserve thee: love her, and she shall keep thee. Exalt her, and she shall promote thee: she shall bring thee to honour when thou dost embrace her. She shall give to thine head an ornament of grace; a crown of glory shall she deliver to thee. Take fast hold of instruction; let her not go: keep her; for she is thy life. Receive my instruction and not silver; and knowledge rather than choice gold. Riches and honour are with me; yea, durable riches and Righteousness. My fruit is better than gold, yea, than fine gold; and my revenue than choice silver. That I may cause those that love me to inherit substance; and I will fill their treasures. Now, therefore, hearken unto me, O ye children; for blessed are they that keep my ways. For whoso findeth me findeth life, and shall find favor of the Lord. For by me thy days shall be multiplied, and the years of thy life shall be increased. How much better is it to get wisdom than gold? and to get understanding rather to be chosen than silver? Understanding is a well-spring of life unto him that hath it; but the instruction of fools is folly.

*Character and End of the Wicked.*—My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not. Walk not in the way with them; refrain thy foot from their path; for their feet run to evil, and make haste to shed blood. And they lay wait for their own blood; they lurk privily for their own lives.—Understanding shall keep thee, to deliver thee from the way of the evil man, from the man that speaketh froward things; who leave the paths of uprightness, to walk in the ways of darkness. Who rejoice to do evil, and delight in the frowardness of the wicked: whose ways are wicked, and they are froward in their paths. But the wicked shall be cut off from the earth, and the transgressors shall be rooted out of it.—Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men. For they sleep not except they have done mischief, and their sleep is taken away, unless they cause some to fall. For they eat the bread of wickedness, and drink the wine of violence. The way of the wicked is as darkness; they know not at what they stumble.—His own iniquities shall take the wicked himself, and he shall be holden with the cords of his sins. He shall die without instruction, and in the greatness of his folly he shall go astray.—A naughty person, a wicked man, walketh with a froward mouth. He winketh with his eyes, he speaketh with his feet, he teacheth with his fingers. Frowardness is in his heart, he deviseth mischief continually, he soweth discord. Therefore shall his calamity come suddenly; suddenly shall he be broken without remedy.—Righteousness keepeth him that is upright in the way; but wickedness overthroweth the sinner. The light of the righteous rejoiceth; but the lamp of the wicked shall be put out.

*Neglect of Counsel and Reproof.*—He that sinneth against me, [Wisdom, Christ,] wroughteth his own soul; all they that hate me love death.—A rod is for the back of him that is void of understanding. Wise men lay up knowledge; but the mouth of the foolish is near destruction.—He is in the way of life that keepeth instruction; but he that refuseth reproof erreth. Whoso loveth instruction loveth knowledge; but he that hateth reproof is brutish.—Whoso despiseth the word shall be destroyed; but he that feareth the commandment shall be rewarded. Good understanding giveth favor; but the way of transgressors is hard. Poverty and shame shall be to him that refuseth instruction; but he that regardeth reproof shall be honored. He that walketh with wise men shall be wise; but the companion of fools shall be destroyed.—He that refuseth instruction despiseth his own soul.—He that keepeth the commandment keepeth his own soul; but he that despiseth his ways shall die. The man that wandereth out of the way of understanding shall remain in the congregation of the dead. Thorns and snares are in the way of the froward; he that doth keep his soul shall be far from them.—Though thou shouldst bray a fool in a mortar, among wheat with a pestle,



yet will not his foolishness depart from him.—He that turneth away his ear from hearing the law, even his prayer shall be abomination. Whoso walketh uprightly shall be saved; but he that is perverse in his ways shall fall at once.—He that, being often reproved, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy. [See also Prov. I, from the 20th verse to the end; and a part of chapter V. beginning at the 11th verse.]

[To be continued.]

## RELIGION.

### THE WAY TO ESTIMATE SIN.

I have seldom read so appropriate an illustration of the sinfulness of that man whose heart is not right in the sight of God, as that contained in the following extract from a late work by Erskine. "Men are apt to consider sin as consisting merely in this or that particular action. But the word of God teaches another sort of morals. According to it, sin consists in the absence of the love of God from the heart as the dominant principle. So sin is not so much an action as a manner of existence. It is not necessary to go to the expense of an action in order to sin—the habitual state of most minds—of all minds indeed naturally—even in their most quiet form, is sin—that is to say, the love of God is not dominant in them. The centripetal force constitutes an element in every line which the planet moves in its orbit. Were the influence of this force to be suspended, we should not think of reckoning the number of aberrations which the planet might make in its ungoverned career; we should say that its whole manner of being, severed from the solar influence, was a continued and radical aberration. In like manner, the soul ought to feel the love of God as a governing element, along the whole course of its existence—every movement of thought and feeling and desire ought to contain it as an essential part of its nature. And when this principle is wanting, we need not count the moral aberrations which the spirit makes; its whole existence is an aberration, it is an outlaw from the spiritual system of the universe, it has lost its gravitation."

—T. TURVEY.

*Prayer.*—Some neglect prayer, and this on various ground. They say *God knows what I want without my asking*, and he is too wise and too good to need my information in order to relieve me. This should be an argument to raise your faith and hope and not to hinder your prayers. Matt. vi. 8, 9.—God is indeed wise, infinitely wise, and, being so wise, he has in his word directed you to make known your wants unto him by prayer. His knowledge is one reason why you *should* pray to him, and his goodness another, why you may confidently apply to him. Will you pretend to be wiser than he is? Whatever his design may be in it, your duty is clear to obey his will. He knows when you will die, and might support you without food, and yet you daily eat. Remember that "it may be agreeable to perfect wisdom, to grant that to our prayers, which it would not have been agreeable to the same wisdom to have given us, without praying for." What if prayer be his plan for making you humble, dependent, devout, believing and thankful. In short, for impressing you with a sense and feeling of your wants, and bringing you to a proper state of mind to receive his blessing? But whatever his design may be, it is your highest wisdom and interest to follow his direction.—*W. Rec.*

### EARLY PIETY.

This is a subject, which we do not mean to lose sight of; not that we are for depriving youth of all rational enjoyments; far from it. It is not to make ascetics of them, or to drive them into hermitages, to waste their "sweetness on the desert air," that we shall now and then recall them to the shades of contemplation, and endeavour to inspire them with a love of piety and religion, which can alone insure their happiness, both here and hereafter. Many parents forget to teach their children, that early piety precedes the necessity of late repentance; and car-

ries its possessor safely through all the vicissitudes and dangers of life. The wisest of all mankind has left a lasting monition to all parents, and to all youth, which should never for a moment be lost sight of: For it is certain, that whatever is began of earthly pursuits, without reference to the Divine Majesty, and his blessing upon it, cannot be carried on with any flattering promise of success. The first thing, then, to teach youth, is, in the language of Solomon, that "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of knowledge." The youth that is deeply sensible of this truth, will make piety the first step in the ladder of instruction; and peace, prosperity and happiness will not fail to attend every other step till he reaches the top, and triumphant over time, is transferred to eternity, to rejoice forever that in this life he made "the fear of the Lord the beginning of knowledge;" and did not herd with the "fools" who "despise wisdom and instruction."—Let every virtuous youth, and every vicious one too, remember, that time wasted is eternity lost; that he who does not serve God in time, God will not regard him in eternity.

## MISCELLANY.

### THE RUM-RUINED YOUNG MAN.

You have seen a young man, the hope of his delighted parents, the glory of all his kindred, the pride of his associates, coming forth into active life with fair prospects, and promising to become an amiable and useful member of society. His physical constitution is healthful and vigorous, his intellect gives intimation of superior power;—his activity in business, his regular habits, his character for prudence and veracity, his sweetness of temper, his regard for the courtesies of social life, greatly endear him to the circle in which he moves. A few years intervene, and you behold him with the bloated face, his nose tipped with crimson, his eyes yellow and bloodshot, his voice clumsy and inarticulate, the corners of his mouth drawn down, his under lip rolling out like a cornice, his clothes tattered and filthy—you behold him with the moroseness of a fiend depicted in his scarlet brow, staggering crookedly along the streets, an object of instinctive abhorrence to man and beast, and with many a profane oath inquiring the way to his miserable hovel, where his heart-bruken, wo-hardened companion, and his ragged, uneducated, almost uncivilized children, are huddled around a mockery for a fire, and waiting, with painful trepidation, the stumbling approach of him who comes for nought but to defile, and abuse, and execrate.

Examine for a moment this young man's history. It is told, as may be the history of every drunkard, in a very few syllables. He was invited first, probably to smoke a cigar in the counting room, and next to join in a social glass. In a few days, the same temptation and the same indulgence are repeated. Follow him onward from one week to another, and you will perceive him every day resolving to break away from the fatal charm—resolving, and re-resolving, yet sipping and sipping, while the habit is taking daily a deeper and deeper hold, until it becomes fixed, and *the man is ruined.*

### A GOOD REPROOF.

The lady of a naval captain, whose ship was supposed to be foundered at sea, was greatly distressed, fearing that her husband had perished with the crew. She had two little children, a son and a daughter, whom she had carefully endeavored to instruct in the principles of religion. Among other things, she told them that they ought never to indulge in immoderate grief under losses while the Lord liveth. The little boy seeing his mother weep most bitterly, looked earnestly at her, and asked with great emotion, "O mother, why do you weep so much, is God dead?" "No, no," said she, "but," clasping both her children in her arms, exclaimed, "your father is dead." "I thought," replied the child, "that God had been dead, for you often told us not to cry while the Lord liveth." She felt the reproof—she received the consolation, and often told her friends that all the kind and sympathising counsels

she had received from her minister and pious connexions, had not produced so strong an effect on her mind, as the sensible and pointed admonition of her child.—*Juv. Magazine.*

*A Poor Boy to whom the Bible was instead of a Father.*—He had no papa nor mamma, for they were dead; but somebody had given him a Bible when he was only five years old, and he had read this Bible every day since that time, and thus, with God's blessing, had been brought to the knowledge of his own evil nature, and the goodness of God the Father in sending his Son to die for sinners. On his bed at night he had often thought of these things, for the Lord the Spirit was with him, and had made him to differ from most other children who live in this world as strangers to their God. [*Mrs. Sherwood.*]

*Anecdote.*—In one of the Sabbath schools in Westfield, Mass., in the summer of 1827, a little girl was seen in tears. Being asked the occasion of her grief, she passed her lesson (which was printed on a square piece of paper) to the teacher. Upon examination, it was found that the little girl's father, who was an intemperate man, had torn the paper to pieces, and her mother, who was a good woman, and wished her child to love God, had taken a great deal of pains to sew it together nicely. The child that thanks God for a kind mother, will pray that a wicked father may repent and be forgiven.

Silence never shows itself to so great advantage as when it is made the reply to calumny and defamation; provided that we give no just occasion for them.

*Hypocrisy.*—A hypocrite is one that neither is what he seems, nor seems what he is.

## POETRY.

### THE NEGLECTED CHILD.

BY THOMAS H. BAYLY, Esq.

I never was a favorite—  
My mother never smiled  
On me, with half the tenderness  
That blessed her fairer child:  
I've seen her kiss my sister's cheek,  
While fondled on her knee;  
I've turned away to hide my tears,  
There was no kiss for me!  
And yet I strove to please, with all  
My little store of sense;  
I strove to please, and infancy  
Can rarely give offence:  
But when my artless efforts met  
A cold, ungente cheek,  
I did not dare to throw myself,  
In tears, upon her neck.  
How blessed are the beautiful!  
Love watches o'er their birth;  
Oh beauty! in my nursery  
I learned to know thy worth;—  
For even there, I often felt  
Forgotten and forlorn;  
And wished—for others wished it too—  
I never had been born!  
I'm sure I was affectionate,—  
But in my sister's face,  
There was a look of love that claimed  
A smile, or an embrace.  
But when I raised my lip, to meet  
The pressure children prize,  
None knew the feelings of my heart,—  
They spoke not in my eyes.  
But oh! that heart too keenly felt  
The anguish of neglect;  
I saw my sister's lovely form  
With gems and roses decked;  
I did not covet them; but oft,  
When wantonly reproved,  
I envied her the privilege  
Of being so beloved.  
But soon a time of triumph came—  
A time of sorrow too,—  
For sickness, o'er my sister's form  
Her venom'd mantle threw:  
The features, once so beautiful,  
Now wore the hue of death;  
And former friends shrunk fearfully  
From her infectious breath.  
'Twas then, unweary'd, day and night  
I watched beside her bed,  
And fearlessly upon my breast  
I pillow'd her poor head.  
She lived!—she loved me for 't was rare!  
My grief was at an end;  
I was a lonely being once,  
But now I have a friend!



# YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Published Weekly, by WILLIS & RAND, at the Office of the Boston Recorder, No. 127, Washington-Street.. Price One Dollar a year in advance, or \$1, 50, if not paid in advance.

No. 42.

BOSTON, MARCH 10, 1830.

VOL. III.

## NARRATIVE.

From the Western Sabbath School Messenger.

### THE DANGER OF BAD COMPANY.

A STORY, FOUNDED ON FACT.

One morning Mr. and Mrs. Brown and their children, Henry, Sarah, and Maria, were at breakfast, when there was a knock at the door, and when it was opened, Jane Taylor, one of the neighboring little girls, came in, and said, "her mother had sent her to ask Mrs. Brown if Henry, Sarah, and Maria might come and drink tea with her that afternoon." The children looked up anxiously at their father and mother, and it was plain to be seen that they would like to go. But they said nothing, as they had been taught that it is very foolish and improper for children to try to coax their parents to do any thing they wish; and they knew besides that their father and mother would always endeavor to please them if it was right, and if not, their coaxing could have no effect.

"Is there to be a party of little children my dear?" said Mrs. Brown to Jane.

"No ma'am!" said Jane, and she colored, for she knew she was saying what was not true, but she had heard that Mr. and Mrs. Brown would not let their little boy and girls go where there were many children gathered together whom they did not know. There is always a great deal of foolish and often wicked conversation, and romping plays, at such times, and what was expected to be very pleasant, generally ends in ill-humor, or quarrelling. Mr. Brown said to his wife, "as Mrs. Taylor has sent her little girl, and she is newly come into our neighborhood, I think we will let the children go." So it was settled, and little Jane was told to tell her mother they would come.

Accordingly in the afternoon, Mrs. Brown sent her children quite early, and desired them to come home before it was dark. Henry and Sarah and Maria were in great haste to get to Mrs. Taylor's, for they thought it would be so pleasant to play with Jane and her brothers and sisters.

When they came in, they found several little boys and girls dressed very gaily, and Sarah said to Jane Taylor, "My mother thought you said there was to be no party." "Did I say so?" said Jane: "Oh I was only afraid she wouldn't let you come." Sarah looked at her as if she did not understand her; for she knew from the word of God, and her mother often told her, the sin and danger of telling a lie.—She said, "Jane, I wish you had told my mother the truth." "Told her the truth?" said Jane, "I am sure Miss you can't say I tell lies." And she looked so angry, that Mrs. Brown's children were frightened, and Sarah said nothing more—only Henry whispered to Maria, "She did tell a story, though; I wish we hadn't come."—"Hush," said Maria, "don't speak so loud;" for Maria was one of those little girls who are ashamed of doing what is right, if wicked and foolish children are by. Let children always remember that the eye of God is upon them, and that those only who break his laws have reason to be ashamed.

So the children sat down, and after a little while, Sarah began to talk to a little girl who sat next her, whose name was Fanny Campbell.

"Do you go to Sabbath school, Fanny?" said she. "No, I guess I don't," said Fanny: "My mother says she does not see the use of it, and I don't want to go just to learn lessons and sit still there." "I suppose," said Sarah, "she teaches you at home on Sunday." "No, that she doesn't," said Fanny, "I play about just as I like; but don't you think Sunday is a very tiresome day? I always want to go to bed early."

Sarah thought to herself, "I see my mother is right, in keeping me from these parties;" and she said, "I am always glad when Sunday comes and sorry when it is over, and I love dearly to go to Sabbath school!"—She was going on to say more, when two or three children who were standing at the window, called out, "Oh! come here! Look here!" & they laughed, and the boys clapped their hands. So all the boys and girls crowded to the window, but only a few could see what it was. "What is it? What's the matter?" said Sarah Brown. "There he goes!" said one boy. "Hark! hear him! hear him!" says another. "What is it?" said Sarah again, as she stood on tiptoe and tried to see out of the window.—"La!" said one of the girls, "'tis an old drunken man jumping, and falling down, and swearing, and singing." "Let me out!" said little Henry Brown, who stood close by the window. "Let me come out, I don't want to look at him." And he tried to push his way out. "Oh! look, look!" said the children; and they all laughed aloud. "Oh! Sarah, come, look!" said Maria, "it will make you most die a laughing." "Maria," said Sarah while she almost cried with sorrow and fright, "how can you laugh at that poor, wicked, wretched man? That's right, Henry, come away." "La! what harm is it?" said one of the children. "My mother says we must never laugh at drunken people, for they are committing dreadful sin, and ruining their souls," said Sarah.—"Yes, and their bodies too," said Henry, "and their poor little children most starve, and their wives cry." "He has ruined his clothes at any rate," said a large boy, "for they are all ragged and covered with mud."

"My father," said Henry, "belongs to the Temperance Society." "The Temperance Society!" said one or two of the children, "what's that?" "Why it's a society to stop drunkenness," said Henry, "and all that belong to it, agree not to drink any liquor that will make them drunk, for fear they will learn to like it, and they print books about it and"—"What if they do like it?" said one of the boys.

"Oh!" said Sarah Brown, and the tears came in her eyes—"God's word says that no drunkard shall go to heaven."

Then some of the children began to whisper and laugh, and some said "she is mighty good."

I must beg one thing of all that read this, which is, that they will never laugh at drunken people. The Bible says, 'Fools make a mock at sin.' And drunkenness is a dreadful sin. Do not, my dear children, be found laughing at that which God hates; and which will send those who follow it, down to eternal death.

When the poor drunkard was out of sight, the children all went to their seats and began talking about him; no one sat by Sarah Brown, but they kept looking at her and whispering. Sarah was ready to cry, but she remembered that her mother had told her if she spoke the truth, and did as God's word told her to do, she must expect to be laughed at and despised by those who do not love God. People often say to children, 'If you are good, every body will like you,' but those who say this are mistaken; for wicked people do not love what is good. Children should try to be good to please God. Our Lord Jesus Christ was perfectly good and holy in all things, but sinful and worldly people hated him.

Henry alone came softly and stood by Sarah's chair, and whispered, "I wish we were at home—I never saw such boys and girls, laughing at people so." And Henry looked quite angry and his face was very red. "Hush, Henry," said Sarah, "you are very wrong to be angry—may be they don't know

any better." "Maria is as bad as any of them," said Henry, "she forgets what father and mother have told her." "She forgets what God has told her," said Sarah, "and that is worse yet."

It was very true—poor foolish Maria felt quite ashamed when she heard the children laugh at Sarah for being good, and she thought that she would let them see that she did not think as Sarah did, so she said to a little girl that sat next her—"Our Sarah makes a great fuss about laughing at drunken people; but I don't see any harm in it, do you? They look so funny and foolish." This little girl's name was Anna Dale—she knew very well that Sarah was right, and there had been a time when she would have done so too, but she was changed now, and so she said, "I don't see the use of saying so much about it—Sarah need not have laughed herself, but she might have let the rest alone, and not preached about it." She did not remember that people who really love God, cannot keep quite still when they see others laughing at sin, and doing wrong, neither is it right that they should.

I must tell you more of this little Anna Dale, so that if any child who reads this is like her, he or she may take warning.

Anna Dale's mother was dead; but she had an aunt who loved her very much, and who was very anxious that she should be brought up in the fear of God: she prayed for her, and talked to her, and taught her every day, and Anna loved her very much, and did what she told her to do, though she had other friends who would have persuaded her that her aunt was too religious, and that she need not be so strict. Anna's aunt talked much to her about praying, telling her that she was a sinful child, and must pray for a new heart, and that if she did not repent of her sins and believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, she could not be saved. Anna used often to cry when her aunt talked so to her, and sometimes she tried to pray—once, her aunt went suddenly into the room where she slept, and found Anna alone on her knees behind the bed; and she shut the door softly and left her, and felt greatly in hopes that she was one of God's own children—But she was obliged to leave Anna and go away to live in another place. When she went, Anna determined she would always do as she had told her, and for a while she kept her resolution; but I suppose she did not pray to God to help her, and did not keep out of the way of temptation, for she grew very careless, by degrees, and at this time you would hardly believe that Anna Dale knew any thing about what God's word says; for she looked and behaved just like children who have never been taught the fear of God. If any child like her finds herself going astray and forgetting to do what is right, the only sure way is to pray and read God's word, and not mind what sinful and vain people say against serving God faithfully.

While the children were all talking, their tea was brought in, and Mrs. Taylor came to attend to them and see that all things were right. There was a great deal of cake, and many nice things, and Mrs. Brown's children thought it was very different from their own supper at home; but Henry thought cake and tea and sweetmeats, were much better than bread and milk and a piece of plain gingerbread; so he determined to eat as much as he could. He stretched out his hand quite greedily when Mrs. Taylor offered him another piece of rich cake; but Sarah said "No Ma'am, if you please; he has had one piece, and mother told him not to eat more, for it would make him sick."

"Oh," said Mrs. Taylor, "never mind for once; it is a pity he should not have as much as he wants—Mother will forgive him this time." And



Henry looked at Sarah and at the cake, and would have taken it—"Sarah won't tell," said Mrs. Taylor, laughing. Sarah turned red, and said, "Henry knows God sees him, if he disobeys his mother." Henry said "I won't take it, Ma'am, if you please," and he turned away his head; for he remembered his father told him that Eve looked at the forbidden fruit and saw that it was pleasant to the eyes and good for food, and then she took and eat of it.

"What a queer girl that Sarah Brown is!" said the children when tea was over, and Henry and Sarah and Maria went home. But Anna Dale was very thoughtful, and some of the little party determined not to laugh at drunkards any more.

## RELIGION.

### THE DEATH OF ABRAHAM.

"Then Abraham gave up the ghost, and died in a good old age, an old man, and full of years; and was gathered to his people.

"And his sons Isaac and Ishmael buried him in the cave of Mach-pe-lah, in the field of Ephron the son of Zohar the Hittite, which is before Mamre;

"The field which Abraham purchased of the sons of Heth: there was Abraham buried, and Sarah his wife."—*Gen. xlv. 8, 9, 10.*

Here is death again. Abraham gave up the ghost, that is, yielded back his spirit to God who gave it; and he was buried in the same tomb with Sarah. Abraham married after he lost Sarah, and he lived to be an hundred three score and fifteen years, that is sixty and fifteen years old; making in all one hundred and seventy-five years. But this world ended with him, and so it must with us all. How foolish would Abraham have been, had he only placed his hopes on always keeping his flocks and herds, and all the riches which he had; but Abraham died in faith, and looked for durable riches in heaven. Those that live by faith as he did, will also die in faith like him, and enjoy his rest. You read, in the parable of the Rich Man, that Lazarus was carried by angels into Abraham's bosom, showing us that Abraham was happy, and pious Lazarus was made as happy as he.

It is said he died in "a good old age." My dear little reader, it is not every one of whom this can be said; some people die in a bad old age. They have lived all their lives in sin; and that old age which is still spent in sin, is a very bad old age indeed, for it has no good hope beyond the grave. But Abraham had spent all his best days in serving God; he looked back upon them with pleasure, and now his old age had become happy and good. "Only fear the Lord and serve him," and if you live to be old, it shall be so with you; but a sinful life will perhaps prevent you from living till old age, or if you do, instead of being a good old age, it will be a bad old age, both in body and mind.

And here I must tell you that Abraham, though a good man, had his faults. You will often read of the faults of good men, as you read your Bible; and they are told you for two reasons: first, that you should avoid them, and not commit the same; and secondly, to show that God would not hide them, and that he was displeased with them, and often corrected good men severely for them. But while others live in sin, these did not commit those faults again, and were sorry for them; and their virtues shone so brightly, that their faults were only like the spots in the sun, very faint and very few, compared with their excellencies.

In the twentieth chapter of Genesis, we find Abraham, contrary to that faith or trust which he had in God, guilty, not indeed of telling a lie, but of keeping back the truth when he ought to have spoken it; which was no credit to him. He went into the country of king Abimelech, and as he foolishly feared that the king might take his wife Sarah, and make her a queen, she being very beautiful, he told her to say she was his sister. This was so far true, for they had both the same father, but not the same mother; but then it implied that she was not his wife. And he had nearly brought

himself, and Sarah, and the King, into great distress, by his mistrust of God's care in this instance.

But while we read of these faults and follies in good men, as faithfully told in the Bible, let it lead us to pray to God to keep us from doing the same, and to ask his grace that we may imitate their numerous virtues.

Isaac and Ishmael buried their father with all due regard for his memory; for "the memory of the just is blessed;" even Ishmael paid this respect to the remains of his father, though Ishmael was not a good man. Thus we learn that we should honour our parents; and as you would have your children honor you, if you live to be fathers and mothers, so respect their dust, and commit it with decency and solemnity to the tomb.

[Child's Commentator.]

## BIOGRAPHY.

From the Juvenile Miscellany.

### BIOGRAPHY OF AN INFANT.

It is not often that the character and habits of an infant whose existence is comprised in a circle of less than two and a half years, furnish materials for the biographer. Yet I am persuaded that my readers will be interested in the statement here presented to them, on the truth of which they may implicitly rely.

PORTER BRINSMADE was born at Hartford, (Conn.) Feb. 28th, 1827. His mother was impressed with the belief that the mind is susceptible of culture at an earlier period than is generally imagined. Thus at an age when infants are considered but little more than pleasing objects to the eye, or toys for a leisure hour, he was the subject of instruction and discipline. From the age of four months his attention was directed at fitting intervals to surrounding objects, until the names of the articles of furniture, of his own dress, and the parts of his body had become familiar. At ten months he commenced learning the alphabet, by the aid of small blocks of wood, on which each letter was separately painted. This task was soon completed. Not that he was able at this infantine period to utter the correspondent sounds, but when a letter was inquired for, he would produce it without mistake, and if one was placed in an inverted position by any other hand, would immediately restore it to its proper attitude. By the assistance of prints pasted on cards, he was next taught the names of animals and birds, and a comprehensive system of Natural History was judiciously unfolded to his view. He was encouraged to make himself complete master of one print, ere he was permitted to take another. Thus a basis was laid for habits of application, and the idle curiosity restrained, with which children are wont to wander from picture to picture. His parent in showing him a landscape, or historical painting, accustomed him to regard every object however minute, with an accurate eye, and so retentive was his memory, that what had been thoroughly impressed, he seldom forgot. There were few toys from which he derived satisfaction, but seemed to find in pictures and books, with the explanations which they elicited, his principal delight. His careful treatment of books was remarkable, and a little circumstance which occurred when he was quite young, undoubtedly contributed to produce it.—He had torn the paper cover of a small volume. His mother remarked upon it with a serious countenance, and to the members of the family as they entered, mentioned what had been done, in a tone of sadness. Presently his lip quivered and the tear glistened in his eye. The lesson had been sufficiently strong, and it was necessary to comfort him. Afterwards, expensive volumes were fearlessly submitted to him, and the most splendid English annuals sustained no injury from his repeated examinations.

Geography, as exhibited on maps, became a favorite study, and ere he had numbered his second birthday, I saw him with surprise and admiration, point out upon an atlas, seas, rivers, lakes, and countries, without hesitation or error.

A short time after I found that he had made

acquaintance with the rudiments of Geometry, and was continually increasing his knowledge of printed words, which with their definitions, and combinations in simple phrases, was rapidly initiating him into his native language. It may possibly be imagined that he was made a mere book-worm, or might have been naturally deficient in animal spirits. On the contrary, nothing was taught him by compulsion, and no child could be more full of happiness. His sports, his rambles in the garden, and the demonstrations of infantine pleasure were sweet to him. His mother was his companion, his playmate, and his instructress. Deeming her child's mind of more value than any other feminine pursuit for enjoyment, she devoted her time to its cultivation,—and to her perseverance and the entire concurrence of his father in the intellectual system devised for him, his uncommon attainments may be imputed more than to any peculiar gift of nature. Still, I am not prepared to say, that there was not something originally extraordinary in his capacity; at least I have never seen his docility, application, and retentive power equalled in his early stages of existence. Portions of every day, suited in their length to infancy, were regularly devoted to the business of instruction. But these were often incautiously extended in their limits, by his eager desire to learn something more, and the winning and repeated entreaty of "Pray, dear mother, teach Porter," was wont to secure him an additional indulgence of "line upon line, and precept upon precept." His love of knowledge was becoming a passion; still there seemed no undue prominence of one department of intellect, to the injury of another. Perception, understanding, and memory, advanced together, and seemed equally healthful. His reasoning powers, began also to display themselves. An aunt, who at her marriage went to reside in a distant State, had wept much at taking leave of the family. He was then so very young, that her grief, if noticed at all, it might have been supposed was soon forgotten. Many months after, when a favorite uncle took his departure for England, Porter was told that he was going far from them, as his aunt had done. He replied, after a moment's reflection, "Aunt cried when she went away—Uncle did not cry," and comforted himself with the conclusion that the separation would therefore be less permanent; as if his mind was deducting with somewhat of mathematical precision, the duration of absence from the degrees of sorrow.

He was destined for a learned education, a great part of which it was deemed preferable that he should receive under the parental roof, and his mother was preparing herself to become an assistant to his father in teaching him different languages. So indefatigable were her attentions to him, that she never left him to the care of a servant; and thus correct habits and purity of feeling were preserved from contamination. Among the pleasing traits of character which revealed themselves in him, his love of home was conspicuous. Tho' fond of seeing new objects, yet home was the spot most desirable to him. During a journey to New-York, after the completion of his second year, where museums, and every alluring curiosity were inspected by him with delightful attention, the prospect of returning to his home, to his own flowers, shells and books, gave him inexpressible joy.

He also manifested great ardor of affection for his parents. He could form no idea of happiness independent of their presence and participation.—Though exceedingly fond of seeing collections of animals, which his knowledge of Natural History led him to regard with particular interest, he insisted that his father should take him from the first exhibition of the kind which he had ever witnessed, and where he was highly entertained by an Elephant, Ostrich and some monkeys, because he had discovered that his mother had withdrawn. The attachment usually felt by children for the tender guides of their infant hours, seemed in his case heightened by the consciousness that they were the dispensers of that knowledge, with whose love he was smitten. When heaven was represented to



him as a delightful abode, and rendered still more alluring by the image of a beloved and departed relative, whom he was taught to consider as among its inhabitants, he would express his unwillingness to be removed there, unless "dear father and mother would go too." A grateful spirit seemed to mingle with his filial affection, and moved him to an expression of thanks for every little favor. When given only a piece of bread, if a few minutes happened to intervene between its reception and the customary acknowledgment, he would inquire, as if troubled at the omission, "did Porter forget to thank mother?" He was often told that to his Father in heaven he was indebted for what he most loved, and with an affecting earnestness, and a graceful gesture of his little hand, would say, "thank God." At the period of family devotion, he was early taught a quiet and reverent deportment, and after books became so interesting to him, preferred to look over when his father read the scriptures, and to have it spread before him when he knelt during the prayer.

It might possibly have been feared that the mind by starting into such sudden expansion would have left the heart at a distance,—but the germs of gentleness and virtue kept pace with the growth of intellect. There was also preserved a fine and fortunate balance between the mind and body, for his physical education had been considered an important department of paternal care and responsibility. His erect form and expanded chest, revealed the rudiments of a good constitution; while his fair brow, bright black eyes, and playful smile, bespoke that union of health, beauty and cheerfulness, which never failed of attracting attention. There was less of light and boisterous mirth about him, than is common to children of his age. His features expressed rather a mild and rational happiness, than an exuberance of joy.—This might have arisen partly from the circumstance of his having no young companion to encourage wild and extravagant sports; but principally that the pleasures of thought were so continually resorted to, as to modify and elevate the countenance. His whole appearance was that of a healthful, happy, and beautiful infant, in the possession of a degree of learning and intelligence, to which infancy has usually no pretensions.

But it was forbidden us to witness the result of this interesting experiment upon mind; or to trace the full development of a bud whose unfolding was so wonderful. An acute dysentery, which prevailed in the neighborhood, numbered him among its victims, and after a fortnight's painful languishing, he died on the 11th of August, 1829, at the age of two years and five months.

This sketch which was commenced for the entertainment of youthful readers seems to bear a moral for parents. Did they always estimate the extent of their influence over the infants entrusted to their care, and bestow the same zealous attention on their intellectual and moral culture, which they lavish on their physical comfort, their importance in the scale of being would be sooner evident, and their capacity for wisdom and true happiness, earlier awakened and nourished. Especially would mothers, to whose eye the fountains of the mind and heart are first unsealed, but enter the field of education while the dews of the morning are fresh, and amid their persevering toil look ever to the God of Harvest, might they not hope to rear flowers such as angels wear,—and fruits that ripen in Heaven's unwithering clime?

L. H. S.

Hartford, Jan. 1830.

## BENEVOLENCE.

For the Youth's Companion.

### "WHAT WILL YOU GIVE FOR THE SOULS?"

A short time before the missionary, (Mr. Temple) left this country to return to Malta, he preached a farewell sermon in Park street Church. In that sermon he related an incident which has often recurred to my mind. I think it would be interesting to your young readers, & with your permission I will give it, as nearly as I can recollect, in his own

words. "Every Monday morning a Catholic crier passed along the street where I resided, with his bell in one hand, and his box in the other.—He stopped opposite my lodgings and rang his bell and shook his box, and cried, 'What will you give for the souls? What will you give for the souls?' What souls? The souls in purgatory. I never shall forget my feelings on these occasions. One morning, as he cried, 'What will you give for the souls, what will you give for the souls,' I got up and looked out of my window to see what effect his crying produced. Presently I saw a poor little girl coming out of a miserable hut.—She went up to the man and put a few half pence into his box and then departed in silence. Soon after there came out an old woman, apparently the victim of poverty, and she also cast a few half pence into the box. Then the old man went away crying 'What will you give for the souls, what will you give for the souls?' When he had got his box full of money, he carried it up to the convent and gave it into the hands of the priests, and they pretended to pray departed souls out of purgatory."—My young friends, when you feel disposed to complain because you cannot be supplied with all the fine things which you desire, remember the poor little girl in Malta, how she had been taught to believe that if she would give to the priest her little earnings, he could pray her father, or her mother, or brother or sister out of purgatory. Think of the poor deluded Catholic girl, you who have the Holy Bible to read, and pious parents to instruct you, and never complain any more. What will you give for the souls? not of those who are lost; money cannot purchase a release for them; but for the salvation of those whose day of probation is not yet ended. The little Catholic girl had a few half pence to give.—How many half pence have you given for the souls of the heathen? You pity the poor little girl, at Malta, because she was ignorant, and imposed upon by the priest—what will you give that she and others in like situations may have the Bible, and come to Jesus Christ and be saved? S. D.

## THE NURSERY.

From the Children's Magazine.

### THE MOUNTAIN LAKE.

They rode through many pretty spots, and began slowly to ascend the mountain. Emily heard the grating of the wheels over the bare rock, and was delighted to think that they were on the real mountain. 'See, mamma,' she said, 'it is the true rock that God has made, and that I wanted to see!' They soon gained the top, and before they began to descend, stopped, to enjoy the view of the vast extent of country, which lay before them like an unfolded map.

Shortly after, they passed through a dark and lonely wood, in which there was a single small house, surrounded by mountains and thick forests. A little out of the road, by a log, a boy was standing with an axe in his hand, and close at his feet lay a large snake, which he seemed to have just killed. The mother inquired of her children how they would like to exchange houses with this little boy, 'as this,' she said, 'was the country in which they had so much wished to live?' 'We might as well live among the Palisades, mamma,' said Amelia, 'we should have just as little chance here to attend our church or school.'

They now came to a bend in the road, and the calm still waters of the Lake appeared in sight, surrounded with beautiful and varied scenery: here and there a small house, with a few cleared and cultivated fields, gave a cheerful relief to the heavy wooded mountain. 'See, ma,' said Jane, 'that small house close to the margin of the lake, shaded with those pretty trees! Here, I do think, altho' it is lonely, I should like to live.' 'Perhaps not, miss,' said the person who drove the carriage; 'if you had seen the inside of that house, as I have, it is quite likely you would choose to stay at home.' He then told her how he had once been out fishing on the lake, and called at the house to inquire for something to eat, knowing it had formerly been a kind of boarding house. He found the mother of

the family peeling a few potatoes, which, she said, were all the provisions they had in the house. Her husband was a fisherman, and she pointed out his little canoe on the lake, nearly on the opposite side; she expected him home with fish for their dinner. Being asked why they had no bread, she said that their flour was out, and the mill was not going, and the next village was too far to go on foot, and as they did not own a horse, they had to subsist as they could, till their neighbors went again to the mill.

'If these people were so destitute in the summer,' said the mother, 'it is to be feared that in the winter it would be still worse. The water would be frozen, and they could get no fish; but I think there must be some want of industry and management, or what is still worse, of religious principles. Religion, my dear children, being the thing of most importance as it respects this world and the next, is almost the only good reason why a city or town residence is to be preferred to seclusion in thinly settled places. Our fallen nature has need of every assistance, to raise it from a love of this present world to a love and fear of our God and Saviour.'

The children listened attentively, and thought again how happy they were in living where they had a church and a minister.

Of their return home we remember but little, except that it was very pleasant, as a great part of the ride skirted the banks of the noble Hudson, which presented the lovely spectacle of steam and other boats continually passing up and down on its spacious bosom. We will leave them, having put up their baskets, waiting for the steam boat, which should take them once more to their peaceful and happy home. W.

## LEARNING.

[From a Philadelphia Infant School Report.  
INFANT SCHOOL ANECDOTES.]

The children are found reasoning among themselves, by the rule of conduct laid down in our schools: "Thus saith the Lord." In one instance, a teacher was obliged to break a promise she had made. One of the children on returning home, mentioned it to her mother, saying, "I wonder whether our teacher remembers that liars will be turned into hell!"

Feelings of gratitude are discoverable for kindness received. They sometimes bring little presents to their teachers, and in one instance, a boy who had experienced particular kindness from them, was observed in deep thought. His parent questioned him. "Father," answered he, "I was thinking how kind my teachers were to me, and whether you could not mend their combs." This was followed by a request that their combs should be sent.

Reverence for the Sabbath is also particularly remarkable. A little boy, on coming to the Sabbath school one morning, was observed to look very sad. On being asked, "What is the matter?" His eye filled with tears as he exclaimed, "My father is breaking the Sabbath day: he has gone skating." "Did you not tell him of it?" said his teacher.—"Yes," answered the little reprover; "I told him it was God's holy Sabbath, but he said he would do it." This little boy, whenever the question, How do people openly break the Sabbath day? was asked, would immediately answer, "By skating;" so strongly did the sinfulness of this act seem to be impressed upon his mind.

Fondness for school is constantly exhibited. During the late recess in No. 1, while some arrangements were making in the room, two of the little children attended at No. 2, until their own should be recommenced, accommodating themselves with the greatest readiness to the customs of No. 2. A little boy who entered at No. 3, so lately formed, was absent for a few days. One morning his teacher observed him standing about the door of the house: when she asked him why he did not come in, he burst into tears, and said his father would not let him come, because they taught him to pray—



This love for school becomes painful when the children are to be excluded from these houses of refuge. They appear to feel that they are about to be separated from their best friend. The most painful duty which your managers have to perform is the dismissal of children, when they have arrived at the age at which they can no longer be considered subjects for an infant school. —The following facts serve to prove that this is the case. Two brothers, a few days ago, came to speak to their teacher. On seeing them in tears, and hearing their loud sobs, he asked them the cause, when one of them said: "Why, the ladies were at our house last night, and told mother we must not come any more to school; and mother's very sorry, and so are we, and we have come to bid you good bye." We are told that some of these children are crying every day to return. A little one meeting her teacher in the street begged him to permit her to return, if it was only for a day or two. Your managers recommend to the parents, in all cases, the removal of the children from infant to public schools. In some instances this is done, but we regret to say not in all.

While we throw out these little anecdotes, illustrative of the good effects of these schools on the hearts of the children, we must not forbear to add, that the head is also attended to. Some who did not know a letter when they entered, have, in the space of seven months, learned to read. A Sabbath school teacher in one of our churches, on questioning her classes a few Sabbaths since, found two of her little charge answering with great correctness every question proposed. Surprised at the change, she inquired the cause, and was informed they had been *one week* in an infant school.

#### EDITORIAL.

##### PROVERBS OF SOLOMON, ARRANGED.

[Continued.]

**Pride and Humility.**—These six things doth the Lord hate; yea, seven are an abomination unto him. A proud look, a lying tongue, and hands that shed innocent blood. The fear of the Lord is to hate evil; pride, and arrogance, and the evil way, and the froward mouth, do I hate. When pride cometh, then cometh shame: but with the lowly is wisdom. They that are of a froward heart are an abomination to the Lord; but such as are upright in their way are his delight. A man shall be commended according to his wisdom: but he that is of a perverse heart shall be despised. Only by pride cometh contention: but with the well advised is wisdom. The Lord will destroy the house of the proud: but he will establish the border of the widow. The fear of the Lord is the instruction of wisdom; and before honour is humility. Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall. Better is it to be of an humble spirit with the lowly, than to divide the spoil with the proud. Before destruction the heart of man is haughty, and before honour is humility. A high look, and a proud heart, and the ploughing of the wicked, is sin. By humility, and the fear of the Lord, are riches, and honour, and life. Put not forth thyself in the presence of the king, and stand not in the place of great men: For better is it that it be said unto thee, Come up hither, than that thou shouldst be put lower in the presence of the prince whom thine eyes have seen. A man's pride shall bring him low; but honour shall uphold the humble in spirit.

**Tattling.**—The wise in heart will receive commendments: but a prating fool shall fall. He that winketh with the eye causeth sorrow; but a prating fool shall fall. He that hideth hatred with lying lips, and he that uttereth a slander, is a fool. In the multitude of words there wanteth not sin: but he that refraineth his lips is wise. The wicked worketh a deceitful work: but to him that soweth righteousness shall be a sure reward. He that keepeth his mouth keepeth his life: but he that openeth wide his lips shall have destruction. A wholesome tongue is a tree of life: but perverseness therein is a breach in the spirit. A froward man soweth strife; and a whisperer separateth chief friends. He that cover-

eth a transgression seeketh love; but he that repeateth a matter separateth very friends. He that hath knowledge spareth his words; and a man of understanding is of an excellent spirit. Even a fool when he holdeth his peace is counted wise; and he that shutteth his lips is esteemed a man of understanding. The words of a man's mouth are as deep waters, and the well spring of wisdom as a flowing brook. The words of a tale-bearer are as wounds, and they go down into the innermost parts of the belly. Death and life are in the power of the tongue; and they that love it shall eat the fruit thereof. He that goeth about as a tale-bearer revealeth secrets; therefore meddle not with him that flattereth with his lips. Whoso keepeth his mouth and his tongue, keepeth his soul from troubles. Where no wood is, there the fire goeth out; so where there is no tale-bearer, the strife ceaseth.

**Riches and Poverty.**—The rich man's wealth is his strong city; the destruction of the poor is their poverty. The blessing of the Lord, it maketh rich; and he addeth no sorrow with it. Riches profit not in the day of wrath; but righteousness delivereth from death. He that trusteth in his riches shall fall; but the righteous shall flourish as a branch. The ransom of a man's life are his riches; but the poor heareth not rebuke. Better is little with the fear of the Lord, than great treasure and trouble therewith. Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox, and hatred therewith. Better is a little with righteousness, than great revenues without right. Better is a dry morsel, and quietness therewith, than a house full of sacrifices with strife. Wealth maketh many friends; but the poor is separated from his neighbor. Wilt thou set thine eyes upon that which is not? for riches certainly make themselves wings; they fly away, as an eagle toward heaven.

**Contention, Anger.**—Strive not with a man without cause, if he have done thee no harm. A fool's wrath is presently known; but a prudent man covereth shame. He that is soon angry dealeth foolishly; and a man of wicked devices is hated. He that is slow to wrath is of great understanding; but he that is hasty of spirit exalteth folly. A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger. A wrathful man stirreth up strife; but he that is slow to anger appeaseth strife. He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city. The beginning of strife is as when one letteth out water; therefore leave off contention before it be meddled with. He loveth transgression that loveth strife; and he that exalteth his gate seeketh destruction. A fool's lips enter into contention, and his mouth calleth for strokes. A brother offended is harder to be won than a strong city; and their contentions are like the bars of a castle. The discretion of a man deferreth his anger; and it is his glory to pass over a transgression. The king's wrath is as the roaring of a lion: but his favor is as dew upon the grass. A man of great wrath shall suffer punishment; for if thou deliver him, thou must do it again. It is an honor for a man to cease from strife; but every fool will be meddling. Say not thou, I will recompense evil: but wait on the Lord, and he shall save thee. It is better to dwell in a corner of the house top, than with a brawling woman in a wide house. It is better to dwell in the wilderness, than with a contentious and angry woman. Cast out the scorner, and contention shall go out; yea, strife and reproach shall cease. Make no friendship with an angry man; and with a furious man thou shalt not go; lest thou learn his ways, and get a snare to thy soul. He that hath no rule over his own spirit is like a city that is broken down, and without walls. He that passeth by, and meddleth with strife belonging not to him, is like one that taketh a dog by the ears. As coals are to burning coals, and as wood to fire; so is a contentious man to kindle strife. A stone is heavy, and the sand weighty; but a fool's wrath is heavier than them both. Wrath is cruel, and anger is outrageous; but who is able to stand before envy? If a wise man contendeth with a foolish man, whether he rage or laugh; there is no rest. An angry

man stirreth up strife, and a furious man aboundeth in transgression.

#### MISCELLANY.

**A Kind Reproof.**—Three gentlemen were lately riding in a stage coach between Baltimore and Philadelphia, when a Tallow Chandler was introduced, in company with a little boy of six or seven years of age. The manservant by his Maker that he would take the boy to Philadelphia, black him, and sell him to Georgia for a *nigger*. Nearly one fourth of his words for several minutes were oaths, when one of the three gentlemen, a merchant, asked, "My friend, is that boy your son?" "Yes sir," said the Tallow Chandler. "Well, are you not afraid that you will ruin your son?" "How so?" "Why, by using such bad language, telling such lies before him, and setting him such an example." "Sir, I confess," replied the Tallow Chandler, "that I am wrong;" and for several hours after uttered no more profane expressions. How forcible are right words, kindly spoken!

If you would be reduced to the necessity of shunning your creditors, be a *drunkard*; and you will soon have reason to prefer the by-paths to the public streets.

When a true genius appears in the world, you may know him by this sign,—that the dunces are all in confederacy against him.—*Swift*.

#### POETRY.

##### THE HEN AND CHICKENS.

See the chickens round the gate,  
For their morning portion wait;  
Fill the basket from the store,  
Open wide the cottage door;  
Throw some crumbs and scatter seed,  
Let the hungry chickens feed.  
Call them—O how fast they run,  
Gladly, quickly—every one:  
See the hen, how kind and good  
To her young and coddled brood;  
With what care their steps she leads,  
Not herself, but them she feeds;  
Picking here and picking there,  
Where the nicest portions are.  
Throw some double handfuls out—  
Now how fast they run about!  
When she calls, they flock around,  
Bustling all along the ground;  
Till their active labors cease,  
And at last they rest in peace.  
Then the little tiny things  
Nestle close beneath her wings,  
Where she keeps them safe and warm,  
Free from fear and free from harm.  
Now, my little child, attend—  
In the Lord you have a friend,  
Though unseen by mortal eye,  
Dwelling far above the sky:  
Faintly does that hen express  
His kind care and tenderness;  
As her little brood she guides,  
Cherishes, and food provides,  
So are you by day and night  
In your heavenly Father's sight;  
His protecting wings are spread  
Over your defenceless head,  
All the children of his care  
In his tenderest pity share;  
He in whom all goodness dwells—  
He whose love all love excels—  
He your every want supplies,  
And his mercy never dies.  
May you by his love be taught  
How to trust him as you ought!  
And to him unceasing raise  
Daily prayer and daily praise! [Children's Friend.

##### WINTER.

My pretty flowers are gone away,—  
All covered o'er with snow—  
And I must wait till next May-day,  
To see my violets grow.  
I'm very sure the leaves will peep  
Again above the ground,  
Although the root is very deep,  
And not a stem is found.  
Mother says, when the grave shall close  
O'er little Jane and I,  
We, like our sweet fading rose,  
Shall only seem to die.  
I know my mother tells me true—  
I'm not afraid to go  
To God, who showers my plants with dew,  
And covers them with snow. [Juv. Miscellany.



# YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Published Weekly, by WILLIS & RAND, at the Office of the Boston Recorder, No. 127, Washington-Street... Price One Dollar a year in advance, or \$1, 50, if not paid in advance.

No. 43.

BOSTON, MARCH 17, 1830.

VOL. III.

## NARRATIVE.

*For the Youth's Companion.*

### AN ADVENTURE ON CAPE COD.

It was a delightful summer afternoon when my companion and myself set off from Barnstable, on an excursion across the cape. We soon entered a thick grove of shrub oaks, whose dark green foliage covered the whole of the interior of this remarkable promontory. The land rises into gentle hills and undulations, and its appearance, while covered with its peculiar vegetation, was altogether new;—we seemed to have been suddenly transported into some foreign country. A narrow road, in deep and heavy sand, found its way through this forest in miniature, and we found no interruption to this desolate sterility, through the whole road, except one small house inhabited by a negro woman and her son.

At length when we had nearly crossed the cape, the ocean and its islands opened upon our view, and we soon emerged into the cultivated and inhabited region which skirts the southern shore. A small tavern here supplied us with a little refreshment and not a little rest, and we then resumed our walk towards the *Quaker village* of which we were in quest. It was situated a few miles down the cape, near the mouth of a small stream called Bass river.

In the course of an hour we came in sight of a very large plain, nearly on a level with the sea, which was covered to an immense extent, with the low roofs of the salt vats, and, by the sides of them, in long rows, the vats themselves, exposing their contents to the rays of the sun. Just in the edge of the water, were erected tall frames, on the tops of which windmills were rapidly turning, raising water to supply the vats. I counted twenty ranged along the shore, in constant and unceasing operation. These salt works were left to do their work alone; there was not a single individual there to take care of them.

After we had passed through these works, we came to a pleasant little village, which was characterized in its appearance by the neatness and snugness for which the Quakers are proverbial. The houses were all small except one, which was two stories in height, and which stood in the centre, looking like the nucleus of the little town; they were nearly all painted and surrounded by neat fences and spacious and well arranged out buildings. We saw no tavern, but we went to a store, the only one in the village, which occupied one end of a dwelling house, and asked a young man who stood at the door if he could direct us to some house where we could obtain some dinner. "We are travellers," said we, "and we see no tavern here."

"If you will stop a moment, I will go and see if my mother cannot accommodate you."

In a few minutes he returned, bringing us a very hospitable invitation from his mother, to make our home at her house, and he invited us to walk in.

The lady of the house welcomed us with cheerful looks, and while she was preparing our refreshment we formed an acquaintance with her family. There was among the inmates of this peaceful dwelling, a most frank hearted and beautiful little child, who soon began to repose great confidence in me, bringing me all her little playthings, and giving me an account of her adventures; and they had been not a few for one who had seen so little of life as she had, for her home was at Nantucket, so that she had been quite a traveller, by sea and by land.

After dinner we went out to see the village. We walked along the bank of the river a few rods and soon came to the termination of the settlement. There were scarcely more than a dozen houses, but every thing which we saw impressed us more and more with a feeling of the peace and happiness which reigned there. At the farther extremity, very near a wood which here closely hems in the village, were the school-house and meeting-house. The burying-ground was adjoining the latter, at one side of which were two rows of graves,—children composing the one, and grown persons the other. They were arranged side by side, without monuments of any kind, according to the Quaker custom, for with them, there is, literally, no distinction in death. I never was placed in a situation in which I felt myself so retired from the noise and bustle of life, as when standing in this silent church yard, looking upon the little village which seemed the very abode of tranquility and peace, the almost motionless river gliding slowly and noiselessly on its way,—and the spacious field of salt works, and the busy wind mills,—actively employed indeed,—but in perfect solitude.

ERODORE.

## RELIGION.

*From the American Pastor's Journal.*

### THE WIDOW'S DAUGHTER.

"Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." Matt. xviii. 3.

[The following simple narrative of the conversion of a young lady, fifteen years of age, in a distant part of the country, was written by herself, and presented as the history of her religious experience, on making application for admission into the church. It has been furnished by her pastor for publication.]

It is now about four months since my mind became deeply affected, in view of my condition as a sinner. Previous to this time, I had often had serious impressions, but they were not lasting. During the summer preceding, I was very thoughtless, and slumbered on in sin, regardless of God and his word. The first thing that disturbed my repose, and aroused me to think of my condition, was the conversation of one of the members of my mother's family. I was then left alone, the only impenitent member, but I was resolved to care nothing about it, and especially did I determine not to let any one know that it affected me. I knew that Christians were praying that what had taken place might soften my heart, and cause it to break in penitence for sin; and I knew that they were anxiously watching me, and waiting to see an answer to their prayers; and therefore I tried to appear perfectly indifferent, when in their presence, but when alone I felt, indeed, that I was alone—I was wretched and uneasy. I was unhappy in the society of Christians, because I could not but see and feel the difference between them and myself. I often retired alone to weep, though I hardly knew the reason why. I thought that I was a much greater sinner, in the sight of God, than my cousin, to whom the Lord had showed mercy, and that, for that reason, he ought to have had mercy on me, rather than on her, because, having sinned against greater light, I had the greater need.

I had no thought that the Spirit of God was striving with me, though I knew that something unusual was on my mind, from which it was with much difficulty that I could divert my attention. I was a burden to myself and felt that I could not live in such a state. But my convictions of sin continued to increase. I was afraid to read my Bible, or any religious book, because it would only increase my guilt, and fill up the measure of my iniquity. When

a meeting was appointed for conversation with the minister, I refused to attend—I was still unwilling that my feelings should be known. But, that evening, and at times through the week, I felt oppressed with the conviction, that if I could not humble myself enough to use the means for the salvation of my soul, which had been blessed to the good of others, I must expect to perish. Soon after this, Mr. H. had some conversation with me about my feelings, and dealt very plainly with me, on the dangers and consequences of impenitence. After this I had a deeper sense of the awful nature of sin, as committed against God, and of my own sinfulness in his sight. I felt that I deserved hell, and feared that I should soon be there. When the time arrived for another meeting for conversation I feared to stay away, and while in the meeting, I felt that God was very near, that he knew all the sin and iniquity, and opposition and enmity, there was in my heart, and I had a little sense of my guilt and sinfulness in his holy sight. For about three weeks, there was but little alteration in my feelings—my mind was almost constantly employed about the concerns of my soul—at times more distressed in view of my sins than at others; yet, after all the wretchedness I had felt, I was still unwilling to make any resolution that I would submit to God. I felt that my heart was opposed to God, and that I could not give up all to him. My impression was, that if I could have more conviction and distress, I should then be willing to do it. For some time I was half resolved that I would submit, but at length I became convinced that half-formed resolutions, which did not lead me to act, would only ruin me. I felt the necessity of being firmly resolved. The time was drawing near, when I must leave home for a season, and I felt that unless I became reconciled to God before that time, I probably never should. I became continually more and more convinced, that then was the time, and the only time, and under the influence of this feeling, I resolved, and tried, as I then thought, to give my heart to God. I was distressed with a sense of the awful hardness of my heart, and felt that I needed a Saviour to wash me from my sins. Still, however, I felt a lingering unwillingness to trust myself wholly in the hands of God, lest he should treat me as I deserved. In this state of mind I passed away the evening without submission. Then I began to feel that I must leave my mother's house an enemy to God, and that it was probable I should resist the Spirit to leave me entirely and forever; that there would then be not the least hope in my case.

While absent from home, I had but very little opportunity of hearing any thing on the subject of religion. I was sensible that the Spirit was gradually leaving me, and I became alarmed about myself—felt that my soul was worth more than every thing else, and that it demanded my immediate attention. I at length returned home, feeling that there was no time for delay, and that my only business should be the business of my salvation. Soon after this, two individuals came forward to be examined by the church. I felt that I was left behind, to feel my wretchedness and woe, while they could bless and praise God for his goodness. My heart rose in opposition to God, for thus making a separation between us; but at the same time my conscience condemned me, for thus charging God with injustice. I was convinced that he was as willing to show mercy to me as to them, when I would submit to all his requirements. The transactions of that evening, were, I think, a blessing to me. They led me to reflect more intensely on the awful danger of my condition, and the necessity of immediate submission to God. But I continued to delay—waited for more conviction.



too and distress—thought I had not sufficiently felt my sinfulness in the sight of God to give him my heart. On the Sabbath I attended meeting—I arose to sing, but I felt so deeply my guilt for rising up in the house of God, and in his especial presence, to pretend to sing his praises, while it was solemn mockery, that I could not sing. I felt that the pit of hell was opened just beneath me, and that I was already sinking into it. And I was convinced that I had brought all this wretchedness upon myself. I knew that Christ was willing to have mercy on me, when I would lie submissive and penitent at his feet; but I was still unwilling to come to him. The next day my impressions were those of the deepest solemnity. I felt that it was a solemn thing to live, and that I was living for eternity. My sins rose up before me like a mountain, and distressed me very much; and I went into the meeting for conversation, in the evening, resolved that I would seek the Lord with all my heart—that I would submit to him, and, if I perished, I would perish at the foot of the cross.

But my heart was hard, and would not break in penitence for my sins. I did not think that the prayers of Christians would save me, nor that I could save myself. I felt that there was no help but in Christ—that his arm alone could save me. But I was still unwilling to let go every thing—have no other dependence, nor refuge, and trust my soul in the hands of God. During the next day, I felt that I had sinned all my life,—resisted the Holy Spirit,—rejected the Saviour, and that every thought of my heart was sin against him. I felt that I deserved hell, and that I was then suffering under the wrath and curse of a justly offended God. It seemed that I could not for ever endure his anger;—it was then almost insupportable. I continued in this state of feeling until Wednesday morning, when my distress increased. I felt that my eternity was hung upon the transactions of a few moments. I was convinced that it was my duty to kneel down, and confess audibly my sins before God and man, and that I never should find any relief until I did. I resisted this impression as long as I could—I did not dare to refuse, for I felt that my soul was at stake. I was at last constrained to do it, and tried to confess my sins before God, and commit my soul into his hands. I think I then felt perfectly willing to give up every thing to God. It was my desire that he would take me and dispose of me for his glory. I do not know that I had any expectation that I should be saved or destroyed. I only expected and desired that God would glorify himself, whatever became of me. I was not sensible of any hatred or opposition to God. After that time my distress left me, and that which I afterwards experienced, proceeded from a different cause.—Through the day, I was sensible that my feelings were different from what they were in the morning. I was afraid that the Spirit was about to take its flight, yet I was sensible that it had not left me. But I could see no light—every thing before me was dark and gloomy. I remained in this condition nearly two weeks. I felt sorrow for sin, not because it subjected me to punishment, but because it was an offence to God. I thought I would rather die then, in that wretched condition, than live any longer in sin against him. The next Sabbath, which was communion day, was a very solemn day to me. I felt that I was shut out and separated from the saints, and I had no desire to join with the world. I was without hope—no God to whom I could go;—I could not find him. I felt as if I desired to love him, but could not find him. I thought that if I could only find God, and feel that my sins against him were pardoned, I should be satisfied. I felt no opposition towards God, because he had given my friends reason to hope in his mercy, and permitted them to unite themselves to the people of God, while I was left behind. It appeared perfectly just, and I could not complain.—I thought I felt submissive to God—but if I am, why all this darkness and gloom? Why do I not put my whole trust and confidence in God, and rely on him for salvation? I thought it must be that I was deceived about my feelings—that I was not submissive to the will of

God; yet I could not discover that I had any of that hatred towards God, which I had previous to that time felt. I did not know what to do with myself. I felt that my condition was alarming. I could not go back to the world, to join in its pleasures, and become stupid concerning my eternal interests. I preferred remaining where I then was. I cared nothing about the world—all that I desired was an interest in Christ, and I was resolved to obtain it if possible. I therefore again resolved to submit all into the hands of God. I felt perfectly willing to come to Christ, and trust I did, just as I was, a vile, wretched, hell-deserving sinner, and throw myself entirely upon his mercy. I was not sensible of that hardness of heart which I had formerly felt;—I think I felt sincere sorrow for sin. I felt as if I could venture my soul on Christ forever—that every other refuge and dependence had failed, but that Christ would never fail. I am not sensible that I enjoyed personal hope in the mercy of God, until the next morning. I then thought that it might be possible that I had a right feeling. The Saviour was precious to my soul, and I think I felt willing to do any thing, or be any thing, if I could love God, and obey his commands. I tried to search my heart and to pray that the Lord would search it, and suffer me to rest upon nothing but Christ. My hope, though feeble, has continued from that time to strengthen.

I had expected that if ever I were converted, I should have a very sudden change in my feelings—that I should know the very moment in which I submitted to God—and that my hope in him would be very strong;—that I should have no doubts respecting it.—But the Lord has led me in a way which I knew not, and I think I am thankful that he has. I think I love God and his cause above every thing else. I love to engage in his service, and labor in his vineyard. I think I feel thankful that he has given me the least reason to hope in his mercy; and I now feel it to be my duty, and shall esteem it a great privilege, to unite myself to the people of God, that I may share in their prayers, and be under their watch and guidance. J.

### THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

From the Western S. S. Messenger.

#### VISIT TO A SABBATH SCHOOL.

I went to a Sabbath school not long ago, and as I noticed the scholars coming in one after another, I thought I could tell some of the reasons why many children go to Sabbath school a long time, and remain bad and foolish children still. And I thought to myself, "I will remember some of these things and send them to be printed in the Western Sabbath School Messenger; for perhaps when these and other children who do the same, are put in mind of it, they will try to do better."

I sat near the door, and could observe several classes, also every child that came in. First I noticed that nearly all who were early enough for prayers, were well behaved and appeared to know the lesson and to take pleasure in reading the word of God. So I thought, "How much better it would be if all Sabbath school children would come early and ask the blessing of the Lord of the Sabbath?"

There came in a little girl dressed very neatly, perhaps I should say gaily; and she took her seat in the class, but instead of opening her book as I expected, she began to fix her shawl, and then she put her hair in order, and looking rather scornfully round at a poorly dressed girl who sat next to her, she moved a little off and tucked her frock close to her. She seemed to be thinking of herself all the time, and when her teacher called her attention, she got her book in a great hurry, but turned very red, and though I was not near enough to hear, I could see that she did not know her lesson. But she got over the mortification very soon and occupied herself with her dress until the school closed. I thought, "Does this little girl know that this is the Lord's day and that she comes here to read and learn his word, that her soul is in danger of perishing, and that this fine dress must soon be changed

for grave clothes, and her body be eaten up of worms and so loathesome that this little poor girl upon whom she looks so scornfully, would be obliged to turn away from her?"

There came in two little boys laughing, and as they came along, one silly gave the other a push and he stumbled and almost fell down. This made two or three of the scholars laugh, and I saw the teacher trying to make them attend, but they would not, and did not seem even to hear what he was saying, they were so bent on their folly. "Ah! foolish boys," I thought, "time is passing away, and God is mercifully giving you all these opportunities of learning his will, and what you must do to be saved. Soon you will hear a voice which will and must be heard—It will call you to account for playing away your time." I think if little boys consider that they have six days in the week to play, and if they will consider what a serious and solemn business it is to meet on God's holy day, to read his blessed word, they will be willing to lay aside this foolish and sinful habit.

On another seat I saw two little girls. One of them had an apple, a piece of which she was giving to the other, but they were trying to hide it from the teacher, a young lady who seemed very anxious to do them good, and spoke to them about their sinful hearts, about a Holy God, a precious Saviour, a Heaven of glory and happiness, a Hell of never ending misery; but they, silly little girls! thought more of an apple than of all these things. Oh! if God should call these children away by Death, before another Sabbath, what would not they be willing to give for this wasted time!

Children! remember this verse of the Hymn,

"And every Sabbath should be pass'd,

"As if we knew it was our last;

"For what would dying people give

"To have one Sabbath more to live?"

I saw a girl who was rather larger than the others, and who appeared to be ashamed of being seen there. She sometimes laughed when her teacher would affectionately beg her to listen, telling her of her danger and guilt; and sometimes she would turn away her head and look angry. Of what is this girl ashamed? Of reading the Bible and hearing of one who is able to save her from everlasting ruin? Ashamed of learning how to serve that God whom angels and archangels think it their highest honor to serve? But I do hope that few children who have attended the Sabbath school for any time, are so foolish and wicked; and I know that there are many good, attentive, little Sabbath scholars.

### THE NURSERY.

From the Western S. S. Messenger.

#### ELIZA AND HER LITTLE BROTHER.

It was such a pleasant day, that Eliza's mother said to her, "You may take little Charles to walk around the door, only be careful of him." So Eliza ran quickly to get her bonnet and shawl, while her mother put on Charley's coat and hat. He was her little brother, and was just able to run about and beginning to talk. Eliza used to laugh very much at his crooked words and funny little ways, and she was besides very fond of him. Whenever therefore her mother allowed her to take him abroad, she was highly pleased. As soon as they were ready, Eliza took little Charles by the hand, and he was as pleased as his sister; for such little ones love dearly to go abroad. While they were going along they met Sarah, one of Eliza's school fellows. "How do you do, Charley," said Sarah, and stooped down to kiss him. "Say no, no, Charley," said Eliza. "Then give me a piece of your cake," said Sarah. "Tell her, Charley can't spare it, he wants it all himself," said Eliza. "Charley wants it all hisself," said the little one, shaking his head, and grasping his cake. "But I must have it," said Sarah, and in pretending to take it, the cake fell on the ground, and was covered with dust. "Naughty, bad Sarah," said Eliza, "slap her, Charley;" and she took his little hand and slapped Sarah with it, and he said very readily all the words she told him to say, for it is very, very easy to teach children any



thing that is *wrong*; as the Bible says, "Foolishness is bound up in the heart of a child,"—and again, "They go astray as soon as they be born, speaking lies." Little Charley was so earnest in striking Sarah, that his foot slipped and down he fell. He cried very loud, though it was easy to be seen that he was not much hurt. Eliza instead of saying, "Never mind it, it is not worth crying for; get up like a little man," called out, "Naughty ground, to make Charley's foot slip; take a stick and whip it—there, whip it *hard*—take that you good for nothing ground."—By this time Charley was quite in a passion, and I suppose felt as if he wanted to beat every body; so he cried and fretted and snatched his hand away from Eliza, and became so cross and unmanageable that she was glad to get home with him.

Now perhaps Eliza wondered what made her little brother so cross; and as he grows up and *will* have his own way, and is disobedient, and ungenerous and cruel, she will be very sorry, and think it strange.

But she must remember that she taught him all this—that is, she indulged all the bad principles which are in the heart of every child, instead of shewing him a better way, and teaching him kind, and generous and pleasant ways. It seems a small thing for little Charley now to say, "No, no," when he is spoken to; and he looks very funny shaking his little head; but by and by, Eliza and others will hear him say, "No, I won't," when they ask him to do any thing. He will have more in his power to give away as he grows older than a piece of cake, but he will hold it as tight, and with the same spirit she has taught him, say, "I want it all myself," when perhaps Eliza would be glad to have some of it; and he will not beat the *ground* perhaps, if he is angry, but he will vent his passion upon his fellow creatures, or poor dumb animals, and perhaps even come "to *murder* and to *death*," in his rage.

I wish all boys and girls who have little brothers and sisters to take care of, would see how much *good* they can teach them. Instead of making them say foolish words, teach them little hymns and prayers; see how pleasant and obliging you can make them.

And remember, above all, that they have immortal souls to be saved or lost; and that as the word of God says, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it," so, if you train him up in the way he should *not* go, he will keep in it, and be a grief to you and a torment to himself, and more than that, you will be called to account for it as well as he.

## LEARNING.

For the Youth's Companion.

### THE LITTLE SLOVEN.

"I won't be washed," said little Frank to the servant, "I will go to school without—I know the master will love me just as well, and I have this moment been reading in my dear little paper that we should all be in our seats the minute school begins, and then study our lesson till we have learned it well; and then to ask our teacher what we shall do next—and if I stop to be washed, and to have my hair combed, I shall not be there till long after school has begun, and then I shall not have time to get half my lesson, before I shall be called to recite it—and away he run as fast as his legs could carry him."

Little Frank had been an idle boy, and loved play better than his books, till one day he was called out for whispering and playing in school, and made to stand in the middle of the room with a high pointed cap on his head, made of paper and called a *fool's-cap*.—Frank looked very silly, and felt so too—for he knew no body could love a little boy who had been so naughty and idle—and he felt very sorry, and told his teacher if he would allow him to go to his seat, he would get his lesson and whisper no more.

He was allowed to go, and did as he promised. When this little boy went home he looked quite

sad, and his kind mother asked him if he was sick; he burst into tears and told her he was not; that he had been naughty at school, and had been punished—but that he was determined it should be the last time, for he intended for the future to be one of the best boys in school. His mother, though she was very sorry that he had been so naughty, felt much pleased with his candour and penitence, and told him if he would only practise what he had now promised, she would take for him the little weekly paper which he had sometimes read at his cousin's, and so much liked—the Youth's Companion. Frank felt very grateful for this new instance of his mother's kindness to him, and continued to be a very good boy till the morning he ran away without being washed; but he soon had cause to repent of this also, for he had not been in school long when his class was called out to recite their lesson. The teacher looked pleasantly upon them, and said he was very happy to see them all so punctual, and he was sure from their happy bright and clean faces that they would recite their lessons quite perfectly.

Poor Frank held down his head, and his face turned very red, for he felt confident *he* could not look clean, as he had not been washed that morning.—The teacher saw his embarrassment, and the cause of it; for his *face* was not only very dirty, but his hands also, and he tried to hide them by putting one behind his back and the other into his pocket, which made him look very awkwardly. The master then said he hoped none of his pupils ever allowed themselves to go to school without first being washed, and having their heads combed, their shoes brushed and their clothes neat and clean, otherwise they would be called *slovens* as they deserved to be—and that nobody could love and respect a scholar who liked a dirty face, and dirty fingers, better than clean ones.—"Hold out your hands, my boys," said the teacher, "and let me see if we have any slovens here."

They all very readily held them out but poor Frank who kept his where they were before, and looked sillier than ever. The teacher then walked up to him and said, "My little man, what has become of *your* hands? Why do you try to hide them?" Frank then drew one hand slowly out of his pocket, and the other from behind his back;—but had no sooner done so, than the whole class burst out into a loud laugh, and I do not think they were much to blame, for I cannot believe you ever saw two dirtier little paws on a school-boy in your life. The master then told Frank to take his hat and march home as fast as he could go, and not to return till he could come looking as a decent boy should to school.

Now, my dear little readers, if you would be loved and respected by your teachers, and all good and wise people, always keep yourselves neat and clean; and if you do not wish to be laughed at, and sent home like little Frank, and called slovenly, never go to school without first being washed and dressed, neat and clean. J\*\*\*\*\*.

### THE IDLE SCHOOL-BOY.

That little boy was the laziest boy you ever saw. He was indolent about every thing. When he played, the boys said he played, as if the master told him to. And when he went to school, he went creep, creeping along, like a snail, with a satchel on his back. The boy had sense enough; but he never learned any thing—he was too lazy to learn any thing. When he spelled a word, he drawled out one syllable after another, as if he were afraid the syllables would quarrel, if he did not keep them a great ways apart. Once, when he was saying a lesson in geography, his master asked him, "What is said of Hartford?" He answered; "Hart-ford-is-a-flourishing-com-i-cal-town." He meant it was "a flourishing, commercial town;" but he was such a drone, that he never knew what he was about. When asked how far the Kennebec was navigable, he said it was "navigable for *boats* as far as Waterville." The boys all laughed, and the school-master could not help laughing too. The idle boy colored like scarlet.

"I say it is so in my book," said he; and when one of the boys showed him the geography, and pointed to the place where it stated that the Kennebec was navigable for *boats* as far as Waterville, he stood with his hands in his pocket, and his mouth open, as if he could not understand what they were all laughing at. Another day, when his class were reciting a lesson from Mrs. Rawson's Dictionary, he made a mistake, worse than all the rest. The word, A-ceph-a-lous, was printed with syllables divided, as you see; the definition of the word was, "without a head." The idle boy had often been laughed at for being so very slow in saying his lessons; this time he thought he would be very quick and smart; so he spelled the word before the master had a chance to put it out. And how do you think he spelled it?

"A-c-e-p-h, Aceph," said he; "A louse without a head." The boys laughed at him so much about this, that he was obliged to leave school. As the master said, "He was a drone, and the working bees stung him out of the hive."

You can easily guess what luck this idle boy had. His father tried to give him a good education, but he would be a dunce; not, because he was a fool, but because he was too lazy to give his attention to any thing. He had considerable fortune left him; but he was too lazy to take care of it; and now he goes about the streets, with his hands in his pocket, begging his bread. [Juv. Miscellany.]

## EDITORIAL.

### PROVERBS OF SOLOMON, ARRANGED.

[Continued.]

*Suretyship*.—My son, if thou be surety for thy friend, if thou hast stricken thy band with a stranger, thou art snared with the words of thy mouth, thou art taken with the words of thy mouth. Do this now, my son, and deliver thyself, when thou art come into the hand of thy friend; go, humble thyself, and make sure thy friend. Give not sleep to thine eyes, nor slumber to thine eyelids. Deliver thyself as a roe from the hand of the hunter, and as a bird from the hand of the fowler. He that is surety for a stranger shall smart for it; and he that bateth suretyship is sure. A man void of understanding striketh hands, and becometh surety in the presence of his friend. Take his garment that is surety for a stranger; and take a pledge of him for a strange woman. Be not thou one of them that strike hands, or of them that are sureties for debts. If thou hast nothing to pay, why should he take away thy bed from under thee?

*Avarice*.—So are the ways of every one that is greedy of gain; which taketh away the life of the owners thereof. There is that maketh himself rich, yet hath nothing; there is that maketh himself poor, yet hath great riches. The ransom of a man's life are his riches; but the poor heareth not rebuke. Wealth gotten by vanity shall be diminished: but he that gathereth by labor, shall increase. A good man leaveth an inheritance to his children's children; and the wealth of the sinner is laid up for the just. He that is greedy of gain troubleth his own house; but he that hateth gifts shall live. An inheritance may be gotten hastily at the beginning; but the end thereof shall not be blessed. Labour not to be rich; cease from thine own wisdom.

*Oppression*.—He that oppresseth the poor to increase his riches, and he that giveth to the rich, shall surely come to want. Rob not the poor, because he is poor; neither oppress the afflicted in the gate; for the Lord will plead their cause, and spoil the soul of those that spoiled them. Remove not the old landmark; and enter not into the fields of the fatherless; for their Redeemer is mighty; he shall plead their cause with thee. Lay not wait, O wicked man, against the dwelling of the righteous; spoil not his resting place; for a just man falleth seven times, and riseth up again: but the wicked shall fall into mischief. A poor man that oppresseth the poor, is like a sweeping rain, which leaveth no food.

*Folly, and its Consequences*.—The fear of the



Lord is the beginning of knowledge; but fools despise wisdom and instruction. As the whirlwind passeth, so is the wicked no more; but the righteous is an everlasting foundation. Every wise woman buildeth her house; but the foolish plucketh it down with her hands. In the mouth of the foolish is a rod of pride; but the lips of the wise shall preserve them. The wisdom of the prudent is to understand his way; but the folly of fools is deceit. A wise man feareth, and departeth from evil: but the fool rageth and is confident. The crown of the wise is their riches; but the foolishness of fools is folly. Wisdom resteth in the heart of him that hath understanding: but that which is in the midst of fools is made known. Wherefore is there a price in the hand of a fool to get wisdom, seeing he hath no heart to it?

#### MISCELLANY.

*From the Friend and Gazette.*

##### LOST CHILDREN.

On the 30th of September, 1829, two boys, one of nine, and the other seven years old, sons of George and Jonathan Willard, of Edwards, St. Lawrence co., N. Y., strayed from home, and got lost in the woods, where they remained two days and nights. The fore part of the first night was attended with a heavy and long continued rain, and the latter part was cold and frosty; and there was a severe frost on the succeeding night. The boys were thinly clad and must have suffered from the cold.

On the children being missed the neighbours were alarmed, and commenced a search, which was continued until dark, but without success. On the next day, the whole neighborhood, and people from a distance round, were actively engaged in ranging the woods,—but they only discovered foot-steps of the wanderers near a creek, which led to a more general and vigorous effort. On the morning of the third day, five or six hundred persons assembled at the appointed rendezvous, made their arrangements, divided into companies, formed a line two or three miles in length, and proceeded in the direction where the tracks were discovered the day previous. And now was exhibited an interesting scene. The sympathy of the multitude was excited to a high degree and anxiety was depicted in every countenance. All firing of guns was prohibited, unless the children should be found; still the abundance of game, coming in contact with one party on its flight from another, presented a temptation so powerful, that a number of deer were shot and left on the ground. The flying of patriotes, the cracking of brush, the sound of human voices, &c. produced a confused noise, but did not divert the citizens from the object of their pursuit.

The tracks of the children were again found, and followed to the border of a beaver meadow, near which the boys themselves were found. The younger one was first discovered, the elder having become affrighted and ran off on the approach of the company. On seeing his father, he stopped, pointed out the course his companion had taken, and called to and was answered by him, when he was pursued and overtaken. Their clothes were much torn, and their flesh was lacerated; they had eaten nothing but wintergreen; and when food was presented to them, they said they were not, and appeared not to be, much hungry.

The children stated, that during the first night they were in the forest, a large creature like their dog came near them, and that they laughed at it & drove it away. It is supposed to have been a wolf.

The cry, "They are found!" ran from man to man through the lines, and the firing of guns, sounding of horns, &c. brought the multitude together at the place. After the first transports of joy had subsided, the people were brought to order, Colonel Hopkins related the particulars of finding the little sufferers, the people united in ascribing praise to their Almighty Protector, and then dispersed to their respective homes. All were elated; but the parents were transported from despair and anguish to hope and cheerfulness,

while their recovered children were taken from a bed of cold earth, with the clouds for a covering, and from feeding on plants, to the fireside and table of competence, to relate in future days, and perhaps to their children's children, their sufferings, and the goodness of their heavenly Father, as they were wandering and lost in the woods. T.

*Far the Youth's Companion.*

##### LEARN TO DO WELL.

A little boy once remarked to his Sunday School Teacher that he hoped he should do good when he was grown up. Ah! said the Teacher, that will not be enough, you must begin while you are young.

DEAR CHILDREN,—Say not that you are too young to do any good; that you are too young to become Christians. You are not too young to die, or too young to go to Heaven. In obedience to the Lord Jesus Christ, we will suffer and invite you to come and be saved. He kindly promises, they that seek me early, shall find me.

A little girl on recovering from sickness, said, that God had made her well, and she loved God. Many young children, say they love God. Now there is one short lesson in the Bible containing but *one line*, which will teach all persons, whether their love is holy, Christian love:

"If ye love me, ye will keep my words."

Again the divine lesson is repeated,

"Keep my commandments and live."

O that it were my chief delight

To do the things I ought;

Then let me try with all my might

To mind what I am taught. Z.

##### JUVENILE BENEVOLENCE.

The following incident, related at a late anniversary, may be thought worthy of notice:—Three boys, belonging to a Sabbath School, were last spring informed by their parents, that they might cultivate a piece of ground for themselves, in order to make an offering to the Lord. The fruits of their labors were four bushels of corn each, for two of them, and sixteen bushels of potatoes for the other, all of which have been sold for *seven dollars*, and appropriated by the boys in the following manner:—one half to the Sunday School Union, and the other half for the purchase of books for the library of their own school.

May not this afford a useful hint to others? How easily might children be taught to supply themselves with libraries by the same means! It might not interfere with their ordinary occupations, and might keep them from the demoralizing diversions of youth. It might strengthen both mind and body, and accustom them to deeds of love and charity.

##### THE FRANK SCHOOL BOY.

Mr. Franks relates a conversation between the clerk of a Roman Catholic chapel, and one of the school boys in Ireland. The clerk inquired of the boy where he had been. He was answered,—At school. Do you not know, said the clerk, that the schools are forbidden by the church? May I ask, said the boy, what is the church? The clerk hesitated. I will tell you, said the lad; it is a congregation of the faithful, what you cannot prove your church to be. The Catholic, in order to make it appear that the Bible was obscure, and not to be understood by the common people, asked, in reference to the passage, Luke ix, 60, "Let the dead bury their dead,"—How can two dead men bury each other! The lad replied, I think it would be as easy as to be born again! The Catholic supposing he had puzzled the boy, began to triumph, and said, O, my good boy, that is not answering the question. Well, then, said the boy, the one man might be living, though dead in sin; and he could bury the other, who died in sin.—Two men standing by, said that the clerk hurried away, lest the lad in his turn, should ask him some questions.

*Christian Watchman.*

Love your Mother.—If the love of a mother surpasses all other love, you, who are a son, ought with the full measure of gratitude to return her af-

fection. You are bound to her by the strongest ties: treat her with never failing tenderness. She will love you, whatever may be your character: but let her have cause to glory in her child. Disappoint not her hope: do not by your vices plunge a sword into her bosom: do not break her heart: do not compel her to wish that God would hide her in the grave. Look unto Jesus, the pattern of every excellence. Love your mother as he loved his mother: obey, honor, cherish, and protect her, as he obeyed his earthly parent. Finally, imprint on your mind the words of the wise man:—He that is obedient unto the Lord, will be a comfort to his mother. Remember that thou wast born of her, and how earnest thou recompense her the things she hath done for thee? Forget not then the sorrows of thy mother.—*Dr. Freeman.*

Friendship.—When our affections begin to fall off, and cool gradually and insensibly towards any other person, we are apt to imagine his are abating toward us: just as the land seems to voyagers in a ship to be retiring from them, when they are retiring from the land.

Maxims.—Every wicked man commenced by being an undutiful son.

There cannot be a greater treachery, than first to raise a confidence, and then to betray it.

Never do any thing, upon which you dare not first ask the blessing of God.

#### POETRY.

*From the New-Hampshire Observer.*

##### GRIEVE NOT THY FATHER AS LONG AS HE LIVETH.

*[By a young lady at the age of sixteen.]*

Ah! grieve not him whose silver hairs

Thin o'er his wasted temples stray;

Grieve not thy sire, when time impairs

The glory of his manhood's sway.

His tottering step with reverence aid,

Bind his sick brow with honor's wreath;

And let his deafen'd ear be made

The harp where filial love shall breathe.

What though his pining mind partake

Her frail companion's dark decay?

Though wearied, blinded memory break

The casket where her treasure lay?

With ready arm his burden bear—

Bring heavenly balm his wounds to heal;

And with affection's pitying care,

The error that thou mark'st conceal.

Say canst thou tell how oft those arms

Have clasp'd thee to that shielding breast—

When infant care, or fancied harms,

Thy weak and wayward soul distress'd?

Know'st thou how oft that lip has strove

Thine un instructed mind to aid?

How oft a parent's prayer of love

Has risen on midnight's deepest shade?

Grieve not thy father till he die—

Lest when he sleeps on nature's breast,

The record of his latest sigh

Should prove a dagger to thy rest.

For if thy holiest debt of love

Forgotten and despised should be,

He whom thou call'st thy Sire above

Will bend a Judge's frown on thee!

*From the Keepsake.*

##### CHILDREN AT PLAY.

Up in the morning as soon as the lark,

Late in the evening, when falleth the dark,

Far in the morland, or under the tree,

Come the sweet voices of children to me.

I am an old man—my hair, it is grey,

But I sit in the sunshine to watch you at play,

And a kinder current doth run through the vein,

And I bless you, bright creatures! again and again.

I rejoice in your sports, in the warm summer weather,

With hand locked in hand, when ye'er striving together,

But I see what you see not—the sorrow and strife

Of the years that will come in the contest of life;

For I am an old man, and ago looketh on

To the time that will be—from the time that is gone—

But you, blessed creatures! you think not of sorrow,

Your joy is to-day, and ye have no to-morrow!

Aye; sport ye—and wrestle—be glad as the sun,

And lie down to rest when your pastime is done,

For your dreams are of sunshine, of blossoms and dew,

And the God of the blessed doth watch over you,

And the angels of heaven are missioned to keep

Unbroken the calm of your sealed sleep;

And an old man's blessings doth in you swell

The whole day long, and so fare ye well.



# YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Published Weekly, by WILLIS & RAND, at the Office of the Boston Recorder, No. 127, Washington-Street... Price One Dollar a year in advance, or \$1, 50, if not paid in advance

No. 44.

BOSTON, MARCH 24, 1830.

VOL. III.

## NARRATIVE.

### DANGER OF BAD COMPANY.

[Continued from page 166.]

Mrs. Brown's little children soon got home after they left Mrs. Taylor's, and found their father and mother expecting and glad to see them. Mrs. Brown was grieved to hear that Jane Taylor had not spoken the truth, for she knew how much is written in God's word against lying, and that this little girl was bringing down the anger of the Lord upon her, as well as causing sorrow to all good people, and eternal shame to herself if she did not repent.

Mrs. Brown's children were taught by their parents always to tell where they had been, and what they had seen and heard, and how they had behaved themselves, that their father and mother might know whether it would be proper for them to go again, and that they might tell them what was wrong and guide them in the right way.

And now Maria felt ashamed and angry with herself; for Sarah and Henry could speak openly to their dear mother and father, as they had not forgotten their kind advice while away from them; but Maria sat silent, and wished it was bed time, for fear they would ask her about the party. "There is no peace to the wicked," says the word of God, and Maria found it so; and oh! how she wished she had been good too! "Maria," said her father, "have you nothing to say?" Henry looked at Sarah, and then at Maria, and he felt ashamed for her, for he was a kind little boy, and he said, "mother, I guess she is sleepy; we had better, may be, go to bed." Mr. and Mrs. Brown saw that something was wrong, and she felt worse when she saw that they suspected her bad behaviour.

After the children had gone to bed, Sarah got up softly and went in to her mother, and told her about the poor wretched drunkard, and how Maria had behaved. Sarah shed many tears, and she said, "mother, I wish you would try and make Maria feel how wrong she has behaved: You will know what to do, mother." Her mother kissed and blessed her, and, bidding her pray for her sister, sent her back to her little room.

The next day Mrs. Brown told the children she would take them to walk in the afternoon. Accordingly, after their lessons were over, they set out. "Where are we going?" said Henry, as he skipped along, holding his mother's hand. "We are going to take a lesson and a warning," said Mrs. Brown, as they came near a miserable house, with many broken panes of glass and many stuffed with rags, and several wretched looking children making a noise about the door. The steps were so broken that they could hardly get up safely. When they got in, Mrs. Brown bade the children follow her, and they went up stairs and knocked at one of the doors. "Come in," said a low voice, and they opened the door and went in. The room felt cold; besides the broken windows, there was scarcely any fire. A woman sat in the corner, leaning her head on her hand, and four children were huddling round the chimney-place, trying to get a little warmth; they were very ragged and all barefooted, and one of them had a bandage tied over one of his eyes. A table stood out on the floor, with a few slices of coarse, heavy bread, and a few potatoes on a dish.

"How do you do, Mrs. Johnson?" said Mrs. Brown. "I'm pretty well, ma'am," said the woman, as she lifted her face all swelled and red with crying. "You don't look well," said Mrs. Brown, "and I see you are still cold and without comfort. Where is your husband?" The woman began to cry afresh, as she said, "Yes, I am cold, and with-

out comfort, but my poor children make my heart ache: My husband is out, somewhere." "Was he at home last evening?" "Oh! yes," groaned the poor woman, "he came home as he always does, so much in liquor that I was afraid for my life. Oh! where will it all end, and what will become of us?" And she wrung her hands and sobbed aloud. Mrs. Brown looked troubled, and her children drew close to her, looking earnestly at the woman. "What is the matter with your eye, my little fellow?" said Mrs. Brown to the little boy whose eye was tied up. "Father knocked him down last night, and he hit his eye against the andiron," said the oldest boy. "And he beat mother too, and broke all the plates," said the miserable little creature, having lost through brutal treatment the feelings which would have led him to hide his father's wickedness.

At this moment the door opened, and the wretched author of all this misery reeled into the room, and threw himself into a chair. His children turned pale with fear, and his wife whispered, "You had better go, ma'am," while she trembled from head to foot.

The wretched man had just sense enough left to see that there were respectable strangers there, and said nothing. "Come to me to-morrow," said Mrs. Brown to the woman, as she hurried out of the room. When they had left the house, she turned to Maria and said, "Do you know that man, my child?" Maria burst into tears. It was the very drunkard who looked as Maria thought 'so funny' the evening before. "This is but one part of the picture," said her mother, "but oh! if I could make you hear the weeping and gnashing of teeth in that place of torment which is the drunkard's last home, you would never again make sport of drunkenness."

The incidents in this story are true, though the names are changed and circumstances varied.

[Western S. S. Messenger.]

From the Juvenile Miscellany.

### THE LOST BOY.

Late in the summer of 1816, I was on a visit in a remote village in Maine, situated on the sea shore. The house in which I lived, was about a stone's throw from the water, and was occupied by a family with which I had for many years been intimate. It consisted at that time, of Mr. Mason, his lady, and a boy about eight years of age. The event which occurred during my stay with them, I shall never forget. The distress which it for a time caused to the parents, and the excitement it occasioned in the little village, have fixed it too deeply in my memory.

At the distance of a quarter of a mile from the cottage of Mr. Mason, was a small cave, which the few fishermen who inhabited the village used as a harbor for their boats. At the time of this story, most of the fishermen were at sea, & a single crazy sloop, with a few small skiffs, were the only boats in the harbor.

Mr. Mason had often given charge to his son, to avoid the boats, and on no account to venture into them alone, or with his school fellows: but only with his particular permission under the care of some one to whom he could trust.

On the afternoon of a day in August, Charles Mason was idling along the sea shore, skimming the surface of the water with pebbles, and wishing that he could swim, when he saw a little boat carelessly fastened to a stake in the bank. Without thinking a moment of the commands of his father, he jumped into the boat, and began paddling it about with a broken oar he found in its bottom. After he had been playing half an hour, passing to and fro within a dozen yards of the land, he began in spite of all his efforts, to be carried farther and farther from the

shore. The tide had changed, and was carrying the little boat swiftly along with it.

Charles, was a brave boy, and not to be frightened at trifles. He laid down contentedly in the boat, expecting, at the change of the tide, to be carried back in the same manner as he had been brought away. The bay in which he was thus adrift, without any prospect of help, was five or six miles in length, dotted here and there with little islands of three or four acres in extent. As he was carried along, he hoped that by good fortune he should be thrown upon some one of them: but one after another was passed, and Charles was still on the water. Still, however, it was some hours to sunset, and the little boy kept up his heart. The last island in the bay was about ten miles from the main land. Charles patiently waited to see if he should be landed there. The boat touched at last on the extremity of a jutting point, and Charles leaped out on the shore.

The island on which he landed, was about three miles in circumference, lined with rocks, covered by a small wood, with a few straggling whortle-berry bushes. Charles pulled the boat ashore, as well as he was able, and left it, intending to run about till the tide changed. He strayed to some distance from the boat, and the sun went down while he was trying in vain to find his way back again.

Meanwhile, great anxiety was occasioned at home, by the absence of Charles. Hour after hour passed, and still he did not return. No conjecture could be formed concerning him. He had not been seen during the whole afternoon by any of his usual playmates. No trace of him could be found.

Parties of the villagers were soon prepared to issue forth in every direction, in search of the lost child. Old and young of both sexes, with the most praiseworthy activity, explored every part of the neighborhood. The whole village was in motion, and lanterns were glancing from hill and valley, till the grey of the morning rendered their light unnecessary. The search was continued with unabated vigor, till the noon of the succeeding day. It was then supposed that he had fallen into some one of the sheets of water in the vicinity, and had been drowned. Lakes and ponds were dragged and drained to no purpose. It was impossible to find any means of judging as to his fate. The distress of his mother was deeper than language can tell. I have never seen such utter and inconsolable anguish. She refused to listen to a word of encouragement. She had given up all hope, and would not be comforted.

Four days had now passed by since his loss, and no information concerning him could be any where obtained. On the afternoon of the fourth day, a home bound fishing smack, picked up in the harbor the boat in which Charles had been carried away, and which had been swept by the returning tide from the bank where he had fastened it. The boat had not before been missed; but it was immediately supposed to have some connection with the loss of the child. This circumstance revived a slight hope. It was possible that he might have been saved on some one of the islands.

Early the next morning, all the boats that could be procured, were engaged in visiting the islands in the harbor. All the nearest had been touched upon, and no traces of the child had yet been found. The largest and most distant yet remained unvisited. The weather had come in very stormy and lowering, and it was very dangerous for small craft to be on the water. Most of the boats were obliged to put back. Mr. Mason and myself were in the only sail-boat that was at that time in the harbor, and we determined to persevere at whatever hazard, while there was any chance of finding the child.



With a good deal of difficulty, we succeeded in reaching the island in question. We examined it from one end to the other, shouting at every place, to attract the notice of the child, if he should be any where within hearing. But it was all in vain. We had given up the pursuit, as hopeless; and as the storm had in a good measure abated, we entered our boat, and put off, tired and distressed, from the shore. We had not sailed twice the boat's length, when, on turning my head to give a last look at the spot, I saw on the top of a rock, about twenty yards from the beach, the weak and emaciated figure of the child.

We found him entirely exhausted from fatigue, want of sustenance, and fear. For five days he had subsisted on a few wild berries, that he had found scattered here and there, over the island. He had heard our shouts; but from his weakness was unable to answer them. He had just sufficient strength to raise himself upon the rock where we discovered him, and when we reached him, he fainted in our arms.

He recovered in a short time his usual health. The mother was thrown into a fever, by the distress into which she had been thrown by the loss of her child, and the violence of her joy at his unexpected return. How much sorrow and suffering may spring from an act of thoughtless disobedience! V. V. E.

## RELIGION.

For the Youth's Companion.

### DANGER OF DELAY.

Messrs. Editors,—Having lately heard a very interesting story, and one which I think will be suitable for the Youth's Companion, I have taken the liberty to send it to you. It is one which shows the danger of procrastination in seeking religion. It is concerning a young man who had often in childhood been under conviction, but from fear of his being made the ridicule of his worldly companions, had delayed seeking the Lord until he should be less engrossed with the pleasures of this world, saying in his heart, "Go thy way for this time, when I have a more convenient season I will call for thee;" forgetting that God has said, "His spirit shall not always strive with man," and that "He, that being often reprov'd, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy." Alas! little did he think that this would be the last invitation he should have for seeking the Lord. He had now arrived at the age of 16, and often did he resolve to be the Lord's; but as often did he break his resolution, dreading the idea of being made the laughing-stock of his companions. He however came to the conclusion, to delay only one year longer; and then, let what would oppose, he would give up his heart to his God. At the expiration of this year he found his heart less inclined to perform his promise than it had ever been. He concluded now to postpone this great work till he should be laid upon a dying bed, hoping at the same time that he might die in a consumption so that he might have leisure to prepare for his great enemy, death. He did not think how soon he would have his wish. About a fortnight after this he took a violent cold, which settled on his lungs and terminated in a quick consumption. He could not for some time be convinced of his danger; but when he became so, he felt no interest in the Saviour. It was now the time when God was about to exercise his wrath against him, as he has threatened against all who put off the work of repentance till their dying hour. "Because I have called, and ye refused; I have stretched out my hand, & no man regarded; but have set at nought all my counsel, and would none of my reproof, I also will laugh at your calamity, and mock when your fear cometh." A few minutes previous to his death, he called his mother to his bedside and informed her of the state of his mind, and his former resolutions, and concluded by saying, "Mother, when you think of me, remember I am in Hell." These were the last words, and this the end of that unhappy youth. I will leave my readers to think what must have been the feelings of that mother

when she reflected upon her ruined son; and of the despair of that lost youth when he lay down in sorrow.

A Youthful Reader of the Youth's Companion.

## BIOGRAPHY.

### AFRICANER.

He was a chief of the Namaquas, a tribe of Hottentots in South Africa. He was of a mingled descent of Dutch and Hottentot blood. In early life with his father, (a Hottentot) he was employed in the service of a Dutch boor, (or farmer) within the limits of the colony, at the Cape of Good Hope.

This Dutchman whose name was Pinaar, often sent Africaner and his father and brothers to plunder the Bushmen and Namaquas. At length they became suspicious that their employer acted unfaithfully towards them, during their absence. A quarrel ensued, and Africaner shot Pinaar through the heart. He fled to the great Namaqualand and soon gathered round him a company of followers, and began to commit depredations on the colonists. His power continued to increase until he became a terror, both to the colony and to the surrounding tribes.

In 1796, he fought Berands, the chief of the Griquas, on the banks of the Great Orange river, and the battle was of five days continuance. In 1811 he plundered Warm-Bath, a missionary station, and entirely dispersed the settlement.

It was seriously apprehended that he meditated the entire destruction of all the missionary stations in that region. But in the midst of his career of persecution, like another Saul, he was converted to the faith which he had once destroyed.

A letter written to him by Rev. J. Campbell, in 1812, at a time when his name was such a terror, that it was with great difficulty that a bearer could be hired to carry the letter to him, seems to have made indelible impressions on his mind.

In 1816 he publicly professed the Christian faith. "Immediately after his conversion to Christianity, he sent messages to the chiefs of all the different tribes with whom he had ever been at war, mentioning the change which had taken place in his sentiments, expressing his regret for the blood he had been the occasion of shedding, recommending to them the doctrines taught by the missionaries, and at the same time, inviting them to co-operate with him in putting an end to war, and in establishing a general peace."

In 1820 when returning from a visit to the missionary station at Lattakoo he visited Berands' place. Twenty-four years had passed away since the five days battle on the banks of the Great Orange river. Berands was still living, and had also embraced the Christian faith. The warriors now saluted each other as friends. They walked together, followed by their people, to the place of worship. They united in a hymn of praise. The servant of Jesus addressed them from God's invitation to the ends of the earth, to look to him, and to him alone for salvation. "The two chiefs knelt at the same stool, before the peaceful throne of the Redeemer; when Berands, the senior chief, offered up a prayer to God. They were like lions changed into lambs, their hatred and ferocity had been removed by the power of the gospel."

The death of Africaner was peaceful. "When he found his end approaching, he called his people around him, and said 'We are not what we once were, savages, but men professing to be taught according to the gospel; let us then do accordingly. Live peaceably with all men if possible; and if possible, consult others who are placed over you, before you engage in any thing. Remain together as you have done since I knew you; and when the directors think fit to send you a missionary, you may be ready to receive him. Behave to the teacher sent you, as one sent of God; as I have great hope that God will bless you in this respect, when I am gone to heaven. I feel that I love God, and that he hath done much for me, of which I am totally unworthy. My former life is stained with blood, but Jesus Christ hath pardoned me, and

I am going to heaven. O beware of falling into the same evils into which I have led you frequently: but seek God, and he will be found of you, to direct you." [Zion's Advocate.]

## THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

From the Sabbath School Herald.

### THE TWINS.

"Not many years since, a young man and his wife arrived at the town of M—, as permanent residents. They remained there two or three years, when the young man, by a mysterious providence was called from the world—leaving a widow and two lovely twin infants. There was no minister of the gospel in that region, who could direct the widow to the great source of comfort; nor was there a pious friend who could guide her trembling footsteps to the cross of Jesus. But she went to the Bible, and by the assistance of the Holy Spirit, found that consolation which a selfish world can neither bestow nor taste. As her children grew up, she endeavored to teach them the first principles of religion; but they received only her instructions. One week after another rolled away, one Sabbath after another dawned upon the wilderness, but they brought none of their privileges. The wilderness had never echoed by the sound of the "church going bell," the solitary place had never been gladdened by the footsteps of him, who could proclaim "glad tidings of great joy." The affectionate mother clasped her little boys to her aching bosom, and sighed and wept for the opportunity of taking them by the hand, and leading them up to the courts of the Lord.

In the days of her childhood she had possessed great advantages, and she mourned that her babes could only receive instruction from her lips. Alas! no missionary came to instruct, to cheer and to gladden the bosom of her who, for years, had not heard the whispers of love from the servants of her Saviour. When the little boys were five years of age, a consumption had fastened upon their tender mother. She steadily watched the issue of her disease, and in her last moments commended her children to him who is a "Father to the fatherless." A few moments before she expired, she kissed the little boys, who unconsciously wept on feeling the last grasp of the clay cold hand of their mother. "It is hard," said she to a neighbor who was present, "it is hard for a mother to leave two such helpless babes, without friends, and without any one to protect them; but I leave them in the hands of God, and I do believe he will protect them; and my last prayer shall be for my poor, poor destitute orphans!"

After the death of their mother, the little boys were received into the house of a neighbor; but in less than a year one of them was stretched beside the mother, beneath the sods.

About this time a pious young lady arrived in the place. It was her first inquiry how she could do good to the poor villagers around her. During a walk one afternoon, she met this little boy straggling beside the road. He was a beautiful flaxen headed boy, though exceedingly ragged. The young lady was struck with his appearance, and entered into conversation with him. "What is your name, my little boy?" said she gently. "James." "Where do you live?" "With widow — just in the edge of the wood, in that little log-house; can't you see it?" "I see it, but is widow — your mother?" "No, I had a mother and she loved me. She used to take care of me, and my brother John. She gave us clothes—taught us our own little prayers and catechisms; oh, she was a good mother."

"But where is your mother?" said the lady soothingly. "O madam, she—is—dead! Do you see the grave yard yonder?" "Yes." "And the great maple tree which stands in the corner of it?" "I see it." "Well, my poor mother was buried under that tree; and my little brother John lies there too. They are both buried up in the ground, though my mother's grave was deepest. I never shall see them again—never, even while I live. Will you go with me and see the graves," continu-



ed he, looking at the lady with great earnestness and simplicity.

The short account which the little boy gave of himself, awakened the best feelings of the young lady, and she had been devising some plan to do him good. She found him very ignorant, having never been at school, and the instructions of a pious mother, having never been repeated or enforced by example, were nearly forgotten.

A Sabbath school was never established in this place; and whether it was practicable to establish one, was doubtful; but she determined to make the experiment. Accordingly she visited every little cottage in the village, and urged that the children might be assembled the next Lord's day and a school formed.

A proposal of this kind was new and unpopular. All the old women in the place entered their protests against such innovations. For the first three Sabbaths, the young lady had no scholar, but her little James. But she knew that however faint may be our prospects of doing good, at the commencement, we should not be discouraged. The first blow we strike may produce but little effect. The lady was sorry not to see more scholars; but she bent all her efforts to the instruction of the little boy. In a few weeks the prejudices of the people began to wear away; and before the summer closed, the school embraced every child whose age would allow it to attend.

It was the second summer after the establishment of the school, and after little James had become well acquainted with the testament and the catechism, that his health began to fail. The good young lady beheld his gradual decay with anxiety—visited him often, and always wept at parting with a pupil so dear. She used often to walk out with him, and to cheer him by conversation. On one pleasant afternoon, she led him out, and, at his request, visited the spot where lay his mother and his little brother. Their graves were both covered with grass, and on the smaller grave, there were some beautiful flowrets. It was in the cool of a serene summer day; as they sat by the graves in silence—neither being able to speak. The lady gazed at the pale wan countenance of the lovely boy, upon whose system a lingering disease was preying, while he looked at her with an eye that seemed to say, "I have not long to enjoy your society." Without saying a word, he cut a small stick, and measured the exact length of his little brother's grave, and again seated himself by the lady. He appeared sad, as he calmly addressed her: "You see my dear Miss—, that this little grave is shorter than mine will be?" She pressed his little hand in hers, and he continued; "You know not how much I love you—how much I am obliged to you. Before you taught me, I knew nothing about death—nothing about heaven—or God, or angels. I was a very wicked little boy, till you met me. I love you much—very much; but I would say something else!" "And what would you say?" inquired the lady, trying to compose her feelings. "Do you think I shall ever get well?" "Indeed I hope you will! But why do you ask that question?" "Because I feel I shall not live long. I believe I shall die soon, and shall then be laid beside my poor mother. She will then have her two twins, one on each side of her. But do not cry, Miss—, I am not afraid to die. You told me, and the testament tells me, that Christ will suffer little children to come unto him; and though I know I am a very sinful little boy, yet I think I shall be happy, for I love this Saviour, who can save such a wicked boy as I am; and I sometimes think I shall soon meet my mother and my little brother in happiness. I know you will come too, won't you? When I am dead I wish you to tell the Sabbath school, how much I loved them all. Tell them they all must die, and may die young; and tell them to come and measure the grave of little James, and then prepare to die." The young lady wept, and could not answer him at that time; but she was enabled to converse with him several times, on the grounds of his hope: and as far as we can judge, was satisfied that this little lamb was indeed of the fold of Jesus. She was sitting by his bedside, and with her own trem-

bling hand, closed his lovely eyes, as they shut in everlasting slumbers.

He fell asleep with a smile and without a struggle. The lady was the only sincere mourner who followed the remains of the child to the grave; and while she shed many tears over the sods which covered his little form, she could not but rejoice in the belief, that God had permitted her to be the feeble instrument of preparing an immortal spirit for a mansion in the skies." C. C.

#### MORALITY.

From the Western S. S. Messenger.

"THE WAY OF TRANSGRESSORS IS HARD."

Edward had his dinner and set off for School. The ground was covered with snow, and a great many sleighs were running backwards and forwards; the boys were playing with their sleds, and every thing looked gay and busy. "Come, Ned," said one of the boys, let us go and take a slide." "I can't," said Edward, "I am going to school." "Oh! school will not be in this half hour; I'm going too, but there's no use in going so early." "Well, come along," said Edward. Now his mother had said, "Go directly to school, my son, for it is full time; I am afraid you will be too late." Edward thought of this, but then he thought of the fun he should have with the boys, and on he went. He had a troublesome slide, for he could not help thinking "School will be in, and what will the master say?" There is very little comfort in disobedience. Those are the happiest children who are steady in doing what they are told. The Lord said to his people of old, "Oh that thou hadst hearkened to my commandments; then had thy peace been like a river." And again, "there is no peace to the wicked."

Edward turned slowly towards the school, when suddenly a sleigh came along with four or five boys in it. "Jump in and take a ride," said they; and Edward forgot all, and in he jumped. The time slipped away, and when he had finished his ride, he met the boys going home from school. He did not run cheerfully home, feeling light and comfortable as on other days, but thought every body knew how bad he had been, and walked along slowly, almost afraid to see home and meet his mother. "Edward, why are you so late from school this afternoon?" said she as soon as he came in. "So late, mother, why I came straight from the school; it is just out." Almost every bad action leads to lying, and God's word says, "Lying lips are an abomination to the Lord." Edward tried to look his mother in the face, but he could not. "It is almost six o'clock," said his mother, "have you been to school this afternoon?" "Yes ma'am, you may ask Mr. B— if I was not there." "I shall call then, to-morrow, and ask him," said his mother. Edward turned away and tried to look unconcerned. His sisters and brothers were talking and playing happily, and he tried to play too; but he had been disobedient, had played truant and told a lie, and he felt guilty. His mother looked sorrowful, and he seemed to think *Liar* was written on his forehead. And then what should he do the next day, when his mother called on the master? And his wicked heart tried to make another lie to prevent her going, but he could not. He went to bed, but he could not get to sleep. Oh! what a hard thing it is to do wrong! All this trouble just for two or three hours' play. The next morning Edward's mother called on the master as she had said; for she was not one of those foolish mothers who threaten their children, and never fulfil their threatenings. She found that he had not been at school, and after correcting him as he deserved, she said, "My son, I do not correct you because I am angry, but you have been disobedient and have told a lie, and I am grieved at my heart. I look forward to the punishment which must come upon you if you are not broken of this sin; even as the word of God says, 'all liars shall have their part in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone.' Oh! how dearly you will buy your pleasure at that rate. Repent and pray to God that for Jesus sake he will change your heart."

Edward cried bitterly, and now that he has seen

how much trouble comes of sin, I hope he will follow his mother's advice.

#### BENEVOLENCE.

##### THE WIDOW.

I perceived her, as she slowly turned the corner of the street, to stop and wipe away the tears that were fast coursing each other down her feeble cheek; and my heart took an interest in her affliction though I knew not the cause. I followed her, unnoticed, to her humble habitation. I saw her enter, and heard her bestow a benediction on three shivering infants, who hailed her return with clamorous joy. She divided among them the scanty portion of food which her day's labour had been able to procure, and I saw her turn away and weep in silence that it was so little. I resolved to inquire her history, for she appeared like one who had seen better days. She had entered life, with fair prospects; had married early, and had lost a husband whom she had tenderly loved; he had been unfortunate in his business, and at his death was unable to leave her an adequate support for herself and three children; misfortunes had continued to pursue her. She had talents, but ill health and poverty prevented her from exercising them. She had industry, but could find little to employ it. She called at the house of the rich, but they "could not afford to employ her;" she was too delicate for hard labor, and her feelings were too refined to allow of her being importunate. She bore her sorrows, her privations, her hardships, and the mortifications attendant on a condition like hers, in silence. The friends of her prosperity had forgotten her in her misfortunes; she had nothing to attach her to life except those desolate infants—for their sake she tried to support her miseries, and to struggle on yet a little longer. The thoughts of leaving them exposed to a world which she had found so pitiless, sometimes shook her fortitude; her religion would then come to her aid, and she remembered that they had a Father in Heaven, and she knew that "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb." This was the account I had of her; it is unnecessary to add that I was deeply interested: it is no tale of fiction. There are thousands such in this land of liberty, peace and plenty. In this refined and enlightened age, talents are neglected, industry too frequently discouraged, virtue unnoticed, and pride and riches alone triumphant. I have often reflected on the happiness it would have afforded me, if Heaven had blest me with the means to seek out neglected merit, to encourage virtuous industry, to show my respect to talents, though obscured by poverty, and to speak consolation to the delicate and sensitive heart, when laboring under wrongs, which "patient merit of the unworthy takes." It galls me to think that vulgar importunity, and unblushing effrontery, too often obtain that notice and support, which modest merit sighs for in silence and in vain. *Philad. Album.*

#### OBITUARY.

From the Child's Magazine.

##### CHARLES WILLIAM MATTISON.

Our young readers have, no doubt, often been cautioned against playing with fire or being careless with lighted candles. The following instance, we hope, will be an additional warning to them, as well as an example of the power of religion.

C. W. MATTISON was born at Skipton, Yorkshire, Eng., July 30, 1819, and died January 20, 1828. His death was occasioned by a lighted candle setting fire to his night clothes; and it was not till after lingering twenty-seven days, in excessive pain, that he expired.

He was naturally of a peaceable and affectionate disposition; but he also at the age of nine years gave evident marks that he was born of God.

The fire had eaten deep into his bowels, and the wound continuing to increase, his sufferings were extreme. "Father, mother," he would say, "I do all I can to bear it but I cannot. O my pain! my pain!" But in general he bore his affliction patiently, and spoke tranquilly on the near approach of death.



Many of his words will always live in his father's recollection. Some of his expressions were, "Mother, I felt very uneasy, I prayed to the Lord, he pardoned my sins and blessed my soul." Sitting on his mother's knee one day, and putting his arm round her neck, with a cheerful smile he said, "Mother, the Lord has blessed my soul; I feel very happy, but should like to live till I am happier." Shortly after, calling his sisters, he very seriously addressed the elder, thus: "Sarah Ann, if I die, be a good girl, love God, never break his laws, and we shall meet again in heaven." Turning to the younger, he said, "Jane, if I die, do what your father and mother bid you, love God, and you will meet me in heaven." His father, sitting up with him on Sunday night, read to him of pious children, and their happy deaths, in the Child's Magazine for 1827, which so encouraged him, that he exclaimed, with rapture, "Glory be to God! he is blessing my soul; I feel so happy; all my pain is gone! Glory be to God! Glory be to God!"

The last Thursday of his life, his sufferings were very great. His distressed parents wept over him; he turned up his pale face, and, fixing on them his eyes, which were soon to close in death, said, affectionately, "You cannot keep me! You cannot keep me! The Lord has prepared me, and I am going to heaven! Glory to be God! Glory be to God!"

During the last night of his earthly existence, his pain was greater than ever. "Father," said he, "this has been the most painful night that I have had; but I have been dreaming that angels came for me, and that I was singing, 'Hallelujah to God and the Lamb.'" A little before he expired, he addressed his father, "Father, do not weep; I cannot bear it; I am going to heaven." The hand of death was now upon him; his feet grew cold, his pulse ceased, and his happy spirit took its flight to immortality and glory. J. LANGSTONE.

#### EDITORIAL.

##### PROVERBS OF SOLOMON, ARRANGED.

[Continued.]

**Scorners.**—He that reproveth a scorner getteth to himself shame; and he that rebuketh a wicked man getteth himself a blot. Reprove not a scorner lest he hate thee: rebuke a wise man, and he will love thee. If thou be wise, thou shalt be wise for thyself; but if thou scornest, thou alone shalt bear it. A scorner seeketh wisdom, and findeth it not: but knowledge is easy to him that understandeth. Fools make a mock at sin: but among the righteous there is favor. A scorner loveth not one that reproveth him; neither will he go unto the wise. Smite a scorner, and the simple will beware; and reprove one that hath understanding, and he will understand knowledge. Judgments are prepared for scorners, and stripes for the backs of fools. The thought of foolishness is sin; and the scorner is an abomination to men.

**Love and Malice.**—Hatred stirreth up strifes: but love covereth all sins. It is as a sport to fools to do mischief: but a man of understanding hath wisdom. He that deviseth to do evil shall be called a mischievous person. Say not, I will do so to him as he hath done to me; I will render to the man according to his work.

**Cautions & Warnings against Temptation.**—My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not. Discretion shall preserve thee, understanding shall keep thee: to deliver thee from the way of the evil man, from the man that speaketh froward things; who leave the paths of uprightness, to walk in the ways of darkness; who rejoice to do evil, and delight in the frowardness of the wicked; whose ways are crooked, and they froward in their paths: To deliver thee from the strange woman, even from the stranger who flattereth with her words. Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men. Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it, and pass away. For they sleep not, except they have done mischief; and their sleep is taken away, unless they cause some to fall. For they eat the bread of wickedness, and drink the wine of vi-

olence. But the path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day. The way of the wicked is as darkness: they know not at what they stumble. The commandment is a lamp, and the law is light, and reproofs of instruction are the way of life; to keep thee from the evil woman, from the flattery of the tongue of a strange woman. My son, keep my words, and lay up my commandments with thee. Keep my commandments, and live; and my law as the apple of thine eye. Bind them upon thy fingers, write them upon the table of thy heart. Say unto wisdom, Thou art my sister, and call understanding thy kinswoman: that they may keep thee from the strange woman, from the stranger which flattereth with her words. He that walketh with wise men shall be wise; but the companion of fools shall be destroyed.

#### MISCELLANY.

##### THE OLD INDIAN AND HIS BOTTLE.

**Messrs. Editors,**—I have often seen recipes in your paper proposing cures for intemperance, which have not struck me very agreeably, en account of the ingredients, and the manner of compounding them. I like the old Indian's cure the best, and think it preferable to any I have seen. The old man had been a most notorious drunkard; but in the good providence of God was brought to see his condition as a sinner, and was happily converted. The love of God was shed abroad in his soul. Afterwards he was tempted to return to his former practice of drinking whiskey. He took it into his head at a certain time to cure the disease. So off he goes, and obtains a bottle of the best rum he could find, and set it down in its usual place; and when he felt a desire for the precious drop, he would go to his bottle and take hold with both hands, and shake it with violence, saying, "I'm your master! I'm your master!" then set it down and go his way. So when he felt a desire for his dram, he would go and take his bottle, saying, "I'm your master! I'm your master! I'm your master!" Go thou and do likewise. S.

**The Prayer of a Child.**—There lives in the northern part of Philadelphia, a little boy whose name is William B—. One Sabbath he returned from the Sunday school, and heard his father, who was a very wicked man, swearing in a most profane manner. He looked at him with much concern, and went to his aunt, and said, "Did not Jesus die for all who are sinners, and take the name of the Lord in vain?" Yes; was the reply.—He immediately went up stairs "into his closet," and prayed most earnestly that God would forgive his sinful father. He cried so loud that his mother, (who was in an adjoining room,) becoming alarmed, went and asked him what was the matter. He answered, "O mother! I am so afraid that the wicked one will come and take away my father, and then he will not go to heaven and see God and Jesus, but will have to dwell with Satan for ever in fire, and darkness and chains." He could say no more;—tears prevented his utterance. His mother assured him that God would hear his prayer and save his father. He was much comforted by this; and, suffice it to say, in a short time the Lord was pleased to answer his petition, and we humbly trust his father has been plucked as a brand from the everlasting burning.

Youthful reader, do you swear, or tell lies, or steal? If you do, remember you are breaking His command who is angry with the wicked every day. Now is the time to break off these sinful habits, before your tender conscience becomes seared as with a hot iron.—Flee to the bosom of Jesus, whose arms are extended, inviting little children to come unto him, that he may bless them. Farewell; forget not the example of little William, nor the command of God, "SWEAR NOT AT ALL."

— [Parent's Gift.]

**Power of Conscience.**—A gentleman of this town, whom we shall call Mr. A., was called on a few days since by a gentleman who is also a re-

spectable citizen of this town, and possessing considerable property, when the latter made the following acknowledgment. About thirty years since, being then ten years of age, as Mr. A. left his store for a few minutes, he took from his counter a ten cent piece; since which the recollection of the theft has caused him much unhappiness. He could never meet Mr. A., which was frequently, without thinking of the piece of money; but he had been thus far prevented from acknowledging the fact, by feelings of pride. He had now overcome that obstacle, and urged Mr. A. to accept of a dollar in remuneration, as it would greatly relieve his mind. It is rare that we hear of conscience operating to the acknowledgment of so small an offence, committed too in childhood; and the confession furnishes abundant proof of the honor and sterling moral principles of the man.

[Springfield Republican.]

**Excellent things.**—A good book and a good woman are excellent things for those who know how to appreciate their value. There are men, however, who judge of both from the beauty of the covering.

#### POETRY.

From the S. S. Herald.

##### "HE IS ABOUT MY PATH AND ABOUT MY BED."

When first my infant feet essay'd  
The movements of my will to aid,  
Parents and friends, with watchful eye,  
To guard my tottering frame would fly:—  
But now, 'mid clustering flowers I stray,  
Or on the clear brook's margin play,  
Till the sun's parting lustres burn,—  
Go fearless forth, and safe return,  
For ONE my varying path doth share,  
Who guides me with a Father's care.  
When weary on my pillow laid,  
Mild evening draws her curtain shade,  
And busy dreams, with powerful sway,  
Bring back the pleasures of the day:—  
When the last form that lingered near,  
My tender mother, ever dear,  
Hath left her kiss, hath breath'd her prayer,  
And in sweet rest resigned her care,  
Still ONE, whose eye can never sleep,  
Around my bed his watch doth keep. H.

From the Child's Magazine.

##### WHO MADE ME, FATHER?

"Who made me, father?"—God, my son,  
The great, the everlasting God!  
He made you, me, and every one;  
The earth, the heavens and the flood!  
"How great was God, and awful too!"  
Father, I fear him, do not you?"  
"And who is God?" A being, boy,  
Who loveth all things he hath made,  
Who giveth all things we enjoy  
Freely, and yet doth not upbraid.  
"How good is God, and gracious too!"  
I love him, father, do not you?"  
"And where is God?"—In heaven, my child,  
Beyond the highest star we see;  
Where glorious, pure, and unbeheld,  
He liveth from eternity;  
Yes, child, and if we fear and love  
This God, so good, so great, so high,  
His voice will reach us from above,  
And call us to him, when we die.  
"Father, dear father, is this true?"  
Oh, then I'll go to heaven with you!"

##### THE NURSERY TALE.

Oh! did you not hear in your nursery,  
The tale that the gossips tell,  
Of the two young girls that came to drink  
At a certain Fairy well?  
The words of the youngest were as sweet  
As the smile of her ruby lip,  
But the tongue of the eldest seemed to move  
As if venom were on its tip!  
At the well a Beggar accosted them,  
(A sprite in a mean disguise);  
The eldest spoke with a scornful brow,  
The youngest with tearful eyes.  
Cried the Fairy "Whenever you speak, sweet girl,  
Pure gems from your lips shall fall;  
"But whenever you utter a word, proud maid,  
From your tongue shall a serpent crawl."  
And have you not met with these sisters oft  
In the haunts of the old and young?  
The first with her pure and unadorned lip?  
The last with her serpent tongue?  
Yes—the first is GOOD NATURE—diamonds bright  
On the darkest theme she throws;  
And the last is SLANDER—leaving the slime  
Of the snake wherever she goes! [Bayley's Ballads.]



# YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Published Weekly, by WILLIS & RAND, at the Office of the Boston Recorder, No. 127, Washington-Street.. Price One Dollar a year in advance, or \$1, 50, if not paid in advance

No. 45.

BOSTON, MARCH 31, 1830.

VOL. III.

## NARRATIVE.

### DANGER OF BAD COMPANY.

[Continued from page 173.]

During the rest of their walk home, Mrs. Brown and her children said nothing. She thought it best to leave Maria to think of what she had just seen and heard; for the hearts of children are so sinful and foolish, that almost any thing will drive away one good thought.

For this reason, I am always very sorry to hear children begin to talk as soon as they come out of Church or Sabbath School; unless they talk about what they have heard there; and I think it would be best to go home in silence from such places, praying that God would help us to fix our thoughts upon the good words we have been hearing and repeating.

After they got home, and Mrs. Brown and the little girls sat down to sew, Henry said, "Mother, drunkenness is a very bad thing, don't you think it is?"

"Indeed I do, my child," said his mother. "Can't it be stopped mother?" said Sarah. "Yes," said Mrs. Brown, "it *can*, and it *will* be one of these days." Henry said, "I do not think, mother, you *could* make that drunken man we saw sober, and keep him from drinking any more." "I am afraid we could not," said his mother; "but we can keep people who are now sober, from being drunkards." "How can you do that, mother?"

"All the sober, or as they are called *temperate* people can agree not to buy, sell, give, or drink any strong liquors, nor to have any thing to do with it, except as they would use it like any other medicine."

Henry said, "Yes: that will be a very good way—why don't they do so, mother?"

"Some people do, my dear; but some get a great deal of money by selling it in large quantities, and they are not willing to give it up."

"*Not willing to give it up, mother?*" said Sarah, laying down her work and looking up in her mother's face. "Why, mother, if they love God, and love to see people good and happy, and to keep them from going to destruction, I should think they would be *glad* to give it up."

"People want to be rich, my children;" said Mrs. Brown.

"But mother, *will God bless them* if they do so?"

"I think my dear that riches made in this way will not last; and I pray that God would make his own people more willing to trust him for their daily bread, and keep them at least from trying to get money by selling what brings poverty, and sickness, and sin, and misery in this world, and everlasting ruin in the world to come."

"What can I do to stop drunkenness, mother?" said Henry.

"You must take care never to drink any strong liquor yourself, if it be *ever so little*, and people press you to do it *ever so much*. You must never laugh at drunkards, but wherever you see or hear of one, try to think how such an one appears in the sight of the Lord. You must keep away from groceries and other places where it is sold, and where people go to drink; for by seeing it often, you will first learn to think it is no harm, and next love it yourself. You must not keep company with those who drink, excepting when you can do them any kindness. You must be careful not to drink *even water*, too often. Children who are continually running to get a drink, as they become older, are often not content with water, but mix something with it, and by degrees become drunkards."

"Do you keep strong liquor in the house, mother?" said Henry.

"No, my child; we are very comfortable and happy without it."

"But if every body else *will* do it, what good can you do all alone?"

"I can do my duty, my little boy, and I *must* do it—God's word says, 'we must not follow a multitude to do evil.'"

Maria did not join in this conversation, for she felt guilty and ashamed. Children who do wrong are not happy, though they often *think* they can be happier by having their own way. That evening Mrs. Brown took Maria by herself, and after talking with her some time, she kneeled down and prayed for her, that God would change her heart, and help her to choose the right way, and not to be led by wicked and foolish children to commit sin.

Mrs. Brown took Sarah by herself too, and tried to find out whether she did what was right, to *please God* because she *loved him*:—for Mrs. Brown knew that there are little children who are pleasant and kind and do as they are bid, but who never think of God; and such children are very apt to fancy that they are very good and do not need to have their hearts changed, not considering that all this time they are only *pleasing themselves*, and perhaps are full of pride because they seem better than others. But I believe this was not the case with Sarah; and her mother thanked God when she found that her little girl knew she was a sinner, and prayed to God in the name and for the sake of Jesus, that he would make her his own good and holy child, and help her to keep his commandments.

[Western S. S. Messenger.]

From the Western Recorder.

### SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

Mr. — had, while a boy about ten years of age, been greatly distressed about the salvation of his soul, during a season of special revival. His convictions, however, subsided, and his goodness proved as the morning cloud. From that time he learned to commit sin with greediness. He cast off fear, restrained prayer, began to ridicule, to revile, and at length to blaspheme. As years rolled on, he became a monster of impiety. No warnings, entreaties, exhortations or prayers, could suffice to reclaim him; and he seemed emphatically like one given up to judicial blindness, as if there might have been nothing reserved for him but a "fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation." At length he sickened, and to all human appearance was upon the borders of the grave. His physicians pronounced his case hopeless, and his life was despaired of. Yet while his friends were weeping around him, his heart was unyielding: his mouth was still filled with profaneness and blasphemies. The voice of prayer was not to be suffered within his dwelling.

Just at this period, the narrator was passing by his house; when observing a collection of neighbors standing around the door, he dismounted, and entered the sick man's apartment. Words would fail to describe the condition of the man. He seemed to possess already a foretaste of the eternal reprobation just opening before him. He was deaf to entreaty, and insensible to kindness; and the individual who had called upon him on an errand of mercy, was compelled to leave him, and to reflect upon the glorious sovereignty of that God who had made him to differ from this wretched object. He had indeed remembered his history; he had known him from the period of the revival, when both of them, together had been solicitous for salvation, and but one had obtained mercy.

But how inscrutable are the counsels of God!

The final hour of departure had not yet come. Contrary to all human expectation, the sick man recovered. And now, how could it be otherwise than that his flinty heart should relent? A sense of undeserved mercy will sometimes melt the hardest heart, when all other means have failed. But no; the man seemed restored to health, only to fill up the measure of his iniquity. He now betook himself to the sin of intemperance; and drank the poison of ardent spirits almost as freely as if it had been water. This he was enabled to do, perhaps, by some singularity of constitution, without exactly giving himself up to beastly intoxication. But he was a drunkard, fast blossoming for the grave. Here for a time the narrator lost sight of him, and can tell little of what passed. If there was any young man in all his acquaintance, who seemed doubly lost, both for this world and the next, it was the man who grieved away the Spirit in early years, became a scoffer, a blasphemer, and had sold himself to work iniquity. \* \* \*

One day, as the narrator was sitting quietly in his own house, a person rapped at his door, entered, seized his hand, and stood for sometime in speechless emotion. Who could it be? His countenance, at first, was not recognized? It was Mr. —, now no longer the same man as formerly. His heart had been broken; and a new song put into his mouth, even praise forevermore. He stood forth confessed as a monument of mercy, a brand plucked from the fiercest burning. Such views of sin, such burning desires for the glory of God, such apprehensions of the loveliness and glory of Christ, such longings after conformity to God, as he then manifested, are seldom exhibited even by those who have long been making progress in the divine life.

He remembered, too, the "hole of the pit, whence" he had "been digged." His sick bed had been, in reality, what to others it seemed to be. While in that condition, the "horrors of the pit got hold upon" him. He felt himself a candidate for hell, a fit companion for devils, and that in a few short, restless hours, he would meet them face to face, and be chained in the burning gulph, without one ray of hope, "gnawing his tongue" with pain forever and ever. He had even then the heart of a fiend. He hated and abused his greatest benefactors. He asked no mercy for himself, and sternly forbade others to plead for him. Ah, how many of the abandoned have thus plunged into the bottomless abyss, and inherited all the terrors of the second death! Yes, instances are often seen in the midst of this Christian land, where the horrors of the pit are revealed before the curtain of life has closed. Such scenes are held forth to the world, as warnings to those who will not listen to the threatenings which are contained in the word of God.

But why was Mr. — thus permitted to escape? "Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight." But while we thus resolve this event into the glorious sovereignty of God, there is one circumstance which must not be forgotten. This monument of mercy, this unparalleled trophy of divine grace, was, throughout his whole career, the subject of unceasing prayer. His pious father, whom he perpetually hated and abused, whose kindness and tender solicitude he contemned and even ridiculed, never forgot him, nor gavo over pleading for him. The narrator had occasion to know this fact, and to believe that the parent plead with an importunity which none can conceive of, but those who know what it is to wrestle in faith and prevail. He looked for the conversion of his son, even in his darkest hours; and nothing could seem to break his hold upon the mercy seat. Christian parent, you that have an ungodly son,



who has even become an outcast from society, go and do likewise; for who can tell, but the Lord will strengthen you also, till you shall wrestle and prevail. P—R.

## RELIGION.

*From the Philadelphia.*  
LETTER FROM A FATHER TO A SON, TWELVE YEARS OLD.

MY DEAR SON,—The best evidence to Christians that the Bible is true, is *their own experience* of its truth. I will explain my meaning. Suppose that you had been born in a dungeon, and had never yet seen the light of the sun. Suppose that I should come to you in the dungeon, and tell you that the light shines above ground, and that people surrounded by it can see objects, and distinguish between rough and smooth surfaces at a distance. You might have knowledge in the dungeon of objects merely by hearing, touch, taste, or smell; and you might say, "I know not what you mean by *light*, and by seeing: I do not believe that I can tell the size of things which I have never felt, and know a surface to be rough or smooth without touching it: I do not believe there is any sun." Supposing that while disbelieving my statements light should for the first time be let into your dungeon, and you should begin to see. Suppose yourself brought up out of the dungeon of your nativity, and to become acquainted with the light and the sun. You might then say, "Now I believe what you told me, when I was in the dungeon, *from my own experience*: now I know the light shines, and that there is a sun, for I see."

Apply this to the Bible. The word of God is light; it is a sun, to guide our way, and to warm our souls. When a man sees the light and feels the warmth, he can no longer doubt. In this way thousands and millions of persons, who were born in the dark dungeon of sin and misery, and who for years never saw any spiritual things in the light of the Bible, have come to the light and they know the Bible is true, just as you know that the sun often shines on you. You cannot *prove* to a perfectly blind man that the sun shines, and that you see, for your seeing is no *evidence* to him. Just so, my feeling and knowing that the Bible is true is no *proof* to one who has not experienced the truth as I have. But if the blind man tells you, that you do not see the sun, and that no one ever saw it, because he is blind, his denial will not make you doubt. In like manner, if any one assures me, that there is no God, that the Bible is not his word, that it is not a reasonable revelation, that the truth of the gospel cannot convince men of sin and make them realize death, judgment, heaven and hell, and that the sacred scriptures are the work of uninspired men; he cannot make me doubt; and might as well try to persuade me that fire will not burn my fingers, that food is not pleasant to a hungry man, that thirsty persons have no desire to drink, and that a babe can preach like Paul, or calculate an eclipse.

Real Christians know, by their own experience, that the word of God is *quick and powerful, sharper than a two edged sword, and is a discernor of the thoughts and intents of the heart*, in the same way that you know gunpowder to be quick to take fire, powerful to burst rocks, and scorching to the skin of him who comes too near it when in a blaze. Just as you know that food nourishes your body and sleep refreshes you; do I know that the Bible can be food to the perishing soul, and refreshment to the weary. The Bible, my son, has made wicked men fear and tremble before God, dread everlasting punishment, hate sin, and turn from it, love Christ and obey him. The Bible is declared to be mighty, through God, to the pulling down of the strong holds of Satan; to be the means of making men die to sin and live to holiness; to be the power of God and the wisdom of God unto salvation; and it proves itself, by its effects, that these things are true; even as you would show you can read and write, by reading and writing.

When any man by reading the Bible finds in his

own experience, that it makes him who was once foolish, wise unto salvation; that it changes all his moral character so that he loves what he hated, and hates what he loved; that it makes him cease from doing evil and learn to do well; that it renders the drunkard a sober man, and a thief honest; that it purifies the heart, and fills him with joy unspeakable, and hope full of glory, he must, he will say, "It is true: it is no imposition: it is like God, and has come from God."

My prayer is that the truth of the Bible may deeply impress your mind; make you realize that you are a sinner, exposed to the righteous displeasure of God; and constrain you to seek, until you obtain, an interest in Christ Jesus, who is precious to every believer; whose commandments are not grievous; and in whom alone is salvation. You will then know the Bible to be what it professes to be; by that evidence which satisfies the greater part of common Christians; who, when required to show by argument that the sacred scriptures are from Heaven, can merely say "we experience them to be true."

Yours, with the love and hope of an affectionate father.

## MORALITY.

### CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

I was walking along the street one day, and I heard a great noise of shouting and laughing behind me. So I turned to see what it was. There was a party of boys, little and big, running and clapping their hands, and in the midst of them a poor miserable little kitten, which looked as if it had been dipped in water many times, and these wicked boys had tied to it an old tin cup. The cup was heavy and made such a noise whenever the poor little creature moved, that it was frightened, and would try to run; but being weak, and bruised, would fall and then try to jump up again. I cannot tell you, children, how pitiful and sorrowful this poor little animal looked, when she would stop every now and then and look up in their faces and mew. I thought if she could speak, this is what she would say, "Pity me, Pity me, little boys; I am sick and wretched, and have no one to take my part; take away this frightful thing from me, and let me go away in some corner and die. Oh! little boys, God who looks down from heaven takes no pleasure in seeing you torment me. I am *his* creature, poor and miserable as I am, and he will punish you for such cruelty." But these hard hearted children ran on, and I could not stop them. Now you know our Saviour Christ says, that not even a little sparrow falls to the ground without the Lord's notice. And do you think that "the eyes of the Lord," which the Bible says "are in every place, beholding the evil and the good" did not look down with displeasure on those cruel boys, and mark the agony they caused the distressed little kitten? The Lord is a God *full of mercy*, and he has said, "*Blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain mercy.*" Then these children, and others who torment little helpless animals are *not* blessed. Unhappy children! who have no blessing from God!

I have seen boys throwing stones at horses to make them run, and following them up with stones, hurting them and keeping them frothed and running some time. A horse is a noble animal, and of so much use, that it is ungrateful as well as cruel to treat him ill. I have read that even the wild Arabs are kind to their horses, and these animals always seem to know what kindness is. If an Arab falls from his mare and cannot get up, she will stand still and neigh until some one comes to help him. If he lies down to sleep in the midst of the desert, she will stand by and watch him, and neigh to rouse him if man or beast comes near. I dare say you have read many little stories about the faithfulness of dogs; of the poor traveller who was frozen to death in the road and his faithful dog was found watching the dead body. I knew a little girl who had a West India Bird, called a Mackaw, something like a Parrot; the little girl was very kind to the bird, and fed him every day and took care of

him. Whenever he saw her coming he would ruffle his feathers and come to her. He grew very sick, and for a long time she nursed him very kindly. She used to call him *Johnny*, a queer name for a bird, but it pleased the little girl. One morning she came to feed Johnny: He was sitting on a low perch, and as soon as he saw her coming, he came down slowly and crawled to her feet and lay down and *died*. He had fine, long red feathers: she took them and kept them a long while, and buried him by the side of a little white cat named Lily. This cat was treated very kindly by the children of the family, and when she died, a lady wrote these verses about her:

Poor Lily! long shall mem'ry trace  
Thy playful tricks, thy snowy face;  
While Spring her earliest sweets shall shed,  
And deck with flowers thy peaceful bed.

These children, I am sure, were much happier than the wicked boys who tormented the poor little kitten. [W. S. S. Messenger.]

## BIOGRAPHY.

### LUCRETIA MARIA DAVIDSON.

The following very interesting facts, are found in a Biography of L. M. Davidson, published in New York.

LUCRETIA MARIA DAVIDSON, was born at Plattsburgh, on Lake Champlain, September 27th, 1808. Her parents were not rich, and as soon as she was old enough to assist her mother, much of her time was devoted to domestic work. She did not love to do household work, but she always did it with cheerful good will, because she knew it was her duty, and she loved to do her duty.

When her work was done, she ran away to her books with the greatest possible delight. Even when very young, she would hide away with books, pen, ink, and paper, rather than play with her schoolmates. Her father and mother used to wonder what she did with so much paper; but she was too bashful to show what she wrote. Her mother, therefore, was much surprised, when searching in a dark closet, she found a number of little books, made of writing paper, evidently done by a child. The writing consisted of little verses, written to the pictures she had drawn on the opposite page. She cried when she found her treasures had been discovered; and when they were given to her, she took an early opportunity to burn them secretly; this shows how natural it is for people of good sense to be bashful about their own productions.

When she was nine years old, she wrote an epitaph on a dead robin, which her friends have kept.

When eleven years old, she wrote some verses on the death of Washington, which her aunt considered so good, that she thought she must have borrowed them from some book she had read. Lucretia wept at this suspicion, as if her heart would break; for she appears to have been a pure-hearted, noble-spirited child, who would rather have been thought a fool, than be suspected of any deception. As soon as she could dry her tears, she wrote a remonstrance to her aunt in verse; and her aunt no longer doubted that she *could* write poetry.

Before she was twelve years old, she had read almost all the best English books; yet she never neglected any thing she ought to do. She loved books, and she had habits of industry; industrious people can always find time to do what they like to do.

One little anecdote is told, which shows that she was truly a good child. Her mother was so ill, as to be confined to her bed for many months; and Lucretia, then only twelve years old, not only watched her sick bed devotedly, but actually took her mother's place, in superintending all domestic affairs. At this time, a gentleman, who had seen her verses, and heard how much she loved to read, sent her twenty dollars, to buy books. At first, she was overjoyed at the thought; for she longed to increase her little library, but looking towards her mother's sick bed, the tears came into her eyes, and she said, "Take this money, dear father; it will buy many comforts for mother, I can do very well without books."

Some people who did not know how much a



strong mind and a good heart could do, advised her parents not to allow her to read and write; because, they said, it would spoil her for every thing else.

Lucretia happened to hear of this; and so fearful was she of not doing right, that she gave up her books, and her pen entirely, and devoted herself all the time to household work. She did not say any thing about her resolution; but her mother noticed how melancholy she looked, and that she sometimes shed tears, and tried to conceal them.—She said to her one day, "Lucretia, it is a long time since you have written any thing." The poor girl burst into tears. "Oh, mother, I have given that up long ago!"

"But why?" asked her mother.

She dried her tears, and answered, "I am convinced from what my friends have said, that it is wrong for me to do as I have done. We are not rich, and now my eldest sister is gone, it is my duty to do all I can to assist my parents."

Her mother, on hearing this, gave her some very good advice: she told her not to give up her writing; nor yet attend to it too much; to work sometimes, and write sometimes. This would have been a healthful course, both for her body and her mind; and perhaps it is a pity that she ever had a chance to study as much as she wanted to. Unlike other children, she could not be persuaded to leave her books; and she made her mind work so much harder than her body, that she ruined her health and lost her life.

A gentleman, who thought very highly of her abilities, placed her at Mrs. Willard's famous school in Troy. Her incessant study, made her so ill that she was obliged to leave school for a time. When she recovered, she was placed at the school of Miss Gilbert, in Albany; and there a more alarming illness soon brought her to the borders of the grave. She died August 27, 1825, before she was quite seventeen years of age. She died in a peaceful, resigned state of mind, resting her hopes on the Lord Jesus Christ. The last word she uttered was the name of the gentleman who had placed her at school. She is said to have been as beautiful as she was good; but her face had an expression of sadness.

[*Juv. Miscellany.*]

## THE NURSERY.

### THE SLEIGH RIDE.

Little Jane says she does not love winter. When her mother asked her to go out in the country to see her cousins, she said she did not love to ride in a sleigh, because it made her so very cold; and she was sure there was nothing to be seen in the country, in the winter. But little Jane was mistaken. She went to see her cousins in the country; and she was delighted with the snow, and with the frost on the trees, and with every thing she saw. Instead of crying with the cold, as she thought she should, she played at snow-balls with her little cousins, more than half an hour; and she was so happy that she did not mind cold fingers. This play made her cheeks rosy; and she came into the house as merry as a little kitten.

In the kitchen she saw a little black baby. She had never seen one before; and she said she did not think she could ever love a little black baby. Her mother asked her if she did not remember the little black lamb, her cousins used to feed with bread and milk in the summer time. Jane remembered the little black lamb very well; for she had loved it very much; and had cried when she heard it was dead. Her mother told her God made the little black lamb to differ from the white ones; and God made little black children to differ from white ones. Then little Jane thought it was wrong to be unkind to the poor little baby, because it was black; and she went into the kitchen and gave the baby half her gingerbread.

There was a green parrot in the parlor; and when she came back and told her mother she had given the baby some of her gingerbread, the parrot called out very loud, "Good girl, good girl!" This made Jane laugh. She called him "Pretty Poll,"

and gave him a piece of apple; and he took the apple in his claw, and nibbled it very genteely.

Jane's cousin had a whole brood of Bantam chickens; and the little girl was very much amused at them. She said they looked as if they had not tied up their stockings; because their feathers grew all about their feet, and almost covered their toes.

But Jane was more pleased with the little snow-birds than any thing else. She threw crumbs on the snow, and was very much delighted to see the little creatures come hopping along, to pick them up.

"Mother, why don't they freeze their toes?" asked Jane. "Because God made them on purpose to live in the snow," said her mother; "and He has made their little feet so hardy that they do not ache with the cold, as yours would, if you run bare-footed on the snow."

Jane asked her cousins why they did not catch the birds and put them in a cage. The children told her their mother thought it was very cruel to shut birds up in a cage, when they loved to fly about so well. Jane said she was sure the birds would be a great deal happier; for then they would be warm and would have plenty to eat.

"But the birds don't think so," said the little girls; "they love to fly about, and do as they please."

Jane sat looking in the fire, and her face was very sad. "I have a little Canary bird, at home," said she; "and I should be very sorry if he thought I was cruel. I hope my little Canary-bird is happy."

She had not time to think any more about it, then; for she heard the bells jingling at the door; and her father came in to say she must put on her little cloak and hood to go home.

On her way home, she said she liked winter very much; and she liked to ride in a sleigh very much; and she had seen a great many things that she liked very much. But she grew very tired and sleepy before they reached home; and she could hardly keep her eyes open while they undressed her. The only thing she remembered to say after she was in bed, was, "Mother, do you think my Canary-bird thinks I am cruel to him? If he is unhappy, I will let him fly to-morrow."

Then her mother told her that Canary-birds were brought from warm islands, away off in the ocean; and that they could not live in such a cold place as Boston. Then little Jane said she was very sorry, the pretty little bird was ever brought away from his warm home. "I must keep him in a cage, while I have him," said the kind little girl; "but I will send him home one of these days, by some ship that is going to the warm islands, away off in the ocean."

Her mother kissed her, and bade her good night.

Little Jane was so tired, that she went to sleep in one minute; and she slept sweetly all night; and dreamed of the Bantam chickens, and the snow-birds, and her own little Canary singing on the bough of a tree.

[*Juv. Miscellany.*]

## THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

From the S. S. Treasury.

### A WALK TO THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

It is the holy Sabbath. I see groups of little children passing in silence along the streets. Where are they going? To the Sabbath School. They hasten, for the hour is almost come. Is there none to lead them, that they should go alone? Yes, methinks I see "their angels" spreading their wings over them; and methinks I hear them whisper, "Children, this is God's day. It is his word which you are about to meditate upon. Listen to the voice of your teachers. Look to your hearts, for the eye of God your Saviour is upon them. Take off your eyes from beholding vanity. Make your peace with God to-day, for there is joy with the angels over one sinner that repenteth."

In my walk, I meet others who seem to be lost in thought as they slowly pass. And who are they? They are Sabbath School teachers. The importance of their work is pressing upon their minds.

They are looking into eternity, and meditating on the value of the soul. They sink under the responsibility which they have assumed. The work seems too great for such feeble instrumentality, and they are half persuaded to turn back; but hope sends down a cheering ray, and inspires their souls with new zeal. They go on rejoicing that the earth is the Lord's, and they that dwell therein, and that He is able to make effectual the feeblest efforts of his children.

Some I saw, encouraging each other by the way. They spoke of the Sabbath School, the way of salvation, the hope of glory, until their hearts kindled and burned with a purer flame than the world has ever imagined in the breast of their perfect ones. Others walked alone. Their faces shone. They had communed with God in their souls, and a beam of pure benevolence illumined their path. With them it was still the hour of prayer. As they went up, they prayed for the guidance of the Holy Spirit, and with desire they desired the blessing of God upon the instruction they were about to impart to the children under their care. Is not this a scene which angels and redeemed spirits delight to contemplate? Go on, Sabbath School children, heirs of immortality, remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy,—open your hearts to the reception of truth, treasure it up, for it is the pearl of great price. Go forward, Sabbath School teachers: you have not overrated the importance of your work, nor underrated your own fitness; but be not disheartened; an arm, I trust, is with you, which is almighty.

Boston.

D.

## BENEVOLENCE.

For the Youth's Companion.

### THE WINTER'S DAY.

"What is the matter, Charles," said Mrs. Austin to her son, who came into the parlor on a bright winter's day, looking very cross as if he was going to cry.

"Why, Mamma, it is so cold, and the wind blows so, and my hands ache; I really think it is too cold for me to go to school again."

"I am very glad, my dear," said his Mother, to find you have no greater trouble to bear. From your countenance and fretful voice, Charles, I thought something very unpleasant had happened."

"Well, it is very unpleasant to be cold, Mamma, and I do wish the weather was always warm, then I should not fret so."

"If you suffer so much from the cold where you have such warm clothing and a comfortable bome, what do you think the poor boys and girls feel, who go about the streets so miserably clad, and who have not only to work a great deal out in the cold and snow, but when they go to their homes find very little fire, and a poor house where the windows are broken, and the cold comes in; and besides this they very often have but little food to eat and hardly any thing comfortable to sleep on. I often wish those children who have so many blessings and comforts would think less of the few inconveniences they have to bear, and more of those who are suffering around them; they would, I am sure, do more than they do to relieve them."

"But, Mamma," said Charles impatiently, "there are so many poor people here that I could not do so much good if I did think of them, and if I was to give them all the money I have to buy wood or any thing else, it would only last a few days."

"Yes, that is true; but Charles you have a great many wants which you know your father thinks he cannot afford to gratify; now if, because he could not give you every thing which you wish for, he was to say he would not do any thing for you, would not clothe and feed you, it would be very unkind and unreasonable. Besides, there are a great many boys here who have money and spend it very uselessly, and if all were to do a little towards providing fire-wood, or something comfortable, a great many poor people might be made much happier during this cold weather. I know one girl who is a very little older than you are, Charles, who does a great many kind things and much good to the poor,



though she does not have more money to spend than you do. She cuts out clothes and makes them too for a poor little child, and has sent her for some time to school, and this child perhaps might have never learned to read if this kindness had not been done, for her mother is very poor and sick too."

"Well, Mamma," said Charles, "I am sorry I was so fretful just now, and I hope that I shall remember all you have said. I wish while I am fixing my skates, Mamma, you would tell me a story."

"I must go away now, Charles, but I was just thinking of one which you would like to hear, for it is a true story and about somebody you know; you must wait, however, till I am a little more at leisure; so good bye, my dear boy, I hope you will have a pleasant time this afternoon on the ice."

[To be continued.]

FRANCES.

## EDITORIAL.

### PROVERBS OF SOLOMON, ARRANGED.

[Continued.]

**Intemperance.**—Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise. Be not amongst wine bibbers; amongst riotous eaters of flesh. For the drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty; and drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags. Who hath woe? Who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes? They who tarry long at the wine, they that go to seek mixed wine. Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright; At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder. Thine eyes shall behold strange women, and thine heart shall utter perverse things: Yea, thou shalt be as he that lieth down in the midst of the sea, or as he that lieth upon the top of a mast. They have stricken me, thou shalt say, and I was not sick; they have beaten me, and I felt it not; when shall I awake: I will seek it yet again.

**Prudence.**—A prudent man foreseeth the evil, and hideth himself: but the simple pass on, and are punished. Prepare thy work without, and make it fit for thyself in the field; and afterwards build thine house.

**Favor and Wrath of God.**—For the froward is abomination unto the Lord: but his secret is with the righteous. The curse of the Lord is in the house of the wicked; but he blesseth the habitation of the just. Surely he scorneth the scorner; but he giveth grace unto the lowly.

**Tenderness.**—A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast; but the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel. By long forbearing is a prince persuaded, and a soft tongue breaketh the bone. If thine enemy be hungry, give him bread to eat; and if he be thirsty, give him water to drink; For thou shalt heap coals of fire upon his head, and the Lord shall reward thee.

**Friendship.**—A man that hath friends must shew himself friendly: and there is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother. Thine own friend, and thy father's friend, forsake not; neither go into thy brother's house in the day of thy calamity; for better is a neighbor that is near than a brother far off.

**Reputation.**—The memory of the just is blessed: but the name of the wicked shall rot. A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor rather than silver and gold.

**Unfaithfulness.**—As the cold of snow in the time of harvest, so is a faithful messenger to them that send him; for he refresheth the soul of his masters. Confidence in an unfaithful man in time of trouble is like a broken tooth, and a foot out of joint. He that sendeth a message by the hand of a fool, cutteth off the feet, and drinketh damage.

**Mirth.**—Even in laughter the heart is sorrowful; and the end of that mirth is heaviness. A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance: but by sorrow of the heart the spirit is broken.

**Hypocrisy.**—When thou sittest to eat with a ruler, consider diligently what is before thee; and put a knife to thy throat, if thou be a man given to

appetite. Be not desirous of his dainties; for they are deceitful meat. Eat thou not the bread of him that hath an evil eye, neither desire thou his dainty meats. For as he thinketh in his heart, so is he: Eat and drink, saith he to thee; but his heart is not with thee. The morsel which thou hast eaten, shalt thou vomit up, & lose thy sweet words.

## EVIL EXAMPLES.

The wise man says, [Prov. ix, 18.] "One sinner destroyeth much good." This is true of kings and emperors, and all the great and mighty men, if they are wicked. Jeroboam, king of Israel, did wickedly himself, and placed temptations before his people, "by reason of which many followed his pernicious ways." He became very noted as a tempter, and God frequently spoke of him by his prophets for a great many years after, as the man "who made Israel sin." Alexander, Cæsar and Bonaparte were great destroyers in their day, sweeping like a pestilence through the nations. There have been many infidel and wicked writers, who have published their taunts and ridicule against the Bible and all serious things, and thus "beguiled unstable souls," and destroyed them. A professed minister of Christ, who perverted his gospel or was immoral and unholiness in his own life, has been the occasion of everlasting ruin to precious souls. We look on with astonishment and grief, to see what vast influence a tippler, a profane swearer, a Sabbath-breaker, or scorners, has upon the people about him, in our own time. He corrupts his own family, almost without fail; many of his neighbors and associates follow his pernicious ways; and wherever he goes, even among strangers, his influence is powerful and injurious to society.

Evil examples begin to have great influence on us when we are very young. Both the tempters and the tempted are found among youth and children. They go astray, and lead each other astray, almost as soon as they are born. In the years of childhood, when they are seemingly innocent and harmless in their temper and conduct, they often corrupt each other before their parents or teachers are aware of it. Let a quarrelsome little fellow go to associate with a peaceable and friendly group; how soon he stirs up strife and contention, sours their tempers, and promotes quarrels. Let one little member of a family be a lying or deceitful child, and you can scarcely preserve truth and simplicity among them for any considerable time. Let a boy who uses indecent & profane language, go to a school where it has not before been practised or thought of; soon one and another will catch his expressions and imitate his perverse example. An idle boy makes others idle around him; and a truant seldom fails to enlist his companions in his wickedness and make them partakers in his punishment. So it is with any wickedness, which any child may practise, within the knowledge if his playmates and associates. "One sinner" makes half a dozen more; these also become tempters of others; and they all together "destroy much good."

Let us mark how one child corrupts another. He does it by the influence of a bad example, which is very powerful on the minds and habits of such imitative creatures at that tender age. He does it by talking with them, inviting them to go with him, and join in his actions whether good or bad. He does it by promising them some pleasure or advantage, by indulging in his courses. He does it by laughing at their sober and honest scruples, and scoffing at their precise conduct. Let his heart be much set on something evil, and on a project for taking associates with him, and it is surprising how eloquent and powerful he will be in pleading his cause and alluring them to folly and sin.

Many children have had occasion to lament the day, when they first become acquainted with some vicious or thoughtless child. Many have mourned over such a day, through their whole life after. Many no doubt have made their bed in eternal sorrow, whose first career of iniquity was occasioned by some wicked associate. Oh how much occasion is there for the admonition of the wise man, "If sinners entice thee, consent thou not. Go not in

the way with them; turn from it and pass away." Let our young friends choose good children for their intimate companions, and avoid all intercourse with those that are perverse in their ways. Let them all strive to be good themselves and do good to others; that they may do good and not evil all the days of their life.

## MISCELLANY.

For the Youth's Companion.

### A QUESTION.

How long would it take the readers of the Companion to commit to memory the whole of the New Testament, at one verse per day? Will some one please to try the experiment? W. H.

**Spinsters.**—Formerly, it was a maxim that a young woman should not get married till she had spun herself a set of body and table linen. From this custom all unmarried women were termed spinsters, an appellation they still retain in England, to all deeds and law proceedings.

Take all occasions of rendering small services; remembering that "small matters win great commendation." The reason is, that small services are continually in use and in view; whereas an opportunity to practise any great virtue but rarely occurs.

**False Friendship.**—The friendship of an artful man is mere self-interest; you will get nothing, and may lose much by it.

## POETRY.

### THE SNOW BIRD.

The Swallow and Blue Bird, the Couriers of Spring  
Receive at their coming, the welcome of friends;  
Yet 'tis pleasant to see, too, the fluttering wing  
Of the bird that arrives when the snow flake descends.  
Though dull is his plumage, and small is his form,  
And sunless the day is, and cheerless the night—  
He comes like the bow—"in the van of the storm,"  
To shew us how beauty and horror unite.  
When the red-breast returns in the Spring of the year  
The Snow Bird has gone to his region of snow,  
And builds him a nest underneath a glacier  
Where icicles hang o'er a cavern below.  
For he comes but in winter, and stays but a day,  
As to breathe above zero, for him is too warm,—  
So he spreads his light pinion and hastens away,  
And goes as he came, in advance of the storm. B.  
[Boston Courier.]

### SPRING.

Spring, where are you tarrying now,  
Why are you so long unloft?  
Winter went a month ago,  
When the snow began to melt.

I am coming, little maiden,  
With a pleasant sunshine laden;  
With the honey for the bee,  
With the blossom for the tree,  
With the flower and with the leaf:  
Till I come the time is brief.

I am coming, I am coming!  
Hark! the little bee is humming;  
See, the lark is soaring high  
In the bright and sunny sky;  
—And the gnats are on the wing—  
Little maiden, now is Spring!

See, the yellow catkins cover  
All the slender willows over;  
And on mossy banks so green  
Starlike primroses are seen;  
And their clustering leaves below  
White and purple violets blow.

Hark! the little lambs are bleating;  
And the cawing rooks are meeting  
In the elms, a noisy crowd;  
And all birds are singing loud;  
And the first white butterfly  
In the sun goes flitting by.

Little maiden, look around thee!  
Green and flowery fields surround thee.  
Every little stream is bright;  
All the orchard trees are white;  
And each small and waving shoot  
Has for thee sweet flower or fruit.

Turn thy eyes to earth and heaven!  
God for thee the Spring has given!  
Taught the birds their melodies;  
Clothed the earth and cleared the skies;  
For thy pleasure or thy food—  
For thy soul in gratitude!  
So may'st thou 'mid blessings dwell—  
Little maiden, fare thee well! [Eng. paper.]



# YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Published Weekly, by WILLIS & RAND, at the Office of the Boston Recorder, No. 127, Washington-Street.. Price One Dollar a year in advance, or \$1, 50, if not paid in advance

No. 46.

BOSTON, APRIL 7, 1830.

VOL. III.

## NARRATIVE.

From the Edinburgh Philosophical Journal.

### THE IMPRISONED BOY.

Account of the Nuremberg Boy, Caspar Hauser, who was shut up in a Dungeon from the 4th to the 16th year of his age.

"PARIS, Nov. 15, 1829.

"In the month of May, 1828, there was observed at the entrance of one of the gates of the city of Nuremberg, a young man who kept himself in a motionless attitude. He spoke not, but wept, and held in his hand a letter addressed to an officer of the regiment of Light Horse in garrison in the town. The letter announced that from the age of four to that of sixteen years, the bearer had remained shut up in a dungeon, that he had been baptized, that his name was Caspar Hauser, that he was destined to enter the regiment of Light Horse, and that it was for this reason that the officer was addressed.

"On being questioned he remained silent, and when further interrogated he wept. The word which he most frequently pronounced was *haam*, (the provincial pronunciation of *heim*, home,) to express the desire of returning to his dungeon.

"When it appeared evident from the state in which the young man was, that the statement contained in the letter was true, he was confided to the charge of an enlightened professor of the most respectable character, and, by a decree of the magistrates, was declared an adopted child of the city of Nuremberg.

"Previous to my return to France, I had determined to visit that city, the only large town in Germany which I had not seen. This was about the end of last September. I was furnished with a letter to one of the magistrates, who, from the nature of his functions, had the charge of superintending the education of Caspar Hauser. It was this person who brought him to me; and, by a privilege which I should not have ventured to claim, the last moments of a residence devoted to the examination of the curiosities of this great monument of the middle age, afforded me an opportunity of seeing a very rare, if not unique, subject for the study of human nature. We beheld a young man, below the middle stature, thick, and with broad shoulders. His physiognomy was mild and frank. Without being disagreeable, it was no way remarkable. His eyes announced weakness of sight, but his look, especially when a feeling of internal satisfaction or of gratitude made him raise it towards the skies, had a heavenly expression. He came up to us without embarrassment, and even with the confidence of candor. His carriage was modest. He was urged to speak to give us an account of his emotions, of his observations upon himself, and of the happiness of his condition.

"We had no time to lose, for our horses were already harnessed. While I was reading an account composed by himself, in which he had begun to retrace his recollection, he related to my travelling companion whatever had not yet been recorded in it, or replied to his questions. I shall, therefore, first present the details of the narrative, and then mention what was repeated to me of a conversation of which I heard only a part.

"His manner of speaking and of pronouncing German was that of a foreigner, who has exercised himself for some years in it. The motion of the muscles of the face indicated an effort, and was nearly such as is observed in deaf and dumb persons who have learned to speak. The style of the written narrative resembled that of a scholar of ten or eleven years, and consisted of short and simple phrases, without errors in orthography or grammar. The following is a brief account of it:

"His recollections disclose to him a dark dungeon, about five feet long, four broad, and very low; a loaf of bread, a pitcher of water, a *hole* for his wants, straw for a bed, a covering, two wooden horses, a dog of the same material, and some ribbons, with which he amused himself in decorating them. He had no recollection of hunger, but he well remembered being thirsty. When he was thirsty he slept, and on awakening the pitcher was found full. When he was awake, he dressed his horses with the ribbons, and when his thirst returned he slept. The man who took care of him, always approached him from behind, so that he never saw his figure. He remained almost constantly seated. He recollects no feeling of uneasiness. He is ignorant how long this kind of life lasted; and when the man began to reveal himself and to speak to him, the sound of his voice became impressed upon his ear. His words are indelibly engraved upon his memory, and he has ever retained his dialect. These words ran exclusively on fine horses, and latterly on his father, who had some, and would give them to him. One day, (I make use of this word although it is improper; for, to him, there was neither day, nor time, nor space,) the man placed upon his legs a stool with paper, and led his hand in order to make him trace some characters upon it; when the impulse given by the man's hand ceased, his hand also stopped. The man endeavored to make him understand that he was to go on. The motion being without doubt inopportune, the man gave him a blow on the arm. This is the only feeling of pain which he remembers. But the stool greatly embarrassed him, for he had no idea how he should put it aside, and was utterly unable to extricate himself from this prison within a prison. One day at length the man clothed him, (it would appear that he wore only a shirt, his feet being bare,) and taking him out of the dungeon put shoes upon him. He carried him at first, and then tried to make him learn to walk, directing the young man's feet with his own. Sometimes carried and sometimes pushed forwards, he at length made a few steps. But after accomplishing ten or twelve, he suffered horribly, and fell a crying. The man then laid him on his face on the ground, and he slept.—He is ignorant how long these alternations were renewed; but the ideas which he has since acquired have enabled him to discover in the sound of his conductor's voice, an expression of trouble and anguish. The light of day caused him still greater sufferings. He retains no idea of his conductor's physiognomy, nor does he even know if he observed it; but the sound of his voice, he tells us, he could distinguish among a thousand.

"Here ends the narrative, and we now come to the conversation. During the first days which he passed among men, he was in a state of continual suffering. He could bear no other food than bread. He was made to take chocolate; he felt it, he told us, to his fingers' ends. The light, the motion, the noise around him, (and curious persons were not wanting to produce the latter,) and the variety of objects which forced themselves upon his observation, caused an indescribable pain, a physical distemper; but this distemper must have existed in the chaos of his ideas. It was music that afforded him the first agreeable sensation; it was through its influence that he experienced a dispersion of this chaos. From this period he was enabled to perceive a commencement of order in the impressions by which he was assailed. His memory has become prodigious: he quickly learned to name and classify objects, to distinguish faces, and to attach to each the proper name which he heard pronounced. He has an ear for music and aptitude for drawing. At first he was fond of amusing himself

with wooden horses, of which a present had been made to him, when he was heard continually to repeat the word horses, beautiful horses (*ress, schone res*). He instantly gave up, when his master made him understand that this was not proper, and that it was not *beautiful*. His taste for horses has since been replaced by taste for study. He has begun the study of the Latin language, and by a natural spirit of imitation, his master being a literary man, he is desirous of following the same career.

"So extraordinary a phenomenon could not fail to inspire, independently of general curiosity, an interest of a higher order, whether in observing minds or in feeling hearts, and the women especially have expressed their feelings towards him in little presents, and letters of the most tender kind. But the multitude of idle visits they made to him, and especially these expressions of tender feelings, were productive of danger to him, and it became necessary to withdraw him from so many causes of distraction, and to lead him into retirement. Accordingly, he now lives retired in the bosom of a respectable family. Pure morals, an observing mind, and a physiological order, preside over his education and instruction, in proof of which he has made immense progress in the space of the last sixteen months."

## RELIGION.

### SAYINGS OF JOHN NEWTON.

Mr. Newton was a great observer of Providence, even in little things. "It may seem of small consequence," said he one day to a friend, "whether, in returning from hence, you go up Cateaton street, or down the Old Jewry; yet in going one way or the other, you may meet a person capable of serving you; and this circumstance may have an effect on all your future life."

He lamented the evils he saw around him; but he did not like to meddle where he saw he could do no good. "I," said he once, lifting up his fist, "I have tried to make crooked things straight, till I have made these knuckles sore; and now I must leave it to the Lord."

Speaking of the importance of motives, he would say, "If I wanted a man to fly, I must contrive to find him wings; and thus, if I would successfully enforce moral duties, I must advance evangelical motives."

I should have thought mowers very idle people; but they work while they whet their scythes. Now devotedness to God, whether it mows, or whets the scythe, still goes on with the work.

My course of study, like that of a surgeon, has principally consisted in walking the hospital.

My principal method of defeating heresy, is by establishing truth.—One proposes to fill a bushel with tares: now if I can fill it first with wheat, I shall defy his attempts.

A Christian in the world, is like a man who has a long intimacy with one who at length he finds out was the murderer of a kind father: the intimacy, after this, will surely be broken.

Candour will always allow much for inexperience. I have been thirty years forming my own views; and in the course of this time, some of my hills have been sinking, and some of my vallies have risen; but how unreasonable would it be to expect all this should take place in another person, and that in the course of a year or two.

We are surprised at the fall of a famous professor; but in the sight of God, the man was gone before; it is only we that have now discovered it. He that despiseth small things, shall fall by little and little.

The devil told a lie when he said, All these



things are mine, and to whomsoever I will, I give them; for if he had the disposal of preferments, since he knows the effect of them, you and I, brother C—, should soon be dignitaries.

If an angel were sent to find the most perfect man, he would probably not find him composing a body of divinity; but perhaps a cripple in a poor house, whom the parish wish dead; but humbled before God, with far lower thoughts of himself than others think of him.

If two angels came down from heaven to execute a divine command, and one was appointed to conduct an empire, and the other to sweep a street in it, they would feel no inclination to choose employments.

I would not give a straw for that assurance which sin will not damp. If David had come from his adultery, and had talked of his assurance at that time, I should have despised his speech.

The Lord has reasons far beyond our ken, for opening a wide door, while he stops the mouth of a useful preacher.—John Bunyan would not have done half the good he did, if he had remained preaching in Bedford, instead of being shut up in Bedford prison.

Doctor Taylor of Norwich, said to me, "Sir, I have collated every word in the Hebrew Scriptures seventeen times; and it is very strange if the doctrine of atonement you hold, should not have been found by me." I am not surprised at this: I once went to light my candle with the extinguisher on it. Now, prejudices from education, learning, &c. often form an extinguisher. It is not enough that you bring the candle; you must remove the extinguisher.

"Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." A man may live in a deep mine in Hungary, never having seen the light of the sun: he may have received accounts of prospects, and, by the help of a candle, may have examined a few engravings of them; but let him be brought out of the mine, and set on the mountain, what a difference appears!

I have many books I cannot sit down to read; they are, indeed, good and sound; but, like halfpence, there goes a great quantity to a little amount. There are *silver* books, and a few *golden* books; but I have one book worth more than them all, called the *Bible*; and that is a book of *bank notes*.

When some people talk of religion, they mean they have heard so many sermons, and performed so many devotions, and thus mistake the *means* for the *end*; but true religion is an habitual recollection of God, and intention to serve him; and this turns every thing to gold. We are apt to suppose that we need something splendid to evince our devotion; but true religion equals every thing; washing plates and cleaning shoes is a high office, if performed with a right spirit. If three angels were sent to earth, they would feel perfect indifference who should perform the part of prime minister, parish-minister, or watchman.

Ministers would overrate their labors, if they did not think it worth while to be born, and spend ten thousand years in labor and contempt, to recover one soul.

I feel like a man who has no money in his pocket, but is allowed to draw for all he wants upon one infinitely rich; I am therefore, at once both beggar and a rich man.

## MORALITY.

### FILIAL VIRTUE ILLUSTRATED.

This touching story, says the New York Atlas, is told in an Edinburgh paper, and deserves, as the relator expresses himself, to be handed down to the latest generations. It will, we think, engage the feelings and improve the heart of any ingenious reader.

Some travellers from Glasgow were obliged to stop at the small burgh of Lanark, "and having nothing better to engage our attention," said one of them, "we amused ourselves by looking at the passengers from the window of our inn, which was opposite the prison. While we were thus occupied, a gentleman came up on horse back, very plainly

dressed, attended by a servant. He had scarcely passed our window when he alighted, left his horse, and advanced towards an old man who was engaged in paving the street. After having saluted him, he took hold of the maiden, (the rammer,) struck some blows upon the pavement, at the same time addressing the old man, who stood amazed at this adventure. 'This work seems to me very painful for a person of your age; have you no sons who could share in your labors, and comfort your old age?'

'Forgive me, sir; I have three lads who inspired me with the highest hopes, but the poor fellows are not now within reach to assist their father.'—'Where are they, then?'—'The oldest has obtained the rank of captain in India, in the service of the Honorable East India Company. The second has likewise enlisted in the hope of rivalling his brother.' The old man paused, and a momentary tear bedimmed his eye. 'And pray, what has become of the third?'—'Alas! he became security for me: the poor boy engaged to pay my debts and being unable to fulfil the undertaking, he is—in prison.' At this recital the gentleman stepped aside a few paces, and covered his face with his hands. After having thus given vent to his feelings he resumed the discourse. 'And has the oldest—this degenerate son—this captain—never sent you any thing to extricate you from your miseries?' 'Ah! call him not degenerate, my son is virtuous; he both loves and respects his father; he has oftener than once sent me money, even more than was sufficient for my wants, but I had the misfortune to lose it by becoming security for a very worthy man, my landlord, who was burthened with a very large family. Unfortunately finding me unable to pay, he has caused my ruin. They have taken my all, and nothing now remains for me.'—At this moment, a young man passing his head through the iron gratings of a window in the prison, began to cry, 'Father! father! if my brother William is still alive, this is he; he is the gentleman who speaks with you.' 'Yes, my friend, it is he, replied the gentleman, throwing himself into the old man's arms, who like one beside himself, attempting to speak and sobbing, had not recovered his senses, when an old woman, decently dressed, rushed from a poor looking hut, crying 'Where is he, then?—Where are art thou, my dear William? Come to me—come and embrace your mother!'—The captain no sooner observed her, than he quitted his father and went to throw himself upon the neck of the good old dame. The scene was now overpowering; the travellers left their room, and increased the number of spectators, witnesses of this most affecting sight. Mr. W—, one of the travellers, made his way through the crowd, and advancing to the gentleman thus addressed him: 'Captain, we ask the honor of your acquaintance; we would gladly have given a hundred thousand to be witnesses of this tender meeting with your honorable family; we request the honor of you & yours to dinner in this inn. The captain, alive to the invitation, accepted it with politeness, but at the same time replied, that he would neither eat nor drink until his youngest brother had recovered his liberty. At the same instant deposited the sum for which he had been incarcerated, and in a very short time after, his brother joined the party. The whole family now met at the inn, where they found the affectionate William in the midst of a multitude who were loading him with caresses, all of which he returned with the utmost cordiality. As soon as there was an opportunity for free conversation, the good soldier unbosomed his heart to his parents and the travellers.

'Gentlemen,' said he, 'to day I feel, in its full extent, the kindness of Providence to whom I owe every thing. My uncle brought me up to the business of a weaver, but I requited his attentions badly; for, having contracted a habit of idleness and dissipation, I enlisted in a corps belonging to the East India Company. I was then only little more than eighteen. My soldier-like appearance had been observed by Lord C—, the commanding officer, with whose beneficence and inexhaustible generosity all Europe is acquainted. My zeal for the service inspired him with regard; and, thanks

to his cares, I rose step by step to the rank of captain, and was intrusted with the funds of the regiment. By dint of economy, and the aid of commerce, I amassed honorably a stock of £30,000.—At that time I quitted the service. It is true that I made three remittances to my father; but the first only, consisting of £200, reached him. The second fell into the hands of a man who had the misfortune to become insolvent; and I entrusted the third to a Scotch gentleman who died upon the passage; but I hold his receipt, and his heirs will account to me for it.' After dinner the captain gave his father £200, to supply his most pressing wants; and at the same time secured to him, as well as his mother, an annuity of £80, reversible to his two brothers, promising to purchase a commission for the soldier, and to settle the youngest in a manufactory, which he was about to establish in Scotland for the purpose of affording employment to his countrymen. Besides, he presented £50, as a marriage portion to his sister, who was married to a farmer in indifferent circumstances; and, after having distributed £50 among the poor, he entertained at an elegant dinner the principal inhabitants of the burgh. Such a man merited the favors of fortune. By this generous sensibility, too, he showed, indeed that he was worthy of the distinguished honors so profusely heaped upon him by the illustrious Lord C—.

## THE NURSERY.

From the Juvenile Miscellany.  
DRESS.

"Mother, did you see how beautifully Jane Osborn looked, at the examination, to-day?"

"No, dear; I did not observe her particularly. I saw that she was showily dressed; but she did not appear one half as well, as many other scholars; especially, your humble friend, Nancy Clark."

"Why, how can you say so, mother? She had on a beautiful cameo silk, an elegant French cape, and the new set of ornaments lately presented to her by her uncle. Then her hair was dressed with a great deal of taste, and I thought she looked handsomer than ever."

"I don't deny, my dear Mary, that her dress was very handsome: it was not *that*, to which I alluded, when I said that she did not appear as well as the others, to day—for on such an occasion, something, besides fine clothes, is essential to what I should call a respectable appearance."

"O, I suppose you mean that a young lady must be a good scholar."

"Yes; it is much more important that she should give signs of a well-furnished *head*, than of a well-furnished *bureau*; she must prove that she has a good store of ideas, and knows how to clothe *them* in proper dress. Now Nancy Clark wore only a plain, neat gingham dress, with plaited muslin frills, about her neck; but I saw that she attracted far more attention and admiration, too, than your gay friend, Jane; on account of her very thorough acquaintance with all the studies that she had been pursuing—to attain which, she must have been exceedingly industrious; and there was merit in this; but there is no merit in wearing fine clothes. I must confess, however, that I like to see a handsome dress, very much. Would you, then, rather have been Jane Osborn, than Nancy Clark, to-day?"

"I would willingly have worn the gingham dress, if I could have appeared as well in it, as Nancy Clark, during the examination—but I should have liked to exchange it for the silk, immediately after. Don't you like dress, mother?"

"Certainly, my dear; I think there is a pleasure in being handsomely dressed; but it is a very inferior pleasure to many others which I could name, and which are within the reach of every body; whereas dress, I fear, is valued a good deal, merely as a distinction."

"Do you think, mother, that it is wrong to wish to look well, and to have our dress becoming?"

"No, dear, I do not; I think that wish in itself, when restrained within reasonable limits, may be one operation of the social principle, which so pow-



erfully influences us, as human beings. We like to look well, and to be as agreeable to others, as possible; nor do I think that there is any thing gained to the cause of virtue, by too severely censuring what some would call an infirmity of our nature; but when this desire becomes "the ruling passion," so as almost to supersede every other desire, it is foolish and sinful."

"I confess, I should not like to spend a whole fortnight, as Jane did once, in ornamenting a ball dress."

"No; dress, if valued at all, should be valued as one of the inferior aids in rendering us agreeable; and it is an imperious duty, to avoid extravagance in expending upon it, either our money, or our time,—but especially, the latter. So Jane spent a fortnight in preparing a ball dress! That was, indeed, like parting with gold, to purchase a shadow. Just think how much *lasting* good may be done to ourselves and others, by a proper use of the same portion of time."

"But, there are some persons, are there not, who consider dress the most important thing in life?"

"Yes, there are many who seem to regard it, as the *summum bonum*—the chief good—and whenever that is the case, you may be pretty sure that it is the very best thing of which they have to boast. You may like to encounter such persons, in a drawing room, or in a public walk, and look at them as a sort of show; but they are the last persons whose *society* you would desire. Society! you might as well talk of the society of a Broadway fancy-store. If I had a set of acquaintance composed of such a class, I had much rather they would send me their clothes to look at, than they should present themselves."

"When one thinks of it," said Mary, who seemed now in deep reflection upon the subject, "it is strange that we should be apt to think so much more of *how we look*, than of what we in fact are, or of what we do."

"Yes, for in this way, we lose sight of that which distinguishes us from the other orders of creation. Nothing can exceed the beauty of birds, flowers, and butterflies. "Not Solomon in all his glory was arrayed like one of these." Nothing can be more graceful than the motions, or more beautiful than the form and covering, of many animals. What is then to distinguish us? It is *mind*—heart. What gives us dominion over animals? Mind. To what are we indebted for government, for religion, for all the refinements and higher enjoyments of life? To *mind*. To what is the superiority of the statesman, the usefulness of the lawyer, the skill of the physician, the wisdom of the judge, owing but to mind? Mind is indispensable in every department of life; and it rewards cultivation like a healthy plant, so that according to the neglect which it suffers, or the attention which it receives, it may wither away and be reduced almost to a non-entity, or it may grow, bud, blossom, & bear fruit."

"Then there is another consideration, mother. Clothes wear out, and mind does not—or at least, not until it has done a great deal of valuable service."

"Yes, dear; and besides, dress benefits none but the wearer; whereas the mind of one person, well employed, may be made to subserve the good of thousands, perhaps, millions."

"How is that?"

"Why, in the case of a good king, a wise legislator, or of a person who writes useful books: but without aspiring to extensive influence, a reasonable person may be satisfied with using her mind for the benefit of a single family, or of a limited circle of acquaintance. By dressing very handsomely, a young lady may serve the purpose, as I said before, of a sort of show; by being more careful to adorn her mind, she may have a store of useful knowledge, and agreeable conversation at the service of her friends. Which would be most valuable?"

Mary smiled. "In future," said she, "when I am obliged to deny myself in dress, I will try to make it up from books."

MATER.

## THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

### DIALOGUE BETWEEN A LITTLE BOY AND HIS FATHER.

*Boy.* Father, as I was coming along the road just now I saw Mr. Thompson in his big field working away at all those miserable little sticks of trees, he has planted there. And he goes there every day and he digs round them and cuts them and ties them up, as if they were nice big trees and bore apples. I would not waste so much time upon them, would you, Father?

*Father.* That is Mr. Thompson's nursery of trees; and he is very careful of them *now*, that they may grow strong and healthy, and by and by bear nice fruit.

*Boy.* But why does not he take the great trees in his orchard and do something to them? They are very crooked and some of them are half dead, and some bear such knotty hard apples that they are good for nothing.

*Father.* If the person who planted that orchard had taken as much pains as Mr. Thompson does with his *young* trees, they not have been so bad now.

*Boy.* Well, if I was Mr. Thompson I would set the boys at that work, and just go at the great trees myself.

*Father.* Mr. Thompson knows that his *young* orchard will grow up good for nothing, if it is neglected or not properly attended to *now*; and he *does* make his boys work under his directions, but he is anxious about his young trees and chooses to be there himself. The big trees are full grown and it is too late to do much for them.

*Boy.* Why, Father?

*Father.* Because they are stiff with age, and the crooked branches cannot be bent—some are dying of age, and he cannot make them young—there are worms at the root of some, and they must soon be cut down and burned to make room for better ones. Mr. Thompson is a wise man; he knows that if he does not take care of the *young* trees, he will have bad fruit or none at all. What sort of a congregation do you think our minister would have in a few years, if he neglected all the *children*?

*Boy.* I suppose they would all grow up crooked and bad and bear no fruit, like those old trees, and then it would be too late to do them much good. That is the reason I suppose that our minister comes so often to the Sabbath school, and looks at all the classes and asks the Teachers about them and talks to the scholars.

*Father.* To be sure—just as Mr. Thompson tends his young trees or his lambs.

*Boy.* Our minister says that the Lord Jesus has commanded him to *feed his lambs*, and that he *must* do it. I remember he told us *we* were the lambs, and he is the shepherd under the Lord Jesus Christ, who is the *Great Shepherd*.

*Father.* Yes; and that great Shepherd who is higher than the kings of the earth, "gathers the lambs in his bosom."

*Boy.* Thomas Dale told me that *their* minister never hardly comes to Sabbath school, and he can do what he pleases for all the minister says, for he never takes any notice of the *children*. He says if *their* minister came into the school and talked to the children and preached to them as ours does, he guesses he *would* learn his lesson.

*Father.* We must pray that Thomas's minister may see that it is his duty to feed his master's lambs—and that Thomas may remember that the *great Shepherd* is looking at him and he has no excuse for neglecting his lesson.—[*S. S. Messenger*.]

## BENEVOLENCE.

From the Children's Magazine.

### THE STORY OF A SIXPENCE.

The other morning, a little boy belonging to a very poor family, was returning from the grocer's, where he had been on some errand for his mother, with just *one sixpence* change. He had put it, as he thought, safely in his pocket: but when, as he

was running up the steps of his house, he put his hand in, to have it ready to give to his mother, *the sixpence was not there!*—"Well, and if it was not!" I think I hear some little reader say, "if it was not! It was only sixpence! That was but a very little money: what would it matter?"—Perhaps not much *to you*, my young friend; although, whether you be rich or poor, I can tell you, that one who does not care about a sixpence now, is very likely in the end not to have one to care about. But the family of the boy, as I told you before, were *very poor*.—They had only what this poor boy and his brother, not much older than himself, could earn from day to day, to support the mother and four children.—They were quiet, and decent, and their good mother's neatness and industry kept them so comfortable in outward appearance, that hardly any one, to look at them would think how *very poor* they were. I say '*hardly* any one' would find it out—because, by looking at their faces, people who are in the habit of taking an interest in the happiness of their fellow creatures, might observe a quiet look of sorrow, and a thin, sunken cheek, that could not be misunderstood.

These boys were accustomed to leave home early in the morning, and work at whatever jobs they could find to do. Some days they would come home with a few shillings, some days only with a few pence, and sometimes they would have to return without having earned any thing. Yet at all times their rent money would be hoarded up, even if the family went supperless to bed; for if that was not paid they would be turned away, and have no place of shelter where they might enjoy their only comfort, the company of each other.

You may imagine, little reader, that even a *sixpence*, to people in their condition must always be of value. But on the morning of which I was speaking, it was *their all*. The boy had bought some soap and starch, which his mother was to use in washing some clothes for a family in the neighborhood, and this sixpence was all that she had left to buy herself and the two smaller children some of the cheapest kind of food, to eat through the day, while the larger boys were out at work. When he missed the money, his first act was to turn his pocket inside out, that he might be certain it had not got into some corner. But no! no sixpence was there! Then he sorrowfully turned round, and went slowly back, the way that he had come, looking carefully about, until he came to the store where he had bought his things. There too he searched, and, as it was not there, the keeper kindly came out, and helped him again to look upon the road, and they even swept and raked the dirt, but all in vain. "It will never do, the sixpence is gone," said the storekeeper, as he turned away,—and so, indeed, it seemed. But just then a little girl came by, who knew the condition of the boy's family. She heard what the man said, and as she thought how valuable even a sixpence might be to the poor boy & his mother she felt very sorry for his loss. But she knew that *being sorry* alone would do no good, and as she saw that the boy would not give over looking, a scheme came into her mind. So she hurried to her home, which was close at hand, and got another sixpence. Then crossing the street as she had done before, she walked past the boy (who was still stooping and poring on the ground) and slily dropped the money just behind him, so that when he turned he could not help seeing it. Before she had gone very far he *did* turn round, and then if you had seen how his eyes beamed with joy and surprise, as he snatched it up, and ran home to tell his mother of his good fortune, you would have said the sight was worth more than a dozen sixpences! But did not the little girl feel even happier than he did?—Yes, without doubt: for it is written in the Bible, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Little reader, are you poor? You may see from this history that there are others as poor, and even poorer. If (but I hope this is not the case)—if you love to be idle or to play, more than to try to work and help your parents, think of those boys, who kept a *home* for their mother and their little brother and sister, and be ashamed and mend. At any rate,



learn what a comfort kindness and affection in a family may be, even in the worst of worldly circumstances. Has God blessed you with plenty, and given you many a sixpence to spend at your own pleasure? Think how many poor persons there are, to whom the money that you perhaps waste in buying dainties or foolish toys, would be a great blessing, and relieve them from the want in which they suffer.

Observe, too, my young friends, how considerably the little girl acted. She did not wound the feelings of the poor boy (who, she knew, had never begged) by openly offering her money, but gave it to him in such a manner that she thought only God and her own heart would know what she had done. Go, little reader, and as far as you have opportunity or means, be like that little girl, in willingness to do good, and prudence in doing it. There is no child so little or so poor, as not to be able to do some act of kindness or of love for others. Remember then, what the Bible says:—"Be ye followers of God, as dear children; and walk in love, as Christ also hath loved us, and hath given himself for us an offering and a sacrifice to God." *Eph. iv. 1, 2.* W.

## EDITORIAL.

### DAILY FOOD.

When our Lord Jesus Christ had fasted forty days and become very hungry, satan tempted him to work a miracle for obtaining bread; but our Lord refused, saying, "It is written, Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." [Matt. 4.] He referred to what God said to the Israelites after he had led them forty years in the wilderness, when he "humbled them, and suffered them to hunger, and fed them with manna," which they had never seen before; "that he might make them know that man doth not live by bread only, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of the Lord doth man live." [Deut. 8. 3.] The word of God, or the truths and precepts he has revealed are often called bread, or food; & loving the word of God and walking by its light, are compared to eating food and deriving strength and vigor by its nutriment. The meaning is, that as food nourishes and supports our bodies and prolongs our lives, so the word of God is the means of spiritual life to the soul. We might as well live without food, as have any knowledge of duty or the way of pardon without the gospel. Without this, we should not know what we must do to be saved; nor how we should so walk as to please God; nor what gracious promises of grace and strength God has made to them that repent and believe. We could not, without the Bible, have fellowship with God through our Lord Jesus Christ, or know the joys of pardoned sin and peace in believing. As our bodies would soon die if we had no food; so our souls would soon be shut out of heaven in darkness and despair, if we had not the word of God.

Let us turn to a few other passages, where divine truth is compared to food. Jeremiah said, [15. 16.] "Thy words were found, and I did eat them; and thy word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of my heart." The psalmist David exclaims with rapture "How sweet are thy words unto my taste! yea, sweeter than honey to my mouth." It was to the provisions of the gospel that God invites poor perishing sinners by the prophet Isaiah, [55. 2.] when he says, "Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread, and your labor for that which satisfieth not? Hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness." Sometimes Christ himself is spoken of under the figure of bread, or food; and the expressions when applied to him are still more appropriate and full of meaning, than when they are applied to the truths of the gospel. He is the substance, and the scriptures are only the means of leading us to him. Said he of himself, when addressing the Jews [John 6.] "Moses gave you not that bread [manna] from heaven; but my Father giveth you the true bread from heaven. For the bread of God is he which cometh down from heaven, and

giveth life unto the world. . . . I am the bread of life: he that cometh to me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on me shall never thirst. . . . He that believeth on me hath everlasting life. I am that bread of life. . . . I am the living bread which came down from heaven; if any man eat of this bread he shall live forever: and the bread that I will give is my flesh, which I will give for the life of the world."

What kindness has God manifested to us and our children, by giving us the word of life, as freely as he has given us bread to eat and water to drink. Every family and every person may have a Bible, and almost every one in New-England may hear ministers preach the gospel; while many others, even in the United States, are suffering "a famine of hearing the words of the Lord." They "run to and fro to seek the word of the Lord," and do "not find it." [Hosea, 8. 11, 12.] How grateful should we be; and how much should we contribute to send the gospel to those who are perishing for want of it.

The bread of life will avail us nothing, if we do not eat of it; that is, if we do not love and obey the gospel, if we do not love and receive the Saviour, we cannot live forever. If a man's house is full of bread, and yet he will not eat, he must starve. Just so with our gospel privileges; if we do not read the Bible, if we do not believe on Christ, if we do not hunger and thirst after righteousness, we must die in our sins. Impenitent sinners have the Bible before them, and pay some attention to what it contains; but they do not love and obey the truth, and so it does not bless them and make them free. None but Christians "desire the sincere milk of the word;" none but penitent believers feed on the hidden manna; none but the followers of Christ truly taste and see that the Lord is gracious. O that all might come to Christ, weary and heavy laden for sin, and find him, as Christians do, the hope and joy of their souls.

Our bodies need food daily, and several times in a day, or they become weak, famish and die. So our souls need the bread of life continually. It is not enough that we hear and read it once a week. We should search the Scriptures *daily*, and by prayer and meditation

— "find access at every hour,  
To God within the veil."

David said, "O how love I thy law; it is my meditation all the day. Obobiah used to carry his Testament in his pocket, that he might often consult it. One day he forgot it, and sadly felt the want of his monitor and friend. He remarked to some one, "Lame man no walk good without his staff." The shepherd of Salisbury Plain said, "If he had time to read but a verse or two in the morning, before he went out to his labor, it was a sweet comfort and support all the day." But we should not confine ourselves to a few verses, but read a longer portion every day we live, with solemn application and holy obedience of heart.

We have lately seen a book, scarcely so large as a child's hand, that is worth more than some quarto volumes. It is entitled *Daily Food for Christians*, and serves up for them a precious portion for every day in the year. It consists of two verses from the Bible and a single verse of a Hymn, arranged under the month and the day. We wish it could lie by the pillow of every person, old or young, that it might serve to guide his earliest thoughts, when the morning comes, to the God of his life and his immortal hope. It would give him a text and motto for the day—a short sentence from the word of God, which can easily be remembered.—It would follow him wherever he should go:—it would speak to him in every situation:—it would be as a voice behind him, saying, 'This is the way, walk thou in it' and live.

## MISCELLANY.

*Admonition.*—Once a day, especially in the early years of life and study, examine what new ideas you have gained, and what advances you have made in any part of knowledge, and let no day, if possible, pass away without some intellectual gain. It was a sacred rule among the Pythagoreans, that

they should every evening turn thrice over the actions and affairs of the day, and examine what their conduct had been, what they had done, and what they had neglected—assured that by this method they would make a rapid progress in the path of knowledge and virtue.

"*I love my little Brother.*"—Thus said Joseph White; and I found on speaking to his parents, that this was true. Joseph was a lively boy at play, at learning, and at work: when all three come together it is a good sign; but I know many boys who care nothing but about the first.

Now Joseph's mother had a great deal of work to do for the family, and therefore Joseph made himself very useful in taking care of his little brother, in playing with him, and when he grew older, in teaching him his book. Joseph once made a remark that pleased me; he said, "You know, sir, I can't do any work myself; but I can take care of my little brother, and thus give my mother time to mind her work." I was glad to find Joseph had this in his thoughts, for some children only make trouble for their parents, and are not any help to them. I hope Joseph has learnt of Jesus, who was subject to his parents and helpful to them; and I am sure if the reader loves that blessed Saviour who shed his blood on the cross for our salvation, he will be constrained to be a kind brother and a dutiful child. [*Child's Magazine.*]

## POETRY.

### "GOD MADE HEAVEN AND EARTH."

By a Girl of fourteen.

"Father, who gave the violet  
Its fragrant breath, its eyes of blue,  
And who this bending rose hath wet  
With such a shower of diamond dew?  
"Twas God, my child," the father said,  
And kiss'd his dimple cheek the while;  
"Tis he who o'er the earth hath shed  
The bloom and light that round thee smile.  
"The lily lifts its stainless brow,  
And breathes its incense unto Him,  
And the bright rose you pluck'd but now,  
Glow's 'neath an eye that's never dim."  
"And, father, did He tell the stream  
To glide so joyously along?  
And did He bid the fountain gleam?  
And did He teach the bird its song?"  
"Aye, my sweet boy, He lent the ray  
And the sweet music unto them;  
He lit the glorious brow of day,  
And gave the night her diadem."  
The vestal light of eve came on,  
And silver'd tree, and tower, and spire;  
And in the warm blue sky there shone  
A gem of pure and living fire.  
The hoar one wandering moment eyed  
The bright thing shining clear and fair,  
Then caught his father's hand, and cried,  
"Look, father! God has made a star!"

FRANCES.

### GOD IS GOOD.

God keeps me safe by day and night,  
And always does me good;  
He'd make me rich if that were right,  
Because we know he could.  
But though he chose me to be poor,  
How many things I have;  
Although I don't deserve, I'm sure,  
The smallest that he gave.  
I should not have a crust of bread  
Without his tender care;  
No fire to warm me, nor a bed,  
Nor any clothes to wear.  
'Tis he that keeps me strong and well,  
While many others die;  
And if they're naughty, go to hell,  
Who are as young as I!  
He thinks of what I want, and sends  
The very things I need;  
And God it is who gives me friends,  
And lets me learn to read.  
And, more than all the rest, he sent  
Our Saviour down from heaven,  
That we might know him, and repent,  
And have our sins forgiven.

[*Child's Magazine.*]

### TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

In the Companion of March 17 were verses entitled "Grieve not thy father," &c., which were said to be from the New-Hampshire Observer, and to have been "written by a young lady at the age of sixteen." This was according to the credit given in the paper from which we copied; but we since learn that they were written by Mrs. Signorey, of Hartford, for the Religious Intelligencer, of New-Haven.



# YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Published Weekly, by WILLIS & RAND, at the Office of the Boston Recorder, No. 127, Washington-Street.. Price One Dollar a year in advance, or \$1, 50, if not paid in advance.

No. 47.

BOSTON, APRIL 14, 1830.

VOL. III.

## NARRATIVE.

From the Genius of Universal Emancipation.

HARRIET ROGERS.

How very beautiful! I exclaimed mentally.

I was in a village house of worship, and the above observation was excited by a female who sat opposite to me. She was not very young—she might have been twenty-eight, or possibly thirty years;—but her features were finely regular, and her complexion still wore an undiminished brilliancy. It must have been undiminished in its beauty, for it was one of the most perfect whiteness I have ever seen, smooth and polished—more like a sheet of hot-pressed letter-paper than any thing else I can think of—and with a tinge of carmine scarcely deeper than that of the most delicate petal of the damask rose. In common with many others, she had laid aside her bonnet on account of the excessive heat of the weather, and her dark hair, arranged with the utmost simplicity beneath a plain gauze cap, contrasted beautifully with the fine intellectual forehead over which it was parted. Her lip had probably once been redder than it was at present, and past hours might have seen a more frequent flush of laughing sunlight upon her cheek, for now the long fringes of her eye bent over it with a continual pensiveness.

It was this subdued sadness, mingled too as it was with so much sweetness of expression, such perfect unrepiningness, that interested me far more than I should otherwise have been. Even the gladness of the lovely faces that sometimes flit around me like scattered sunshine, frequently awakens only a feeling of pensiveness that it should be so little abiding—but a countenance like hers, over which the world's sorrow had already flung a veil of spirituality—how could I pass it by unnoticed?

By her side sat a little urchin as unlike her as possible. Not in feature, for in that there was some trifling resemblance—but in her whole manner and character. I never saw such an expression of untameable joy, as was exhibited in the face of that child; it seemed blended with the very existence of the light-hearted creature; and though it was now subdued into comparative seriousness, the lashes of her dark blue eyes were occasionally lifted with an animated glance that actually seemed to emit flashes of light. You could scarcely look on her without a feeling of gladness—yet once, when she looked up suddenly, while her mother's eyes were fixed on her in sad tenderness, the smile for a moment entirely forsook her lip, and I saw a large tear gathering over her eye-lashes.

After the worship was concluded, I inquired the history of that woman. They told me she was one to whom the Angel of Grief had ministered—but that I already knew—and that she had drunk deeply of the bitterness of his vial.

She had wedded in her bright youth, with a high hope that life should be to her a long sunny dream of happiness. But she had leaned her heart upon a broken reed, and it gave way and crushed her. They told me there were three graves out in their grassy burial place, over which hot tears had fallen, when were laid there the perished blossoms of her heart—and the strong stem, round which its tendrils had entwined themselves—perhaps too fondly.

I told you that she had wedded with high hopes;—but they had been crushed by another hand than that of death. He came by only to finish the ruin. Long before Harriet Rogers became a widow, had her husband ceased to be worthy of her. Yet intemperate and unprincipled as he became, she still clung to him in the steadfastness of her woman's heart, with a depth of holy affection that no un-

kindness could subdue, with a hope of his being yet restored to virtue, that no unworthiness could crush.

But death, a fearful unprepared-for doom, came suddenly upon him; and then she felt that all the tears she had shed over the pure beings whom she had already laid to rest, were happiness—ay, bliss—to the few scalding drops that fell as if they were rung one by one from her seared heart, slowly and separately upon his still brow. Noble and beautiful as it was, and yet so stricken with the shame of guilt! About to go down to the grave with such a deep cloud for ever resting upon it! And then the thoughts of what was beyond those gloomy portals—she could not dwell upon it, and with a half-uttered groan, she covered up her face, and they bore her away insensible.

She did not see him again; but day by day there grew to be less of agony in her prayers, and as the darkness passed gradually away from her heart, she mingled once more as she had been wont to do, among her beloved friends. The pure piety of her spirit, refined and deepened by suffering, dared not waste itself in gloomy repinings:—but, though long years had passed away, she never could forget.

And I wondered no more at the melancholy written upon her beautiful countenance. BERTHA.

## RELIGION.

From an Edinburgh publication of 1829.

RICHES OF A POOR BARBER.

Conscientious regard to the Sabbath providentially rewarded.

In the city of Bath, during the last century, lived a barber, who made a practice of following his ordinary occupation on the Lord's day. As he was pursuing his morning's employment, he happened to look into some place of worship, just as the minister was giving out his text, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." He listened long enough to be convinced, that he was constantly breaking the laws of God and man, by shaving and dressing his customers on the Lord's day. He became uneasy, and went with a heavy heart to his Sabbath task. At length he took courage, and opened his mind to the minister, who advised him to give up Sabbath dressing, and worship God. He replied, beggary would be the consequence; he had a flourishing trade, but it would almost all be lost. At length, after many a sleepless night spent in weeping and praying, he was determined to cast all his care upon God, as the more he reflected, the more his duty became apparent. He discontinued Sabbath dressing, went constantly and early to the public services of religion, and soon enjoyed that satisfaction of mind, which is one of the rewards of doing our duty, and that peace of God, which the world can neither give nor take away. The consequences he foresaw actually followed. His genteel customers left him, as he was nick-named a puritan or methodist. He was obliged to give up his fashionable shop; and in the course of years became so reduced, as to take a cellar under the old market-house, and shave the common people.

One Saturday evening, between light and dark, a stranger from one of the coaches, asking for a barber, was directed by the ostler to the cellar opposite. Coming in hastily, he requested to be shaved quickly, while they changed horses, as he did not like to violate the Sabbath. This was touching the barber on a tender cord; he burst into tears, asked the stranger to lend him a half-penny to buy a candle, as it was not light enough to shave him with safety. He did so, revolving in his mind the extreme poverty to which the poor man must be reduced. When shaved, he said, "There must be

something extraordinary in your history, which I have not now time to hear. Here is half-a-crown for you; when I return, I will call and investigate your case. What is your name?" "William Reed!" said the astonished barber. "William Reed!" echoed the stranger: "William Reed! By your dialect you are from the West?" "Yes, Sir; from Kingston, near Taunton." "What was your father's name?" "Thomas." "Had he any brother?" "Yes, Sir, one, after whom I was named; but he went to the Indies, and, as we never heard from him, we suppose him to be dead."—"Come along, follow me," said the stranger; "I am going to see a person, who says his name is William Reed, of Kingston, near Taunton. Come and confront him. If you prove to be indeed him whom you say you are, I have glorious news for you. Your uncle is dead, and has left an immense fortune, which I will put you in possession of, when all legal doubts are removed." They went by the coach, saw the pretended William Reed, and proved him to be an imposter. The stranger, who was a pious attorney, was soon legally satisfied of the barber's identity, and told him that he had advertised him in vain. Providence had now thrown him in his way, in a most extraordinary manner, and he had much pleasure in transferring a great many thousand pounds to a worthy man, the rightful heir of the property. Thus was man's extremity God's opportunity. Had the poor barber possessed one half-penny, or even had credit for a candle, he might have remained unknown for years; but he trusted God, who never said, "Seek ye my face in vain."

## MORALITY.

### GAMBLING.

*Samuel.*—Come, leave your top, and let's go and toss buttons. Our John won ever so many the other day, and he said he should have had more, but the boys got fighting and broke up.

*Joseph.*—My father does not think it right to play so, and he told me never to do it.

*Samuel.*—Where's the harm of tossing up with buttons, I wonder?

*Joseph.*—He says, the boys that play so with buttons, soon learn to toss up cents; and then they learn to cheat and steal to get cents to play with, and as soon as they grow bigger they play cards and gamble, and get into the penitentiary; and that it often happens that they fight, and sometimes the one kills the other and comes to the gallows.

*Samuel.*—How does he know all that?

*Joseph.*—He says he knows grown up men that have gambled away all their money, and that they began in this way. And he told me about apprentice boys, that stole money from their masters to play cards with. He says, if you see a boy tossing buttons, the next thing will be cents, and then you'll hear of his playing cards, and then of his stealing money to buy lottery tickets.

*Samuel.*—I wish I had a lottery ticket. I heard the other day of a man that drew a prize of twenty thousand dollars. I suppose that was wrong too, wasn't it?

*Joseph.*—You need not laugh, Sam: Father says buying lottery tickets is gambling too, and that people ought to just work and attend to their business, and do what the Bible tells them, and they will get enough. He says boys that try to get money by pitching cents, and lotteries, and such things, lose their characters and grow tricky and lazy, and if they do not break right off, always come to a bad end.

*Samuel.*—Well, I know a great many boys that do it.



*Joseph.*—Are they steady, honest boys? Do they never cheat? Would you trust any of them with money, if you had it?

*Samuel.*—I don't know—I can't say I would.

*Joseph.*—Do they never fight nor swear?

*Samuel.*—Why I can't say but they do.

*Joseph.*—Do they go to Sabbath School and to church?

*Samuel.*—I do know some Sabbath Scholars that pitch buttons and cents too.

*Joseph.*—None of my class do so; our teacher tells us how wrong it is. He says he *did* see one or two Sabbath Scholars the other day at it, among a parcel of boys, and he was ashamed of them, and told them they would lose their characters. He says a boy's character is not worth much that is seen in such company. And he hopes, now they are told of it, they will not do so again. Now, tell me, Sam, when you pitch cents and lose, do you not feel as if you would do almost any thing to get more to begin again.

*Samuel.*—Well, I do, to be sure.

*Joseph.*—And don't you think that young men that play cards and other such games, feel just so too? And if they are in a store, and their master's money is where they can get at it, wouldn't they take some? I heard, the other day, of a very young man, who was clerk of a store in New-York, who took so much of his master's money, that at last he was found out, and for fear of the shame and punishment, he ran off, and has not been heard of.

No, Sam; I'll not go and play any such plays with you, for it is quite wrong, and contrary to God's word, and nothing but trouble and sin will come of it. So, if you will stay among boys that do so, you and I must part. Good bye.

I hope all that read this, will never be seen in company with boys pitching buttons, or cents, or gambling for pins, or any thing of the kind. And especially *Sabbath School* boys should keep far away from such things, for they know better, and therefore more is expected from them. [*Messenger.*]

## THE NURSERY.

*From the Child's Magazine.*

### JOSEPH PRESENTING HIS FATHER TO PHARAOH.

Our little readers all know, probably, who Joseph was. He was the son of Jacob, and was his father's favorite child. But for this very reason that his father loved him so much, his brothers hated him the more; and instead of doing what they could to please him and help him along in the world, as all brothers should do, they tried all they could to injure him; and even at one time were going to kill him. However, they did not do so, but instead of it, sold him to a company of merchants.

Joseph was a very pious youth, and perhaps some of our readers may wonder why God should suffer him to be sold for a slave, as we sometimes see negroes sold among us; for the Bible says God loves good people, and calls them his children, and takes care of them. But if they read a little further they will see that God was taking care of Joseph all this time; and although he appeared to be in great trouble, yet his very trouble was to turn out for his benefit.

The merchants carried Joseph into Egypt, which was a great many miles off; and there they sold him to one of the great men of that kingdom. Joseph met with several misfortunes at first, but that did not make him discontented or wicked; and the all-seeing eye of God, which sees continually every thing that happens, was all this time looking down from heaven and watching him. At length Joseph, by his wisdom, became a great man in Egypt, although at first he was but a poor stranger and a slave. He became so great a man that there was none before him in all the land of Egypt, except king Pharaoh himself. He was dressed in royal robes, and had many servants to wait on him, and lived in great splendor. And it was at this time that his father Jacob came down to see him. Jacob was

a shepherd, that is, a man who has flocks of camels and goats, and sheep to tend; something like our farmers. The reason why Jacob went down into Egypt was, that there was a famine, or great scarcity in the land where he lived, so that he could not get bread for his family. He first sent his sons down into Egypt to buy provisions, (for there was plenty there,) and afterwards he went himself. And now, children, take notice of Joseph's behaviour to his father. Some persons, when they have been away from their parents a long time, and have grown great and rich in the world, would perhaps despise them, and scarcely take any notice of them. But it was not so with Joseph, for when his father was coming he went out to meet him, and came down from his elegant carriage, threw his arms around his father's neck, and cried a good while for joy that he could once more see him. After this he took his father in to king Pharaoh and told him who he was.

This interview between the venerable patriarch and the Egyptian king is highly interesting and instructive. Old age and virtue are honored with the kind regard and attention of a king. Royalty is instructed, admonished, and blessed, by the wisdom of the sage, by the miseries of the man, and by the piety and prayers of the prophet.

This history teaches us that if we meet with trouble in the world, we ought not to be discouraged about it, because God loves us and will take care of us if we are good. It also teaches us that we ought to be kind and dutiful to our parents, and love them very tenderly. We hope our little friends will like to learn something more about Joseph, and will read all his life as Moses wrote it in the book of Genesis.

## LEARNING.

*From the Child's Magazine.*

### THE EARTH.

The earth on which we live is not, as people formerly thought, a plane, or flat piece of ground, but a globe, or ball, about twenty-four thousand miles round. It moves through the air at the rate of several thousand miles an hour; and goes round the sun once in three hundred and sixty-five days, which form the year. It also turns round like a coach wheel on its axle once every twenty-four hours, which makes the day and the night. The side of the earth turned towards the sun receives light, and has day; while the side turned from it is in darkness, and has night. The sun always shines, though we do not always see it; and the earth is always turning round, though we do not feel it move; so that there is always day in one place, and night in another; and when it is mid-day in one part of the globe, it is mid-night in the part exactly opposite to it.

The motions of the earth measure all our time. Seven turnings make seven days, or one week; four weeks a month; and thirteen such months a year, or three hundred and sixty-five days, nearly. For convenience we divide each day into twenty-four parts, called hours; each hour into sixty parts, called minutes; and each minute into sixty parts, called seconds; a second being the smallest portion of time that we reckon.

Were it not that the earth goes round the sun, and turns round on its own axis, like a coach wheel on its axle, we should not be able to measure time at all; but by these motions we can calculate the longest or shortest period. The earth has gone one thousand eight hundred and thirty times round the sun since Jesus Christ was born; and just so many times round the sun since you were born as you are years old. It has turned round on its axis thirty-one times since new-year's day this year, up to the present day, February 1st; and has given you that number of days for study and labor, and the same number of nights for repose. And still the earth is travelling on, and still it is turning round: it never ceases, whether we wake or sleep, labor or be idle. And still it is measuring out our time, and still time is flowing on, whether improved or not. And still it is bringing eternity nearer—that awful eter-

nity,—that never changing state, where the sun shall not be wanted, and where there shall be no turning round of the earth to mark the progress of duration.

My child, this eternity is thine: and thy soul must be happy or miserable in it according as thou livest in time. Let, then, the succession of day and night remind thee how time passes away. Each year, each day, each hour, each minute, each second, brings thee nearer eternity. Never be unemployed; never while away time, for time is the price of eternity. [*To be continued.*]

## BENEVOLENCE.

*For the Youth's Companion.*

### THE WINTER'S DAY.

[Continued from page 180.]

A few evenings after Mrs. Austin had promised her little son that she would tell him a story, Charles came into the parlor where she was sitting at work, and he thought how pleasant it would be if she would tell him then, for he had nothing to do; but Charles had resolved in the morning that he would try that day and practice patience. His Mother had seen with much pleasure that Charles had borne one or two disappointments more patiently than he usually did, and though Charles did not know that his Mother noticed his efforts to be a good boy, he felt happy, as people will when they have tried to do their duty. So Charles, instead of teasing his Mother to talk to him, sat down very quietly and began to think what he should do to employ himself. In a few minutes Mrs. Austin said, "Well Charles, I am at leisure now, and if you like I will tell you the story I promised you some days since. It is about Miss Somers, whom you know often comes to see us. Her parents live a great way off, and she has seven brothers and sisters younger than herself. She lived with them till she was sixteen years old, and had not always the good comfortable clothes and the many privileges she now enjoys. Her father when young was a respectable man and had some property. He might have been as well off now as your father is if he had been industrious, but he chose to live upon the property he had, and was indolent and careless and would not work. His wife did all she could to support the family, but she had so many little children that she could not lay by any of earnings, though many kind people gave her what she needed, and paid her money for doing it.

Sarah was always a very industrious, good girl, and worked very hard to help her mother, and the little boys used to work too, though they were all younger than you are and not so strong. I have seen them, in a cold winter's day, go into the woods without any great coats and warm fur caps, and sometimes even without any mittens, to fill their little sleds with wood to carry home, and then they would draw the heavy load along, and without complaining, cut it up and brush the snow off that it might burn better; and they did this in their holidays, when there was no school, and while other boys were playing or sitting at home by a good fire. One or two kind boys who were stronger, used now and then to cut up the larger sticks for them, but this was all the help they had, for I am sorry to say that their father grew more and more idle, and never assisted his industrious boys.

When Sarah was about your age, not twelve years old, a good woman who kept a little shop in S—, asked her to come and live with her, and said she would pay her for her services. Sarah knew she would live very pleasantly with this woman, for she was very kind and benevolent, but then when she thought of her poor mother she feared it would be wrong to leave her, because she would be obliged to take care of all the children and work very hard; so she told Mrs. Smith, for that was the good woman's name, that she was very sorry to refuse such an offer, but she could not leave her home. Mrs. Smith was so much pleased to find her such a good girl that she felt more desirous than before to render her some assistance, so she offered to take her into the store, employ her during



the day, teach her all she could, pay her very good wages, and still let her live at home. Poor Sarah felt very thankful for this kindness, and joyfully accepted the offer. After this she used to get up very early in the morning, and work industriously till seven or eight o'clock, when she went to the shop, and every night when she came home, though she was often very tired, she would sit up very late, and after she had mended her little brother's clothes and helped them get their lessons, she would read, and study Arithmetic, and work on something which she might be able to sell, or which some kind person gave her to do, in case she had a leisure hour, for many became interested for Sarah, when they saw what a deserving girl she was, and she soon had work enough given her to employ all her spare time. Now do you think she ever looked cross because it was cold, or lost time in lamenting that there was no fire, and do you not suppose her little brothers and sisters were much happier than if she had been ill-tempered and lazy?

Well, Sarah persevered for five long years, and then the children had grown so much and learned so much from her, that many of them were able to earn something themselves. At this time a lady, who was acquainted with Sarah's mother many years before, heard of this girl's industry and good principles. She was an old lady and quite rich, and as she had no children and wanted some good girl to do many little things about her house, she asked Sarah to come and live with her, and promised to give her, not only a comfortable home, but all that was necessary, and have her taught many things she had before had no opportunity of learning. As soon as some of her brother's were provided for, Sarah went to live with this lady. The oldest boy is with a carpenter and another lives with a good farmer; some of the girls have good places. Sarah's prosperity does not make her proud or vain, but she still remembers and loves her humble home, and is kind and attentive to her family. You may suppose they are all very fond of one who has done so much for them, and they appear very grateful to her, and often send her some little token of affection, which their industry and ingenuity has enabled them to earn or make.

[To be continued.]

FRANCES.

## NATURAL HISTORY.

From the Juvenile Miscellany.

### HUMMING BIRD.

is the very smallest, and one of the most of birds. It builds its nest on the body of a branch, on a white oak, or pear tree, and about ten feet from the ground. The nest is an inch in depth, and an inch in diameter; and is lined with a downy substance from the mullein. From below, it appears like a knot upon the branch.

This bird is described, as having its back, the upper part of its neck, and its side, of a rich, golden green; its tail and wings, of a brownish purple. Its throat feathers are very brilliant, and form its chief ornament. It feeds sometimes upon insects, but more frequently on the sweets it extracts from flowers. Its note is a single chirp, "uttered as it passes from flower to flower, or when engaged in flight with its fellows."

The flight of this bird is more rapid than that of the bee; and this swift motion of the wings occasions a humming sound, from which it receives its name.

The French call these very pretty little creatures, *L'Oiseau Mouche*, which means the Fly-bird. On account of their brilliant feathers, the Indians call them by a name which signifies "the winged rays of the sun." Their nest is not much bigger than an empty peach-stone; they lay two little white eggs, about as big as peas; the male and female birds take turns in setting on these eggs for twelve days. On the thirteenth, the little ones break the shells, and come out.

### ROBBINS.

And now I am talking about birds, I will tell some anecdotes about two little English robins.—In the summer of 1826, two robins were observed hopping about the hall, and settling upon the win-

dows of Dr. M'Ilveen, a physician resident in Hollywood, a beautiful village on the sea-shore, in the north of Ireland. Day by day, they became more familiar; at length they began building a nest on a shelf in the corner of the Doctor's room. For this purpose, they moved, with considerable difficulty, a small gallipot, which occupied the situation they had determined to appropriate to themselves: and having by degrees advanced it to the edge of the shelf, they, by one powerful effort, overturned it on the floor, and commenced the construction of their nest, on the spot where it had stood. The Doctor did not approve of the place they had chosen; but being unwilling to drive them away, he removed one of his books from the middle of a set, and permitted them to build a nest in the niche. Though constantly surrounded by strangers, they went on with their work, without seeming afraid in the least. They were four days making the nest. The Doctor supplied them with wool and moss, which they picked off the floor as he flung it down; and supplied themselves with hair to line the inside. The female robin laid seven eggs; and while she was setting upon them, her companion constantly brought her fresh worms and grain to eat. In twelve days the little ones were chirping about her. The first nourishment with which the father-bird supplied his young was spiders, which he sought for through every corner of the house and out-houses. When they were strong enough to bear coarser food, he fed them on groats, with which the Doctor took constant care to supply him. One day, however, he found his way to the pantry, and began to peck at the butter. Every time he gave each little one a grain of corn, he next brought it a piece of butter; and in consequence of this rich feeding, they soon became so fat, they could hardly see out of their eyes. The old birds kept the nest very neat, indeed; they regularly cleaned it out two or three times a day. The Doctor, observing they always cleaned their nest with their bill, did not choose to have them picking at the clean butter in the pantry; he placed a small pot of lard within their reach, and the little ones seemed to relish it just as well as butter. It was laughable to see what a figure the old birds made, with their wings and red breasts all besmeared with grease.

None of the family seemed to know what fear was. The mother would hop on the table to pick up crumbs, and would even permit herself to be patted on the head; while the father would fly about, from shelf to shelf, perch on the windows, and twitter and chirrup, as if the comfort of his little brood made him very happy.

When the little birds were large enough, they flew away; but the old ones chose to remain with the hospitable Doctor. After a while they constructed another nest; and six young birds were hatched. The father-bird fed them constantly with groats and lard, as he had done before; and they soon became very fat and strong. However, these attentive parents met with a sad misfortune, when the little things were first beginning to fly; two of them, hovering about the grate one morning, fell into the fire, and burned to death. Until the little ones were old enough to go off and take care of themselves, the father-bird was very domestic in his habits, and unwearied in his attentions. When he was not occupied in seeking food, he sat upon a peg in the hall, watching the movements of his family. If a cat attempted to find his way into the house, he would fly screaming to his friend, the Doctor, and skim along before him to show where the cat was; he would never rest till his enemy was driven off the grounds; and then he would return delighted to his nest. He was particularly fond of milk; and when he had been out in quest of food for his young, his first race was to the pantry, where he quenched his thirst. During the winter, the mother-bird slept regularly every night, on a perch in the Doctor's bed-room; and at day-light, each morning, she awoke him by whirring about the room, and tapping at the windows to be let out into the air.

The following summer she built somewhere in the garden, but never again in the house; perhaps because her little ones had been burned to death

there. Her partner still went into the boose for his daily supply of groats and lard; and he never failed to go screaming and fluttering to the Doctor, whenever any cat came near the nest. Who could have the cruelty to rob such interesting and affectionate little creatures? \*

\* These interesting anecdotes, appeared in the English Juvenile Souvenir, for 1829.

## OBITUARY.

From the Child's Magazine.

### KARU-PORE, A NATIVE OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

The subject of the following memoir, was a native of Waahoo, one of the Sandwich Islands: and was called in his own language, Karu-pore. He came to America in the U. S. frigate United States, about four years ago, and was named by the officers John Adams; by which name he was afterwards called. He came to Belleville, N. J., about two years since, and shortly after became a scholar in the M. E. Sunday school. He was as regular and attentive to school as the generality of boys, and always appeared pleased, and endeavored to learn, but on account of his limited knowledge of the English language, he did not improve much in learning to read. He had been instructed in the Christian religion by the missionary at his native island, (Mr. Bingham) and often spoke of him with much affection; and could repeat a prayer taught him in his own language. Early last fall he was attacked with the measles, which (though not the immediate cause of his death) brought on the consumption of which he died. In the early part of his sickness, he was very low spirited, and was often seen in tears; and while yet able to walk out, expressed a belief that he would shortly die, but did not appear willing. But while he was prevented by sickness from attending Sunday school, he was not forgotten there, and prayer was made for him. One Sunday in particular he was prayed for publicly, that the Lord would prepare him for death, as he was to all appearance very near it. That week he was confined to his bed; and though heretofore he gave no satisfaction as to a change of heart, yet when spoken to on the subject of religion, he was much pleased, and said, in answer to questions put to him, "O yes I pray, I very weak, I wish Mr. B——r (meaning one of the superintendents of the Sunday school) come here so I hear him pray," which he did. He was asked after this, if he was willing to die? "Yes." What makes you willing to die? "God take my soul to heaven; God love me; willing to live, willing to die; Lord knows best." His breath being very short, he could only speak in short sentences, and that in very broken English: it was truly affecting to hear him. He was much pleased when any pious person visited him, and especially brother B——r, and often spoke of him and what he said. On being asked if he had ever felt himself a sinner against God; if he had ever been wicked, he said, "O yes! yes! God see me very bad, I always bad, I do wicked; now, God see me good, now God love me, I die, I go heaven." He spoke of his mother, and of his native country; their missionary, and church, their prayer, &c. with much feeling; inquired about Sunday school, and when able, was anxious to talk with those that visited him. The week before he died, he appeared much better, and was told that he might recover; he seemed pleased, but when told again that there were no more hopes of his recovery, his countenance retained the same smile, and not the least sign of disappointment or sorrow betrayed itself. He was asked, Do you feel that Jesus loves you? "O yes, I feel, I feel God in me, (placing his hand on his breast,) all good; my cough hurt me, soon all gone in heaven; I shut my eye, God here, I think good all time, I pray all time." In this state he continued, an example of patience; no complaint or murmur escaped his lips, but always smiling and cheerful. On the morning of the day he died, he was in a great agony, and thought himself dying. His distress was very great, and he cried, "Lord,



have mercy on my soul." But his last agony was over, and he was easy again. A person coming in the room, he looked at him with a smiling countenance and exclaimed, "God wash my heart and soul all clean, now I go heaven." He was speechless some time, but in the afternoon exerted himself much to speak; and when his jaws were stiff, he said, "I glad to go to heaven; tired of bed; no more sick; I go see God; God love me." And when he could speak no more, he would smile when spoken to. In this state he lay till about midnight, when after shaking hands with all in the room, he quietly breathed his last, January 25, 1830, aged about fifteen. He was followed to his grave by a respectable number of white, as well as colored people, and interred in the burying ground attached to the Methodist Episcopal Church. In him, were beautifully blended, the fortitude and firmness of the Indian, with the patience and humility of the Christian. E. P.

Belleville, N. J. Feb. 22, 1830.

### THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

From the Christian Mirror.

#### LITTLE STEPHEN.

[Continued from page 162.]

You will recollect, kind reader, that sometime ago I told you about little Stephen, and promised at some future period, to tell you more about him; and I will now fulfil my promise.

"I'd rather go to the Sabbath-school, than go to meeting," said Stephen, addressing his mother, "for I don't know the meaning of one half the minister says."

"You mustn't expect, my child, to learn every thing at once;—as you grow older, and pay more attention to what you hear and read, and try to understand, you will have but little difficulty in finding out the minister's meaning.—You know your Sabbath-school teacher instructs none but children, and he can adapt his language to the capacities of a child: but a minister has many grown up people to preach to, and if he used such language as your teacher, they would probably be more dissatisfied than you."

"Well, I can understand then, when I grow up to be a man, can't I?"

"To be sure you can—and I hope always to see you as attentive as you were to-day. As you can understand your teacher so well, will you tell me of something that he said this morning?"

"O, yes!—he said that I must be renewed in heart, else I should be shut out from heaven through all eternity. And what do you suppose was the meaning of being renewed in heart? It is the same as being born again, of which our Saviour spoke to Nicodemus, the ruler of the Jews. With a new heart I should love God, pray every day, and love the Bible, and all my friends, and every body."

"And you want to become a Christian, don't you, Stephen?"

"That I do, mother; for then I should be prepared to die, and not be afraid of death, as Sir Francis Newport was, whom you know I read about in a tract, which my teacher gave me."

"But when that man was young like you, he had religious instruction, but he mingled in the society of those who disbelieved in the existence of a God, and they led him astray; and instilled into his mind their unholy principles, which he retained till it was too late to seek forgiveness of his offended God;—and when I think of his religious privileges in youth, and how many ways there now are to take off one's attention from religion, my thoughts turn to you, and my heart almost aches for fear my son will slight all his instructions, and at last die the awful death of Francis Newport."

"Fear not for me, mother, I am determined to obey you and my teacher, and begin early to serve the Lord."

"Could I feel assured that you would love and do the will of God, I should be truly happy—could rejoice. You are now but six years old; and children often change their minds many times before they approach the age of manhood. But if you will

now devote yourself to the service of the Lord, and give to him your whole heart, become indeed a Christian, I should not fear but you would continue faithful unto death. If we are only serious, and have not a change of heart, we cannot go to heaven, but must sink to that world of despair, where joy and peace are never known."

"I wish my associates and friends would obey God, and then after death how happy we all should be in the other world."

"You should, my child, set before them a good example, and when you see them doing any thing that's wrong, tell them modestly, of a God who seeth all their actions, and marks them down in his remembering book."

"That is what my teacher said to-day—he always tells me that I must reprove those who do wrong—but I am almost ashamed to tell you that I never have; but hereafter I will, and be very careful that I act up to what I say. Hark!—sister calls me, to take turns in reading our Sabbath school book, and we'll mark down every hard word, for you to explain to us, when we're done reading."

S. D. O. C.

### MISCELLANY.

From the Sabbath-School Herald.

#### A FACT.

James, said I, to a little boy about nine years old, why do you attend the Sabbath school? "To learn to read, and spell, and be good," he replied. But why do you wish to learn to read? "That I may read the Bible." Why do you wish to read the Bible? "To learn to be good." What is it to be good? "To love God." And what will those do who love God? "I don't know, Sir." Will they murder? "No, Sir." Will they steal? "No, Sir." Will they get drunk? "No," he replied, "but Pa gets drunk every day. And when he works and gets any money, he never brings any thing home, but buys rum, with it; and every Saturday he brings home two quarts, and drinks it all before Monday. And Ma has to go out to washing, four days in the week, to get us some clothes, and something to eat. And when Pa drinks, he swears, and then Ma cries, and tells him it is wicked to swear so; but he beats her, and makes her cry more. And when I tell him what you say here at the Sabbath school about drunkards, and swearers, he says 'stop your noise.' Mr. ——— wont Pa go to hell if he don't stop drinking and swearing so?"

A TEACHER.

#### ANECDOTE OF SUMMERFIELD.

While Mr. Summerfield was lying in bed, during one of his illnesses, he was visited by two highly respectable clergymen, one of whom, commiserating his early subjection to such extreme suffering in consequence of his ministerial labors, inquired, "how old are you?" To the astonishment of the divine, the suffering saint replied—"I was born at Preston, in England, in 1798, and born again at Dublin, in Ireland, in 1817." The visitor expressed at once his surprise and curiosity, at what, to him, was so strange a declaration. Mr. Summerfield no less excited, with great propriety, exclaimed in the language of Jesus to Nicodemus, "Art thou a master in Israel, and knowest not these things?" and then related to them the history of his own conversion. The sequel is gratifying: The reverend gentleman, after departing, inquired of his clerical companion, whether or not he knew any thing about this strange doctrine, and finding that he too was a subject of the same happy change, set himself to obtain the like blessing, with a sincerity and success of which his subsequent ministrations bore satisfactory testimony.—S. S. Herald.

#### EARLY PIETY.

Samuel Fay died at ten years of age, and a short time before he expired, he gave his Bible to his brother, saying, "I give you this Bible. It is an old one, but it is a precious one. It has been a great blessing to me. The comfort I now feel, I got from this book. I am going to heaven, and

from this Bible it was that I learned the way. Study it, and treasure up these things in your mind. Remember these are the words of a dying brother. May this book make you happy on a dying bed." id.

### GOOD ADVICE.

Be not always speaking of yourself.  
Boast not.  
Don't equivocate.  
Dread the character of an ill-bred man.  
Be remarkable for cleanliness of person.  
Avoid old sayings and vulgarisms.  
Acquire a knowledge of the world.  
Study the foibles of mankind.  
Command your temper and countenance.  
Beware of proffered friendship.  
Avoid noisy laughter.  
Strive to write well and grammatically.  
Neglect not an old acquaintance.  
Lose no time in transacting business.  
Be not frivolous.  
Study dignified as well as pleasing manners.  
Look people in the face when speaking.  
Interrupt no man's story.  
Reflect on no order of people.  
Suppose not yourself the object of ridicule.  
Avoid debt.

### POETRY.

For the Youth's Companion.

#### AN EMBLEM.

I've seen a drop of morning dew  
Like some fair gem serene  
That sparkled on a verdant bough  
All clad in summer green.—

The rising sun absorb'd the tear,  
And drank it as it shone,  
The winds of winter cleft the bough,—  
It moulder'd and was gone.—

Is not the dew-drop like the bloom  
And morning of our span?—  
And that same soft and withering branch  
Like the brief life of man? H.

From the Youth's Miscellany.

#### THE SERENADE.

"What wakes me from my gentle sleep?  
Sweet sounds my soul delight;  
O mother see! what can it be?  
At this late hour of night."

I nothing hear, I nothing see,  
So rest in slumber mild!  
No music comes to comfort thee  
Thou poor and sickly child.

"It is no earthly sound I hear,  
That gives me such delight;  
'Tis Angels call me with their song,  
So mother dear, good night!"

From the Juvenile Miscellany.

#### TO ANNA.

The hue of youth is on thy cheek,  
Her light is on thy brow;  
And every thing to thee doth speak  
Of joy, and gladness, now.

Thine heart it dances lightly,  
To music of its own:  
Its chords when touched but slightly,  
Vibrate a merry tone.

Is life, then, all made up  
Of bright and sparkling pleasure,  
That fills each mortal's cup,  
With overflowing measure?  
Or has it cares and crosses,  
That "can't, yet must be borne?"  
And has it bitter losses,  
To make us sigh and mourn?

Long may it be, ere these shall stain  
The light that's on thy brow,  
Long may thy cheerful bloom remain  
Unblighted, fresh as now.

The voices that surround thee,  
May they be music still;  
And blessings that have crowned thee,  
Thy soul's large measure fill.

But one thing let me say,  
Nor call it foolish preaching;  
Life has its work, as well as play;  
This, wisdom's ever teaching.

Ten talents you've received  
From Him who gave you life;  
To make them "other ten,"  
Begin a glorious strife.

MATER.



# YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Published Weekly, by WILLIS & RAND, at the Office of the Boston Recorder, No. 127, Washington-Street. . Price One Dollar a year in advance, or \$1, 50, if not paid in advance.

No. 48.

BOSTON, APRIL 21, 1830.

VOL. III.

## NARRATIVE.

From the London Youth's Magazine.

### A SATIRICAL SPIRIT.

"Mamma," said Maria, "when I was at Mrs. Marchmont's a clergyman came in one evening, and she asked him to conduct the family worship in the school-room. I happened to be with her at the time. He rather hesitated; and on her saying it was only a company of girls, he said he dreaded them more than any other auditors. Why should that be, Mamma? He must stand up to instruct much wiser and more learned persons than they, in the execution of his office as a clergyman."

"Have you not given the very reason, my dear girl, in your questions? Do you consider the ability to judge correctly a power of easy or difficult attainment?"

"Very difficult!"

"Then which are most likely to possess it? Persons whose minds have been matured by time and study, or a company of young ones such as you are at school, whose education is yet incomplete, and for whom experience and observation can have done little or nothing?"

"O, the older and wiser persons, Mamma, certainly."

"And the clergyman must have known this. It could not therefore, you see, be any idea of superiority in the young ladies, which made him shrink from the task of addressing them. I recollect hearing Mrs. M. speak of the circumstance, and she said it arose from an opinion that school-girls were disposed to be satirical. And this by-the-bye, is an opinion which makes many persons of real worth and wisdom shrink from the observation of this class of juniors—Misses in their teens."

"Do you think the opinion well founded, Mamma?"

"There are few things which become so much a matter of remark as this, my dear, that have not some foundation. It is however much to be lamented, because, as we have seen, it is often a means of depriving young people of that society which might really benefit them."

"I should be very sorry to be regarded in this light, Mamma, either now or when I leave school. Whence do you think the disposition proceeds?"

"From different sources, my love. It often begins with young persons in a love of fun, thoughtlessly indulged by themselves, and as thoughtlessly encouraged by those about them, who, amused at their pleasant sallies, forget to look forward to the consequences. They do not take the trouble to reflect that the children of the present generation are the men and women of the next, and that their happiness as members of society chiefly depends on the dispositions checked or nourished in their youth."

"But this you say is not the only source."

"No, my dear. A superficial knowledge is one source of it. You remember Pope's lines—

'A little knowledge is a dangerous thing,  
Drink deep or taste not the Florian spring;  
Here shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,  
But drinking largely sobers us again.'

In that period of life when childhood is merging into youth, every species of knowledge is new, and things which are new make a more forcible impression on the mind. Finding then that they know much with which they were not much acquainted in months that are gone by, and not knowing how much remains behind of which they are *uninformed*, they are apt to over-value the little knowledge they have, and to set down any one who happens to be deficient in these things as a fair mark for ridicule."

"Yet these persons may possess qualities very superior to themselves."

"So superior, my dear, that they may be disqualified from judging of them by very ignorance: they may be distinguished for a knowledge of sciences, of which these profound young judges do not even know the names. You recollect the soliloquy of the philosopher and young lady in Q. Q.?"

"O, yes. Do you think that a satirical spirit is ever a mark of a superior understanding, Mamma?"

"Never a *mark* of it, my dear. It is often the resort of lively ignorance, as it is much more easy to ridicule than to confute an argument. If it ever in any considerable degree *accompany* superior intellect, there must be a defect of much more importance than a weak head; there must be something wrong in the heart, as in this case we cannot suppose it to arise from inconsideration. What would you think, if a biographer, after summing up many great qualities in a person, should add, 'And he greatly indulged a spirit of satire!' Think of Sir Isaac Newton, for instance, and observe how it would assimilate with other parts of his great character."

"I plainly see it would not do at all, Mamma.—It seems at once to rob him of his greatness."

"Try the same experiment, my dear, on the character of a lovely woman, and after a list of the most endearing feminine virtues, give that addition, 'And she was greatly addicted to satire.'"

"I see, Mamma, that this would as effectually rob her of her loveliness, as it would Sir Isaac of his greatness. It appears quite out of its place in a list of virtues. But is it not then strange that many persons are proud of being thought satirical?"

"This, my love, arises from the very same causes as the propensity itself—inconsideration, or incapacity of judging. If they thought and judged correctly, they would never be proud of that which persons of the meanest capacity can exercise, and which, while it makes them objects of dislike to indifferent persons, may wound and alienate their dearest friends."

"But there are other causes of satire of a more malignant nature than any we have yet mentioned. The vain *must* have notice, and this is an easy way of obtaining it: the shallowest person can detect and ridicule the foibles of others. Lord Bacon observes, 'Whoever has any thing about him to induce contempt, has in him a perpetual spur to rescue and deliver himself from scorn.' You will therefore often find this resorted to by those whom some defect of person or mind might otherwise expose to neglect or contempt; and this for the present moment answers their purpose in some companies, as it suits the evil passions of our nature and occasions amusement: self-love in the mean time prevents them from seeing that the laughs at their jest often conceal disgust or detestation of their character—that they are considered as common enemies, each one naturally supposing that he shall become the next victim. Envy is a fruitful source of this evil, and it is so deeply seated in the human heart, that while exercising its powers we are seldom aware of its influence. Let me entreat you, my love, to watch and pray against it. You may first indulge a propensity to satire from either of the lighter causes we have mentioned, but when envy creeps in it will nourish it to a most luxuriant growth. How have I seen it exercised, when a young woman, even perhaps one who was dignified by the name of friend, appeared more lovely or more amiable than her companions; if a sense of decency confined it to a whisper in her presence, her absence has been the signal for remarks, which had in reality much more malice than wit in them; and I have sometimes known it proceed to downright mimicry where there was any little degree of peculiarity that

could furnish a subject for it. Only observe, my dear, how many of these evil passions, which are designated as the 'works of the flesh,' are brought into action here; 'hatred, variance, emulations, wrath, strife, envyings.' We know the source of these evils, and we know whither they tend—to the dishonor of God, and the never-ending misery of man."

"Do you consider satire always wrong, Mamma?"

"No, my dear, it is not wrong to satirize vice and folly; on the contrary, it may be productive of much good: but this is a very different thing from an indiscriminate satire of *persons*; I say indiscriminate, for personal satire may not always be wrong. Here again we must look at the motives; these would make it differ as much as the wanton stripes of a cruel negro-driver from the tender chastisement of an anxiously affectionate mother. I might see some defect in my dear Maria, which I might think would be more easily cured by a little satirical turn than by a grave lecture."

"Ah! Mamma, you make me smile now—I can recollect—then affection to your child would be your motive?"

"Yes, my dear; and when intended to cure each other of little weaknesses, which might make them appear less amiable when they go out in the world, I do not say that it need be banished from the younger branches of the family circle, but then they should be careful to look well to their motives. The golden rule will come in here as in every other case in which our fellow-creatures are concerned. Under this regulation, satire would not only be innocent but useful; it would never be exercised in the absence of its object, and would cease as soon as it became painful. While this could afford nourishment to no evil passions in our own breast, it would give rise to none in others. But this boundary is too often unheeded. I have seen satire carried on under the pretence of promoting the benefit of another, till all the evil fruits of which we have been speaking, have sprung up in the bosom and appeared in the countenance, and of course, 'love, joy, peace,' &c. banished. How persons so employed could think they were doing God service, I cannot tell. They have spoken of it as tending to bring down pride, but I never saw it produce that humility which is from above. On the contrary when practised to this unmerciful degree in young people who dared not retaliate, I have observed that it has begotten in them a disposition to torment others whenever they could do so with impunity. It has been remarked, that a slave exalted, generally proves a tyrant."

"You were speaking just now of school-girls, Mamma.—Do you think girls who have private education are less liable to this failing?"

"By no means, my love; but you know, of the two evils it would be much less terrific to meet three or four wasps than to go amongst a nest of them."

"Why should it be more blameable to satirize those who are absent than those who are present?"

"Do you not see, my dear, that it is more likely to be injurious, because the person has no opportunity of replying? For the same reason, it is more likely to be carried beyond the bounds of which we have been speaking; if repeated too, it has more the appearance of malice, and consequently is likely to excite in return a deeper spirit of hatred and revenge."

"But why should persons of real worth feel the remarks of insignificant girls?"

"Real worth, my love, is generally accompanied with modesty, sometimes with timidity; and as deep study takes off the attention from the minor arts of grace and fashion, a gentleman of sound learning, as



in the case which gave rise to our conversation, may, from a consciousness of his inaptitude in these particulars, intuitively shrink from the society of those who are only capable of judging of those things in which he feels that he is deficient. His conscientious feelings, so far from relieving, will add to his pain. He is anxious to recommend and adorn the doctrines of God his Saviour in all things. He would make religion appear in all her native loveliness, that his youthful hearers might early be allured into the paths of peace. He knows, though they do not, the difference between the broad and narrow way, and the deeper sense he has of this, the greater will be his grief, should any word or gesture of his bring ridicule on the cause to which he is devoted. Ridicule is a powerful weapon; the weak and ignorant, on whom the wisest arguments are lost, are capable of comprehending ridicule, and many a wise and good man has suffered through life from some ridiculous epithet attached to his person or character. This may have arisen from thoughtlessness, but can we say how far the mischief may have extended! If a minister, is it possible to say how many may by this means have been driven from him, to their present and eternal loss!

"This is a solemn thought, Mamma: I had no idea that what is so often considered as a mere source of amusement, involved such important and awful consequences."

"It is a fresh proof, my dear, of the truth of that book which says, 'The thoughts of man's heart are only evil, and that continually.' We see that this talent, if rightly directed against vice and folly, might be eminently useful; but we also see that it requires great skill to keep it within proper bounds, and few succeed in doing so. The pleasure with which it is too often received, forms a great temptation to overstep them. It is therefore a dangerous talent, especially in the hands of youth and inexperience."

"What steps would you recommend to prevent an immoderate or improper use of this propensity?"

"Every thing which tends to increase love to God and love to man would be of use here. Above all, I would recommend an earnest seeking of that heavenly influence, which even from hearts like ours can eradicate the briars and thorns of 'envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness,' and implant in their stead those graces which will make the desert of the human heart 'rejoice and blossom as the rose'—'love, joy, peace, and all the fruits of the Spirit.' Seek then, my dear child, the continual influences of the Holy Spirit, and you shall not seek in vain. Think much of the tenderness and compassion of Christ, and of your obligations to Him, and then 'looking to Jesus,' you will learn to be like him, and thus avoid a satirical spirit."

ALPHA.

## RELIGION.

### ISAAC BLESSING JACOB.

"And he said, Thy brother came with subtilty, and hath taken away thy blessing."

*Genesis xxvii. 35.*

The following is the history in this chapter.

Isaac was now very old; it is reckoned that he must have been about one hundred and seventeen years of age, and that Jacob was about fifty-seven. The old man's eyes were grown nearly blind with age. He thought that, from the length of years he had lived, his life could not last much longer. He therefore desired his son Esau to come and take the blessing which belonged to the first-born.

As a proof of his obedience to his father, he asked him to get him some of his nice meat, which he killed with the bow and arrow, and when he had prepared it he was to have the blessing.

This blessing was a very solemn thing. It was what parents used to give to their children when they were about to die and leave them behind; and the patriarchs had a spirit of prophecy given them from heaven, so that what they said, foretold what was to come to pass respecting their families. The first-born always had a right to the best blessing.

Now Rebekah heard what Isaac said to Esau, and, as Jacob was her favorite son, she resolved that he should try and get the blessing. There is some excuse for her conduct, because she had been told from God himself, in a particular way, respecting her sons, before they were born, "The elder shall serve the younger;" yet not excuse enough for her to tell Jacob to do that which was wrong, to bring about what God had promised. This was very foolish; and because she did wrong she was punished afterwards by many troubles which sprung out of this very affair, like bitter branches out of a bitter root.

Rebekah told Jacob to take two kids from his flocks and let her have them, and she would make savoury meat of them for Isaac; and he should go to him under the pretence that he was Esau, and offer the meat, and get the blessing; for, as Isaac was almost blind, he could not see his face clearly.

Jacob, however, remembered that Esau was a strong man, covered with hair; and he thought that if his father touched him he would find out that it was not Esau, and that he would be so displeased at his trying to deceive him, that he would curse him instead of blessing him.

But his mother encouraged him; and to make his skin like Esau's, she fitted some goat skins to his hands and his neck; for the goats in the East have very delicate hair, which might by its feel pass for that on a strong man's skin.

And now Jacob made haste with the meat, and took it to his father before Esau could come home from hunting. And he said, "I am Esau, thy first-born; I have done according as thou badest me: arise, I pray thee; sit and eat of my venison, that thy soul may bless me."

O Jacob! Jacob! thou couldst not be Esau—thy father never told thee to dress the savoury meat! God may pardon thy sin at this time; but thou shalt feel that sin and sorrow go together. Thou shalt be deceived, as thou hast deceived thy father; and for this act thou shalt be banished from thy home, and be afraid of thy life. Always speak the truth, my dear little reader, for it will bring peace and happiness in the end.

However, Jacob did succeed in getting the blessing. His father suspected his voice; but his raiment smelt of the sweet perfumes of Esau's garments, which it is thought were used to keep them from moths, and of which his mother had procured one from his chests on this occasion—perhaps a garment kept for the elder sons.

So Isaac ate of his meat and drank of his wine; which, it is thought, was a kind of religious rite before pronouncing the blessing. "And his father Isaac said, Come near now, and kiss me, my son. And he came near, and kissed him: and he smelled the smell of his raiment, and blessed him, and said, See, the smell of my son is as the smell of a field which the Lord hath blessed." That is, his garments smelt like a field in which sweet spices grew in abundance, through God's blessing on the soil, as we smell the sweet scented bean-field when it is in full flower. He added, "Therefore, God give thee of the dew of heaven, and the fatness of the earth, and plenty of corn and wine!" It rains only at particular times in that part of the world; but then God sends heavy *dews*, something like such as we have about three or four o'clock on a summer's morning, but much thicker, and these falling upon the fields make them rich in crops, yielding corn to grind for bread, and grapes to make wine.

Isaac further said, "Let people serve thee, and nations bow down to thee: be lord over thy brethren, and let thy mother's sons bow down to thee: cursed be every one that curseth thee, and blessed be he that blesseth thee."

Scarcely had Jacob left Isaac, when Esau returned, and he hastened to his father with his savoury meat.

But now he was justly punished for selling his birth-right; notwithstanding which, and though he had taken an oath to part with it for the red pottage, he tried to obtain it.

And the old man was all in a tremble. And he asked hastily who had deceived him; and being

governed by a spirit of prophecy, that is, having spoken by the guidance of God, he said of Jacob, "I have blessed him; yea, and he shall be blessed."

Poor Esau now cried bitterly, and he said, "Hast thou but one blessing, my father? Bless me, even once also, O my father."

And Isaac gave him a blessing also; but it was not that of the first-born: he had lost his birth-right.

My dear little reader, seek the blessing of your heavenly Father's peculiar favor. Ask Him to grant you his loving-kindness, which is better than life. There is no fear, in seeking this, that the blessing is given to another, and cannot be given to you. God has always the best of blessings in store for them that ask him. "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find."

The young reader will be much interested by reading the whole of this chapter, and those chapters connected with it.—*Child's Commentator*.

## MORALITY.

*For the Youth's Companion.*

### I SHALL HAVE PLENTY OF TIME.

Marianne and Louisa were cousins. They had been reared side by side, and were exceedingly attached to each other, though they were not at all alike in their disposition and habits. Marianne had been taught to do every thing in its proper time, and the habit had become so strongly fixed that she was seldom known to procrastinate. But Louisa's motto was, "I shall have plenty of time yet." I shall give you an instance in which these different dispositions were displayed.

On a fine morning in July, the parents of these two little girls, proposed to take them on a visit into the country. The plan was communicated to the cousins, who were reminded, that it would be necessary they should commence their studies rather earlier than usual, in order that they might be ready for the journey. Eleven o'clock was the hour appointed. The intelligence was received joyfully by both of the children. Marianne immediately took her book, and commenced studying. Not a sound escaped her lips, till she went to her Mother, saying, "will you hear my lesson now?" As soon as she had recited, she asked leave to go and see if cousin L. had learned her lesson. But on inquiry, she found Louisa had not even looked at her book. Her mother, having said much to her previously on the subject of delay, had resolved that morning, that Louisa should take her own time, and if negligent, suffer the consequences. Marianne, however, begged her cousin to take her book, reminding her that they should be called for in an hour. "I will soon," said she, "but I shall have plenty of time. I can learn it easily in twenty minutes." Marianne continued to plead, till at length Louisa took her book, but still kept talking of their pleasant ride. "How delightful it will be," said she, "to run over the fields, and gather the flowers. O, I shall so enjoy it to see aunt's beautiful garden." Marianne thought her presence might divert her cousin's attention, so she left her and returned to her Mother. So great however was her anxiety for Louisa, that as soon as she was prepared for the journey, she begged permission to go again and wait with Louisa the arrival of the carriage. She went, and the first salutation was, Louisa's bitter cries, "I can't go, Marianne, I can't go, I haven't learned my lesson." "Don't cry," said "Marianne, perhaps you can get it now. There's fifteen minutes yet." But instead of studying, she spent all the time in crying, till at length the carriage drove to the door. Louisa's kind Mother had prepared her things, so that, if she should have completed her lesson she could be ready at a minute's warning. But alas, she was not ready, and must be left behind. "Mother," said Louisa, "do let the driver wait only 15 minutes, and I will certainly get my lesson." "But," said her mother, "what evidence have I that you will do so? Fifteen minutes ago you were reminded that you might even then get your lesson and enjoy



this pleasure, but you spent the time in fruitless cries, and now it is too late. I am sorry for you, my child, but I hope you will learn from this, never to put off till a future hour, what ought to be done in the present." Marianne felt grieved at her cousin's distress, and the tears flowed down her cheeks as she gave her the parting kiss. Louisa looked after the carriage wishfully, and when she could see it no longer, she gave herself up to bitter cries and tears. This was indeed a painful scene for the mother, but it proved a most salutary lesson to her child. It left an impression on her mind which was never effaced. Whenever she was afterwards tempted to say "I shall have plenty of time," it was sufficient to remind her of the lost ride. P. W.

### THE NURSERY.

From the Children's Magazine.

#### THE LITTLE LAMB.

A little boy who was one day walking with his mother in the country, amused himself by running after a flock of sheep. The poor timid creatures ran first to one corner of the field, and then to another, tumbling each other over, in their hurry to escape, and amusing the little boy, by their awkward motions, very much. His mother soon came up, and quickly ordered him to stop, and come to her, as she wished to talk with him. He came, as he was bid. She asked, What the sheep had done to him? Why it was, that he took such pleasure in giving them pain?

"I do not hurt them, mamma," said Henry; "I love to run, and may be the *sheep* love to run too."

"They may love to run," said his mother, "when it is only to play with one another, and I dare say they do, for I have often seen them gamboling very prettily. But suppose some ugly animal were to come here, and run after *you*, and make you afraid of it very much; do you think you would take pleasure in running then? Would you love to be driven from one place to another, all the time afraid that he might get hold of you, and do you some great harm?"

"No, mamma, I know I should not. I will not chase the sheep any more.—But that pretty little lamb! Do see it! I should so like to have it, and play with it!"

"I do see it. How innocent and gentle it looks! I like to look at the little lambs, Henry, because it reminds me of our blessed Saviour. Do not you remember what verse you were reading in your lesson, this morning?"

"Oh, yes, I remember very well! 'Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world.'"

"Just so, you will find, as you come to read more in your Bible, very many places where the little lamb is mentioned. Those who love God, and pray to Him, and try to serve Him, are called *His sheep*, and our blessed Saviour is called *our Shepherd*. I will tell you a little story about a sheep and a lamb, which I heard only a day or two ago, from the master of these same sheep that you were chasing. It is quite true, and may serve to help you to understand how good a thing it is for children to be obedient to their parents.

"Mr. C. told me, that one morning as he was walking round his farm, he heard, in one of the further lots, the barking of a dog, and every now and then the loud bleatings of a sheep. He went from field to field, to find out what it meant: at last, in the far corner of that orchard on the side of the hill, under the nut tree by the fence, he discovered the cause. There stood one of these timid animals, with a little lamb crouched under her, between her feet. A large dog, which Mr. C. knew to belong to one of his neighbors, and to be notorious for destroying lambs, had broken his chain, and hunted this sheep, with her little one, into the corner where she stood. As he ran barking from side to side, the sheep would shift her position, keeping her head down, with her horns always pointed at him, and stamping with her feet, and whistling through

her nose, to show her anger. Mr. C. watched their motions some time, till at last the dog grew tired, and ran off to another part of the field, but did not go quite away. As soon as he was gone, the little lamb got up, and began to frisk about, as gay as ever. But the mother's eye was watching every motion of the dog. She seemed to think, as Mr. C. did, that he still meant to do her mischief. It was so indeed; for after a little while, the dog had drawn closer, and watched his opportunity, when the lamb had strayed a few feet from its mother, to make a spring. The sheep was ready for him, and received him on her horns, while the lamb again crouched down beneath her breast. Mr. C. now thought it was time to help his sheep; for, he says, it was likely that the dog would have continued his attacks till he had quite tired her out, and killed her lamb, and perhaps herself. He beat the dog severely, and drove the sheep and her young one to another field.

"Now, Henry, if this little lamb had been a wild, wild creature, like some little boys I know, it would not have cared to stay so long close to its mother, and would have wandered when the dog had turned his back, and so would have been an easy prey. Little children should always mind the voices and commands of their parents, who know better than they what things are hurtful to them. An obedient child is a sight which is well-pleasing to God, and such as the holy angels love to look on. And as Mr. C. was attentive to the cries of his sheep in its distress, so our good God is ever listening to the anxious prayers of his people for their children. When some great trouble which they see and fear, (though perhaps their young and inexperienced children perceive nothing to be afraid of,) is threatening to come upon their offspring, they, like the mother of the lamb, try to shelter them in their arms, and to ward off every evil from their beloved charge. But they feel and know that the time will come when their efforts must cease—when their strength must fail—and they cry with all their hearts to God their Saviour for his help. He knows the voice of his sheep, and never disregards their cry, but makes haste to help them in their time of need. He leads them by a way that they know not, till they have escaped the dangers which they feared, and ever continues to watch over them in love, till, if they reward his goodness with the gift of themselves—their whole hearts, and souls, and minds—he in the end removes both parents and children to those heavenly mansions which he has prepared for all who love Him, and put their trust in him." A. N. H.

### OBITUARY.

For the Youth's Companion.

#### IN THE MIDST OF LIFE WE ARE IN DEATH.

It was on a delightful morning in June when I left the peaceful and happy village of A. for the purpose of a short excursion in a distant part of the town. I was not absent more than two hours. As I returned to the village, a breathless silence prevailed. Soon we met the Physician, whose countenance bore the marks of sadness. Knowing that one of the neighbors had been ill, we feared he might be worse, and stopped to inquire whether it was so. "No, he is better," was the reply. Then our fears increased, as we waited to know what he would say farther. After a short, but to us a fearful pause, the physician proceeded, "A melancholy death has occurred." I cannot describe my emotions, for I had left four little ones behind. I said nothing, for my heart was too full. Soon, however, I ascertained that little Edwin W. the only child of a near neighbor was no more! I went immediately to the house. It was indeed a house of mourning. There lay the lovely corpse in the arms of his weeping mother, who seemed almost frantic with grief. "And is he dead? It cannot be! Only one short hour ago, and my dear child was prattling around me."

Little Edwin it seemed had been permitted to go out to his father, who was in the field only a few rods from the house. As he bounded along, calling

out in his joy, to his father, the oxen took fright; the father, concerned for the safety of his darling boy, ran to rescue him, but was only in season to hear the crushing of his head under the wheel of the cart. The tender parent took this boy into his arms, but alas his breath had departed! How sudden the change! In all the health and glee of childhood, he was one minute skipping over the fields unconscious of danger, the next he was a breathless corpse.

Edwin W. was an uncommonly interesting child. His disposition was amiable, and he had seldom needed correction. His intellect too was far above his years. I had seen him frequently, and only a few days before his death, I remarked to a friend, that he seemed ripening for immortality, and I believed his stay on earth would be short. It was indeed so.

Let every little child who reads this story, remember, I too may die in like manner, and let the sudden death of little Edwin, lead them to remember their Creator in the days of their youth, & to pray to God for a new heart. Then if death should take them suddenly away, they may be prepared to go to that happy heaven where sorrow and sighing are not known.

The facts in the above story are strictly true. The names are changed, but the circumstances are not varied. P. W.

### LEARNING.

#### THE EARTH.

[Continued from page 186.]

The earth's progress round the sun produces the seasons. These are four,—spring, summer, autumn, and winter; all of which are included in one of its circuits, that is, in one year. This also, in a way too long for me now to explain, causes the difference in the length of the day and night. The days and nights are not of the same length that they are in America, all over the earth. They differ in different places. In the Island of St. Thomas, a place exactly under what is called the equinoctial line, they have twelve hours of day, and twelve of night, all the year round; but at the poles, there is but one day and one night in the year. There the sun never sets, for six months, or half a year, but seems to go round and round; and the other half year he never rises.

Countries that lie under the line, or near it, are very hot; but the climate grows colder and colder as we approach the poles. If we take and divide a globe by lines, the spaces between the lines would represent what are called the zones, or girdles of the earth. The middle space would represent what is called the torrid zone. In all the countries included within this space, the sun seems to pass over the head twice every year. The days and nights do not differ much in length at any time. The climate is always hot: what they call their winter, is generally much hotter than the warmest summer weather in New-England. The spaces on each side of the torrid zone would represent the temperate zones. Here the length of day and night varies more sensibly than in the torrid zone. Summer and winter are more distinctly marked. But here is the finest climate, and here are found the finest countries on earth. The United States of America, England, France, Spain, Italy, &c. are situated in this zone. On the side of the temperate zones, and reaching to the poles, lie the two frigid or frozen zones. Here day and night vary still more, till you reach those places where the sun never sets for a considerable period in summer, nor rises for the same space in winter; and at the poles, he rises and sets but once a year. This is the region of storms, frost, and snow, and the cold is so great that neither you nor I could support it.

It is a remarkable instance of God's goodness, that he fits the natives of every country to their own climate, and so forms their tastes that generally they prefer their own country to every other. Nothing could be more dreary to us than a Lapland winter, where the sun never rises for weeks, and the people dwell in huts of frozen snow, and live on provi-



sions so filthy that we could not touch them. Yet I have heard of some Laplanders, who, when offered a passage to England, and liberal payment during the time they were there, were shocked at the proposal, and could not, on any consideration, think of leaving their snowy mountains. Professor Kalne, who was born in Sweden, a very cold country, as I have read, had travelled through the greater part of the known world; but, from sober and deliberate choice, he preferred living in Sweden to every other country on earth.

This preference of our own country answers very important purposes. Did we all choose one spot, that spot would soon be overcrowded, and the rest of the earth left without inhabitants. But every man loving the country of his birth, population is spread out over the globe, and its different regions are cultivated and improved. What is wanted in one country, another produces; a bond of union is formed; and the general happiness is promoted and increased.

Had we no articles of food, clothing, or comfort and accommodation in our dwellings, but what our own country produces, we should exhibit a very wretched appearance. Not to mention our tea from China, our coffee and sugar from the East and West Indies, where would be our soft wools, cottons, furs, &c. without which the poorest amongst us are never clothed? We in our turn furnish other countries with the produce and manufactures of this. Thus we perceive we are formed for society, and it becomes our duty to serve our generation, and do good to mankind.

There is one great blessing that God has bestowed on the world, which is necessary to all men, suited to every climate, and adapted to all circumstances. This is the gospel of Jesus Christ. Its efficacy has been tried on the polished European and American, the sooty African, fierce New Zealander, and frozen Esquimaux. Wherever its influence prevails, it makes men resemble Christ in their tempers and lives; it teaches the way to use all our temporal comforts to God's glory; and finally leads us to the kingdom of heaven.

[Child's Magazine.]

## BIOGRAPHY.

### HENRY OBOOKIAH.

[Editorial Abridgement.]

Henry Obookiah was a native of Hawaii, one of the Sandwich Islands. He was born and spent his youthful days in that dark land, before the missionaries went there and enlightened it by the Gospel. His birth was about the year 1792. His parents were ranked with the common people; but his mother was distantly related to the family of the king. In those dark times, the Sandwich Islanders were a quarrelsome, fighting people; and at the age of ten or twelve years Obookiah saw both his parents slain "in a war made after the old king died, to see who should be greatest among them." He was left with no member of his family but a brother two or three months old. He took his brother upon his back to flee from the enemy; but they overtook him and pierced the infant with a spear. They spared Obookiah, because he was not young enough to give them trouble, nor old enough to excite their fears. The murderer of his father took him to his house and kept him, till his uncle found him and adopted him for his own child. This uncle was a priest and worshipped idols; and he taught Obookiah to repeat long prayers night and day, that he might become a priest also. Here he lived a number of years; but was quite lonely without his parents, and wanted to go to some other country.—With his uncle's consent he was brought away by Captain Brintnall, of New Haven, and landed at New York in 1809. While residing with Capt. B. at New Haven, Messrs. E. W. Dwight, and S. J. Mills, became acquainted with him, taught him to read, and told him about Jesus Christ. Mr. Dwight is now a minister of the gospel at Richmond, Massachusetts; and Mr. Mills was that pious man who went about doing good a few years in this country, and died at sea, when returning from

a visit to Africa on an errand of mercy. Mr. Mills took the forlorn and orphan stranger to his father's house at Torrington, where he was minister. Here he lived in the year 1810, and learned to read; and also to work upon the farm. He was much endeared to the family, and ever after regarded the house as his home. At the close of 1810, he went to Andover and continued some time; where the students attended to his recitations, and he had some serious impressions on eternal things. Afterwards he spent some time at Bradford Academy, and then returned to Andover. It was in the spring of 1811, while working for his health with a farmer of the neighborhood, that he was brought down with pungent convictions of sin. He obtained some relief in a few days; but some months after he remarked, "I never did meet with real change of heart yet."

He continued at Andover till the spring of the year 1812. After that, he spent several months in Hollis, N. H. In the fall he returned to Andover, and continued there till he took his final leave of the place in the spring of 1813. At this time he was considered an experimental and decided Christian. He passed the two following summers at Torrington, and the intervening winter in the family and at the grammar school of James Morris Esq. at Litchfield. After this, he resided in different places as the Lord raised up for him friends and helpers; pursuing studies, laboring in part for his support, growing in grace and establishing a firm Christian reputation. At one time he was in Canaan, Conn.; at another, in Amherst, Ms.; but the greater portion of his last years were spent at Goshen, under the instruction of the Rev. Mr. Harvey; and at the Cornwall Foreign Mission School, which was commenced through the prayers and labors of his young friend Mills, for the purpose of preparing foreigners like him to go to their several countries with the tidings of salvation. In April 1815, this poor, lonely Sandwich Islander was received into Christ's own sheepfold, the church in Torrington, and became "a fellow-citizen with the saints and of the household of God." Mr. Mills preached from this text; "I will lead the blind by a way which they knew not; I will lead them in paths that they have not known."

It was the desire of Obookiah to get human learning and a knowledge of the word of God, that he might return to the land of his fathers and preach the gospel to his perishing countrymen. It was the fond expectation of American Christians that he would do so. They looked upon him as a 'chosen vessel' unto Christ, to bear his name before the kings and people of that benighted land. But such was not the pleasure of God, who knows perfectly whom to employ in his service, and how to dispose of the lives of all his children. About the commencement of the year 1818, Obookiah became seriously indisposed, and was obliged wholly to abandon his studies. A physician was called, and speedy attention paid to his complaints. His disease was a typhus fever, which appeared to be checked after one or two weeks, and confident expectations were entertained of his recovery. But that hope was delusive, and his disease returned with violence. Physicians and friends labored in vain to save him. He continued to decline, until the night of the 17th of February; when his happy spirit was released from its prison of clay, and went home to the bosom of his loved Redeemer.

As death seemed to approach, Mrs. S. said to him, "Henry, do you think you are dying?" He answered, "Yes ma'am"—and then said, "Mrs. S. I thank you for your kindness." She said, "I wish we might meet hereafter." He replied, "I hope we shall"—and taking her hand, affectionately bid her *farewell*. Another friend taking his hand, told him that he "must die soon." He heard it without emotion, and with a heavenly smile bade him his last adieu.

He shook hands with all his companions present, and with perfect composure addressed to them the parting salutation of his native language, "Alloah o'e."—*My love be with you.*

But a few minutes before he breathed his last,

his physician said to him, "How do you feel now, Henry?" He answered, "Very well—I am not sick—I have no pain—I feel well." The expression of his countenance was that of perfect peace. He now seemed a little revived, & lay in a composed and quiet state for several minutes. Most of those who were present, not apprehending an immediate change had seated themselves by the fire. No alarm was given, until one of his countrymen who was standing by his bedside, exclaimed, "Obookiah's gone." All sprang to the bed. The spirit had departed—but a smile, such as none present had ever beheld—an expression of the final triumph of his soul, remained upon his countenance.

[Remainder next week.]

## MISCELLANY.

*Maxim.*—Wear your learning like your watch, in a private pocket, and don't pull it out to show that you have one; but if you are asked what o'clock it is, tell it.

*Well Doing.*—He that doth good to another man does also good to himself, not only in the consequence, but in the very act of doing it; for the consciousness of well-doing is an ample reward.

*Economy* is the poor man's revenue—extravagance, the rich man's ruin.

## POETRY.

The following little Poem is from the collection of Poems by Miss Lucretia M. Davidson, lately published in New-York, a biographical Memoir of whom appeared in the Youth's Companion of March 31, p. 178. The Poem was written in the sixteenth year of this young lady, and the last of her life.

### FEATS OF DEATH.

I have passed o'er the earth in the darkness of night,  
I have walk'd the wild winds in the morning's broad light,  
I have pass'd o'er the bow where the infant lay sleeping,  
And I've left the fond mother in sorrow and weeping.

My pinion was spread, and the cold dew of night  
Which withers and moulders the flower in its light,  
Fell silently o'er the warm cheek in its glow,  
And I left it there blighted, and wasted and low;  
I eul'd the fair bud, as it danced in its mirth,  
And I left it to moulder and fade on the earth.

I passed o'er the valley, the glad sounds of joy  
Rose soft through the mist, and ascended on high,  
The fairest were there, and I paused in my flight,  
And the deep cry of wailing broke wildly that night.

I stay not to gather the lone one to earth,  
I spare not the young in their gay dance of mirth,  
But I sweep them all on to their home in the grave,  
I stop not to pity—I stay not to save.

I paused in my pathway, for beauty was there;  
It was beauty too death-like, too cold, and too fair!  
The deep purple fountain seemed melting away,  
And the faint pulse of life scarce remembered to play;  
She had thought on the tomb, she was waiting for me,  
I gazed, I passed on, and her spirit was free.

The clear stream rolled gladly and bounded along,  
With ripple, and murmur, and sparkle, and song;  
The minstrel was tuning his wild harp to love,  
And sweet, and half sad were the numbers he wove.

I passed, and the harp of the bard was unstrung;  
O'er the stream which roll'd deeply 'twas recklessly lung,  
The minstrel was not! and I passed on alone,  
O'er the newly raised turf, and the rudely carved stone.

From the Children's Magazine.

"THEY THAT SEEK ME EARLY, SHALL FIND ME."

The Saviour from His throne,  
All little children sees;  
And they who are His own,  
Will try their Lord to please:  
And this is what all children should,—  
He is so merciful and good.

He looks with eyes of love  
When they kneel down to pray,  
And from his home above,  
Instructs them what to say;—  
Their simple prayers He'll ever meet,  
When they draw near the mercy-seat.

He bids them all to seek,  
For they shall surely find;  
His word he will not break,  
For He is true and kind:—  
No child has ever sought in vain  
The blessed Redeemer's love to gain.

Then, little children, come!  
Obey your Saviour's call;  
He'll take you safely home,  
He'll be your "all in all."  
Go early to the throne of grace,  
And you will find your Saviour's face.

Ee.



# YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Published Weekly, by WILLIS & RAND, at the Office of the Boston Recorder, No. 127, Washington-Street... Price One Dollar a year in advance, or \$1, 50, if not paid in advance.

No. 49.

BOSTON, APRIL 28, 1830.

VOL. III.

## NARRATIVE.

For the Youth's Companion.

### THE FAMILY OF A SCOTTISH CLERGYMAN.

One rainy day as I was passing the house of a Scottish clergyman, I was surprised to see his wife standing in the yard with her head leaning on his hand, and nothing but a thin cambric handkerchief spread over her, while the rain was pouring down quite fast. I thought the woman must either be crazy, or suffering under some great affliction, to stand there, without seeming in the least to regard the rain which was falling so plentifully upon her. I walked up to the gate on which she was leaning, and inquired what could induce her to stand there, when she had such a nice house to shelter her from the storm. "Listen a moment," said she—I did so, but felt no better satisfied, and my curiosity was still more highly excited—for I heard only a child crying bitterly, and in a most imploring tone say, "*Do, do*, let her come in; I will never be naughty any more, indeed I will not. *O do* let her in, dear papa, just see how wet she is."—At that moment I raised my eyes to the window and saw little Emma S. standing by her father, who looked quite grieved, as well as herself. I could restrain my curiosity no longer, and begged Mrs. S. to explain the cause of what I saw and heard.—"You know," she replied, that my husband and myself have many ways peculiar to ourselves,—and our manner of governing our family is *one* of our peculiarities, and would doubtless, if generally known, be thought extremely absurd by many; but we have practised the same method ever since we have had children, and have not yet found it expedient to relinquish it, and adopt another. Our custom is this,—whenever a female child disobeys any command, or commits any fault, instead of inflicting any corporeal punishment on her, Mr. S. talks to her seriously, and explains the nature of her fault, and its consequences, and then tells her that for this fault he must punish her dear mother.—On the other hand, if one of the boys have committed a fault I talk to him in the same manner, and inflict some punishment on his father.—In this way, we accomplish several objects;—in the first place our suffering causes them to feel so unhappy that they are usually very careful not to do any thing to make this suffering necessary. In the second place, it increases their love for us; and in the third place, our example of bearing what is inflicted on us without murmuring or repining, will have a tendency to teach them to bear the ills of life with the same patience and resignation." I thanked her for her kind explanation, and for the new ideas I had acquired on the subject of family discipline, and took my departure.

A few mornings after, I had occasion to call at the house of the minister on business. I inquired of Mrs. S. if her husband was at home, she replied in the affirmative, and begged me to sit down; but hearing a stifled sob in the room, I looked round to see from whence it proceeded, and saw standing by a window little George, a boy about five years old, looking as though his heart would break. I asked him the cause of his unhappiness, but he was so grieved he could not answer me. After a few moments pause I inquired if he was sick? "*O no*," said he, (while the tears trickled faster and faster down his cheeks,) "if it were only *that*, I should not cry so; but now, I cannot help it. *O dear*," said he, and covered his face with his hands.—His mother now explained the cause of all this sorrow.—"George," she said, "had that morning while playing with his little sister allowed himself to be angry, and selfish; and when she asked him kindly

to lend her some of his play-things, he peevishly told her he wanted them all himself, and she must go and play somewhere else, for he chose to play alone; and as she did not do that moment, but stood looking earnestly in his face to see if he was really as naughty as he appeared, he rudely pushed her from him—and for this wicked conduct, I have been obliged to punish his dear father, who is now shut up in a dark cellar, and has yet ten minutes longer to remain."—I am very sorry, said I, for I have come on particular business, and am very desirous of seeing him before I leave town; which I have engaged to do, in the "hourly," which you know goes out at eleven, and it now wants only a few minutes of it. Upon this little George went up to his mother, and earnestly begged her to allow him, to go and stay in the cellar, and to release his poor father. "I will stay there *all day* if you wish it, if you will only let dear papa come up. I think—I am *sure*—I shall not be so naughty again." "I am very sorry you have been so at all, my son," said his mother, "you would then not only have saved yourself all this unhappiness, but that of your afflicted parents, and the disappointment of our friend, who wishes so much to see your father—*O*," added she, "what a dreadful thing is sin—it was *this* that brought death into the world—it was *this* that caused the cruel sufferings and death, of the meek and lowly Jesus. *O* that my children would always follow the example of that Lamb of God, who did no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth; who when he was reviled, reviled not again; when he suffered, he threatened not; but committed himself to him that judgeth righteously."

My dear readers, if you would not feel unhappy like the little Scotch children, always strive to do right. If you would not grieve your kind parents, and friends, be always affectionate and obedient; and above all, if you would not offend the Great God, who made heaven and earth, endeavor at all times to conquer your bad passions; and pray that he will assist you by his Spirit, which is able to make you wise unto salvation. J\*\*\*\*

## RELIGION.

### JACOB'S DREAM.

"And he dreamed, and behold, a ladder set upon the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven; and, behold, the angels of God ascending and descending on it. And, behold, the Lord stood above it, and said, I am the Lord God of Abraham thy father, and the God of Isaac: the land whereon thou liest, to thee will I give it, and to thy seed."—*Gen. xxviii. 12, 13.*

Esau was in the greatest rage on account of the loss of his birth-right, and as he expected that his father would soon die, he being very old, he vowed that he would then kill his brother. Rebekah was told what he said, and Jacob, by her advice, fled for safety to his uncle Laban, at Haran; but, before he left, Isaac bade him farewell, and renewed his blessing at parting.

Here the blessing was doubly given him, but as he did wrong things to get it, and was told by his mother to do them, he was punished by being driven away from home, and she by losing her beloved son.

Isaac also gave Jacob a charge that he should not take any one for a wife that did not serve the true God, and that he should therefore try and marry one of Laban's daughters. Esau knew this, and to vex his father, like a wicked man, he went directly and married a wicked woman.

But Jacob was a good man, though he had not done right in the way in which he tried to get the

blessing, which God had said should be his. And though God would make him feel on account of his faults, yet he would pardon him and bless him, as he does all them that truly repent.

"And Jacob went out from Beersheba," where Isaac and Rebekah now lived, "and went towards Haran. And he lighted upon a certain place, and tarried there all night, because the sun was set: and he took of the stones of that place, and put them for his pillows, and lay down in that place to sleep."

Jacob's bed was very hard, and in this country we should find such a one likely to give a man his death, after travelling all day, forty-eight miles, which is thought by learned travellers to be the distance he went; but it is very common even now for travellers in those parts to sleep in the open air, which is not always unhealthy, as it is here on account of cold and damp; besides, "Jacob was a plain man, dwelling in tents," and his hardy nature made him feel less the want of the comforts of home.

And whilst Jacob was asleep, he dreamed the dream mentioned in the verses we just now read.

This was one way in which the Lord spake to the Patriarchs, and Jacob could know that it was divine, and no common dream. The ladder which he saw reaching from heaven to earth, and which was full of angels, or heavenly messengers, going up and down, will show us, as well as Jacob, that God's angels watch over us when we sleep, especially if we cast ourselves into God's care; and how must Jacob's heart have been strengthened, when God himself then spoke, and said, "Behold, I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest, and will bring thee again unto this land; for I will not leave thee, until I have done that which I have spoken to thee of."

This event was very comforting to Jacob, and as we ought to remember the mercies of God at all times, he set up a stone on the spot, that he might know it when at any distant time he should return home; and he poured oil upon it, probably in token that there he would build an altar to worship God; for "he called the name of that place Bethel," which means the *house of God*, for there he had seen God, and there he hoped again to see him in his gracious goodness towards him. "And Jacob vowed a vow, saying, if God will be with me, and keep me in this way that I go, and will give me bread to eat, and raiment to put on, so that I come again unto my father's house in peace; then shall the Lord be my God:" not that he meant he should not be his God if he did not do all these things for him, for Jacob showed he would have no other God, by resolving to take no wife but one that would serve God; but he meant that then he would make a particular mention of him, and declare what a God his God was. This appears from what he further says: "This stone which I have set for a pillar, shall be God's house; and of all that thou shalt give me, I will surely give the tenth unto thee."

My dear little reader, you are not perhaps turned out of house and home; you have a kind parent, or kind parents and friends, to take care of you, and every thing promises you future food and raiment. But remember that your dear parents may die, and leave you alone in the world, like Jacob on his journey. You are perhaps left alone, a poor orphan, a child without father and mother: or perhaps you are cast upon the world, so that by and by you must get your bread by hard labor:—then, in either case, remember Jacob; look to God Almighty for "bread to eat and raiment to put on," and he will be sure to raise you up friends: he will never leave you nor forsake you. And if God ever bless-



es you with money, remember too that you ought to do something to help forward the honor of his name in the world, by aiding those causes which are designed to spread abroad the knowledge of the only true God, among ignorant and lost mankind; for Jacob said, "Of all that thou shalt give me I will surely give the tenth unto thee."

*Child's Commentator.*

## NATURAL HISTORY.

### ANECDOTE OF THE ELEPHANT.

The Elephant is a native of both Asia and Africa, the Asiatic being the largest, and its ivory most esteemed from being less subject to turn yellow. The manner of decoying and catching Elephants, has been so often described as to be familiar to every general reader. When tamed he is the most friendly and obedient of all animals, and is entirely attached to the person who takes care of him. He readily understands signs, and the sound of his master's voice, and distinguishes the language of passion, command, and satisfaction. He receives his orders with attention, and executes them with alacrity and prudence, easily learning to lower his body for the convenience of those who mount him.—He caresses his friends with his trunk, which is, at the same time, his chief weapon of defence, and the hand with which he performs all his feats of dexterity, and with which he conveys his food and drink into his mouth. With this organ he also assists those who are loading him. They will frequently, on being teased with flies, walk up to a tree, break off a branch with their trunk, and rid themselves of their minute enemies. When yoked to a cart or wagon, they pull equally and cheerfully unless abused, or injudiciously chastised. A tame Elephant it is said will do more labor than six horses, and he requires a quantity of food in proportion. They carry sacks, bundles, and even casks on their neck, back, or tusks, never losing or damaging any thing committed to their care, and one traveller whom we have consulted, states that they will stand on the edge of a river, take bundles off their neck and tusks, and lay them carefully on any part of the boat desired, and try with their trunk whether they are properly situated, and if they be loaded with casks, they go in quest of stones to prop them and prevent them from rolling.

The Elephant is not only the most tractable, but the most intelligent of animals, sensible of benefits and resentful of injuries, but is also endowed with a sense of glory. Diodorus Siculus, and other historians, speak of them as having been trained for war in the Indian armies which opposed Alexander the Great, and they have in many ages, and still are, we believe, in Siam, used as executioners, trampling their victims under foot. The male is subject to more fierce passions than the female, and consequently the latter are preferred to ride upon. Their number is what the native princes pride themselves upon, being extremely lavish of expenditures upon their equipments; and it is a very common thing in the east to see silver gilt howdahs, or riding coaches, on their backs; one prince has the luxury of one richly ornamented with glass windows.

In the memoirs of the French Academy we are told the following circumstance. A Painter was desirous of drawing the Elephant in the Royal menagerie at Versailles, in an uncommon attitude,—namely, that of holding his trunk raised up in the air, with his mouth open. The painter's boy, in order to keep the animal in that posture, threw fruit into his mouth; but as the lad frequently deceived him, and made only an offer of throwing him the fruit, he at last grew angry, and as if he had known the painter's intention of drawing his likeness was the cause of the affront, instead of avenging himself on the lad, he turned his resentment on the master, and taking up a quantity of water in his trunk, threw it upon the paper on which the painter was drawing, and spoiled it.

An Elephant at Adsmear, which often passed through the market, as he went by a certain herb-woman, always received from her a mouthful of greens. At length he was seized by one of his

periodical fits of rage, broke from his keeper, and running about the market, put the crowd in great consternation. Among others was this woman, who in her haste forgot a little child she had brought with her. The animal recollected the spot where his benefactress usually sat, and taking the infant up gently with his trunk, removed it to a place of safety. Buffon relates that a soldier at Pondicherry, who was accustomed whenever he received his portion of provisions, to convey a certain portion of it to one of these animals, having one day drank rather too freely, and found himself pursued by the guard, who were going to take him to prison, took refuge under the Elephant's body, and fell asleep. In vain did the guard try to force him away from this asylum, as the Elephant protected him with his trunk. The next morning the soldier, recovering from his drunken fit, shuddered with horror to find himself stretched under the belly of this huge monster. The Elephant, which without doubt perceived the man's embarrassment, caressed him with his trunk, in order to inspire him with courage, and make him understand that he might now depart in safety.

In the wars of the East these beasts were cased in iron, and were sometimes employed in storming, or assisting the soldiers to ascend the walls of fortresses without a ditch, and putting their heads against the gates to burst them open. To prevent their pressure, the gates have in many instances large iron nails; to counteract which the Elephants had iron plates on the front of their foreheads.

The speed of an Elephant exceeds that of the swiftest horse. We remember about ten years since, seeing one on its way to cross the Delaware, running down Market street, followed by his keeper on horseback, but he left his pursuers far behind.—Elephant paper is the appellation of the largest and thickest kind used for engravings, and since paper makers make Elephant paper, an editor may certainly be excused for writing, if not riding upon them. [*Philadelphia Album.*]

## MORALITY.

### "FOOLS MAKE A MOCK AT SIN."

As I was walking along the street the other day, I saw a little boy who appeared to be about seven years old, staggering from one side of the path to the other, and I thought he must be sick; so I walked faster, and when I came near, found that he was *playing that he was drunk*. Half a dozen little children were with him, and they were laughing aloud. "Surely," I thought, "these children do not know what a sin drunkenness is."

Perhaps some of the readers of this paper think there is no harm in it, because they have seen it so often, and have heard grown up people laugh at it, and speak of it as a joke. Now I will tell you why drunkenness, or, as it is called, intemperance, is so bad; and why people are trying to stop it by Temperance Societies. God gives men strength and health to do their duty, and to work for their living. The drunkard destroys his strength and health, and lays himself down with the beasts, just because he likes the taste of liquor. God makes men able to think and learn a great deal, and teach others. But when a man gets drunk, he cannot think, nor learn any thing; and surely he is not fit to teach any one, and so he casts away all these gifts of God, just to please his taste.

When men are sober they love their wives and children and all their relations; but when they get drunk, they are like bears and tigers; and beat, and sometimes kill their wives and children, and kill themselves too. I dare say, you have heard of many such things. In almost every newspaper, you will find an account of some shocking thing done in a fit of drunkenness. God made men to serve him and mind his laws; and he tells them to do so; but a drunken man takes the name of God in vain, and breaks all his commandments, and makes himself so foolish and wicked, that he cannot serve God.

And is not all this sin? and do you think it ought to be *laughed at*? But what is more than all, *God hates drunkenness*;—we know this, because

he says in the Bible, "no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God." Oh! do not make fun of that which will shut the gates of heaven against those who practise it.

Now you see that drunkenness is a great sin, and I hope that you will never do any thing by which you might learn to be a drunkard.

"*Learn to be a drunkard!*" says a little child, "I will never be a drunkard as long as I live." I will tell you a story of a poor wretched man, who was once a child like some of you, and I dare say never meant to be a drunkard. When he was a little boy, his father used to take a little sweetened rum every morning; when he had taken his dram, he used to give his little son a taste from the tea spoon. So as he grew up, he learned to drink, and at last became a drunkard, lost all his property, made himself sick, and lost his character, and was obliged to go to the poor house, where he died a miserable death. He said to a gentleman who went to see him just before his death, "a tea spoonful of rum and molasses has brought me to this place." [*Western S. S. Messenger.*]

## LEARNING.

### A PEEP AT THE MOON.

One very fine moonlight night last Autumn, two little boys, brothers, were walking home from Sunday School, when they were overtaken by Mr. Walton, the Superintendent. They were talking about the moon; and as he came near, he heard the youngest say, "I wish I knew something about the moon! I wonder whether any body lives there, and whether they have carts, and wagons, and horses, as we have; or any Sunday Schools and Bibles?"

"Perhaps they do not want them," said the eldest. "Why not?" said the youngest.

"Because," said the other, I should think they were not sinners, but happy beings, and then they would not need them."

"Well," said his brother, "I should like to know something about the people in the moon, if there are any."

Mr. Walton stepped quickly up to them, and said, "as you are two good boys at school, little Brians, if you will come to my house to-morrow evening, I will let you have a peep at the moon; and though I do not promise to show you any people there, yet I shall be able to show you much more than you suppose."

Daniel and George Brian thanked him, and were overjoyed at the promise Mr. Walton had made them.

The next evening, when the moon was rising, they went up the hill to Mr. Walton's. He took them into his garden, where there was a summer-house; here was a table and an instrument on a three-legged stand, such as they had never seen before. Here he left them for a few minutes, desiring them not to touch any of the things till his return. He soon came back with a little book, and he then took the instrument and pointed it towards the moon, which was shining very bright in the blue sky.

"Did you ever see any such thing before?" said Mr. Walton to the eldest boy.

Dan.—No, Sir; but I have heard of a telescope, and I suppose that is one.

Mr. W.—It is. Now I have fixed it right, and you may look at that end.

Daniel uttered some expression of wonder and surprise.

"Do you see clearly?" said Mr. Walton.

Dan.—Yes, Sir; but is it the moon I see? It appears full of mountains and valleys.

Mr. W.—And so it is; some of them are very large, and they have been named by astronomers.

Dan.—It is very curious, sir, but I cannot understand it.

Mr. W.—All in good time. Now, James, take a peep.

James did so, and was as pleased as Daniel.

Mr. W.—What do you think of the moon, my boys?



*Dan.*—I think it very wonderful. Pray, sir, what is the moon?

*Mr. W.*—The moon, Daniel, is a planet, or moveable star. She attends upon the earth, and goes round it once a month. She is about 240,000 miles from us.

*Mr. Walton* then opened his book and showed them a picture of the moon, which they knew directly.

*Dan.*—How do people know all these things, sir?

*Mr. W.*—Ingenious men have invented various instruments, by which distances are measured; but you cannot understand them yet.

*James.*—How is it, sir, that the moon shines only at night?

*Mr. W.*—Because the sun, which is much more powerful, is shining in our sky through the day; indeed, the moon has no light but what she receives from the sun; and so when the sun is set with us, it shines on the moon, and we see her bright face.

*Dan.*—How is it, sir, that we only see part of the moon at certain times?

*Mr. W.*—If one were living upon the sun—

*Dan.*—Living upon the sun! Why, *Mr. Walton!* he would be burned up!

*Mr. W.*—But suppose, my good boy, one *could* live upon the sun *without* being burned up; then, as I was going to say, he would always see the full lighted face of the moon turned towards him, except at such times as our earth gets between the moon and sun; and shutting out sun-light from the moon, causes an *eclipse* of the less light.

*Dan.*—I understand, sir, now what causes an eclipse of the moon, and how one living upon the sun would always see a full moon; please go on explaining to us why we see so many different ones, and sometimes for whole nights none at all.

*Mr. W.*—The moon, like almost all God's works, except man, is never idle; but is ever moving on in her silent path around the earth, and makes this journey once in about twenty-nine and a half days, always, as I said, keeping her full lighted face towards the sun: and moving round in her path, sometimes (once in each month) she gets much nearer the sun than we are, and so turns away her lighted face entirely from us; still going forward, she gets farther and farther from the sun, until we begin to see the edge of her face: this is the time of new-moon. Moving forward still, she by and by gets farther from the sun than we are, almost behind us; now we can see her full shining face; and now we say it is full-moon. This happens once a month. From this time we see less and less of her face, till getting once more nearer the sun than we, no part of her face is visible to us, and we are obliged to wait till new-moon to enjoy again her mild and pleasing light. You have listened with great patience, boys, to my long account, and I fear it has been almost too long for you to remember.

*Dan.*—Do you think, sir, that there are people in the moon?

*Mr. W.*—That we cannot tell. We know enough of it to make us astonished at the wisdom and goodness of God, who has "appointed the moon to give light by night," and makes her, as holy Job says, to "walk in brightness" in the heavens. It is not wise in us to make inquiries about things which are only curious, and of which we cannot gain any certain or profitable knowledge.

*James.*—I think I have heard my father say, that the moon makes the tides flow, sir, up our river?

*Mr. W.*—Yes, it is so; but I cannot now explain to you about it. The evening is getting cool, and it is time you were at home; but I cannot let you go without desiring you to think of the power and majesty of God, who has formed so many wonderful worlds, and who keeps them all in their places—who has appointed them for seasons, and makes them "to know their going forth."

Pious David loved to think of God, when he looked abroad upon the

"Spangled heavens a shining frame;"

and you know he must have had abundance of opportunities for this while he was watching by night, in his youth, the flocks of his father Jesse. In one of his beautiful psalms, he says, "When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained, what is man that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that thou visitest him?"

As *Mr. Walton* said this he closed his book, and putting up his instrument, accompanied his little friends to the road which led to their home, wishing them a pleasant walk by the fine moonlight, and reminding them of the duty of walking humbly and with obedient hearts before the good God, who had given them the moon to shine upon their path. J.

## THE NURSERY.

For the Youth's Companion.

### A TRUE STORY.

*Mrs. M.* arose on a fine clear Sabbath morning not long since, in the absence of her husband, expecting to go to church and take all her children with her; but when they assembled in the breakfast room, one little son had a severe cold and cough. She immediately perceived that he must not go out, and concluded to administer some medicine and stay with him herself. When the rest of the family were gone out, *Charles* said, "Mamma, what shall I do?" His Mother answered, "I will read to you, my son." After reading for some time, she said, "Now, *Charles*, I am going up stairs for a short time—here is a pretty hymn in the Youth's Companion of four verses. You can learn at least two while I am gone." *Charles* looked down, his eyes filled with tears, and by his manner, it was evident he did not want to comply with his mother's directions.

"It is *hard*, Mamma, and I can't learn it." "*Charles*," said she, "does not the Bible say, 'Children, obey your parents in the Lord for this is right?' Do you not know that every time you disobey your parents you offend God, and break his commandments; and it is very wicked, and God is angry with the wicked every day."

*Mrs. M.* went up stairs; *Charles* dried up his tears and thought within himself, I will learn the hymn and be a good boy. When his mother came down he said very cheerfully, "Mamma, I have learned three verses, and I am going to learn the other." "Very well, my son; did not you find the moment you sat yourself to do the best you could, and fixed your mind on your book, that learning became easy?" "Yes, Ma'am." "And now do you not feel much happier than you did when you were determined for a moment to have your own way?" "Yes, Ma'am." "Then, my dear, always obey me cheerfully. I shall never direct you to do what is not proper and reasonable. Are you not sorry you have been wicked and disobedient?" "Yes, Ma'am." *Charles* was very good the rest of the day.

Let the scriptures be brought home to the consciences of children. Let them feel that they are sinning against God in every act of disobedience, and they may be brought under subjection much more easily than in any other way. C. C.

## THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

From the Children's Magazine.

### AN ABSENT MINISTER'S LETTER TO HIS SUNDAY SCHOOL.

November 1, 1829.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—It is now many months since I was in the Sunday School: but I have not forgotten you. I was, as you know, taken sick, and God permitted my sickness to bring me very near to death. But the prayers of many good people in the church, and elsewhere, were heard and answered by God: and although I am not yet restored so far to health, as to return and preach, yet I am well enough to write this letter: and for this I thank the Lord.

But you may ask, why I should be thankful for

returning health. "When a Christian dies, does he not go to a better world, even to heaven?" yes: but, my dear children, I want to be better prepared for death. It is a great thing to die, to appear before God: to stand up and be judged and to receive an eternal sentence. If I had died last summer, when I was sick, I should have been called before God, that great and holy God who hates sin; who sent the devil and his angels down to chains of darkness, because they sinned. And unless I had truly repented of all my sins, and had trusted to the merits of his Son, I too should have been sent down to chains of darkness: for God is no respecter of persons; he will send bad ministers to that dreadful place, as well as their wicked hearers; he will send children, as well as grown up people there, if they have committed sin; he will send any body and every body there, if they do not repent of their sins, and cast them away. Now, if your minister thanks God that he has more time to prepare to die, ought not *you* to thank God that you have more time to prepare? He began to pray to God to prepare him for death a great while ago, before many of you were born: and he has been praying every day since. Have you been praying and striving to be prepared for this solemn event every day for one year, for one month, for one week? Let me put the question to one of you. My dear little child, suppose you had died the other day instead of one of your neighbor's children, two of whom were taken sick and died, would you have been prepared? Have you ever been sorry before God for all your wicked words and wicked actions? Have you ever gone, like a dutiful child, to the Son of God, that dear gentle Saviour, who a great while ago invited you, saying, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, for of such are the kingdom of heaven?" Is there one little child here who has never been sorry for his wickedness, and has never in his life gone on his knees to this gentle Saviour, and asked him over and over again, 'Lord, give me a new heart! Lord, save my sinful soul!' What would have become of such a child, had he died the other day? What would he be doing now?

My dear children, I intend to make preparation for death, the great business of every day to come, if God shall give me grace. Let me beg of *you* to prepare to die, to begin to prepare this very night; for God may say to some foolish little child, "this night thy soul shall be required of thee." How long it will be before I shall meet you again at that altar where I have so often met you, the Lord alone can tell: but shall we not certainly meet in another world? Shall we not, small and great, stand before the judgment seat of Christ? And must I not there give an account of all my warnings to you, as a part of my flock? O may that meeting be one of joy and not of grief!

Receive this from your minister, who loves you and longs for your salvation.

## BENEVOLENCE.

### COL. RUTGERS AND THE GAMBLER.

The following interesting anecdote of our lamented fellow citizen Col. Henry Rutgers, was related by the Rev. Dr. M<sup>r</sup>. Murray, in the discourse delivered at his funeral, on Saturday last. N. Y. Obs.

"As the Colonel was sitting in company with some friends in his own house, a note was handed him, by his servant, which stated in substance, that the writer, who was at the door, stood in need of a certain sum of money, which it was necessary he should have, to save his honor: that he applied to him for relief, and if he failed to obtain it, he had resolved to rid himself of an existence which had already become hateful, and which he could not retain in disgrace. Instead of regarding this strange communication, as some would have done, with contempt, and ordering his servants to drive the wretch from the door, he felt his heart move with compassion for the miserable object, and an ardent desire to save him from the destruction, to which he seemed to be hastening. He arose, left his company and went to the door, where he found a young man of good appearance, to whom he ad-



dressed himself in language of such affecting earnestness, representing to him the horrid nature of the crime he contemplated, and the dreadful consequence of hurrying his soul, unprepared, into the eternal world, and before the bar of God, that the youth trembled—his countenance and whole frame became convulsed with inward agony, and at length he melted into tears. He unfolded his situation. He had been unfaithful to the trust reposed in him by his employer, & attempted to better his fortune by *Gambling*. Detection was inevitable. He had imbibed the delusive doctrine of universal salvation, and having no fear of the future, he resolved to escape his apprehended disgrace by *suicide*. But in the very act of presenting the pistol to his head, he recollected, though he had never seen him and knew nothing else of him, to have heard of Col. Rutgers, as a man of great benevolence; and a ray of hope entered his mind, he resolved to make the attempt, before he effected his fatal purpose. The Col. with great caution and judgment assisted him out of his difficulties, and took a warm interest in his welfare; and had the satisfaction to find his conduct afterwards not only perfectly correct, but to witness an entire change of views, and at length satisfactory evidence of piety.—The young man died some two or three years afterwards at the south, whither he had gone for his health, and undoubted testimonials were received, that he died in the triumph of faith.

#### BIOGRAPHY.

##### HENRY OBOOKIAH.

[Editorial Abridgment, Continued.]

We have narrated the principal events of Obookiah's life; and shall now mention some particulars of his character.

Henry was a shrewd, witty lad. When he was on his voyage to this country, the sailors attempted to terrify him about old Neptune, the fabled god of the sea, coming in his iron canoe. They pretended that Neptune came on board in the shape of an old man, and called for Henry and Thomas Hopoo, (another Sandwich Island boy who was on board.) This was a sailor dressed up in a hideous manner, with a sheepskin on his head. The boys were scared almost to death; but went up and shook hands with him. Neptune bade them bring him two pails-full of salt water. "Then," says Henry, "he took his speaking trumpet and put it to my mouth for a tunnel, in order to make me drink that salt water which I brought. But while he stoops down to reach the pail of water, I took hold of the speaking trumpet and hold it on one side of my cheek, so that I may not drink a drop of salt water; but not any body knew it, for it was dark. But friend Thomas, he was so full of scare, he took down a great deal of salt water," which made him very sick.

When he first began learning to read, at New-Haven, he found it very difficult to articulate certain English sounds. Syllables containing the letter *r* gave him a great deal of trouble; he uniformly gave it the sound of *l*. His teacher often said to him on these occasions, "Try, Obookiah, it is very easy." It was perceived that he would smile when this was said, and sometimes was much diverted; but no explanation of his conduct was required. At length, he conquered the difficulty, and the circumstance was soon forgotten. Not long after, his instructor was spending an evening pleasantly with him, inquiring about some of the habits and customs of his own country. Among other things, he told how his countrymen drink from a spring when out on hunting excursions, by forming a cup with their two hands, and bringing it even full to the mouth. Henry gave an example of it, and his instructor tried to imitate him, but always turned his cup over before it reached his mouth. He repeated the trial till he began to be discouraged; when Obookiah, who had been much amused with his efforts, with a very expressive countenance said to him, "Try, Mr. D. it is very easy."

Henry had an inquisitive mind, ever desirous of

learning. This was one reason of his wishing to leave his native and lonely island, and visit foreign countries. He discovered the same propensity on board the ship, and in every place that he visited. When Mr. D. first saw him at New-Haven, he had on a rough sailor's suit, was of a clumsy form, and his countenance was dull and heavy. But when the question was put to him "Do you wish to learn?" his countenance began to brighten, and he received the offer of assistance with great eagerness. It soon appeared that his eyes were open to every thing that was passing around him, and that he had an unusual degree of discernment with regard to persons and things of every description. When at Andover, he inquired with regard to many kinds of public business; and during an eclipse of the sun, he asked so many questions about it as to be troublesome to his friends. He was seen one morning very early with a rule measuring the College buildings and fences. Being asked why he did it, he smiled and said, "So that I shall know how to build when I go back to Hawaii." "When he heard a word," said Mr. A. "which he did not understand, or could not speak, it was his constant habit to ask me, How you spell? How you spell? When I told him, he never forgot." In short, he could never be satisfied until he saw the whole of a subject.

He had great power of imitation, or doing what he saw others do. When he went to Torrington, he was immediately set about most kinds of business that pertain to a farm. The employment was new to him; but he was found to excel in every thing to which he turned his hand. One glance at others for an example was all the instruction that he required, before he was ready to undertake, and to perform skilfully, every kind of business. A young man furnished him with a scythe. He looked on to see the use his companion made of his own, and at once followed him to the surprise of the beholders. He first saw reaping done by a large company. He took a sickle and joined them; and it was afterwards observed, that there were not two reapers in the field who excelled him.

This power was sometimes employed in a way of mimicry. He noticed with uncommon acuteness every singularity in the speech and manners of those around him. One day, while he was at N. Haven, he drew up his sleeves half way to the elbow, walked across the room with a peculiar air, and said "Who dis?" The person intended was instantly known by all that were present. He then adopted a different position and gait, and said again, "Well, who dis?" No one doubted who was meant. But he was quite awkward himself. So when he had done, his friend said to him, "Well, Obookiah, should you like to know how you walk?" He was pleased at the suggestion, and the imitation was attempted. He was greatly diverted, tho' incredulous, and said earnestly several times, "Me walk so?" On being assured he did, he burst into a loud roar of laughter and fell upon the floor, where he indulged his mirth till his strength was gone.

It will afterwards appear that Henry became a sober Christian, and that these acute powers of his mind were devoted to Christ.

[Remainder next week.]

#### MISCELLANY.

*A little Girl's regard for the Sabbath.*—A girl (whose parents were out of employ,) was sent to service; her mistress kept a little shop; this not being closed till a late hour on Saturday night, the girl had a great deal of cleaning on the Sunday morning. This was a cause of much grief to her. At length she asked permission of her mistress to do it, after the shop was closed, readily agreeing to sit up to any hour, as she had been to a Sunday School, and was there taught that it was wrong to do any thing on the Sunday, which could be done on the week day.

The mother of two girls, who attend the school, had acquired the habit of profane swearing: her neighbors remarked with surprise, that she had

lately left off the practice. On inquiring the cause, she replied, "My daughters have been rebuking me for it, saying, how wrong it is, and that its consequences will be dreadful, so I think it high time to give it up, when my own children reprove me."—*Conn. S. S. Herald.*

*An Industrious Boy.*—A boy who lived on the Green Mountains, wished to subscribe for a little Magazine published by the Vermont S. School Union, but he had no money; so what do you think he did? He made four brooms, and sold them, that he might be able to pay for the little paper himself.

Children who take the Youth's Companion, try to pay for it yourselves. It is your paper, printed for you; and though you cannot all make brooms, you can do something to earn the money, or you can save it from the cents your parents are kind enough to give you. Remember too, that paper must be bought to print it upon, and printers must be paid; and therefore you should advance the money, that is, pay it beforehand. Always pay your debts, and be honest, and punctual.

*Benevolence of a Dog.*—As two or three young ruffians were lately abusing a kitten, in one of the streets of Liverpool, a large dog, belonging to a coach office, picked the little animal out of the mud, carried it home with him, laid it before the fire, cleaned it as well as he could, and afterwards continued to feed and protect it.

*Maxim.*—When thou art tempted to throw a stone in anger, try if thou canst pick it up without bending thy body; if not, stop thy hand. [*Dilthey.*]

#### POETRY.

"THE PATIENT IN SPIRIT IS BETTER THAN THE PROUD IN SPIRIT."—*King Solomon.*

—I saw the lake with margin fair,  
And verdant trees, and flowers rare,  
Where every varying smile of day,  
With the pale moon's celestial ray,  
And clouds in glorious tissue dress,  
Beheld their image on its breast.

—I saw a stream of mighty force,  
Which headlong held its rapid course,  
And every wind its tide that swept,  
Or rock that mid its channel slept,  
It met with anger's deafening roar,  
And foaming lash'd the troubled shore.

—I saw a mind whose placid thought,  
To meek contentment gently wrought,  
'Mid thorny paths, or adverse blast,  
With uncomplaining patience past,  
Still gathering strength from Him who bow'd  
On Calvary 'mid the railing crowd.

—I saw a soul whose turbid power  
Mov'd by the trifles of the hour  
'Gainst every hand its will that quell'd  
Rose high, contended or rebell'd,  
Till stain'd was all its gentle flow,  
With bitter dregs that lurk'd below.

—Then kneeling to the God whose hand  
Doth Nature and the soul command,  
I ask'd with ardent heart to be  
Like the pure lake from tumult free,  
'Mid every storm that threatens loud,  
And all the rancour of the proud.

Hartford, Conn. Dec. 20th, 1829.

For the Youth's Companion.

#### A MONITION.

Pluck the sweet flowers that by thy side  
In childhood's pathway grow.  
And let the incense of their pride  
To the Great Giver flow.

Tread too the thorns with meek controul  
That round thy feet may cling,  
And wisdom to thy humbled soul  
Shall enter through their stings.

So shall blest Hope's fading wreath  
For thee its joys prolong,  
And Time's frail harp the prelude breathe  
To Heaven's unending song.

M.

#### TO A CORRESPONDENT.

We are pleased with some of the suggestions of "A Friend to Friendship," particularly those which relate to the improvement of the female mind; and we hope, by the aid of our friends and our own efforts, to make the Companion more directly subservient to that purpose than heretofore. We think, however, it would be too great an alteration of its original character, to make it distinctively a manual for mothers.



# YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Published Weekly, by WILLIS & RAND, at the Office of the Boston Recorder, No. 127, Washington-Street.. Price One Dollar a year in advance, or \$1, 50, if not paid in advance.

No. 50.

BOSTON, MAY 5, 1830.

VOL. III.

## NARRATIVE.

From the London Youth's Magazine.

### SELFISHNESS AND SELF-DENIAL.

[Continued from page 122.]

It is to little purpose that we point out an evil, unless we can do something towards suggesting its remedy. In the contrasted characters of Marianne & Henrietta, the reader has already seen the baneful effects of selfishness. The difference of their character was far more visibly manifested, after the arrival of the letter mentioned in our last communication: for Marianne had nothing now to check the sweet cheerfulness of her disposition, or to prevent her full participation in the pleasures that surrounded her. Indeed there was not a gratification experienced by any one, from which she did not contrive to extract her share; since the seeing another happy was always a treat to her generous and affectionate heart. Miss Wilton was by no means backward to provide enjoyments for her young pupils; but of course they were of a general nature, and could not be suited to each particular wish of each particular child. Therefore, as self ever occupied the fore ground in Henrietta's mind, it seldom happened, in the little schemes of her preceptress, that there was not some deviation from her desires on the subject. This destroyed all her comfort, and generally made those days, which were peculiarly pleasant to the rest, seasons of mortification and disappointment to her. For instance, one of their very agreeable relaxations was occasionally to take provision, and spend the day in the beautiful grounds of a deserted mansion, which was separated from them by a gentle river, that flowed at the bottom of their garden. A pleasant walk to the ferry lay partly through verdant meadows, and partly by a rural road, beautifully overhung by lofty and umbrageous trees. Fruitful valleys, shady nooks, richly-wooded hills, and sparkling streams, diversified occasionally by the busy farm, the embowered cottage, and the tall white spire darting its upward course amidst surrounding foliage, rendered the country exquisite, whether seen from the river or from its lovely banks. Miss Wilton, however, knew that the sail made a pleasant variety; and, therefore, her usual plan was to hire a boat from the garden, in which half the young ladies were conveyed to their place of destination, while the remainder walked to the ferry, over which it returned to take them. And in the evening, when they bent their course homeward, the walkers took possession of the boat, and the sailors of the bank. A portion of the conversation which took place between the cousins on one of these occasions, will shew the ingenuity with which a thoroughly selfish mind can discover or create causes of disquietude.

"So I find," said Henrietta, "you are to go in the boat, and therefore you may have some chance of enjoying the day; for my part I shall be so completely tired when I get to the park that I shall be fit for nothing."

"The walk, dear," replied her cousin, "is not so very long, and the greater part quite shady; and if you should feel a little weary, there are the most pleasant seats you can imagine under the trees. We went, you know, while you were spending a few days at Mrs. Green's, so that I am qualified to give you every information, and it was so delightful, I am sure you must enjoy it."

"I wish I was staying a few days at Mrs. Green's or Mrs. Somebody's now."

"No, no, Henrietta, you must not say so," exclaimed Marianne, as smiling playfully, she stroked back the ringlets from her cousin's forehead, and

imprinted on her cheek an affectionate kiss, "remember, when I told you of our excursion, you said, that if any thing pleasant ever did take place in the school, it was sure to be when you were away; so do, there's a good girl, try to make the most of the pleasure now."

Even Henrietta could not resist a momentary conviction of her folly, as it was thus kindly, and yet forcibly, presented to her mind. She felt half softened into good humor, and almost returning the smile, inquired,

"But is it not strange, that in all the arrangements that are made, every thing should be settled exactly contrary to my inclination?"

"Why no,—I don't think it is originally contrary; only when the arrangements are made, there is some power within,—your evil genius I fancy,—that always takes the trouble to hunt up every inconvenience that can possibly accrue, and setting the whole troop before you, entirely to hide all the gratification, which is thus thrust into the back ground. Now, I think, in such little matters as sometimes mar your comfort, it is better to have no inclination at all. It is needful to know how they are settled, that we may fall in with the plan; but they need have no effect as to our main enjoyment. I remember a rule that was given me long since, not very polished I suppose, for I received it from my nurse, but I have often found it very useful,—'If we always like what we have, we shall be sure always to have what we like.'"

"Well, dear, I only wish my ancles had been horn with ears, and I would try to remember your admirable lecture that I might pour it into them when they are aching beneath me. I am sure, if I have any share in the delights of the day, I will give them credit for being the most philosophical part about me. You forget that at home, when I walk to any distance, Garrard always leads the poney, that it may be ready if I like to mount."

"Yes, I know he does; but it strikes me as really an advantage to be more independent. I should rejoice, however, if I could change places with you, for walking will be quite as pleasant to me; I do not suppose Miss Wilton would have the least objection."

"O no, pray do not name it; she might have thought for herself, that I had been differently brought up to most of her young ladies."

When they were setting off, however, the good-natured Marianne requested permission to make the alteration; simply observing, that an exchange would be more pleasant both to her cousin and herself. Consent was readily granted, and doubly did she enjoy the sweet walk she had undertaken, from the hope that her doing so contributed to the comfort of another. Her presence was welcomed with joy by the walking party, and while she received and bestowed the delicate manifestations of affection, her heart felt light, and warm, and gladsome. Still sweeter were her feelings as the day advanced, when they wandered through the shady avenue, or lingered in the mossy dell, listening to the sweet music of their undisturbed inhabitants. They watched the moor-hen by the grass-grown pond; observed the variety of forest trees, which side by side had weathered many a winter's blasts; and found no small entertainment in collecting the different grasses that grew beneath them; while those who preferred more lively gambols, awakened the long-silent echoes with their merry voices, or made the luxuriant verdure bend beneath their light and active footsteps.

They then spread the simple repast, which, seasoned by youthful gaiety and holiday spirits, yielded more pleasure than a royal feast. This finished,

their kind and superior instructress read to them, with all the kindling animation of feeling and nature, some selections she had herself made for occasions like the present; while part of her auditors took their pencils to sketch the venerable ruins; and others drew forth the favorite fancy-work, on which, in leisure hours, they exercised their skill.

A second ramble succeeded, and before they left the lovely scene, they united together in sweetly hymning the praises of that God, by whose beneficent command the beauties of nature started into being; and for whose pleasure, in the happiness of his creatures, they are, and were created. Not did their gentle guide, while calling forth their gratitude and praise to the God of nature, fail to lead their young minds to contemplate with ten-fold reverence, love, and adoration, his glory as the God of grace. "In these created sources of enjoyment," she observed, "our Maker has richly displayed the bounties of his benevolence; but his Son for our Saviour, is God's unspeakable gift."

When the young party returned home, tea, cake, and fruit were ready for them, and a feeling of peculiar love seemed to pervade the season of family devotion, which closed those hours in which they had so happily, yet simply celebrated, the birthday of their beloved instructress.

A few sentences from a conversation, which took place between the cousins, when they retired to rest, will shew the miserable effects of that minute attention to every little circumstance connected with self, which characterizes, alas! the conduct of many.

"Has not this been a delightful day, Henrietta?" inquired her cousin.

"Why, during our stay at the park, we were, upon the whole, very comfortable; but I am sure it was only a wonder, that my head did not ache most violently. As I expected to go on foot, and you said the walk was shady, I put on my large bonnet, and would not burden myself with my parasol. But in the boat, the sun came so full upon my back, that it was almost insupportable, and having nothing to shield me from it, how I escaped without a headache, I am sure I cannot tell."

"But you *did* escape: so I hope you would not suffer the possibility that you might have had one, to disturb your comfort."

Or ruffle your temper, Marianne could have added: but she thought such a manner of expressing herself, would neither be kind nor proper.

"Certainly," rejoined Henrietta, "I could not help feeling hurt, that no one made the least effort to relieve me. I am sure I must have looked uncomfortable, and that they were aware of it, by the way in which some of them glanced at me. If you had been there and suffering the slightest annoyance, the whole boat would have been in an uproar, till it was removed: but though there were parasols lying useless all the time, I might have been burnt alive, before they would have been offered to me."

"Now, if you had but named the thing, I have no doubt half a dozen would have been offered in a moment. I dare say they were puzzled to their wit's end, to think what could be the matter; for of course, those who made no use of a shade when they had one, did not mind the sun themselves, and therefore would not guess how troublesome it was to you. The evening, however, has been beautiful, and there could be nothing to hinder the enjoyment of your walk then?"

"It is no use talking, dear; you enjoy every thing, and it turns out comfortable; but there always is something to annoy me. I was very tired. It was all owing to the alteration—you meant it kindly, and it cannot be helped—but I thought I



was to sail home, and the evening would be cool: so I had a great shawl taken for me, and then I forgot to send it back by you, and was obliged to lug it all the way. But I am quite tired, and shall be heartily glad to get to sleep: so good night."

The truth was, Henrietta felt extremely cross, and yet could not help being ashamed of it: knew she ought to be obliged to her cousin, yet felt much more inclined to quarrel with her. The best plan she could think of, therefore, was to cut short the conversation as soon as possible.

And really I shall not be surprised, if some of my readers are exclaiming, "surely these ridiculous complaints are too trifling to appear in print."—Learn then, my dear young friends, to despise yourselves as well as the conversation, should you have ever suffered your happiness to lunge upon such trifles. If your minds revolt from Henrietta's unlovely character, pray for grace, that you may never resemble her; and be assured, that they who attempt to satisfy the demands of an unreasonable self, are absolutely far more miserable slaves, than the captives of an Algerine pirate.

## RELIGION.

### JACOB AND THE ANGELS.

"And Jacob went on his way, and the angels of God met him."—*Gen. xxxii. 1.*

Angels are God's servants to protect them that trust in him, and these spirits were made known to Jacob to encourage him in his journey homeward from Mesopotamia.

Now Jacob had great need of this encouragement, for he had to pass by the way in which he might meet with his brother Esau; and remembering how he had obtained his birthright, and, therefore, how much reason Esau had to be angry, he was afraid of his vengeance—Esau not being a good man.

"And Jacob sent messengers before him to Esau his brother unto the land of Seir, the country of Edom." These were to tell him of his long absence, and troubles under a hard master, that Esau's heart might be softened. They were also to speak of his prosperity, that he might not suppose that he wanted more of him; and to address him from Jacob in language of respect, and express his wish that they might meet each other as brothers.

The messengers returned, and said that Esau was coming, and four hundred men with him.

Poor Jacob was now sadly frightened; for he feared that his brother would kill him and the children, and take all that he had.

He therefore divided the people and flocks into two bands, so that if he fell upon one, the other might have time to escape; and so, his wife, and children being in the hindmost band, he might save their lives.

He also prayed to God to protect him, for all our wisdom or courage cannot protect us in danger without God's care.

He then thought that he would send presents to his brother, to gain his good will: and after a night had passed away full of much care, he ordered servants to go one after another, with different droves of cattle of various sorts, amounting in all to the number of five hundred and eighty; which, when they met Esau, they were to tell him were sent by his brother for his acceptance.

"So went the present over before him," and another night passed.

And now having passed his family over the river Jabbok, Jacob was left alone on the side nearest to Haran, and here an angel of God met him. How he conversed with and wrestled with the angel, as related in the chapter, it is not possible to say, but so it was; and before they parted, the angel gave him the name of Israel, or a *Prince of God*, and blessed him.

### JACOB AND ESAU.

"And Jacob lifted up his eyes, and looked, and behold, Esau came, and with him four hundred men."

"And Esau ran to meet him, and embraced him, and fell on his neck, and kissed him: and they wept."—*Gen. xxxiii. 1. 4.*

Jacob having divided the people and flocks into separate bodies, now went forward to meet Esau: and, after the custom of the East, he bowed himself frequently to the ground. The manner of bowing in the East is different from ours, the body being bent forward until the hands touch the knees.

And then Esau having got off the beast he probably rode, ran to him, and with all the kind feelings of a brother, put his arms round his neck and kissed him.

If Esau had come with any design to do Jacob harm, God had softened his heart; and certainly he showed a noble spirit in forgiving his brother who had once done him so much injury, but who now showed how much he wished to make him amends for it. So should children forgive one another, and kiss one another when offended—and especially brothers and sisters; and such acts of tenderness must yield a pleasure which none can know but those who practise them.

Next Jacob's family approached Esau, and bowed themselves also, and then Jacob offered his presents to his brother.

But Esau, not being covetous, wanted nothing to reconcile him. Here Esau looks very amiable, notwithstanding his former rage: and many men may have amiable dispositions, who do not, after all, love and serve God.

This should make us look very closely at our hearts! and if people call you good children, because you behave well, are good tempered, and are dutiful to your parents, do not mistake all this for religion, for it is only a small part of it; as real religion requires us to love and serve God with the best affections of our hearts.

Jacob, however, was not quite sure of his brother's sincerity, and, perhaps feared that when the first warm feelings of his heart had been shown, it would grow cooler, and he might be in danger; he therefore said, "Nay, I pray thee, if now I have found grace in thy sight, then receive my present at my hand: for therefore I have seen thy face, as though I had seen the face of God"—meaning that it was pleasant, as a sight of God's favor is also pleasant—"and thou wast pleased with me." In Eastern countries, if a present be offered to a superior, and he will not take it, there is much to fear from his refusal; but if he accept it, it is a mark of his favor and protection, and there is nothing to fear.

Jacob also wished to give his brother something in token of kindness, and in return for the harm he had formerly done him. "And he urged him, and he took it." Jacob at the same time adding his blessing—showing that he wished him all happiness and prosperity.

Esau now offered either to keep him company, or to leave some servants behind as a guard of honor or safety, that he might look more grand, or be protected against dangers; but this Jacob did not need, and so they parted.

Jacob went for a while to a place called Succoth, and afterwards he removed to "Shalem, a city of Shechem," and there he bought some land for the use of his cattle.

There also he erected an altar, and called it by a name which meant *God, the God of Israel*: thus he returned thanks to God for having preserved and blessed him, and allowed him to return to the land of Canaan. *Child's Commentator.*

## THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

*From the S. S. Herald.*

### THE ORPHAN GIRL.

Little Mary was an only daughter. From early childhood, she evinced a strong regard for religious duties. Almost the first acts of the morning, were the reading of a chapter in her Bible, and the offering up of a prayer to God. In those prayers she remembered herself, her companions, her friends, and the whole world of mankind. But it was when she addressed her heavenly Father in behalf of her parents, that the petitions of little Mary were most fervent and affecting.

She prayed for her parents. Her father was a very vicious man. He spent much of his time, and most of his earnings at the dram-shops of the neighborhood; and from thence he would return, late at night, when, infuriated by the intoxicating draught, he would abuse his wife and daughter with oaths and threats and blows. At such times, little Mary would make known to her God, the agonies of a burdened and more than orphan heart.

Her father died. He died as he had lived—an enemy to himself and his Maker. This was a severe affliction to his daughter. She loved him, even in vice. She loved him because he was her father. But she sorrowed the more for the circumstances in which he died; for in her Bible—her constant companion—she read, "no drunkard shall enter into the kingdom of heaven."

The attention of this little girl was now turned to the comfort of her mother, even more than when that mother was worse than widowed, by the abandoned life of her husband. Mrs. C—, was evidently, by a slow and lingering disease, drawing to her grave. So reduced was she, in respect to this world's goods, that it was with difficulty she could command the comforts and conveniences of life. This induced little Mary to forego the pleasures and amusements, so suitable to her age, and to spend the intervals of school and domestic employments, in braiding straw and other work, by means of which, at the close of each week, she could count in a few shillings as the proceeds of her affectionate labors.

But that which most deeply affected this kind-hearted, pious little girl, was the spiritual interests of her mother. She thought she herself would be completely happy, could she see her mother so, in the strong hope of meeting the blessed Saviour when she died. The world, cold and friendless as it would be, when she should be left alone, looked not half so dark and forbidding, as the future prospects of her only earthly friend—her mother. Often would she go to her, with the Bible in her hand, and having selected some of the most pointed and affecting passages, read them and repeat them, and then comment on them, with an artless simplicity, that would, at times, move her mother to tears.

At that time the Rev. Mr. T—, was the officiating minister of L—. He was one day called to the dying bed of a poor woman in a retired part of his parish. He had never visited her before, for she had not attended upon his preaching, and he scarcely considered her as one of his parishioners. When he was about to enter the apartment in which she was, he heard a little girl in the room earnestly praying for her mother. In that prayer he also heard an expression of gratitude, that she herself had been permitted to attend the Sabbath School, where she had more fully learned those lessons which were likely soon to be called into practice. This was not the only, nor the chief subject of her prayer; but it is particularly noticed, because it led the minister to recognise in her, the orphan child whom he had often seen at the Sabbath School, and whose punctuality and diligence and propriety of conduct, had secured for her the esteem and affections of her teacher and fellow pupils. It was little Mary.

Mr. T. almost regretted having obtruded himself upon an hour so sacred. But this feeling was momentary. His pleasure was deep and strong, when he considered what a scene was before him, a scene in which angels, thought he, must be gazing with inexpressible delight! A little girl bowing before the Most High, by the side of her afflicted mother, and that mother—though he knew it not—the spiritual child of her own daughter! When that prayer was closed, which the godly minister will remember to the latest hour of his life—he stepped forward, and taking the woman by the hand, observed to her, "your daughter, I perceive, has been praying for you." "Yes," said she, "she is a good child." "But have her example and prayers served to lead you to seek the one thing needful, an interest in the Lord Jesus, which she seems to possess, and which renders her, in



the best sense, a good child?" "Oh! it was she," said the woman, with a voice too feeble to articulate distinctly, "it was she who first told me that I was a sinner, and urged me to seek the Lord. It was she who has read half the Bible to me; and when my soul had else sunk under the burden of my sins, she it was who directed me to the Saviour of sinners. Blessed Saviour!—And with my dying breath will I bless God that he has given me such a child. She has been the means of fitting me to die in peace."

She died in peace. Her last breath was spent in blessing God that He had given her such a child. Mary mourned her mother's death, but she quietly submitted to the blow of bereavement, and committed herself to her God, who showed himself a Father of the fatherless, in that he raised up many who esteemed and loved the little orphan girl. L.

## THE NURSERY.

From "Aids to Development," &c.

### INFANT EDUCATION.

Mamma.—Come, my little boy, tell what this is.

Edward.—My hand, mamma.

M.—And how many hands have you, Edward?

Ed.—Two, mamma.

M.—Of what else have you two?

Ed.—Two eyes, mamma.

M.—And what other two things have you?

Ed.—Two feet, mamma.

M.—And have you two of any thing else?

Ed.—Two holes in my nose, mamma.

M.—Those are called nostrils, my dear; and how many have you got of those fat, rosy things on each side of your nose?

Ed.—Oh! Two cheeks, mamma.

M.—Now think of some other things of which you have two.

Ed.—Two shoulders, mamma.

M.—And what is between your shoulders and your hands, Edward?

Ed.—Elbows, mamma, and two wrists also.

M.—Look about you, and you will find several more things, of which you have two.

Ed.—Two thumbs, mamma.

M.—Put your hands on your face, and find me some more things there, of which you have two also.

Ed.—I said eyes, cheeks, and nostrils; oh, there is the skin that covers my eyes.

M.—Your eye-lids, Edward; and think of some things higher up in your face; what are they called?

Ed.—Eyebrows, mamma. I cannot remember anything else that I have two of.

M.—You used two things, Edward which you have not named, when you spoke to me now.

Ed.—Did I, mamma? I have only one tongue. Two teeth was it, mamma?

M.—Have you only two teeth, Edward?

Ed.—Yes, mamma, many teeth.

M.—Well, dear, think again then.

Ed.—Two jaws and two gums, mamma.

M.—Well, that is right; but there are two more things I want you to remember.

Ed.—Oh, I have found out! two lips, mamma.

M.—Yes, Edward; but we have still many things to find out, of which you have two.

Ed.—Two! Two! Two sides, mamma.

M.—Right; now go on.

Ed.—Two legs, mamma.

M.—And are your legs joined any where?

Ed.—Yes, to my feet. Ah! I have two ankles and two heels, and two knees. Oh, what a number of things I have got two of! Let me add them all together. Two eyes, two eyebrows, that is, four; two eyelids, that is six; two nostrils, eight; two cheeks, ten; two lips, twelve; two ears, fourteen; two shoulders, sixteen; two elbows, eighteen; two wrists, twenty; two arms, twenty-two; two hands, twenty-four; two thumbs, twenty-six; two sides, twenty-eight; two feet, thirty; two ankles, thirty-two; two heels, thirty-four; two legs, thirty-six; and two knees, thirty-eight.

M.—You have forgotten some things, Edward.

Ed.—Oh yes, I forgot two jaws, forty; and two

gums, they make forty-two. What a number of things, mamma! I did not know I had so many things!

M.—And don't you think, my dear, they are all of use to you?

Ed.—Yes, mamma, of great use.

M.—Let us talk about the use of some of them—Can you tell me, the use of your hands, Edward?

Ed.—Yes, mamma; to lift things with, and to carry them about, and to roll my ball, and to open the door, and shut it, and to put on my hat, and to tie my shoes, and to eat with.

M.—What, do you eat with your hands, Edward?

Ed.—No, mamma, but I put my food in my mouth with them.

M.—True, my dear; now think of some more uses for your hands.

Ed.—To pluck flowers, mamma, and to give bread to poor people with, and to shake hands with you, and papa, and other people. I don't know any more uses, mamma.

M.—What would you have done without your hands this morning, Edward, when you were in my room? What were you doing then?

Ed.—Oh, mamma, I use my hands to draw and write with, and to hold my book, and to build bricks too, mamma, and to stir the fire with.

M.—I hope you never use your little hands for that purpose, Edward. That is one use for my hands, but not for yours, till you grow older.

Ed.—Mamma, I can cut out paper with my hands, when you lend me your scissors.

M.—You can so, my dear; and there is another use which I wonder you have forgotten. I saw you using them just now for it.

Ed.—Just now, mamma? Oh, to stroke my cat; and, when I was a little boy, I used them to hold by Jane, for fear she should let me down when she carried me.

M.—Cannot you remember any other use for your hands, my dear?

Ed.—I will think, mamma. Yes, to dig in my garden with, and to pull up the weeds too, and draw the curtains with, and to wash my face with, Mamma. Are they of any other use than those I have said?

M.—Think, my dear, for yourself?

Ed.—I forgot to say, to water my flowers with, mamma, and to put crumbs out for the little birds.

M.—I remember another use, Edward; do you like to oblige me?

Ed.—Yes, mamma, very much.

M.—And do your hands ever help you to do so, Edward?

Ed.—Yes, mamma, when you tell me to bring you anything; your work-box, or a footstool, or many other things; I am very glad God gave me hands, mamma.

M.—You must always try and use them my dear, for the purposes for which they were given to you, and never for anything which God would not like.

## LEARNING.

For the Youth's Companion.

"BE YE KIND ONE TO ANOTHER, TENDER HEARTED."

"Cousin Lucy, we have come to say our morning text to you, if we may," said two happy little girls, knocking at their cousin's door. Mrs. H. their mother, had encouraged Phebe and Mary, (they were twin sisters) from the time they could understand easy reading, to learn every day one verse from God's holy book, and it was her daily, earnest prayer that her beloved children might early love the truths of the Bible, and early give their young hearts to that compassionate Saviour who once "took little children in his arms and blessed them." The two little girls usually spent half an hour with their mother in the morning, and Mrs. H. presented religious instruction in so interesting a manner that they always called this their "happy half hour;" but their cousin Lucy, whom they loved very much, had come to pass a few days with them, and they requested permission of their mother to repeat their text to her before breakfast, and

when they came to her room they found her ready to receive them.

"Shall we say now," asked Phebe, as they seated themselves in little chairs by their cousin.

"Yes," said cousin Lucy, affectionately kissing them, "but remember, my dear little girls, that you are going to repeat what the great and holy God says, and how very good and kind he is to tell us what we ought to do and how we ought to feel."

They then repeated distinctly and together. "Be ye kind one to another, tender hearted, forgiving one another, as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you."

"This is a very interesting text," their cousin remarked.

"But why are tears in your eyes?" said the affectionate little Mary, throwing her arms around her neck, her own eyes filling while she spoke. After a moment cousin Lucy said, "It will be painful to me to tell you, and yet I will, because I think if I do you will always remember what you have now repeated, and I hope you will endeavor always to be kind and tender hearted to each other and to all your playmates."

"Many years ago I lived in the country, and when there, attended the village school. There it was customary for the children, who live at a distance from school to remain all day, and it was frequently the case, that during the recess between the morning and afternoon school, little difficulties took place between the children, that plainly showed that they forgot that their Heavenly Father was looking upon them, and that he is always displeased when they do what they know to be wrong. But I will tell you what took place in our school, which has ever been and will ever continue to be a source of sorrow to me. There was a little boy in school who belonged to a miserably poor family. His name was Henry. He was not a bright scholar and there was nothing interesting in his appearance except the gentle, subdued expression of his large blue eyes. The boys seemed not to like to have him for a playmate, I know not why, and he rarely took an active part in their plays. One winter day he had been standing some time in the cold wind, looking quietly on, while all the others were engaged in a game of snow-balling and seemed in high glee. But no one was interested in Henry, and after a little while he turned from them and came into the school room. The girls were all collected around the fire. He came up to the corner where I was standing, looking very cold and friendless. Half in sport and half in earnest I raised my hand to push him from me, and he at the same moment lifted up his arm to shield himself from the expected blow, but there was nothing resentful in it. He said not a word, and there was the usual mild, gentle expression in his eye, only it seemed to say, "why treat me so unkindly? what have I done?" The look went to my heart.—I felt condemned and left my companions. Henry only came a few days longer. He took a severe cold and that was the cause of a distressing fever. His sickness was a long one, and I used frequently to hear from him, and ardently wished that he might return to school, that I might make some reparation for former unkindness, but God saw fit to take him from the world. After his death, for a long time, I never thought of Henry without bitter tears; and now, my dear little girls, I have told you why I felt sad when I heard you repeat your text. I remembered that I once treated a little school-fellow unkindly, and very soon, before I told him that I was sorry and asked him to forgive me, he was laid in the cold grave. If you would avoid every such source of sorrow, pray to God every day, to give you such hearts as will dispose you always to follow the direction, which he has so graciously given us, "Be ye kind one to another, tender hearted, forgiving one another, as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you!" And if you do this sincerely, the Lord will hear your prayer, and make you his own dear children, and prepare you when you die to dwell in heaven with the blessed Saviour and holy angels, for he has kindly said, "I love them that love me, and they that seek me early shall find me." ELLA.



## BIOGRAPHY.

## HENRY OBOOKIAH.

[Editorial Abridgment, Concluded.]

We come now to treat of Henry's religious character; for, after he was brought from the land of idols into this land of gospel light, and had Christian friends who prayed for him and taught him about Christ, he was hopefully converted and became a good man. The light came in upon his dark mind very gradually; but at last it was attended by renewing grace upon his heart, and he became an enlightened, consistent and living Christian. We will trace the evidences of his piety, and the traits of his religious character, in a few particulars.

Henry had deep and clear views of his sinfulness, and of the pollution of his heart. About the close of the year 1810, he wrote thus in a letter: "Here my wicked heart began to see a little about divine things; but the more I see to it, the more it appear to be *impenetrability*." It seems as if he could find no word hard enough to express the hardness of his heart. Of the time of his first powerful conviction he says: "Many thoughts came into my mind that I was in a dangerous situation. I thought that if I should then die, I must certainly be cast off forever. While I was working, it appeared as it was a voice saying, 'Cut it down, why cumbereth it the ground?' I worked no longer, but dropped my axe, and went a few steps from the place. I fell upon my knees, and looked up to the Almighty Jehovah for help. I was not but an undone and hell-deserving sinner. I felt that it would be just for God to cast me off whithersoever he would; that he should do with my poor soul as it seemed to him fit." At another time, after he found peace, a person asked him how his own heart appeared to him. "O black," said he, "very black." "But you hope you have a new heart; how did it appear to you before it was changed?" "Mud," said he, "all mud." Often, in his Christian course, he complained of his "cold and stupid heart;" though to his friends it usually appeared to be warm with love to God and men. At one time he remarked, "When I have done wrong, I am always sorry—I am so sorry." His penitence and humiliation were deep, and prepared him to receive the joys of pardoned sin with great delight and thankfulness. At one time he had been urged to speak at an evening meeting, and had done it with great propriety. But he was evidently distressed at the time and afterward; and when a friend inquired the cause he said, "I'm a poor unworthy sinner; I feel as though I am lost." But these sorrows were always turned into songs of victory and praise; and now his sorrows are forever ended, for he has washed his robes and made them perfectly white in the blood of the Lamb.

Henry had a very pleasant temper, both by nature and grace. A family at Andover, with whom he lived two years, bear very favorable testimony to the excellence of his character. They used afterwards to speak of him with tears. Said Mrs. A. to a friend, "He was always pleasant; I never saw him angry." "In his disposition," says his biographer, "he was amiable and affectionate. His temper was mild. Passion was not easily excited, nor long retained. Revenge, or resentment, it is presumed, was never known to be cherished in his heart. To families in which he had lived, or to individuals who had been his particular patrons, he felt an ardent attachment. One of the latter, who had been separated from him for a considerable time, he met with great delight; and after the first salutations, said to him, 'I want to see you great while; you don't know how you seem to me; you seem like father, mother, brother, all.'"

Henry was spiritually-minded; so much so as to put to shame Christians whose privileges had been far greater than his. He said, "When at home—at Torrington—out in the field, I can't help think about heaven. I go in a meadow—work at the hay—my hands—but my thought, no there. In heaven—all time—then I very happy." About his

going to Torrington, expecting to join the church, he says, "I thought while I was travelling, that I was going home to the New-Jerusalem, to the welcome gate. As I walked along I repeated these words, 'Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon the earth that I desire besides thee.'"

After Henry was converted himself, he was very anxious for the salvation of others. Perhaps his most ardent and constant desire was, for the souls of his country men, the poor ignorant idolaters of the Sandwich Islands. In this, he resembled the apostle Paul, who had "continual sorrow in his heart, for his brethren, his kinsmen according to the flesh," who did not believe in his adorable Redeemer. He was willing to spend and be spent, to save them from everlasting death; he could do or suffer any thing, even to the laying down his life, if he could bring them to Christ and heaven. So Obookiah had great longings of heart for his countrymen, prayed much for them, and looked forward impatiently to the time when he should be able to go and "preach among them the unsearchable riches of Christ." We will repeat a few instances of this kind.

While he was at Andover, he heard that one of his countrymen had come to America and resided in the vicinity. He hastened to him, and spent a part of a day with him, and a night, in which they did not sleep. When he returned, a friend said to him, "Well, Henry, what news from Hawaii?" He replied, "I did not think of Hawaii, I had so much to say about Jesus Christ."—An aged minister asked him why he wished to return to Hawaii. He replied, "to preach the gospel to my countrymen." "What would you say to them about their wooden gods?" "Nothing." "But suppose your countrymen should tell you that preaching Jesus Christ was blaspheming their gods, and should put you to death?" To this he replied with great emphasis, "If that be the will of God, I am ready, I am ready." He often begged his friends, in his letters and conversation, to "pray for his poor countrymen, that they might escape from the wrath to come."

At one time he says of his countrymen, "O that the Lord would pluck them from the everlasting burning. O what happy time I have now, while my poor friends and relations at home are perishing with hunger, and thirsty, wanting of divine mercy and water out of the well of salvation. May the Lord Jesus dwell in my heart, and prepare me to go and spend the remaining part of my life with them." This feeling for his countrymen was alive in him all the remainder of his days; it was with him on his dying bed. When he lay there he suddenly raised his hands and said, "O how I want to see Hawaii! But I think I never shall. God will do right; he knows what is best"—and burst into a flood of tears.

His love to souls was not confined to his countrymen. He pitied sinners in this Christian land: often conversed with them, prayed for them, entreated others to pray for them, and exhorted them in private and in social meetings to make their peace with God. Some of his letters breathe out the anxieties of his heart for the conversion of his correspondents. Of this conduct we can now give but one instance. At the time of his admission to the church, it had been agreed that he should address the people; but his pastor forgot it at the proper time, and he was disappointed. After the public services were over, he went to his pastor in his study with a broken heart and said, "You no let me speak, Sir,—I sorry." Mr. Mills was much affected, but there was no remedy. But, said he, "What did you wish to say, Henry?" He replied, "I want to ask the people what they all waiting for? They live in Gospel land—hear all about Salvation—God ready—Christ ready—all ready. Why they don't come to follow Christ?"

And why is it, that sinners do not come? Is there not reason to fear, that while one poor heathen is brought to Christ from the Sandwich Islands, another from the frozen regions of Greenland, another from the dark land of Africa, and another from the western wilds of our own country; the children of the kingdom will be cast out? O may the providence of God, in bringing this stranger into the light of the gospel among us, be blessed to the salvation of our children and youth; that Obookiah may not rise up against them in the judgment and condemn them.

## MISCELLANY.

## AGE, NOT TO BE STOLEN.

The Marshal de Bassompierre asked one of his officers "how old he was." "I cannot tell exactly," said the captain, "but I am either thirty-eight or forty-eight." "How is it," answered the Marshal, "that you are so ignorant of a concern that every person finds pleasure in knowing?" "Why," said the captain, "I keep an exact account of my rents, and what is owing to me, for fear of being cheated, but I never trouble my head about my years, because, nobody can rob me of them."

Poor man, did he not know that he is robbed of his precious time every day, and every hour? It is gone, too, beyond recovery. If a thief steals my money, it is possible I may get it again. But time that is past, never returns. Life that is wasted, is gone forever. Let children and youth therefore learn, to turn to good account every passing hour.

*A Good Answer.*—An anecdote was related to us to-day, by an eye-witness, of the ready wit of the unsophisticated sons of St. Patrick. A case was trying yesterday before one of the Judges of our City Court, in which a drayman, was called to testify.—He was sworn on his *voir dire*. A limb of the law, who prides himself on his skill in perplexing witnesses, commenced the examination with "Pray, sir, are you not directly or indirectly interested in the termination of this suit?" "Not a bit, sir." "Will you not gain any thing in case of its termination in favor of the plaintiff?" "Gain any thing! I'll rather lose than gain any thing!" "Ah, ha, says the wise one, (with a very significant look,) so, you will 'rather lose than gain by it?' Pray, how may you lose by it?" "By standing here answering questions, while my horse and dray stands idle in the street." The effect was contagious, and extended to his honor, so that the throne of Justice shook for a time.

N. Orleans Courier.

*Moral Sublime.*—At a meeting of a church in Scotland, which numbered among its members the celebrated Admiral Lord Duncan, he was elected an Elder. The Admiral, who was present, was deeply affected, and gave utterance to his emotions in a short speech.—"My Brethren," said he, "in the Providence of God, it has been my lot to receive many distinguished honors from my King and Country. But the distinction conferred this day is far more grateful to my heart than all which have gone before it. For in my view, there is no earthly honor to be compared with the honor of conveying the symbols of the body and blood of my Redeemer to the very humblest of his followers."

## POETRY.

## LIFE AND THE SAVIOUR.

This life's a stormy ocean—  
A swift impetuous sea;  
Amidst its wild commotion,  
We wander, Lord, from thee.

A peaceful calm below,  
No mortal e'er can find;  
Our joys and comforts flow  
As fleeting as the wind.

Then let me look to Jesus,  
Innately the same;  
Through him, when death shall seize us,  
Eternal rest we gain.

Thou who to prayer dost hearken,  
Be with me where I go;  
When clouds my pathway darken,  
Thy cheering light bestow.

Thus guided by thy Spirit,  
My heart would never stray,  
But through the Saviour's merit,  
Ascend to endless day. [Youth's Magazine.



# YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Published Weekly, by WILLIS & RAND, at the Office of the Boston Recorder, No. 127, Washington-Street.. Price One Dollar a year in advance, or \$1, 50, if not paid in advance.

No. 51.

BOSTON, MAY 12, 1830.

VOL. III.

## NARRATIVE.

*From the London Youth's Magazine.*

### A FATHER'S PRESENCE.

Edwin had remained at home till he was twelve years old, and had scarcely received instruction from any lips but those of his beloved parents, or occasionally from his grandpapa who resided with them. The old gentleman had been long established in a very extensive commercial undertaking, into which, many years since, he had received his son as partner. Yet, though possessed of this assistant, babit had rendered the occupations of business so pleasant, that he still took a very active share in them; thus leaving Mr. Henry Wordsworth sufficient leisure to superintend, during some part of the day, the education of his little boys.

But at the time to which I have alluded, this aged friend and relative, who ever since the death of his wife had made an honored member of their family, was also called to enter into rest. And not only did they miss his serene and gentle aspect; the smile of approbation, which seemed as it were to put the stamp of experience on all their little plans; and those cheerful profitable remarks, to which they were accustomed to listen with delight; but such an increase of thought and employment accumulated on his son, as at first he felt scarcely able to meet. Under these circumstances it became absolutely necessary that he should relinquish his office of tutor; and accordingly he resolved to place Edwin at a highly respectable academy, in a town about twenty miles distant, intending, should the trial answer his expectation, that his brothers should follow him shortly. A friend who resided in the same place, Mr. Abel, kindly promised to notice the little boy, and watch over his mind and body with a parental eye.

Mr. Wordsworth had already received more than once, satisfactory accounts from this friend, when the following passage, contained in a letter, occasioned no small uneasiness, "Dear Edwin dined with us last week, and was very good and pleasant. There is one thing, however, which grieves me, and I think I should fail in duty if I did not mention it. I am not satisfied with his conduct in the house of God. I observed that in two or three Sundays, he had lost that sweet and serious expression of countenance, which I have remarked in your little ones; and his eyes were wandering to all parts of the church. I spoke to him seriously and tenderly on the subject; he wept, and promised amendment, and for some weeks he kept his word; but lately he has again been sadly inattentive; indeed, last Sunday, I was pained by seeing an occasional interchange of smiles and whispers, between him and his next companion. Do not, however, write to him about it; for his affection for you is so strong, and his little heart so tender, that a written reproof would almost break it. The idea that he had displeased you, and could not immediately seek forgiveness, would be most distressing to him. 'Why is the complaint made then,' I think I hear you say, 'if I am to adopt no means to remedy it?' But wait with patience, and I am going to give you an opportunity. I shall pass your house in a few days, on my way to Arden, and I will leave Edwin for four or five hours, and call for him as I return. You can then give him a word of advice, which will have more weight than counsel, reproof, or punishment, from all the world besides."

Mr. Wordsworth felt truly thankful that he possessed a friend, so watchful, and at the same time so kindly considerate of Edwin's feelings: yet he could not help regarding it as a kindness which Edwin little deserved. For he had been so carefully

taught to keep holy the Sabbath day, and so powerfully reminded, that God is greatly to be feared in the assembly of his saints, and to be had in reverence of all that are about him, that his fault was wilful and inexcusable. Nevertheless his papa willingly complied with the request of not writing, especially as he hoped, by adopting another plan, to make his advice more impressive.

The day soon arrived on which Mr. Abel fulfilled his kind promise, and Edwin's heart leaped for joy as he drew near his beloved home. The servant was just coming out at the gate.

"Are papa and mamma at home, John?" exclaimed Edwin, almost springing from the chaise.

"My mistress and the young gentlemen," replied the man, (smiling at the sight of his young master) "are gone for a ride, but they will be home to dinner. Your papa, sir, came in a few minutes ago."

"Well, I must not stay now, my love," said Mr. Abel, "or I shall be too late. I will call for you in the evening: you may tell papa I will take tea with him."

"Thank you, sir: good bye," said Edwin. "Is papa in the dining-room, John? Find him, find him, and tell him I am here."

Edwin ran into the dining-room and drawing-room, but papa was not in either. The servant, however, quickly returned, saying, "My master is in his own room, sir; but he wishes you not to go to him, for he will come down presently."

A shade of disappointment passed over the little boy's countenance; but he thought to himself, Papa will be here in a minute: so he began to look round, that he might see whether any alteration had been made during his absence, and then he took a book of prints, with which, for a while he endeavored to amuse himself. All his attempts, however, were in vain; every minute seemed an hour, and though minute after minute passed, no papa came. Twenty times had Edwin fancied that he heard his step, and as often had he ran to the door to meet him. He met nothing, however, but the mortification of finding himself still alone: he felt half inclined to go up stairs notwithstanding the prohibition, but he had ever been accustomed to obedience, the order was plain, and he dared not break it. At length, when patience was quite worn out, he sat down and wept bitterly. While thus engaged, he really heard his papa; but now he felt quite unable to make any advances, and when Mr. Wordsworth entered, exclaiming, "Edwin, my love, where are you?" the child could only fling his arms around his neck, and sob aloud.

Mr. Wordsworth's parental feelings were peculiarly tender, and he almost regretted the method he had adopted. A tear started in his own eye, as he raised Edwin's head, and inquired, "What is the matter, my boy?"

It was some time before his little son could speak: at length, interrupted by sobs, he replied, "O papa, I thought you would never come."

"Do you think it is very long since you came in?"

"It is more than half an hour, papa, and I have only this one day; and I had so counted upon coming home."

"But you were at home, my love."

"Papa?"

"You were at home, and you knew I was in the house also, for John had seen me."

"Yes," replied Edwin, in an almost indignant tone, "at home without seeing you, or mamma, or brothers,—I would ten times rather have been at school. That is not the way you have taught me to feel, Papa."

"No indeed, my child, it is not; and I should have thought your affectionate heart sadly changed, could you have been so satisfied. Come near to

me, my Edwin," he continued, putting his arm around him, and pressing him tenderly to his heart, "Be assured you have as large and warm a place as ever in my affections, and the time I suffered to pass before I saw you, appeared as long to me as to you, and has been equally painful."

"But why did you not come then, dear papa?" asked Edwin, drying his eyes, and looking up to him.

"Because, my boy, I have a lesson to teach you, which I wish deeply to impress upon your mind. I fear that on some occasions, you do not feel as I have taught you; but that full heart is now so softened, that if God vouchsafe to bless what I am going to say, I trust the remembrance will be lasting. When you reached home, and heard I was within, what was your first desire, Edwin?"

"To see you, Papa."

"Yes; and that is the desire I should wish and expect in my child. If you could have amused yourself with any thing that came in your way, and not cared whether you saw me or not, and gone back to school contented with such a visit, should I have felt satisfied?"

"No, papa," said Edwin emphatically.

"No; I should have been greatly grieved and displeased. I should have said my child has lost all his love for me. Have you any other father besides me?"

"No papa," replied the little boy, kissing him fervently.

"No other father but me?"

"Not on earth, papa."

"Certainly not. But what does the great and good God condescend to call himself?"

"My heavenly Father."

"Do you ever go to his house, Edwin?"

"Yes," answered Edwin, blushing deeply.

"And how do you go, my child: can you tell me that this is your first thought,—'Is my heavenly Father in this place, and may I draw near to him?'"

"No, papa." As Edwin faintly but distinctly made this answer, he dropped his head upon his father's shoulder; and the tears which had been so lately dried, flowed afresh.

"So I feared, from what I have heard of your conduct, during the precious hours of public worship. But do you think that God's children, who love him so fervently, can be content to go to his house, and never see him; to leave it without having enjoyed any intercourse with him, though they might have spoken to him in prayer and praise, and heard him speaking to them by his Word and Spirit? Will they think it sufficient to hear that he is there, and has been beheld by others? No, my Edwin; without 'a Father's presence,' the house of God would be as dull to one of his true children, as your home was miserable to-day, because I did not come to you. Now, if we see any one able to amuse himself with whatever trifle comes in his way; careless about the presence and favor of the Lord, and satisfied with merely having been to his habitation; what must we conclude of such an one?"

Edwin's attention was riveted, but he made no reply. "Shall I answer for you?" said his father, "We must conclude that he is not one of God's dear, affectionate children; that he has no love in his heart towards him, and oh, how awful a condition is this;—not a child of God! He grieves that Holy Spirit, who sheds joy through the hearts of the children of Jesus. In the divine presence he surely is, and the omniscient eye turns upon him, but he has never sought a father's smile of love, and therefore he receives, though he observe it not, the awful frown of his displeasure. He departs with a curse instead of a blessing. And now, my dear child," continued Mr. Wordsworth, "let me par-



ticularly apply what I have said. I find that you have behaved with levity in that holy place, which is none other than the house of God and gate of heaven; and I cannot tell you what pain and sorrow the information has occasioned me. I am aware, indeed, that the heart may be far from God, even when the outward behaviour is correct; but this I must leave with the *Searcher* of hearts. If, however, you appear trifling, I am sure you can neither be offering acceptable worship, nor receiving beneficial instruction, and therefore it is my duty to insist on outward decorum, both for your own sake, and that of others, to whom the example of one so carefully brought up, might be doubly pernicious. But I am anxious to dismiss this painful subject: I hope and believe, you will never again suffer a word, a smile, or a look to escape you, inconsistent with the service in which you profess to be engaged. Yet this is far from being all that I desire. There are very many, both children and adults, who seem devout and serious in the house of God; and nevertheless, neither seek nor enjoy communion with him. May you, my child, after what has passed in your mind to-day, never forget the purpose for which God's children go up to his dwelling place. In the suffering, which with so much pain to myself, I have inflicted upon you, my design has been, to illustrate and enforce the admonition I felt constrained to give. And O may the Holy Spirit lead you from this day, as a lost sinner, to seek pardoning mercy through the blessed Redeemer; that you may behold the Lord as your reconciled father in Christ: then you will find 'a father's presence' as essential to your peace, within his hallowed courts, as it was necessary to your comfort, when visiting your earthly home. Nor seeking it thus, shall you ever seek in vain, while the promise stands, 'I will be a Father unto you.' My people shall be satisfied with the treasures of my house, even of my holy temple."

Mr. Wordsworth then prayed fervently with his son; after which, having received his humble confessions, and heartfelt thanks, he kissed him affectionately, and assured him of his full forgiveness. Then, devoting the time to Edwin's gratification till Mrs. Wordsworth's return, he soon restored the accustomed smile to his countenance, and saw his eye once more sparkle with pleasure.

## RELIGION.

*From the New-York Observer.*

### THE CONVERSION OF MELINDA.

That God does not confine himself to any particular set of means in converting and saving sinners, is abundantly evident from the observation and experience of all ages. At one time, sinners are awakened by the preaching of the Gospel; at another, by reading their Bibles. Now, the attention of men is aroused by some striking Providence; and now, the mind is impressed by a prayer, or a religious conversation, or a Tract. The Almighty works *when*, and *where*, and *as* he pleases. Hence the direction, "Sow thy seed in the morning, and in the evening withhold not thy hand, for thou knowest not which shall prosper, *this* or *that*, or whether they both shall be alike good."

Melinda was called, when quite young, to follow both her parents to the grave-yard, and see their earthly remains deposited in the house appointed for all the living. After their death, she was taken under the care and tuition of her pious grand parents. Here she was instructed in the principles of the Bible, and was brought daily to the family altar, to join her friends in offering up morning and evening sacrifices to that God, who has never said to the seed of Jacob, "Seek ye me in vain." Sabbath after Sabbath she was also placed under the droppings of the Sanctuary, where she might hear from the lips of God's minister the words of eternal life. In addition to these means of grace, she was favored with Sabbath-school instruction. But though she had "line upon line, and precept upon precept, and here a little and there a little," yet her heart was unsoftened and unsanctified.

While she acknowledged the value of religion, she still neglected to seek it for her portion. While she saw the folly of procrastination, she still procrastinated. Her judgment told her to obey the Saviour, and "seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness," but her inclination said: "To-morrow shall be as this day, and much more abundant." And she, like thousands of other deluded sinners, followed her inclination rather than reason and the Bible. Thus things went on with Melinda until her birth-day, when she was thirteen years old. It was on this day that Melinda, in looking over a parcel of Tracts which had recently been sent to the family, had her attention arrested by the one entitled "On the Day of Judgment." She read it. Her feelings were interested. She thought on what she had read. Her impressions became deep. She saw herself unprepared for that awful day. Her sins pressed down her soul. In deep anxiety she asked, "What shall I do to be saved?" She spent her days in distress, and her nights in grief. Her stubborn heart was unwilling to submit to Christ for a long time. But at length, she felt that her sin was so great, that God would do right if he should cast her off forever. She then laid down the weapons of her rebellion, and ceased to contend with the Almighty. At this time, light broke into her mind, and she felt the joy of pardoned sin. She now loved to give herself to the Lord. "Old things were done away, and all things became new." She before loved sin, and hated God; but now she hated sin and loved God. She now felt differently toward Christians, towards the Bible, and prayer, and religious meetings. A few months ago, the writer of this article was present when Melinda was examined for the purpose of being admitted to the communion of the church. It was at that examination that the facts mentioned above were stated. It is more than a year since she was awakened and hopelessly converted. But during the whole time, she has constantly maintained secret prayer, and has given evidence to her friends that she is a new creature. The next Sabbath after her examination, Melinda came forward in the church, and made a public profession of her faith in Christ, and took her seat, for the first time, at the Lord's table.

The providence of God, in sending the Tract above referred to into this family, is worthy of notice. A bundle of Tracts was placed in the hands of a pious female, to be divided and distributed among the members of the Tract Society. After parcelling them out for one family and another, and endeavoring to select such as were suited to the character and circumstances of each, the distributor commenced making up a parcel for the family, where Melinda resided. She selected this, and that, and the other, which seemed adapted to their wants, and then counted the pages. But the pages did not come right. After much hesitation, on account of the ill-adaptedness of the Tract to that family, she was constrained to put the Tract, "On the Day of Judgment," among the rest, to complete the parcel. Thus the particular providence of God ought to be acknowledged in this event. "The lot is cast into the lap, but the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord."

*Note.*—The above is an honest statement of facts. The person, whose *real* name is not given, resides in this state.

## DIALOGUE.

*From the Children's Magazine.*

### THE FIRST OF MAY.

*Mother.*—Well, Frances, you have returned at last! Why, my dear, what kept you so late? I have been quite uneasy about you.

*Frances.*—Oh, mamma, the walk was very long, and I am so tired.

*M.*—Well, take off your bonnet and shawl, and bring your little chair. I want to hear all about your walk. You expected to enjoy yourself very much, when you left home this morning. You were not disappointed, I hope!

*F.*—No, mamma, not quite disappointed.

*M.*—Where did you go first?

*F.*—Cousin Mary said we could walk along the bank of the river for a mile or two, and then she knew of a nice lane not far from the river that led into a beautiful wood, where we could sit in the shade, and eat our dinner; so we walked till we were tired, and after a great while we found the lane, and that was very pleasant.

*M.*—Did you see any person in it?

*F.*—Yes, mamma, there was a beautiful white house, just by the bath, and some of the girls asked us to go to it, to get a drink of water. So Cousin Mary gave us leave and we ran in. There was a very nice old woman lived there, mamma; she was so clever! While we were all getting a drink, she admired the girl's frocks, and when she gave me the glass, she said, "Why, what pretty curly hair the little dear has got! How glossy it is! Black hair looks beautiful with a white skin." It was very kind in her mamma, to admire my hair.

*M.*—No, my dear, it was *not* kind; it was improper; but the old woman did not think so. Did you go on to the wood?

*F.*—Yes, mamma, but it was not very pleasant, for it was the middle of the day, and the sun shone even through the trees; so we could not find much shade to eat our dinner in.

*M.*—Did you see or hear nothing pleasant, while you were there?

*F.*—No, ma'am; oh, yes we did, too! We heard some elegant music; it was far off at first, but it came nearer and nearer, till at last two young gentlemen walked up, quite close to us; one of them was playing on the flute, but he stopped when he came up to us.

*M.*—Did they know any of the little girls?

*F.*—Yes, ma'am, one of them was Sophia's brother.

*M.*—What did they say to you?

*F.*—Oh, they were very lively, and when Sophia's brother began to play on the flute, the other one said, that so many little girls ought to dance to the music, and he took me by the hand, to make me dance.

*M.*—You dance, my dear? Why you have never learned!

*F.*—I know it, mamma, but Mr. F. said we could jump about, if we even did not know the steps. Oh! it was delightful! Mr. F. said, he hoped my mother would allow me to learn to dance, for I was so graceful. Do let me, dear mamma!

*M.*—Where did you go next, my poor little girl?

*F.*—The rest of our walk was not very nice; we came home through a public garden, for cousin said it was the first of May, and we must get some flowers; so she bought a great many, and while we were resting on a bench, she dressed my hair with some very early white cluster roses. She said I looked very pretty with them in my dark curls, and so did all the rest.

*M.*—Yes, here are the faded leaves in your hair, now. And is that all?

*F.*—That is all, mamma. We came right home from the garden. And now, wont you pin up my hair, before I go to bed? I am afraid it will be out of curl to-morrow.

*M.*—Why should I pin up your hair to-night, Frances? It has never been pinned; it curls naturally, you know. But even these simple ringlets, I believe, will have to be cut off, for they have made my daughter think about her looks too much for her future comfort. This has been an unhappy day for your soul, my love; until this day you never thought whether your skin was light or dark; whether your hair was curly or straight; whether you were graceful or awkward, or that you should ever learn to dance. Now, my love, you have received many new ideas to-day; but tell me if you think they are profitable?

*F.*—I don't know, mother.

*M.*—Have they made you any happier, or more pleasing in the sight of God?

*F.*—No, ma'am.

*M.*—Have they made your little friends or your mother, love you any more?

*F.*—Oh, mamma, you do not love me any less, do you?



M.—No, my daughter, and I shall love you more, if I see that you try to do away the improper thoughts and feelings, which you have this day received.

F.—Ma, I know my little friends do not love me so well, for some of them said that I was so proud of my curls and my white skin, that I could not play or talk with them.

M.—Oh! how dreadful; to think that my little Fanny is becoming vain of her looks! These withered roses in your hair will show you a picture of yourself! This morning they were fresh and sweet; but, instead of being left in retirement to bloom as long as possible and shed fragrance round them, they were plucked and brought into the world to be admired and handled; so their life was shortened, and they have faded away. Thus will it be with you, my child, if you go out into the world to be admired and caressed; you will soon fade away, and not even leave the fragrance of a well spent life: but if you bloom in retirement, and perform all your duties, as in the sight of God, hoping to be accepted by Him, through Jesus Christ, you will fade to be sure, for "all must die;" but the incense of a Christian life, like the lingering sweetness of these roses, will ever shed a perfume over your memory. It is now time for you to go to rest. Beseech your Heavenly Father, before you sleep, to pardon your forgetfulness of Him the past day, and to cleanse your heart from "pride and vain glory." To-morrow morning, I hope to find again and kiss my little simple-minded Frances. Good night. Ee.

### MORALITY.

For the Youth's Companion.

#### "LITTLE CHILDREN LOVE EACH OTHER."

Much as has been done for the rising generation, parents and teachers of children are not yet fully aware of the importance of storing their minds with religious instruction.

I was very forcibly reminded of this truth while walking thro' a country village a few days ago. As I was admiring the local situation of the place, and the beauty of the scenery around me, my attention was suddenly arrested by the shouts of children. I looked up, and on a short distance before me there stood a neat little building, out of which there came rushing forth a host of boys. Two of them particularly attracted my attention. These seemed rather more unruly than the rest, and very soon commenced wrestling, apparently in sport. In the engagement however, both came to the ground, and it was rather difficult to decide which had beat.

A dispute then arose between them, and the boys became very angry. Just at that moment, there came up from another direction a little band of children, who appeared to be between three and seven years of age. The mild and cheerful countenances of these little ones were truly interesting. They walked on happily together till they came near to the boys, who were disputing. As soon as they heard their angry tones, one little girl ran up to them and said very seriously, "Little children love each other." The boys being warmly engaged, took no notice of her. Observing this, she spoke again in a little louder tone, "Boys, my little hymn says,

"Little children love each other  
Is the blessed Saviour's rule."

This last call was not in vain. The boys were silent and walked away evidently mortified at receiving a reproof from one so much younger than themselves.

I was exceedingly interested in the child's appearance, and as soon as she had succeeded in separating the boys, I took hold of her hand and asked her, who told her little children must love each other. She immediately replied, "My teacher in the infant school told me so: and she says it is Jesus Christ's command too." Who is Jesus Christ? I inquired. "He is the Saviour, who died on the cross. But my teacher says he is in heaven now, and if we are good children, he will take us there with him when we die." Well then, said I, do you not mean to be good? "I try to be, now, but

I was very naughty before I went to the infant school." What did you do that was naughty? The little girl unhesitatingly replied, "I pushed my dear little brother one day because he was going to take hold of my new doll, and I thought he would spoil it; and then when mother came, I told her Charles fell down himself. I feel unhappy now every time I think of it." Don't you ever do any thing wrong now? "Sometimes I do, and my heart feels naughty very often when I don't dare to do it."

By this time my little companion had reached the dwelling of her mother, and bidding me good bye, she added, with all the simplicity of childhood, "Won't you come to the infant school and hear about Jesus Christ?" If I had not been under the necessity of leaving town that afternoon, I should certainly have accepted the child's invitation. I wished for an introduction to her teacher, that I might repeat for her encouragement, my conversation with her little pupil. Some of her remarks were well worth remembering. The last words especially which she uttered just as we were parting made a strong impression upon my mind: "My heart feels naughty very often when I don't dare to do it." Here, thought I, is the restraint, which religious education casts over the mind. Even when it does not change the heart, it exerts an influence in restraining the evil propensities of our nature. This spoke volumes to my mind in favor of *early religious instruction*, and I cannot forbear mentioning the facts, that those who have the education of little children committed to them, may feel more deeply the importance of giving them moral and religious lessons. I know parents and teachers are apt to think children of 3 or 4 years cannot understand such lessons. But every day's experience proves that they not only understand, but often apply their knowledge, when perhaps we should least expect it. This is only one among the many instances, daily occurring, of the practical utility of infant and Sabbath schools. I would say to every such teacher, "Be not weary." "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand, for thou knowest not which shall prosper, this or that."

PHOEBE.

### OBITUARY.

#### JAMES K—.

That Jesus hears when sinners pray,  
Is joyful news to me;  
I'll seek his face without delay,  
And cry, "Remember me."

Dear Saviour! look upon a child  
Who fain would worship thee:  
By nature I am all defiled,  
But oh! "Remember me."

Through all the dangerous paths of youth  
Do thou my leader be;  
Teach me to walk the ways of truth,  
Dear Lord, "Remember me."

And when life's journey shall be o'er,  
Thy mercy may I see:  
Dear Saviour! I would ask no more  
Than this, "Remember me."

These are the words of a Hymn, which was committed to memory by a little boy named James K—, on a Sabbath evening, after he had repeated his Catechism, and read a chapter in the Bible to his mother. On the same evening, he was taken ill, and died at the end of nine days.

This little boy was about eight years old.

When I knew him, about a year ago, he was a thoughtless boy, and was not fond of going to church and Sabbath School, and loved play better than reading God's word. But for the last three months of his life, little James was very much changed, and learned to love his Bible, committed a great deal of it to memory, and never appeared so happy as when reading, or singing hymns. He would often say, "Now, mother, sing my favorite hymn before I go to bed, 'Come holy Spirit, heavenly dove.'"

While he was sick, he was very little of the time himself, but his mind seemed to be running on his teachers, his Sabbath School, and the church. His mother told him he was going to leave her to be with Jesus, and there he would see a dear little ba-

by who had died out of that family not long before. He said, "I am going to my holy and heavenly home." On the Sabbath he asked what day it was, and on being told, asked what chapter he should read, and then began to repeat "Let not your heart be troubled," and went on with seven or eight verses; waiting for his mother to repeat each one after him. One night when his disease was at its height, he raised himself in the bed and with a look of great distress, sung the Dismission Hymn—"Lord dismiss us with thy blessing." His mother, who loved him very dearly, then prayed that the little boy might indeed be dismissed in peace, with the blessing of the Lord, and he died perfectly calm, without a struggle or a groan.

Little children, you too must die; and it may be very soon. At this time last year, that little boy and another dear child were playing pleasantly and gaily together; and now their bodies are lying in the cold, dark grave; but we can say "that their souls are with God their Saviour"—he has "suffered these little children to come to him, and theirs is the kingdom of heaven." Shall it be said so of you, if you die within this year? Do you pray? Do you love the Bible? Are you obedient, kind and affectionate? Above all, do you love the Lord Jesus Christ?

Think of this, little boy or little girl, and go at once to him who has said "I love them that love me, and they that seek me early shall find me."

[Western S. S. Messenger.]

### BIOGRAPHY.

#### MEMOIR OF KEOPUOLANI.

[Editorial Abridgement.]

Keopuolani was queen of the Sandwich Islands, and became a convert to Christianity. She did not live long afterwards, but her influence in favor of religion was great. She was born on the island of Maui, in the year 1778, though her father was king of Hawaii. Her maternal ancestors had long governed that island, and her father's family had been the rulers of Hawaii for many generations. Her grandfather on her father's side was king of Hawaii, (the same as Ohwyee,) at the time it was visited by Capt. Cook in 1777. This was the king, whom that celebrated navigator was leading by the hand on a visit to his ship, when the jealous rage of the natives burst forth upon him & destroyed his life. Keopuolani spent most of her early years on Maui, till it was conquered by the celebrated Tamehameha in 1790. She was then, at the age of 13, married to that conqueror; and, as he rose in influence and power, she eventually became queen of all the Sandwich Islands. It was the custom of the country for persons to marry when they were very young. The attendance bestowed on the young children of kings or chiefs, was also peculiar. Each one "has a nurse, or guardian; and, wherever he goes, although he may be carried in his nurse's arms, one man follows hearing a fly-brush, another a fan, another an umbrella, another a spit-box, another a pipe, and usually a large company of other attendants, all of whom anxiously wait the nod of the child. Thus it was with Keopuolani."

After their marriage, the king and queen resided at Kairua, on the island of Hawaii; although they would often dwell for considerable periods in other towns and islands. Keopuolani had eleven children; the second of whom was Rihorihori, who was born in 1796. He succeeded his father as king of the Islands in 1819, and died while on a visit to England.

Besides Keopuolani, Tamehameha had four other wives, who all followed him wherever he went, even into his battles. The queen also had another husband, by consent of the king, according to the custom of that dark land. For a time her second husband was Karaimoku; but after a few years she left him and chose Hoapiri. It will seem strange to people in this country, that a man should have more than one wife, or one woman more than one husband. That was a pagan custom, which prevailed when they had not received the knowl-



edge of God and of Jesus Christ. When Keopuolani became a Christian, she forsook that wicked custom and kept Hoapiri alone. He continued her husband until her death, and as such was evidently much beloved.

She was remarkable for her amiable temper and mild behaviour. In the year 1806, she had a long and alarming sickness; and the king, without her knowledge, sacrificed three men to his idols to save her life; and would have put seven more to death, if her health had not began immediately to improve.

Those persons, who have read the accounts of the mission from this country to those islands, know that idolatry was publicly renounced and the idols burned with fire, before the gospel came. This change was owing to the light the people received from English and American seamen, by which they saw that idolatry is foolish and useless; afterwards the gospel came, and they found it is wicked too. The high priest and the king were in favor of destroying the gods. Afterwards the officers consulted the queen, and she heard them through. She then said, "You indeed speak very properly. Our gods have done us no good, they are cruel; let the king's wish and yours be gratified." But the queen was not then a Christian.

On the arrival of the American missionaries in April 1820, all the chiefs were consulted respecting the expediency of their establishment in the islands. Some of the chiefs seemed to doubt; but Keopuolani without hesitation approved their proposals. She ever after appeared friendly to the mission, and favored the *Palapala*.<sup>\*</sup> She did not, however, devote herself to instruction until August 1822. Shortly after this period, she went to Waititi in Oahu, where a protracted illness gave her leisure, and seemed to lead her to think of a future state. During her sickness, she received visits from the missionaries by her particular request, and usually had preaching in her *Ramati* on the Sabbath.

In February 1823, Keopuolani and her husband Hoapiri expressed a desire to have an instructor connected with them. They selected Taua, a native teacher sent by the church at Hualahine, in company with the Rev. Mr. Ellis, to instruct them and their people in the first principles of the Gospel, and teach them to read and write. Their choice met the approbation of the mission, and with them Taua resided until the death of Keopuolani. He proved a faithful teacher, and by the blessing of God, we believe, he did much to establish her in the Christian faith.

She met with great opposition from her heathen relatives and friends; but avowed her firm belief in the word of God, was very desirous of instruction, and anxious that her people should also learn. She did not entirely recover from her illness already mentioned, till the arrival of the missionary reinforcement from America in April 1823. While Mr. Bingham was conducting religious service with her at Waititi one Sabbath morning, intelligence came that the reinforcement had arrived at Honolulu. At the conclusion of the service Mr. B. returned, with a request from her and other chiefs that the new teachers would meet them there at the afternoon service. Those who had the pleasure of being introduced to her on that day, will never forget the mild and beautiful expression of her countenance, when she raised her head a little from her pillow to bid them a joyful welcome to the islands.

About the last of May, she made known to the mission her intention of taking up her permanent residence at Lahaina, in Maui, her native island. Keopuolani specially requested, as did also the king and chiefs, that missionaries might accompany her. As Lahaina had been previously selected for a missionary station, the missionaries were happy to commence their labors there under such auspices. Messrs. Richards and Stewart therefore accompanied her, resided near her, enjoyed her patronage, and had the privilege of instructing her until her decease.

She was very kind to the missionaries. On the passage she told them she would be their mother, and ever afterwards acted the part of an attentive and obliging parent. They always attended morning and evening prayers in her house; and the seasons were usually interesting. She spent a principal part of her time every day in learning to read, notwithstanding her age and her numerous cares. Soon after she arrived at Lahaina, a high chief, to whom she was greatly attached, came to her and said, "You study too much; it is not good. You are an old woman, and it would be well for you to study but little." She replied, "I am indeed an old woman, and shall die soon; I must therefore endeavor to learn fast, or I shall die before I obtain the good I seek." The chief replied, "Well, you ought not to build so many houses. You have built two houses for the missionaries and one large meeting-house, and now you are about building a school-house. All this is not well." She answered, "Karamoku says it is well, and Taua my teacher says it is well, and I am sure it is well." He said, "No, Taua tell you lies; he is a bad man, and you had better send him away." She said, "You are wrong; he is not a bad man; I shall not send him away; he tells me no lies, none at all."

This queen erected a house at Lahaina for the worship of God. Those who saw her at the dedication will never forget the expression of her countenance, as she heard the translation of the hymn,  
"Blow ye the trumpet, blow  
"The gladly solemn sound," &c.

Her conversation and her whole appearance on this day, well became so solemn and interesting an occasion. It was the first house ever reared to the praise of Jehovah on the island of Maui, and although Keopuolani little thought that after this day she was no more to worship in the house she had built, yet the joy she manifested, the exertion which she made to understand every word of the sermon, the wishes she expressed to have all her people enlightened in "the good way," conspire to make us feel, that the Lord by his Holy Spirit was fast preparing her for himself.

In a short time after this, Keopuolani was taken seriously ill, and died in a few weeks. Her conversations and counsels on her dying bed, were suitable to her character as a Christian, and as a religious ruler. The chiefs and people made great lamentation after her death; and by their remembrance of her were induced to give more earnest heed to the gospel. She was baptized on her dying bed. There were others who gave evidence of piety before she did; but the number was small, their knowledge of divine things was not clear, so that no Christian church had yet been formed and no individual had yet been baptized. Keopuolani, therefore, may be called the first fruits of the mission. The king and all the heads of the nation listened with the most profound attention, and when they saw that water was sprinkled on her in the name of God, they said, "Surely she is no longer ours, she formerly gave herself to Jesus Christ. We believe she is his, and will go to dwell with him." This was done at five o'clock in the afternoon of the 16th of September 1823, and an hour afterwards the Hawaiian convert fell asleep.

#### MISCELLANY.

*Dr. Finley and a Drunkard.*—That remarkable man, the late Dr. Finley, President of Princeton College, had once in his congregation, perhaps in his church, a man over whom the appetite for ardent spirit had got the dominion. But when the Pastor discovered the fact, he applied himself most anxiously to the reformation of the wanderer. His commanding eloquence in the pulpit, was seconded by most earnest and impressive appeals, in private. Every thing was united in Dr. Finley to show the utmost effect of talent and piety; the power of his personal presence; his watchful care & tender solicitude; and, when he preached on the end of the drunkard, the thunder of eloquence. The effect was irresistible, and the parishioner abstained from liquor many years; my

impression is, that it was twenty years. At length Dr. Finley was taken sick, & the unhappy man, in his turn, showed a corresponding anxiety for his minister's health. He often sent to inquire how the President was; and as the accounts became more unfavorable, his anxiety became distressing. At length the answer came that Dr. Finley was dead. "Then," said he, "I am a lost man." He returned to his house, resumed his cups, and soon drank himself to death.  
[S. M. Hopkins' Address.]

*The Ingenuity of a Beggar Boy.*—A beggar boy made application to a farmer's wife for relief, and was refused; on which the boy, with an arch look, informed the good dame that he would, if she gave him a slice of bread and cheese, put her in possession of a secret which would be of service to her all the days of her life; the boon was granted, and the boy, agreeably to his word, remarked, "If you knit a knot at the end of your thread, you will never lose your first stitch."

*Politeness.*—There is no policy like politeness—and a good manner is the best thing in the world either to get a good name or to supply the want of it.

*The Shoe and the Slipper, a Fable from the French.*—A shoe ornamented with superb buckles, said to a slipper, that was placed near to him, "My good friend, why have you not buckles?" "Of what use are they?" asked the slipper. "Is it possible you don't know the use of buckles? Without them we should stick in the mire in the first hog we enter." "My dear friend," said the slipper, "I never go into hogs."—It is certainly wiser and better to avoid difficulties than to provide remedies for them. This is a lesson cunning people and fools can never understand.

#### POETRY.

##### From the Children's Magazine. THE IDLE LITTLE BOY.

Boy.

This lesson's hard, and long, and bad—  
I hate it; said a little lad;  
"And then, I have to read and write—  
I never can get done to night.  
I wish I was like Tommy Gray,  
His mother lets him always play;  
He flies his kite and plays at ball,  
And does not go to school at all."

Mother.

"My little boy, you grieve me sore,  
Pray let me hear such words no more;  
Of boys who hate to write and read,  
There's little to be hoped indeed.  
Have you forgot that wretched man,  
We saw last Sunday? how you ran  
Shudd'ring to me, from that sad sight,  
And how you dream'd of it that night?  
That senseless man, who bleeding lay,  
Began his course of sin with play;  
He play'd the truant, learn'd deceit,  
And ev'n his parents' eyes to cheat."

A wilful child, a wicked man,  
A short and wretched course he ran;  
Wasted the time his God had given  
To learn His will, and seek for Heaven.  
You tremble while I speak, I see,  
In thinking such sad things can be;  
But tremble more lest idle play  
Should draw you to this wicked way."

The little boy in tears replied,  
Whilst pressing near his mother's side;  
"Forgive me ma; to God I'll pray  
To take my idle heart away."

M. A. W.

#### WHOSE COMPANION WILL STOP?

It is very important to the Publishers, that they should know what subscribers will continue to receive the Companion after the next volume commences. It is also important to the subscribers themselves, because fifty cents is added to the price unless it is paid in advance. Perhaps those children who are not willing to have their papers stop, would do well to remind their parents that the present volume will close next week, lest they should forget it in the multitude of their engagements. On election week, they can send from almost every town in this State, and also from many other places, without expense; and that is the proper time to pay for the next volume.—The Companion now has a handsome circulation, which has been continually increasing. Letters should be Post paid. WILLIS & RAND.

\* The whole system of instruction is called by this name.  
† Temporary house made of coconut leaves, or rushes.



# YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Published Weekly, by WILLIS & RAND, at the Office of the Boston Recorder, No. 127, Washington-Street.. Price One Dollar a year in advance, or \$1, 50, if not paid in advance

No. 52.

BOSTON, MAY 19, 1830.

VOL. III.

## NARRATIVE.

*From the London Christian Guardian.*

### OUR FATHER WHICH ART IN HEAVEN.

A shower of rain having obliged me to take shelter in a lowly cottage at the extremity of my parish, whilst conversing with my hostess, my attention was arrested by the voice of a child in an adjoining room, who, in a mournful tone, inquired, "But, mother, are you quite sure God loves you?" "Yes, my dear," replied one I supposed to be the parent, "I am quite sure he loves us, because he says so in his own word." "Then why don't he let father have money enough to buy meat and stockings, like Jem Watkins?" said the child. "Because," answered the mother, "he is very wise, and knows that these things would not be good for us." "But what harm would it do us to have meat to eat?" inquired the boy; "I should like to have some meat instead of having always oatmeal and potatoes." "But, Henry, if you were ill, and asked your father for something you wanted, it would be a proof of his love if he refused it, if he knew it would make you worse: and God is our father, and he knows that our souls are sick, therefore he will not give us any thing which would keep us ill; do you know what I mean, Henry?" "No, mother, but I think I should love him a great deal more, if he gave us these nice things." "Most likely, Henry, if God gave you all you wish for, you would not love him at all. You know if you had a fever, your father would on no account give you wine, even if he had it, and you wanted it very much, because it would make you worse; and our souls are diseased, that is, they are very ill indeed, I mean, Henry, that we do not love God, we do not thank him as we ought, for giving his dear Son to die for our sins; we are ungrateful for all his goodness and break his laws every day, and if our Father who lives in heaven were to give us plenty of meat and warm clothes, and every thing we should like, our souls would grow more proud and rebellious, and very likely, instead of loving God more, we should leave off loving him at all; do you think you love him a little for all he has given us, and all he promises to do for us, Henry?" "What has he given us, mother?" "My dear boy, has he not given us bread to eat, and clothes to put on, and a house to live in, and don't you love him for this?" "Yes, mother, but my stockings are old, and you said you had no money to buy more; and baby has got no shoes."

"My dear, our Father is so very good, that I am sure it is because he loves us very much indeed, that he does not give us these things, for he does not willingly afflict or grieve his children: remember, Henry, how many good things he does give; and how unworthy we are of any mercy at his hands. He gives us health to work, and he will, if you ask him, give you a contented mind, so that you will not wish for any thing you have not got. I am afraid, my dear, you forget what a great sinner you are, and that you deserve nothing from your heavenly Father but punishment. Think how much he loved you when he gave his Son to die for your sins, and what he promises to us hereafter if we believe on our Saviour!" "Yes, mother," said Henry, "I can say a text about that: 'Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God.'"

"Well, my dear boy, remember this; and when you are discontented again, instead of wishing for more meat or such things, recollect that your Saviour had not where to lay his head, and pray for grace to love him more who suffered so much for you."

I was too much pleased at what I had heard, not to inquire who this person was, who thus taught her child to seek first the kingdom of God, and to trust that all necessary things would be added unto him; and Mrs. Wilson informed me that she was the wife of a farmer who had been so reduced by losses, that he was forced to relinquish his farm, and work as a daily laborer to maintain his wife and two children, but that in consequence of the low wages given at the present time, the family were often destitute of those comforts which the poor child recollected having once enjoyed. They now rented two rooms in the humble cottage of Mrs. Wilson, and by their Christian conduct had rendered themselves very desirable inmates to the poor old woman. She appeared delighted to talk of them, and by the anecdotes she related, interested me exceedingly. I inquired if I might venture to call on her lodger, and she replied that Mrs. Evans would, she was sure, be happy to see me, for she was always anxious for Christian conversation. I immediately rapped at her door, and having received permission to enter, I apologized for my visit, by saying I had accidentally heard her admonitions to her son, and could not refrain from expressing my approbation of her method of instructing him. She appeared slightly confused, but said it was her chief desire to bring up her children in the love as well as the fear of God. The appearance of Mrs. Evans was calculated to increase the favorable opinion I had formed of her. She was about five and thirty, and the neatness of her dress, and the intelligence and seriousness expressed in her countenance, united to the utmost gentleness of manner, almost amounting to elegance, impressed me with the idea that I was conversing with one who had been accustomed to move in a far different sphere of life. The apartment was scantily furnished but delicately clean. A baby, who lay asleep in the cradle, looked exceedingly ill, and Mrs. Evans, by her anxious glances towards it, gave me reason to believe that her faith had other trials, besides the want of some of those comforts of this life to which she had been accustomed. I inquired the age of her eldest child, who had left the room. "He is seven, sir," she said; and upon my asking if she had no others, the tear rose in her eye as she replied, "I trust I have two dear ones in heaven. God saw that I was loving the gifts more than the giver, and in mercy to my soul he took away my children." "And could you see his love while he was thus afflicting you?" "Oh, sir!" said Mrs. Evans, "the death of my babies was the stroke which God blessed to my conversion, but now I can hope to see them again in his arms, and thank my heavenly Father for this testimony of his love, though at the time my heart was broke." "I believe, Mrs. Evans, your Father is now trying your faith by depriving you of some comforts and enjoyments which I understand you have been used to; and can you still say, 'Thy will be done?'" "I pray to be enabled to do so," she replied, "but like my little boy I am sometimes tempted to doubt his love to us; but my husband always says, Fear not, Jane, the Lord loveth whom he chasteneth; it is our duty to try to discover the benefit to be derived from these trials, and to say with Job, 'though he slay me, yet will I trust in him,' for 'like as a father pitieth his own children, even so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.'" "Well, Mrs. Evans, I hope you will in all your afflictions enjoy the light of your Father's countenance, and then your life will be an enviable one, though debarred of all which the world values: but is not your infant now awake?" She immediately took her out the cradle, and the starting tear showed the dread of a mother's heart lest this treasure should likewise be required

of her. The child was delicate, and Mrs. Evans was unable to procure that kind of nourishment which was absolutely necessary. I could not but respect the feeling which cast a shade of reserve over her manner, when I endeavored to learn the truth, and was afterwards gratified to find that the assistance which I offered, and which a mother's anxiety could not refuse, was of essential service to the child. I was preparing to take leave of Mrs. Evans, when her little boy entered. He was a fine, healthy looking fellow, and instantly ran to his parent, when he perceived the stranger still in the room. She reproved him for his shyness, and after some hesitation he shook hands with me. We soon became intimate, and he repeated that beautiful hymn.

"I bless the mercy and the grace  
Which on my birth hath smiled."

The child had scarcely finished, when the door opened and a laboring man entered, whom Mrs. Evans welcomed as her husband. I then began to perceive that I was intruding on their dinner hour, and rose immediately to depart, but could not refrain from saying to the farmer, "My friend, I am indebted to your wife for half an hour's very profitable conversation, she seems indeed to have proved the benefit of affliction. I trust you also enjoy the comforts of the Holy One." "Thank God, I do, sir, and though he sometimes hides his face, it is but for a moment, to show me how entirely I must depend upon him for happiness." "And are you satisfied with the portion of this world's goods which he gives you at present?" "I pray to be enabled to feel satisfied, sir," said he, "though often my worldly heart looks back with regret at the things I once possessed; but it is the Lord's doing, and has he not a right to do as he will with his own?" "Farewell my friends," said I, "you are happy; I can but commend you to the continued keeping of your Father in heaven, and, if he sees fit still more to try you, and for your perfect sanctification to give you more of the bread of sorrow and the water of affliction, he will, I am confident, give you also to taste of that comfort wherewith he comforteth them who trust in him."

## RELIGION.

*From the Children's Magazine.*

### THE REFORMATION.

"Mother," said little John one day, after he had been sitting in silence for some time; "Mother, what did the minister mean yesterday, in his sermon, when he said we ought to bless God for the Reformation? I did not know what he meant, and as you have told me to look into the dictionary when I did not know the meaning of a word, I have just been looking; it says Reformation is 'a change from worse to better;' What change did he mean?"

"My dear," said his mother, "the minister thought all the congregation knew very well what he meant by the Reformation, and therefore did not explain it; but I am glad you have asked me, as it shows you paid some attention to the sermon, and will tell you in a few words as I can. After our Saviour ascended to Heaven, the Apostles, as you well know, went into almost all the nations of the earth, preaching the gospel and establishing churches. After their death, the Church of Rome, by degrees, obtained a great deal of power over the other Churches of Europe, and at last was regarded as the head, and whatever its Bishop, who is called the Pope, commanded, the others performed. The Church of Rome also became corrupt, allowing many practices which the Bible forbids; one



of these was the sale of indulgences, that is granting pardon of sins to any person who would pay a certain sum of money, in proportion to his offence."

*John.*—Mother, does not the Bible say "none can forgive sins but God alone?"

*Mother.*—Yes, my child, it does. But the priests of the Romish Church pretended that this power was given to them; and it was this wicked practice of selling indulgences which caused the Reformation, as I will now show you. Pope Leo X. needing large sums of money to complete St. Peter's Church at Rome, determined to obtain it by the means I just mentioned, "the sale of indulgences." He sent Monks, (an order of Priests,) over all Europe for this purpose. One of them by the name of Tetzel, went to Germany, and was very active in the work. At this time Martin Luther was professor in the University of Wittenberg. He was also a Romish Priest, but one who, unlike most of his brethren, had diligently studied his Bible. He knew this practice was not warranted by scripture, and immediately opposed it. For this conduct the Pope was much enraged at him, and excommunicated him as a heretic. Luther still continued to declare his sentiments, and although much opposed, those at last prevailed, and were embraced by great numbers. A spirit of inquiry was awakened, men began to study the Bible, and the consequence was that a great change took place, which is known as "the Reformation." It is this, my son, for which the minister told us we should bless God; and surely it is right that we *should* bless that God who so mercifully opened the eyes of men to see the error of their ways! X. H.

#### MORALITY.

*From the Sabbath School Herald.*

##### I CANNOT TELL A LIE.

In the war of the Revolution, while Gen. La Fayette commanded in the American army, a part of the troops were encamped at a certain place, near the water's edge. One calm summer's evening, a soldier, who was a fifer in one of the companies, went into the water for the purpose of bathing. Being an excellent swimmer, as well as fifer, he took his fife with him into the water, and engaged in fifeing and swimming at the same time. The music reached the ear of Lafayette. Early the next morning, he sent an officer in pursuit of the man, who had thus, by playing, disobeyed the orders of the camp.

The soldier was a native of Connecticut, and a man of truth. When arrested by the officer, and on the way to the General's tent, he thought within himself, that perhaps he might escape a severe punishment, by denying the deed. On a few moments reflection, however, he said to himself, "I have always spoken the truth,—I cannot tell a lie." With this principle in his mind, he came into the presence of the General, who asked him if he was the individual who played upon the water, the evening previous; to which he replied, "I am." "And do you know," continued Lafayette, "of any others in the army, who can play the same tune?" "Two or three, I do," said the soldier. "To-morrow evening, then, at such an hour, I wish you to repair to my tent with them." They came at the appointed hour. The General then informed them, that the tune which he had heard the evening before, affected him very much:—that on a former occasion, it had been played at a funeral of a dear friend of his, who died in his native country. Since then, until now, he had never met with the individual who could play it. "For the purpose of indulging in the melancholy pleasure of hearing it once more, I have," said he, "sent for you."

The General, after being agreeably entertained, with the conversation and music of his hosts, dismissed them with his thanks, and some guineas from his purse, as an expression of his satisfaction in their performance.

"I cannot tell a lie," is a good rule to follow.

The subject of the above story, died since the late visit of Lafayette to this country. Q.

#### BENEVOLENCE.

##### MISSION TO ST. THOMAS.

In the Companion, page 163, you were told about the missionaries who had been sent to Greenland, and the good they had done in that country in turning the inhabitants from the worship of idols to the worship of the "only true God and Jesus Christ whom he has sent." And we then promised at some other time to tell you about the missionaries who are in other parts of the world. We shall now tell you something about the first missionaries to the Island of St. Thomas, one of the West India Islands.

Some of the ministers of the Church of the United Brethren once being at the city of Copenhagen, in Denmark, on business connected with their Church, became acquainted with a negro from the West Indies, named Anthony. This negro had received instruction in the Christian faith, and been added to the Church by baptism. He made known to these ministers the lamentable situation of the negro slaves in the island of St. Thomas, and begged them to send missionaries to teach them. This negro Anthony afterward came to Herrnhut, the principal settlement of the United Brethren, and again made his request to the congregation; he told them of the miserable state of the blacks in that island, who were living in the commission of the greatest sins, because they were ignorant, knowing nothing of God and his Christ. He also told them that it would be almost impossible for a teacher to have any intercourse with the blacks unless he would himself become a slave. Two of the Brethren, who had before thought of going on this service, were not terrified by this news, but declared themselves willing to give up their lives and to be sold as slaves, if they could win but *one* soul for him.

After they had commenced their journey, (which they soon did,) many of their friends endeavored to persuade them to change their mind—they mentioned the great difficulties in the way—but nothing could alter their determination. The only way they expected to be able to instruct the slaves was to become one of them. They set sail from Copenhagen October 8, 1732. As soon as they arrived at the island, they received an invitation from a planter to come to his house, who had heard of them by means of letters from Europe. They soon commenced the instruction of the negroes. By some of the white inhabitants they were esteemed as the servants of God—other despised them and called them seducers, and said they ought to be driven out of the island. None of these things moved them. They found they could support themselves by working at their trades. One of them was soon obliged to return to Europe—the other remained, and was appointed tutor in the family of the Governor.

Thus their whole plan of proceedings was different from what they expected. This faithful missionary continued to labor for a long time alone. Others at length were sent to assist him. By their exertions many of the negroes were instructed in the truths of the gospel, and the seed sown by the first missionaries, with many tears and fervent prayers, sprung up and brought forth fruit in due time. There are at this time nine missionaries laboring on this island. [*Children's Magazine.*]

#### OBITUARY.

##### HAPPY DEATH OF A SABBATH SCHOLAR.

*Extract of a letter just received at Andover, dated March 2d, 1830.*

"Mary Jane died a few weeks since, of consumption, at the age of fourteen; animated and rendered perfectly happy by the blessed hope of immortality beyond the grave. Such was her attachment to Christ, that she longed to depart, and be with her Saviour, which was to her far better.

"This happy death was, under God, to be ascribed to her Sabbath school instruction. This school had not been established more than two years. Ma-

ry Jane's teacher came and invited her to attend. She did so for one year, when she was taken sick. Her teacher visited her, and continued to do so, during her illness; and was herself surprised at the effect of divine grace, that appeared visibly to have affected her heart. She asked her, how she discovered that she was a sinner. She replied; 'it was you; that first told me I was a lost sinner, and that pointed me to a Saviour.' What gratitude to God must have filled her heart, for having used her, as an instrument of presenting truth in such a manner, as to save one soul. How encouraging to Sabbath school teachers, to be faithful in sowing the good seed, not doubting, but that it will spring up and bear the peaceable fruits of righteousness in many souls. [S. S. Treasury.]

#### THE NURSERY.

*From the Sabbath School Treasury.*

##### A LITTLE BOY WHO WAS NEARLY DROWNED.

William W. is a little boy about six years of age. The other day he was crossing a brook with his little cousins, when he accidentally fell into the water. It was not *very* deep, and his cousin soon helped him out. He came into the house to his mother, completely drenched with water and shivering with the cold. His clothes were soon changed, he was put in bed, and after a nap, he was very comfortable. His mother then asked him what he thought when he fell into the water. He replied, "I thought I should be drowned, and I was afraid I should go to misery." The next day, William so far forgot his late fears, as to utter a wicked word, which he often hears some profane neighbors use. His mother talked very seriously to him—reminded him of his *danger* the day before—of his *fears*—of his aggrated guilt—he a Sabbath school scholar, and favored with Christian parents—knowing right and wrong, and learning the words of wicked boys, who not only are not taught their duty, but are learned, by parental example, to use wicked words. William evidently *felt* this keen reproof, and convicted by his own conscience, hung his head a moment with apparent concern. Then raising it, he said, "Ma', will you forgive me?" She replied, "I can forgive you readily, if you are really sorry and will be careful in future. But there is another, of whom you must ask forgiveness, who *saw* and *heard* you." He went into the entry, and was gone a few moments, then returning, his mother inquired if he had asked forgiveness of God, he cheerfully replied, "Yes, Ma', that was what I went into the entry for." Little children, who read this, think how unhappy *sin* makes children. And, if not *repented* of, it will frighten them in a dying hour, as it did William W. when he thought he would drown and go to misery. S.

#### LEARNING.

*From the Western S. S. Messenger.*

##### JAMES AND HIS LESSON.

James brought his book to his mother, who marked a lesson for him, and bade him go to his seat and study it. "I shall give you an hour James," said she, "and then I will call you to say it." James looked at the lesson, and his face grew quite dark and angry—"All this! mother? I can't learn so much." "Your mother knows best, my little boy, how much you can learn, and she would not give you more. Sit down and begin." "But said James, I know I can't: so where is the use of beginning?" His mother looked up and calmly said, "James, you forget yourself. You have lost almost two minutes already—you might have learned two or three lines."

James sat down, as his mother looked displeased: and he looked over the lesson. Then he got up and coming to his mother said, "If I might just learn *so much*," marking the place with his finger. "You have lost four or five minutes," said his mother, "I see no reason for making your lesson shorter. Go to your seat." James began to cry and was obliged to look for his pocket handker-



chief—then his eyes were filled with tears, and he could not see the words plain. But his mother took no notice, but continued looking at her work. He dried his eyes and took up his book. Presently he got up again. "Mother, hear me as far as I know?" His mother answered, "I will hear you the whole at the end of the hour—you are losing time—sit down." James went to his seat, saying as he sat down, "Mother, I just wanted you to hear me that little piece—see here, mother, *just that*."

His mother did not answer, so James began to study and soon said "Mother, I know it—won't you hear me?"

"That lesson will take a longer time to learn," said his mother, "and besides, I told you I would call in an hour." "Well isn't it an hour?" said the foolish little boy.

So he turned to the window, and marked with his finger on the glass. "Oh! look at that wagon, how fast it goes! Mother, may I go out to play this afternoon?"

James' mother only said "Learn your lesson, my son." "I know it, ma'am, already." Then he began to play with the flies, and tied his handkerchief in knots and slapped it about him. "James, the hour is up, come and say your lesson," said his mother. "Just stop till I look it over," said he. "No you have had an hour, and you said you knew it." James brought his book—"Just tell me the first word mother." His mother told him. He said a few words—"What comes next, mother?" She told him. But after trying a little longer he stopped and said, "just let me read it over and then I guess I can say it." His mother closed the book and put it away. Then she said to James, "You have wasted your time, and disobeyed your mother, and cheated yourself—you cannot go to play. If you had done as I bade you at first, I should now have been pleased with you—you would have known your lesson and have felt cheerful and happy: now you must sit by yourself and consider what you have been doing, for another hour, and I hope your next lesson will be learned."

## NATURAL HISTORY.

From the London Youth's Magazine.

### THE CUCULLUS INDICATOR.

This bird is found, according to Monsieur Buffon, in the interior of Africa, at some distance from the Cape of Good Hope, and is celebrated for indicating where wild bees' nests may be found; twice a day its shrill cry is heard sounding *cherr, cherr*; which seems to call the honey-hunters, who answer by a soft whistle. When it is seen it flies and hovers over a hollow tree that contains a nest; and if the hunters do not come it redoubles its cries, flies back, returns to the tree, and points out the prey in the most striking manner, forgetting nothing to excite them to profit by the treasure it has discovered, and which probably it could not enjoy without the aid of man; either because the entrance to the nest is too small, or from other circumstances which the relater has not told us. While the honey is procuring, it flies to some distance, interestingly observing all that passes, and waiting for its part of the spoil, which the hunters never forget to leave, though not enough to satiate the bird.

This account was confirmed by a gentleman, who assisted at the destruction of many bees' nests, and procured two of these birds that had been killed.

### THE GRATEFUL LIONESS.

"At the French fort St. Louis, there was a lioness which was kept chained. She had a disease in the jaw which reduced her to great extremity, and she was at length thrown into a neighboring field. In this state she was found by Monsieur Compagnon, as he returned from hunting. The eyes were closed, the jaw open, and already swarming with ants. Compagnon took pity on the poor animal, washed the mouth with water, and poured some milk down her throat. The lioness recovered by degrees and was brought back to the fort, and conceived such an affection for her benefactor, that she would receive food only from him; and when cured fol-

lowed him about the island with a cord round her neck, like the most familiar dog." [id.]

### THE CHILD SPARED BY A LION.

"A Lion having escaped from the menagerie of the great Duke of Tuscany, entered Florence, every where spreading terror. Among the fugitives was a woman with a child in her arms, which she let fall. He seized, and seemed ready to devour it, when the mother transported by the tender affections of nature, ran back, threw herself before the Lion, and by her gestures demanded the child.—The lion looked at her steadfastly, her cries and tears seemed to affect him, till at last, he laid the child down without doing it the least injury." [id.]

## EDITORIAL.

### HOW OLD ARE YOU?

Every reader can tell his or her age; and we ask the question here, not expecting to receive answers ourselves, but because it is important for all people to think frequently how many years of their lives have passed away. Some of our young friends are seven years old, some ten, some twelve, and others fourteen or fifteen. Now any one of these periods is a large portion of human life, even when measured by the rule of seventy years. Ten years is a seventh part of seventy; and a child of that age has lived as it were one day out of his longest week on earth. A child of fourteen years has lived two days; and has but five more to come. Besides, half the human race die under the age of sixteen; and therefore the youngest reader we have may have lived out half his days. Yea, no one of them knows but he has less than a year or a month to stay, and that there is only a step between him and death. Every one is a year older than when he received and perused the first number of this volume. In that time he has had fifty-two numbers, passed through fifty-two weeks in the mercy of God, and probably heard twice as many times the preaching of the gospel of Christ.

Has every one added in proportion to his knowledge, his virtue, and his piety? How is it, young friend, with *yourself*? How old are *you*? You are old enough to sin, and therefore to repent and believe? Have you repented and believed? Have you lived for Christ, or for yourself, the year past? Have you, within that time, reformed any evil habit, or subdued any evil passion; or have you *commenced* any wicked way which you did not practise before? Are you a better child, towards your parents, your brothers and sisters, your teachers, and your associates? Are you more industrious, patient, meek, forgiving, faithful, devoted to the great objects of life? Are you a Christian, growing in grace, and humility, and faith, and holy living? Are you becoming meet for the inheritance of the saints in light, or more fitted to lie down in sorrow? Are you a whole year's journey nearer to heaven, or to hell?

### COMMITTING SCRIPTURE TO MEMORY.

MESSRS. EDITORS.—My little son, 8 years old, who takes your little paper, gives the following answer to your question in the Youth's Companion of March 31. The question is, how long would it take to commit to memory the whole of the New Testament, at one verse per day?—Answer,—7543 days, or 20 years 248 days. I have not examined the answer, but I believe he has calculated each year at 365 days, making no allowance for leap years.

[The above-mentioned question was given by a correspondent, who is acquainted with many persons, children and adults too, who are engaged in committing the scriptures to memory, at one verse a day. They began together, and all are committing the same portions at the same time. There may be some pleasing associations about this method; but, for ourselves, we should not think it best to confine our children to so limited a portion of scripture, or to a slow and uniform practice through the year.]

## MISCELLANY.

*Providence.*—What inextricable confusion must the world have been in, but for the variety which we find to obtain in the faces, the voices, and the hand-writings of men! No security of person, of possession, no justice between man and man, no distinction between good and bad, friends and foes,

father and child, husband and wife, male and female. All would have been exposed to malice, fraud, forgery, and lust. But now every man's face can distinguish him in the light, his voice in the dark, and his hand-writing can speak for him though absent, and be his witness to all generations. Did this happen by chance, or is it not a manifest as well as admirable indication of a divine superintendence?

Horae.

*Infidel wit repelled.*—A gay young spark of a deistical turn, travelling in a stage coach, forced his sentiments upon the company, by attempting to ridicule the Scripture—and among other topics, made himself merry with the story of David and Goliath; strongly urged the impossibility of a youth like David, being able to throw a stone with sufficient force to sink into a giant's forehead. On this he appealed to the company, and in particular to a grave gentleman, of the denomination called Quakers, who sat silent in one corner of the carriage:—"Indeed, friend, replied he, I do not think it at all improbable, if the Philistine's head was as *soft as thine*."

*Disappointments.*—How many have had reason to be thankful for being disappointed in designs which they earnestly pursued, but which if successfully accomplished, they have afterwards seen, would have occasioned their ruin.

*Health.*—The principal secrets of health are early rising, exercise, personal cleanliness, and leaving the table unoppressed.

To decide between the interfering claims of duty and inclination, is the moral arithmetic of human life.—Hall.

## INDEX TO THE YOUTH'S COMPANION. VOL. III.

### NARRATIVES.

Sketch of Miss Neville's Character, 1—Reformed Edward, 5  
Agnes, 9—Conversion of Mary La Fleur, 13  
Liberation of an Englishman from the Portuguese Inquisition, 17  
Maternal Resignation, 21—Affecting Death of a Young Officer, 25  
Account of Mary Gosner, 29—The Officer's Daughter, 33, 37, 41  
Insanity, 49—The Wedding, 53—The Irish Woman's Story, 51  
Affecting Death Bed Scene, 61—The Little Swiss Girl, 65  
My Grandfather Gregory, 69, 101—The Young Mother, 73  
A Sketch from Real Life, 73—Pride, 77  
Soul, Take thine Ease, 77—The Dishonest Bankrupt, 81  
Charles Denham, 85—The Storm, 89  
The Desolated Family, 93—The Mountain Cottage, 97  
A Victim of Conjugal Unfaithfulness, 105  
Adventures of a Bible, 109  
How to shew Charity without being Rich, 113  
The S. School Boy, 117—Selfishness and Self Denial, 121, 197  
Cardus and William, 125—Uncle Harry, 133  
St. Maur, or the Captive Babes Recovered, 129  
The Deacon's Son, 137—Paternal Forgiveness, 141  
The Marriage of Isaac and Rebecca, 141  
The Irish Emigrants, 145—Lafayette and the Indian Girl, 149  
Piety in a Cottage, 153—Dora Creswell, 157  
Maternal Influence, 161—An Adventure on Cape Cod, 169  
The Danger of Bad Company, 165, 173, 177—The Lost Boy, 173  
Sketch from Real Life, 177—The Imprisoned Boy, 181  
Harriet Rogers, 185—A Satirical Spirit, 189  
The Family of a Scottish Clergyman, 193  
A Father's Presence, 201  
Our Father which art in Heaven, 205

### RELIGION.

Simon and Andrew Called, 14—Narratives of Soldiers, 18  
The Weaver Boy and his Mother, 21—"How Old are you," 27  
A Man Born when he was Old, 30—Rules for the Sabbath, 38  
My Mother's Letter, 46—Elijah and the Prophets of Baal, 54  
Good Things, 58—The Crying Shoemaker, 62  
The Bread of Life, 62—The Golden Calf, 65  
Elizabeth Potompan, 70—The Bird's Nest, 70—Holiness, 70  
The Youth who reformed his Father, 73  
Devout Little Boy, 78—Original Anecdote of Washington, 87  
Illustrations of the Parables, 94, 98, 102  
The Praying Sailor, 106—The Sabbath Day, 110  
Jesus restoring sight to the Blind, 113  
Christ's Entry into Jerusalem, 118  
The Bible, 122—The Happy Shepherd, 125  
The New Year, 131—The Cousins, 134  
What God said of Caleb, 137—Youthful Piety, 142  
Jacob Hauser, 146—Religious Experience of a Little Girl, 150  
The Methodist and the Glass-Blowers, 155  
The way to estimate Sin, 164—Early Piety, Prayer, 164  
The Death of Abraham, 166—The Widow's Daughter, 169  
Danger of Delay, 174—Letter from a Father to a Son, 178  
Sayings of John Newton, 181—Riches of a Poor Barber, 185  
Isaac blessing Jacob, 190—Jacob's Dream, 193  
Jacob and the Angels, 198—The Conversion of Melinda, 202



## MORALITY.

Appeal of a Youth to his Companions, 3—Abuse of Cattle, 6  
Bad Tricks, 14—Honesty about little things, 14  
Honesty in Keeping Accounts, 19—Early Rising, 23  
Notes from the Journal of a Traveller, 31—The Onion Bed, 39  
Filial Affection, 41—Stealing Fruit, 46  
Disobedience to Parents, 46  
The Boy that told a lie for a Penny, 50  
The Misery of Drunkenness, 54—William Potter, 58  
Industry, 59—Don't Cheat Yourself, 61  
A Faithful Wife made wretched, 66  
Female Apparel, 67  
Sabbath Breaking and Murder, 71  
Novels and Plays, 78—The Cruel Mother, 83  
Danger of Profaning the Sabbath, 87—The Contrast, 95  
Going to the Fire, 99—Time and Money, 102  
A Distressing Case, 106—Juvenile Depravity, 110  
Honesty is the best Policy, 114—Love one another, 118  
Abuse of the Horse, 135—The Almond Blossom, 139  
A Mother's Last Best Hope, 139—How Old art Thou? 139  
Battle of the Kings, 147—Quarrelling, 153  
Procrastination, 158—Edward the Wood-Chopper, 161  
"The Way of Transgressors is hard," 175  
Cruelty to Animals, 178—Filial Virtue Illustrated, 182  
Gambling, 185—I shall have plenty of Time, 190  
Fools make a mock at Sin, 194  
"Little Children love each other," 203  
I cannot tell a Lie, 206

## LEARNING.

Conversation about Government, 7  
Visit to an Infant School, 22—Deaf and Dumb, 27  
Deaf and Dumb, 30—Morning Lessons, 38—The Hour Glass, 55  
Infant School in New-York, 59—Idle Henry, 106  
Mind your Steps, 112—The Difficult Lesson, 119  
The Scripture Lessons, 134—What shall I write about? 139  
The Ticket, 143—A Negro Boy proving the Resurrection, 151  
Advice to Children attending School, 158  
Employment of Time, 162—Infant School Anecdotes, 167  
The Little Sloven, 171—The Idle School Boy, 171  
The Earth, 186, 191—A Peep at the Moon, 194  
"Be ye kind one to another, tender hearted," 199  
James and his Lesson, 206

## THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

Address to Sabbath School Children, 11  
Advantages of going to a Sabbath School, 15  
A Faithful Sabbath Scholar, 15—The Bible Class, 19  
Bare-Headed Sabbath Scholars, 22  
The Pleasures of a Sabbath School, 27  
The Scholar become a Teacher, 31—The Sabbath Scholar, 35  
Dialogue between Thomas and James, 38  
Sabbath Scholars Instrumental of Good to Others, 42  
Influence of Faithful Teachers, 42—Parents and Children, 46  
Not Good Enough, 50—Mary and Susan, 63  
Sabbath School Facts, 67  
What Children expect of Teachers, 104  
A Sabbath School Scene, 111—The Force of Habit, 115  
Examination at Shrewsbury, N. J. 126  
Conversation between two Sabbath Scholars, 127  
What is Idleness, 132  
Replies of a Boy in a Sabbath School to a Visitor, 132  
Little James, 143—Little Eliza's Question, 151  
Sophia and her Mother, 154—"Thou God seest me," 158  
Little Stephen, 162, 188—Visit to a Sabbath School, 170  
The Twins, 174—A Walk to the Sabbath School, 179  
Dialogue between a Little Boy and his Father, 183  
An absent Minister's Letter to his Sunday School, 195  
The Orphan Girl, 198

## THE NURSERY.

Little Beggars, 6—The Humming Top, 11  
"That's a Little Baby's Grave," 15  
"Set a Watch O Lord before my Mouth," 15  
Little Tyrants, 17—The Good-Tempered Child, 22  
Selfish Sports, 25—The Little Mouse Caught, 35  
"I don't care," 35—"I won't," 38  
Burning of Sodom and Gomorrah, 42—The Steam Boat, 47  
Perseverance, 50—Who is the Fool? 51  
On going into Company, 62—Laura and her Frock, 67  
Anna and her Mother, 70—The Two Mites, 78  
How to know whether we have Bad Hearts, 83  
Young People should talk together about Good Things, 83  
The Girl who did Good to her Mother, 84  
The Happy Sunday Scholar, 84—The Good Shepherd, 87  
Somet, 107—Abraham and Lot, 107  
A Little Book may do a Great Deal of Good, 110  
The Wicked Jews, 115—Harriet and her Playthings, 119  
Little Rosina, 122—The New Book, 135—The Poor Family, 138  
Every Thing is for the Best, 143—The Rainbow, 148  
Thou shalt not Covet, 148—Esau selling his Birthright, 151  
The Little Beauty, 151  
The Little Boy who was saved from being Drowned, 159  
The Little Girl who was raised from the Dead, 162  
The Mountain Lake, 167—Eliza and her Little Brother, 170  
The Sleigh Ride, 179—Dress, 182  
Joseph presenting his Father to Pharaoh, 186  
The Little Lamb, 191—A True Story, 195  
Infant Education, 199  
A Little Boy who was nearly drowned, 206

## DIALOGUE.

Louisa and Caroline on Missions, 3—Maternal Societies, 14  
Louisa and Caroline on Anger, 20—On being a Christian, 43  
The Blind Beggar, 47—Danger of Bad Company, 55  
The Lark, 119—The Temperance Society, 146  
The First of May, 202

## EDITORIAL.

To our Readers, 4—How to any No, 12  
Infant School Exhibition, 16—"What a Host of Ministers," 23  
Review of Books, 28—Infant School Anecdotes, 28  
What "Independence" means, 31—Search the Scriptures, 35  
Habits of Childhood, 40—What shall I carry away? 48  
What shall I do while I stay? 52  
The Happiness of Doing Good, 56—Review, 60  
The Siamese Boys, 63—Notice of Books, 68  
Explanations of Scripture, 72—A New Book, 72  
Explanations of Scripture, 75—The Character of Abraham, 80  
To-morrow, 88—Notice of Books, 92  
He was a Good Man, 104—New Publications, 120  
All Things New, 132—Mending the Heart, 136  
Religious Cherokee Boy, 140—Notice of Books, 144  
The Proverbs of Solomon, 152—Proverbs for Youth, 156  
Proverbs of Solomon arranged, 159, 163, 168, 171, 176, 180  
Evil Examples, 180—Daily Food, 184  
How old are you? 207—Committing Scripture to memory, 207

## REVIEW.

Review of Sabbath School Books, 44  
"Little Robert's first Day at the Sunday School," 51  
"Motherless Ellen," 59—"The Broken Hyacinth," 66  
"Mutius," 74—"The Lady of the Manor," 79  
"The Perseverant Family," 82—"The Millennium," 91  
"Ruth Lee," 95—"The Parent's Monitor," 108  
The Soldier's Orphan, 111—"Reviewer" reviewed, 123  
"Sabbath School Teacher's Visits," 123  
"Maternal Instructions," 127, 130  
An Alarm to Unconverted Sinners, 142

## MISCELLANY.

Oriental Illustration of Psalm xxii, 5; 4—Emphasis, 4  
Juvenile Philosophy, 4—Useful remarks, 4  
Sabbath School Anecdote, 8  
Tuck in your Rifle, Thomas, 12  
Wholesome Advice to Young Men, 12  
A Greek Boy's Love of Learning, 16—Indian Sagacity, 16  
Female Heroism, 20—Go to Church, 20  
Strength and Beauty, 20—Do as you are told, 20  
Wonderful Sagacity of the Dog, 24—A Simple Story, 24  
Unexpected Speech, 24—Morning Walks in Boston, 24  
Children encouraging a Martyr, 28—Anecdote, 28  
On the Being of a God, 32—Wonderful Bible Class, 32  
Idleness, 32—The Liar's Mouth sewed up, 32  
A Teacher's Bequest, 32—Parent and Child, 36  
Industry in a Good Cause, 36—Example for Young Ladies, 36  
Poison instead of Food, 40—Boys! Look at this, 40  
Music, 40—Charity, 40—Intrepidity, 40—Persian Integrity, 48  
Volition and Necessity, 48—Party Spirit, 48  
Christian Experience, 48—Heaven, 48—The Eye, 48  
Honesty, 48—Duplicity Punished, 56  
The French Soldier saved from Suicide, 56  
Proper Resentment, 56—Power of Gentleness, 56  
A word fitly spoken, 60—Anecdote of R. Rogers, 60  
Early Religious Instruction, 60—The Candid Culprit, 60  
The Rusty Nail, 60—"It's all in use," 60  
The Best Fortune, 60—Wonderful Preservation, 64  
A Little Boy and a Tract, 64  
A Little Boy reforming his Father, 64—Another such Story, 64  
Affection, 64—Generous Portuguese Nobleman, 64  
Lost Children, 71—The Spoiled Child, 72  
Anecdote of Dr. Franklin, 72—Cruel Child, 72  
Reflections on Infant Innocence, 76—Anointing with Oil, 76  
Force of Conscience, 76—Weights, 76—Industry, 76  
Indolence, 76—A Little Good will do Much Good, 76  
A Solemn Warning for Children, 76—Beware of Passion, 76  
Self Conceit, 76—Two Questions, 84  
A Good Book is the Best of Friends, 84—Beauty, 84  
Ingratitude, 88—King William and Bishop Burnet, 88  
The Wrath to come, 88—Remarkable Escape, 88  
The Negro Boy, 92—The Female Heart, 92—Wealth, 92  
Matrimony, 92—Anecdotes of Children, 108  
A Little Girl's Compassion for the Heathen, 108  
Anecdotes of Sabbath Schools, 112—Difficult Things, 112  
Awful Narrative, 116—A Thought for the Thoughtless, 116  
Magnificent White Moss Rose, 116  
Power of Conscience, 116—Maxims, 116, 140, 156, 172, 192, 196  
Excellent Rules, 120—A Faithful Scholar, 120  
Three Material Things, 120—Irish Consolation, 120  
Extravagance, 128—A True Story, 132  
Anecdote of Col. Gardiner, 136  
The Chimney Sweeper and Thieves, 136; Man's Dependence, 136;  
Humility, 136—Sense, 136—Truth, 136  
Evenness of Temper, 140; Prompt Answers, 140  
Shooting on the Sabbath, 144—Pleasures of Blindness, 144  
Pertinacity of Opinion, 144—A Year compared to a Book, 148  
The Captive Prince, 148—The Priest Concluded, 148  
A Mother's Prayers Answered, 152  
Mikkenary no drink grog, 152—Bitter Sweet, 160  
Am I to blame Mother? 160—Pride, 160  
The Run-ruined Young Man, 164—A Good Reproof, 164  
A poor Boy to whom the Bible was instead of a Father, 164  
Anecdote, 161—Hypocrisy, 164—A Kind Reproof, 168  
Lost Children, 172—Learn to do well, 172  
Juvenile Benevolence, 172—The Frank School Boy, 172  
Love your Mother, 172—Friendship, 172  
The Old Indian and his Bottle, 176—Power of Conscience, 176  
Excellent Things, 176—A Question, 180—Spinsters, 180  
False Friendship, 180—Admonition, 184  
"I love my Little Brother," 184—A Fact, 188  
Anecdote of Sumnerfield, 188—Early Piety, 188  
Good Advice, 188—Well-Doing, 192—Economy, 192  
A Little Girl's Regard for the Sabbath, 196  
An Industrious Boy, 196—Benevolence of a Dog, 196  
Age not to be stolen, 200—A Good Answer, 200  
Moral Sublime, 200—Dr. Finley and a Drunkard, 204  
The Ingenuity of a Beggar Boy, 204—Politeness, 204  
The Shoe and Slipper, 204—Providence, 207—Health, 207  
Infidel wit repelled, 207—Disappointments, 207

## I

Ralph Edward, 2—P.  
Where is my Dollar?  
Thou Mute Boy, 90—  
The Little Girl and th  
"What will you give i  
The Winter's Day, 17  
Col. Rutgers and the C  
Mission to St. Thoma

Stupendous Waterfall,  
Mount Sinai, 19—Ame  
Revolutionary Anecdote

## NATI

Anecdotes of Ants, 3—  
Anecdote of an America  
The Carnation, 15—Th  
Singular Friendship, 39  
Panther Hunt in Penns  
Anecdote of Dogs, 52—  
The Weasel and Mole,  
Combat between a Hors  
The Lives of two Children saved by a Dog, 68  
Remarkable Presence of Mind, 68—Norway Wolves and Bears, 71  
Fidelity of a Dog, 71—The Sparrow, 74  
Captain Gregg and his Dog, 79—The Tiger Fight, 84  
Duck Hunting in Mexico, 84—The Wren, 84  
Singular Association of Animals, 92  
Anecdotes of a Monkey, 107—The Delicacy of the Marikina, 107  
The Hawk, 115—The Shark Fight, 123—Solar Microscope, 135  
Bird's Nests, 135—How to discomfit a Tiger and gain a Title, 135  
The Bat, 139—The Locust, 143—Anecdote of a Bear, 147  
Tiger and Puppy, 147—Eagles, 151—The King Bird, 156  
The Language of the Brute Creation, 156—The Ostrich, 163  
The Leopard, 163—Humming Bird, 187—Robbins, 187  
Anecdote of the Elephant, 194—Cucullus Indicator, 207  
Grateful Lioness, 207—Child spared by a Lion, 207

## BIOGRAPHY.

Anecdotes of Dr. Franklin, 8—Memoir of Rev. J. Newton, 81  
Rev. Richard Cecil, 86—Rev. Pliny Fisk, 90  
Samuel John Mills, 96, 100—Levi Parsons, 108  
Mrs. Graham, 112, 115—Mrs. Harriet Newell, 124  
Mrs. Ann H. Judson, 128—Rev. James Richards, 134  
Miss Elizabeth Hutcheson, 138—Count Rumford, 154  
Biography of an Infant, 166—Africander, 174  
Lucretia Maria Davidson, 178—Henry Obookiah, 192, 196, 200  
Memoir of Keopulani, 203

## OBITUARY.

Happy Death of Catharine T. 23  
Interesting Account of a Dear Little Boy, 39  
Caroline F. Adams, 44—The Dying Father, 47  
"Let me die the death of the righteous," 47  
Death of George A. 51—Death of a Sunday Scholar, 63  
Allen Breed, 71—Levin F. Hamilton, 75  
Phebe P. Hammond, 99—Miss Laura W. 114  
A Voice from the Grave of a Heedless Youth, 119  
A Sabbath Scholar, 159—Charles W. Mattison, 175  
Karupore a Native of the Sandwich Islands, 187  
In the midst of Life we are in Death, 191—James K. 203  
Happy Death of a Sabbath Scholar, 206

## POETRY.

The Idiot Boy, 4—Stanzas, 4—A Dream in Antigua, 8  
On the Approach of Spring, 8  
Majesty and Condescension of Christ, 12—Boyhood, 12  
On Meeting several Former Pupils at the Communion Table, 16  
Hymn for Children, 16—Youth and Age, 20  
A Mother's Lament over her dead Infant, 20—Dawn, 20  
The Blighted Flower, 24  
To my Boy, 24—My Mother, 28—My Father's Grave, 28  
To my Son, 32—Drinking Joe, 36—Rural Walk, 40  
Intemperance, 40  
Lines composed by a Mother while sitting by a Sleeping Infant, 44  
Decay, 44—Mary and Emma, 48—Infant's Hymn, 48  
Quarrelling, 52—To my Mother, 52—Cruelty to Brutes, 56  
The Mother's Call, 60—The Sick Child, 64  
The Sabbath School, 68—Morning, 72—June, 76  
Saturday Night, 84—The Blind Boy, 84  
Childhood and his Visitors, 88—Father's Coming, 92  
Samuel's Call, 100—The Mother and her Child, 100  
Thanksgiving Day, 108—Little Bird! Little Bird! 112  
Who made the Stars? 116—Will He listen? 116  
The Child's Wish in June, 116—The Child on the Ocean, 120  
God is Love, 120—The Kalmuck and the Rabbit, 124  
To a Friend Sleeping, 124—The Dead Robin, 128  
The Setting Sun, 132—God, seen in his Works, 136  
The Roman Precept, 136—Life, 136—Compassion, 136  
Morning, 140—The Ocean Bird, 140—A Child's Prayer, 144  
On Death, 148—The Lad's Winter Pleasures, 152—Lines, 156  
The Village of the Alps, 160—A Hymn, 160  
The Neglected Child, 164—The Hen and Chickens, 168  
Winter, 168—Grieve not thy Father as long as he liveth, 172  
Children at Play, 172  
He is about my Path and about my Bed, 176  
Who made me, Father? 176—The Nursery Tale, 176  
The Snow Bird, 180—Spring, 180  
God made Heaven and Earth, 184—God is Good, 184  
An Emblem, 188—The Serenade, 188—To Anna, 188  
Feats of Death, 192  
"They that seek me early shall find me," 192  
"The Patient in Spirit is better than the Proud in Spirit," 196  
A Monition, 196—Life and the Saviour, 200  
The Idle Little Boy, 204















